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INDEX

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186785

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INDEX

VOLUME 223 • JULY 1961 . . . DECEMBER 1961

Actual titles are in quotations; subject matter in capital type.

"ABORIGINE, THE INVISIBLE" — Eugene Burdick, Sept. 69
ADVERTISING, PRODUCT-LESS, Oct. 30

AFTER HOURS
Advertising, Oct. 30
"Canada, Culture-Struck," Aug. 16
"Car for Sale," Nov. 26
"Case of the Vanishing Product," Oct. 30
Catalogues, Trade, Oct. 32
Fanny, Filming of, July 14
"Invasion of Marseilles," July 14
"Monk Talk," Sept. 21
"Throwaways, Precious," Oct. 32
"You Tell Them, Pop — You've Got the Vox," Dec. 20
Yuletide Greetings, Dec. 22

AGENCY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT, Nov. 12
"AMERICA UNDER PRESSURE" — Adlai E. Stevenson, Aug. 21

ARCHITECTURE
"Ball Park, How Not to Build A," Aug. 25
"Chicago Could Be Proud of, What," Dec. 34
"Lincoln Center, Culture Monopoly at," Oct. 82
"New Vision in Architecture," July 73

"ART AND SOCIETY" — Kenneth Clark, Aug. 74
"ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY, ON THE" — Henri Cartier-Bresson, Nov. 73

ARTS, THE
"Art and Society," Aug. 74
"Art Books," Dec. 87
"Art of Photography," Nov. 73
"Feiffer, Jules, and the Almost-in-Group," Sept. 58
Lincoln Center, Oct. 82
Music, See also
Theatre, See also
Writing and Publishing, See also

Auchincloss, Louis — The Master Journalist of American Fiction, Nov. 124
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE, Sept. 69

AUTOMOBILES
"Car for Sale," Nov. 26

Baby, Yvonne — Henri Cartier-Bresson on Art of Photography, Nov. 73
"BALL PARK, HOW NOT TO BUILD A" — Allan Temko, Aug. 25
Bart, Peter B. — A Warning to Wall Street Amateurs, July 21
Barthelme, Donald — The Case of the Vanishing Product, Oct. 30
Begonia Belle, S. S., Oct. 80
"BERNSTEIN, LEONARD, THE AMERICAN OFFENBACH?" — Discus, Sept. 104
BIRCH SOCIETY, THE JOHN, Oct. 48
"BIRD ON THE MESA, A" — William Eastlake, Oct. 57
BIRTH CONTROL IN INDIA, Nov. 79
BLIND RIVER, CANADA, Sept. 81
"BLOCKED FEED, A" — Nigel Dennis, Dec. 79
Bloom, Murray Teigh — Your Unknown Heirs, Aug. 29
BOATS, OLD RIVER, Oct. 80
Bodsworth, Fred — Canada's Luxury Ghost Town, Sept. 81

BOOKS
"Books in Brief" — Katherine Gauss Jackson, July 99; Aug. 91; Sept. 101; Oct. 111; Dec. 102
LEWIS, SINCLAIR, REVIEW OF MARK SCHORER'S BIOGRAPHY OF, Nov. 124
"New Books" — Paul Pickrel, July 91; Stanley Kunitz, Aug. 86; Irving Kristol, Sept. 96; Alfred Kazin, Oct. 104; Paul Pickrel, Nov. 109; Louis Auchincloss, Nov. 124; Leo Steinberg, Dec. 87
"Precious Throwaways," Oct. 32

Borgenicht, Miriam — Teachers College: An Extinct Volcano, July 82
Boroff, David — Eager Swarthmore, Oct. 139
Boyd, Robin — The New Vision in Architecture, July 73
Bullard, W. E. — Guinean Diary, Dec. 69
Burdick, Eugene — The Invisible Aborigine, Sept. 69

BUSINESS AND ECONOMICS
"Kennedy's Economists," Sept. 25
"Money Bait," Sept. 10
"Private Eye to Industry," Nov. 61
"Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and Cyrus Eaton," Dec. 25

Cahn, Edmond — How to Destroy the Churches, Nov. 33
Caldwell, Nat and Gene S. Graham — Strange Romance Between Cyrus L. Eaton and John L. Lewis, Dec. 25

CANADA
"Canada's Luxury Ghost Town," Sept. 81
"Culture-Struck Canada," Aug. 16
"Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools," July 53

"CANADA'S LUXURY GHOST TOWN" — Fred Bodsworth, Sept. 81
CANDLESTICK PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25
"CAR FOR SALE" — J. A. Maxtone Graham, Nov. 26
Carleton, William G. — Cult of Personality Comes to the White House, Dec. 63
"CARTIER-BRESSON, HENRI, ON THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY" — Yvonne Baby, Nov. 73
"CASE OF THE VANISHING PRODUCT" — Donald Barthelme, Oct. 30
CATALOGUES, TRADE, Oct. 32
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, Oct. 43
Chapin, Miriam — Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools, July 53
Chapman, John L. — The Uncanny World of Plasma Physics, Oct. 64
Chase, Richard — The New Campus Magazines, Oct. 168
"CHICAGO COULD BE PROUD OF, WHAT" — Elinor Richey, Dec. 34
CHRISTIAN ANTI-COMMUNISM CRUSADE, TEXAS, Oct. 52
"CHRISTMAS LIST" — John Fischer, Dec. 15
"CHURCHES, HOW TO DESTROY THE" — Edmond Cahn, Nov. 33
"C.I.A. MY ESCAPE FROM THE" — Hughes Rudd, Oct. 43
CITY CENTER, NEW YORK, Oct. 82
CITY-COUNTRY LIVING, PROBLEMS IN, Sept. 33
"CITY STREETS, VIOLENCE IN THE" — Jane Jacobs, Sept. 37
Clark, Kenneth — Art and Society, Aug. 74
Clarke, Arthur C. — The Uses of the Moon, Dec. 56
"CLASSROOM, THE WASTED" — Nathan Glazer, Oct. 147
COAL INDUSTRY, Dec. 25
COLD WAR, OUR PRESENT, Aug. 83
COLEMAN, ORNETTE, JAZZ PLAYER, Oct. 69

COLLEGE SCENE SUPPLEMENT, Oct. 119-182
Boroff, David — Eager Swarthmore, 139
"Chance What Comes" — Christopher Hobson, 177
Chase, Richard — The New Campus Magazines, 168
"Classroom, The Wasted" — Nathan Glazer, 147
"Common Predicament, The" — Judy Roses, 145
DeMott, Benjamin — How They *Might* Teach, 153

186785

DeVree, Charlotte — The Young Negro Rebels, 133
"Eager Swarthmore" — David Boroff, 139
"Examination, The" — W. D. Snodgrass, 154
Glazer, Nathan — The Wasted Classroom, 147
"God in the Colleges" — Michael Novak, 173
Hobson, Christopher — Chance What Comes, 177
"How They *Might* Teach" — Benjamin DeMott, 153
Illustrations — David Attie, 120, 131, 137, 148, 161; Norma-Jean Koplin, 154
Jencks, Christopher — The Next Thirty Years in the Colleges, 121
Levine, Milton I. and Maya Pines — Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade, 129
McCorquodale, Marjorie — What They'll Die for in Houston, 179
"Mirage of College Politics" — Philip Rieff, 156
"Negro Rebels, The Young" — Charlotte DeVree, 133
"New Campus Magazines, The" — Richard Chase, 168
"Next Thirty Years in the Colleges, The" — Christopher Jencks, 121
Novak, Michael — God in the Colleges, 173
Pines, Maya — Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade, 129
"Polish Student Life, Notes on" — Reuel K. Wilson, 164
"Politics, The Mirage of College" — Philip Rieff, 156
Rieff, Philip — The Mirage of College Politics, 156
Roses, Judy — The Common Predicament, 145
"Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade" — Milton I. Levine and Maya Pines, 129
Snodgrass, W. D. — The Examination, 154
"Swarthmore, Eager" — David Boroff, 139
"Wasted Classroom, The" — Nathan Glazer, 147
"What They'll Die for in Houston" — Marjorie McCorquodale, 179
Wilson, Reuel K. — Notes on Polish Student Life, 164
"Young Negro Rebels" — Charlotte DeVree, 133

"Colleges, The Next Thirty Years in the" — Christopher Jencks, Oct. 121
"Comeback of the State Department" — Joseph Kraft, Nov. 43
"Comedy, The Future, If Any, of" — James Thurber, Dec. 40

COMMUNISM
"Guinean Diary," Dec. 69
"Polish Student Life, Notes on," Oct. 164
Yugoslavia, July 10; Aug. 11

Conservative Movement in Politics, Nov. 98
Cope, Jack—The Man Who Doubted, Aug. 54
Corke, Hilary—A Psychiatrist's Song, Aug. 58
"Corsica Out of Season" — Wallace Stegner, Oct. 76
Country-City Living, Problems in, Sept. 33

COVERS
July — Ben Robinson
August — Charles Goslin
September — Janet Halverson
October — Charles Goslin
November — Martin Rosenzweig
December — Burt Goldblatt

CRIME
"Private Eye to Industry," Nov. 61
"Violence in the City Streets," Sept. 37

Cuban Invasion, The, Aug. 83
"Cult of Personality Comes to the White House" — William G. Carleton, Dec. 63
"Culture Monopoly at Lincoln Center" — Herbert Kupferberg, Oct. 82
"Culture-Struck Canada" — Russell Lynes, Aug. 16
Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Aug. 41
de Hartog, Jan — Robinson Crusoe in Florida, Aug. 34
Delius, Funeral of Federick, Nov. 89
"Democracy and Its Discontents" — Irving Kristol, Sept. 96
DeMott, Benjamin — The Peace Corps' Secret Mission, Sept. 63; How They *Might* Teach, Oct. 153
Dennis, Nigel—A Blocked Feed, Dec. 79
Detergents, Battle with Synthetic, Nov. 94
DeVree, Charlotte — The Young Negro Rebels, Oct. 133
Discus — Music in the Round — The New Tristan, July 102; Stravinsky and Poulenc Conducting, Aug. 94; Leonard Bernstein, the American Offenbach?, Sept. 104; Bela Bartok, Hungarian Composer, Oct. 116; The Illusions of Opera, Nov. 128; Masterpieces of the Past, Dec. 109
Drucker, Peter F. — Plan for Revolution in Latin America, July 31
"Eager Swarthmore" — David Boroff, Oct. 139
Eastlake, William — A Bird on the Mesa, Oct. 57

EASY CHAIR, THE
"Christmas List" — John Fischer, Dec. 15
"Hamilton, Hopeful Letter to Fowler" — John Fischer, Nov. 12
"Money Bait" — John Fischer, Sept. 10
"Point of No Return" — John Fischer, July 10
"Private vs. Public" — Henry E. Wallich, Oct. 12
"Yugoslavia, Report on" — John Fischer, July 10
"Yugoslavia's Flirtation with Free Enterprise" — John Fischer, Aug. 11

"Eaton, Cyrus, Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and" — Nat Caldwell and Gene S. Graham, Dec. 25

EDUCATION
"College Scene," Oct. 119-182
"Howard University," Nov. 51
"Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools," July 53
Spare Time Educators, Dec. 15
Teacher Award, Dec. 19
"Teachers College," July 82

Elliot Lake, Canada, Sept. 81
Engel, Leonard — Why We Don't Wipe Out Polio, Sept. 77
Evans, Rowland — India Experiments with Sterilization, Nov. 79
Fanny, Filming of, July 14
"Feiffer, Jules, and the Almost-in-Group" — Julius Novick, Sept. 58

FICTION
"Bird on the Mesa, A"—William Eastlake, Oct. 57
"Blocked Feed, A" — Nigel Dennis, Dec. 79
"In the Company of Runners"—Richard Rogin, Nov. 68
"Man Who Doubted, The" — Jack Cope, Aug. 54
"Mr. Future" — Leo Rosten, Sept. 48
"Summer Is Another Country" — Christine Weston, July 27

FILLERS
"New Frontiers of Science," Oct. 42
"Common Predicament, The," Oct. 145
"Dike and the Village, The," Sept. 68
"Faith for Tough Times?" Sept. 32
"New Frontiers of Science," Oct. 42
"Same Johnny," Dec. 62
"Stolen Visit to the Theatre," Nov. 86

Fischer, John — Puzzled Report on Yugoslavia, July 10; Yugoslavia's Flirtation with Free Enterprise, Aug. 11; Money Bait, Sept. 10; Hopeful Letter to Fowler Hamilton, Nov. 12; Christmas List, Dec. 15
"Florida, Robinson Crusoe in" — Jan de Hartog, Aug. 34
"Footnote-and-Mouth Disease" — Helene Hanff, July 58
Foreign-Aid Program, Nov. 12

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND PLACES
"Canada, Culture-Struck," Aug. 16
"Canada's Luxury Ghost Town," Sept. 81
"Corsica Out of Season," Oct. 76
Fanny, Filming of, July 14
"Guinean Diary," Dec. 69
"Hamilton, Hopeful Letter to Fowler," Nov. 12
Honduras, Aug. 63
"India, Galbraith in," Dec. 46
"India Experiments with Sterilization," Nov. 79
"Latin America, Plan for Revolution in," July 31
"National Talent for Offending People, Our," Aug. 63
"Polish Student Life, Notes on," Oct. 164
"Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools," July 53
"State Department, Comeback of," Nov. 43
Yugoslavia, July 10, Aug. 11

FRANCE
Fanny, Filming of, July 21

"Future, If Any, of Comedy, The" — James Thurber, Dec. 40
"Galbraith in India"—Kusum Nair, Dec. 46
"Game of Words, The" — Louis B. Salomon, Nov. 40
Giants' Baseball Park, Aug. 25

Glazer, Nathan — The Wasted Classroom, Oct. 147
"God in the Colleges" — Michael Novak, Oct. 173
"Good Old Summertime" — William S. White, Aug. 83

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS
"America Under Pressure," Aug. 21
"C.I.A., My Escape from the," Oct. 43
"Cult of Personality Comes to the White House," Dec. 63
"Galbraith in India," Dec. 46
"Good Old Summertime, The," Aug. 83
"Hamilton, Hopeful Letter to Fowler," Nov. 12
"Houston's Superpatriots," Oct. 48
"Kennedy Back in the Senate, How to Put," Dec. 84
Kennedy's Cabinet, Sept. 92
"Kennedy's Economists," Sept. 25
"Lady from Oregon," Oct. 98
"Latin America, Plan for Revolution in," July 31
"McNamara and His Enemies," Aug. 41
"Mirage of College Politics," Oct. 156
"New Irresponsibles, The," Nov. 98
"New York Is Different," July 39
"Our National Talent for Offending People," Aug. 63
"Peace Corps' Secret Mission," Sept. 63
"Private vs. Public Spending," Oct. 12
"State Department, Comeback of," Nov. 43
Surrogate's Court, Operation of, Aug. 29
Taxpayer's Dilemma, Aug. 71
"Welfare Mess, a Way Out of the," Oct. 37

Graham, Gene S. and Nat Caldwell —The Strange Romance Between Cyrus Eaton and John L. Lewis, Dec. 25
Graves, Robert — Burn It!, Dec. 49
"Guinean Diary" — W. E. Bullard, Dec. 69
Halliday, Norman — The Proper Tool Will Do the Job, Oct. 80
Hanff, Helene — The Footnote-and-Mouth Disease, July 58
"Heirs, Your Unknown" — Murray Teigh Bloom, Aug. 29
"Hinds, The Search for William E." — Walter Prescott Webb, July July 62; Nov. 21
History Today, Writing of, Oct. 104
Hobson, Christopher — Chance What Comes, Oct. 177
Holland, Henrietta Fort — Our Friends the Russians, Oct. 97
Honduras, The "Ugly American" in, Aug. 63
"Houston, What They'll Die for in" — Marjorie K. McCorquodale, Oct. 179
"Houston's Superpatriots" — Willie Morris, Oct. 48
"How Not to Build a Ball Park" — Allan Temko, Aug. 25
"How They *Might* Teach" — Benjamin DeMott, Oct. 153
"How to Destroy the Churches" — Edmond Cahn, Nov. 33
"How to Play the Unemployment-Insurance Game" — Seth Levine, Aug. 49
"Howard University" — Milton Viorst, Nov. 51
Howarth, David — The Last Summer, Nov. 89
Hughes, Ted — Her Husband, Dec. 28
Hunt, Morton M. — Private Eye to Industry, Nov. 61

ILLUSTRATORS
Attie, David — Photographs for College Scene, Oct. 119-181
Banbery, Frederick E. — The Man Who Doubted, Aug. 54
Berry, Bill — How to Play the Unemployment-Insurance Game, Aug. 49
Bodecker, N. M. — After Hours, July 14; Aug. 16; Sept. 21; Oct. 30; Nov. 26; Dec. 20; A Matter of Motive, Aug. 71
Buonpastore, Tony — The Last Summer, Nov. 89
Burris, Burmah — On Both Your Houses, Sept. 33
Campbell, Judy — Footnote-and-Mouth Disease, July 58
Cartier-Bresson, Henri — On the Art of Photography, Nov. 73
Enos, Randall — Teachers College, July 82
Feelings, Thomas — Summer is Another Country, July 27
Feiffer, Jules — Cartoon Strip, Sept. 62
Ferro, Walter — Howard University, Nov. 51
Fischer, Ed — Cartoon: Beggar Violinist, July 102
Frankfort, Charles — The Games of Words, Nov. 40
Goldblatt, Burt — The "New Thing" in Jazz, Oct. 69
Goodman, Willard — Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools, July 53
Goro, Fritz — Photographs of the Australian Aborigine, Sept. 69
Koplin, Norma-Jean — Mr. Future, Sept. 48; The Examination, Oct. 154; Galbraith of India, Dec. 46
Martin, Charles E. — New York Is Different, July 39
Osborn, Robert — Up to Our Necks in Soft White Suds, Nov. 94
Papin, Joseph — Violence in the City Streets, Sept. 37
Perlin, Bernard — Corsica Out of Season, Oct. 76
Rosenblum, Richard — Pavanne for a Dead Doll, Dec. 33
Rothkin, Marlene — Our National Talent for Offending People, Aug. 63
Simon, Christopher — My Escape from the C.I.A., Oct. 43
Summers, Leo Ramon — Guinean Diary, Dec. 69; A Blocked Feed, Dec. 79
Thurber, James — The Future, If Any, of Comedy, Dec. 40
Walker, Gil — Robinson Crusoe in Florida, Aug. 34; A Bird on the Mesa, Oct. 57; The Proper Tool Will Do the Job, Oct. 80
Young, Ed — In the Company of Runners, Nov. 68

"In the Company of Runners" — Richard Rogin, Nov. 68
"India Experiments with Sterilization" — Rowland Evans, Nov. 79
"India, Galbraith in" — Kusum Nair, Dec. 46
Industry, Lure to, Sept. 10
"Industry, Private Eye to" — Morton M. Hunt, Nov. 61
Internal Revenue Department, Aug. 71
"Invisible Aborigine, The" — Eugene Burdick, Sept. 69
Jackson, Katherine Gauss — Books in Brief, July 99; Aug. 91; Sept. 101; Oct. 111; Dec. 102
Jacobs, Jane — Violence in the City Streets, Sept. 37
"Jaspan, Norman: Private Eye to Industry" — Morton M. Hunt, Nov. 61
"Jazz, 'The New Thing' in" — Martin Williams, Oct. 69
"Jazz Notes" — Eric Larrabee, July 104; Aug. 95; Sept. 105; Oct. 118; Nov. 133; Dec. 112
Jencks, Christopher — The Next Thirty Years in the Colleges, Oct. 121
Kazin, Alfred — Notes on the Writing of History Today, Oct. 104

Kennedy, President John F.
"Good Old Summertime," Aug. 83
"Kennedy Back in the Senate, How to Put," Dec. 84
"Kennedy's Economists," Sept. 25
"Twelve at Table," Sept. 92

Kotlowitz, Robert — Monk Talk, Sept. 21
Kraft, Joseph — McNamara and His Enemies, Aug. 41; Comeback of the State Dept., Nov. 43
Krauss, Ruth — Variations on a Leica Form, Oct. 88
Kristol, Irving — Democracy and Its Discontents, Sept. 96
Kunitz, Stanley — Some Poets of the Year, Aug. 86
Kupferberg, Herbert — Culture Monopoly at Lincoln Center, Oct. 82

LABOR
"How to Play the Unemployment-Insurance Game," Aug. 49

"Lady from Oregon" — William S. White, Oct. 98
Laing, Dilys — The Husking, Sept. 67
Language, The Vagaries of, Nov. 40
Larrabee, Eric — Jazz Notes, July 104; Aug. 95; Sept. 105; Oct. 118; Nov. 133; Dec. 112
"Last Summer, The" — David Howarth, Nov. 89
"Latin-America, A Plan for Revolution in" — Peter F. Drucker, July 31

LAW, THE
"Your Unknown Heirs," Aug. 29

LETTERS— July 4; Aug. 6; Sept. 4; Oct. 6; Nov. 4; Dec. 4

Levertov, Denise — The Thread, Sept. 80
Levine, Milton I. — Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade, Oct. 129
Levine, Seth — How to Play the Unemployment-Insurance Game, Aug. 49

"Lewis, John L. and Cyrus Eaton, Strange Romance Between" — Nat Caldwell and Gene S. Graham, Dec. 25
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Oct. 82
Logan, Joshua — My Invasion of Marseilles, July 14
Lowell, Robert — Free Version of Seven Poems by Boris Pasternak, Sept. 44
Lynes, Russell — Culture-Struck Canada, Aug. 16; Trade Catalogues, Oct. 32
"Magazines, The New Campus" — Richard Chase, Oct. 168
"Man Who Doubted, The" — Jack Cope, Aug. 54
Maryland Restaurant Keepers, Dec. 16
"Master Journalist of American Fiction"—Louis Auchincloss, Nov. 124
"Matter of Motive, A" — John D. Rosenberg, Aug. 71
Maxtone Graham, J. A. — Car for Sale, Nov. 26
May, Edgar — A Way Out of the Welfare Mess, Oct. 37
McCarthy, Mary — "Realism" in the American Theatre, July 45
McCorquodale, Marjorie K. — What They'll Die for in Houston, Oct. 179
"McNamara and His Enemies" — Joseph Kraft, Aug. 41

MEDICINE AND HEALTH
Detergents, Synthetic, Nov. 94
"India Experiments with Sterilization," Nov. 79
"Polio, Why We Don't Wipe Out," Sept. 77

Menashe, Samuel — Voyage, Aug. 77
"Mirage of College Politics, The" — Philip Rieff, Oct. 156
"Money Bait" — John Fischer, Sept. 10
"Monk Talk" — Robert Kotlowitz, Sept. 21
"Moon, The Uses of the" — Arthur C. Clarke, Dec. 56
Morris, Willie — Houston's Superpatriots, Oct. 48

MOVIES
"My Invasion of Marseilles," July 14

"Mr. Future"—Leo Rosten, Sept. 48

MUSIC
"Jazz Notes," July 104; Aug. 95; Sept. 104; Oct. 118; Nov. 133; Dec. 112
"Jazz, 'The New Thing' in," Oct. 69
"Monk Talk," Sept. 21; Oct. 70
"Music in the Round," July 102; Aug. 94; Sept. 104; Oct. 116; Nov. 128; Dec. 109

"My Escape from the C.I.A." — Hughes Rudd, Oct. 43
"My Invasion of Marseilles" — Joshua Logan, July 14
Nair, Kusum — Dike and the Village, Sept. 68; Galbraith in India, Dec. 46
Nash, Ogden — Pavanne for a Dead Doll, Dec. 33
"National Talent for Offending People, Our"—D. H. Radler, Aug. 63

NEGRO
"Howard University," Nov. 51
"Young Negro Rebels," Oct. 133

Nemerov, Howard — The Daily Globe, Nov. 39
Neuberger, Sen. Maurine, Oct. 98

NEW BOOKS, THE
"Art Books" — Leo Steinberg, Dec. 87
"Democracy and Its Discontents" — Irving Kristol, Sept. 96
"Fiction, Non-Fiction, Pseudo-Fiction" — Paul Pickrel, Nov. 109
"History Today, Notes on the Writing of" — Alfred Kazin, Oct. 104
"Poets of the Year, Some" — Stanley Kunitz, Aug. 86
"Summer Fiction" — Paul Pickrel, July 91

"New Campus Magazines"—Richard Chase, Oct. 164
"New Irresponsibles, The" — William S. White, Nov. 98
" 'New Thing' in Jazz, The" — Martin Williams, Oct. 69
"New Vision in Architecture, The" — Robin Boyd, July 73
"New York City and the Arts" Oct. 82
"New York Is Different" — Marion K. Sanders, July 39
New York Politics, July 39
"Next Thirty Years in the Colleges, The" — Christopher Jencks, Oct. 121
"Notes on Polish Student Life" — Reuel K. Wilson, Oct. 164
"Notes on the Writing of History Today" — Alfred Kazin, Oct. 104
Novak, Michael — God in the Colleges, Oct. 173
Novick, Julius — Jules Feiffer and the Almost-in-Group, Sept. 58
"Offending People, Our National Talent for" — D. H. Radler, Aug. 63
"Old Junior's Progress" — William S. White, July 88
"On Both Your Houses" — Sylvia Wright, Sept. 33
"Oregon, The Lady from" — William S. White, Oct. 98
"Our National Talent for Offending People" — D. H. Radler, Aug. 63
Pasternak, Boris — Seven Poems, Sept. 44
"Peace Corps' Secret Mission, The" — Benjamin DeMott, Sept. 63

PEOPLE
Bartok, Bela, Composer, Oct. 116
Bowles, Chester, State Dept., Nov. 48
Caron, Leslie, Actress, July 14
Coleman, Ornette, Jazz Player, Oct. 69
Delius, Frederick, Composer, Nov. 89
Dillon, Douglas, Secretary of Treasury, Sept. 25
Eaton, Cyrus, Utility Magnate, Dec. 25
Ernst, Morris, Lawyer, Dec. 19
Feiffer, Jules, Cartoonist, Sept. 58
Friedan, Betty, Educator, Dec. 15
Galbraith, J. Kenneth, Ambassador to India, Dec. 46
Hamilton, Fowler, Director Foreign Aid, Nov. 12
Heller, Walter W., Council Economic Advisors, Sept. 25
Hinds, William E., Benefactor, July 62
Jaspan, Norman, Management Consultant, Nov. 61
Kennedy, John F., President, Aug. 83; Sept. 25; Dec. 63
Knopf, Alfred A., Publisher, Dec. 16
Lasker, Mary, Dec. 16
Lawrence, Dorothy Bell, Politician, Dec. 16
Lewis, John L., United Mine Workers, Dec. 25
Love, Edmund G., Writer, Dec. 15
McNamara, Robert, Secretary of Defense, Aug. 41
Monk, Thelonious, Jazz Pianist, Sept. 21; Oct. 70
Neuberger, Maurine, Senator, Oct. 98
Potter, Justin, Coal Mine Owner, Dec. 25
Romaine, Lawrence B., Bookseller, Oct. 32
Rusk, David Dean, Secretary of State, Nov. 45

Perrin, Noel — "You Tell Them, Pop," Dec. 20
"Personality Comes to the White House, Cult of" — William G. Carleton, Dec. 63
"Photography, On the Art of" — Henri Cartier-Bresson, Nov. 73
"Physics, Uncanny World of Plasma," Oct. 64
Pickrel, Paul — Summer Fiction, July 91; Fiction, Non-Fiction, Pseudo-Fiction, Nov. 109
Pines, Maya — Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade, Oct. 129; Up to Our Necks in Soft White Suds, Nov. 94
"Plan for Revolution in Latin America, A" — Peter F. Drucker, July 31
"Plasma Physics, Uncanny World of," Oct. 64

POETRY
"Burn It!" — Robert Graves, Dec. 49
"Chance What Comes" — Christopher Hobson, Oct. 177
"Daily Globe, The" — Howard Nemerov, Nov. 39
"Examination, The" — W. D. Snodgrass, Oct. 154
"God Opens His Mail"—Larry Rubin, July 61
"Her Husband" — Ted Hughes, Dec. 28
"Husking, The" — Dilys Laing, Sept. 67
"Our Friends the Russians" — Henrietta Fort Holland, Oct. 97
"Pavanne for a Dead Doll" — Ogden Nash, Dec. 33
"Psychiatrist's Song" — Hilary Corke, Aug. 58
"Rival" — Phyllis Rose, Nov. 50
Seven Poems of Boris Pasternak — New Versions by Robert Lowell, Sept. 44
"Thread, The" — Denise Levertov, Sept. 80
"To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Triumph" — Anne Sexton, Nov. 93
"Variations on a Leica Form" — Ruth Krauss, Oct. 88
"Vermont" — John Updike, July 67
"Voyage" — Samuel Menashe, Aug. 77

"Point of no Return?" — John Fischer, July 10
"Poets of the Year, Some"—Stanley Kunitz, Aug. 86
"Polio, Why We Don't Wipe Out" — Leonard Engel, Sept. 77
"Polish Student Life, Notes on," Oct. 164
Politics. See under *Government*.
Presidents, How to Use Our Ex-, Dec. 84
"Private Eye to Industry, Norman Jaspan" — Morton M. Hunt, Nov. 61
"Private vs. Public" — Henry E. Wallich, Oct. 12
Probate Court, Aug. 29
"Proper Tool Will Do the Job, The" — Norman Halliday, Oct. 80

PUBLIC & PERSONAL—
William S. White
"Kennedy Back in the Senate, How to Put," Dec. 84
"Lady from Oregon," Oct. 98
"New Irresponsibles," Nov. 98
"Old Junior's Progress," July 88
"Summertime, Good Old," Aug. 83
"Twelve at Table," Sept. 92

Public Opinion Poll, 1774, Dec. 20
Public vs. Private Spending, Oct. 12
"Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools" — Miriam Chapin, July 53
Radler, D. H.—Our National Talent for Offending People, Aug. 63
" 'Realism' in the American Theatre" — Mary McCarthy, July 45

RELIGION
"God in the Colleges," Oct. 173
"How to Destroy the Churches," Nov. 33
"Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools," July 53

Research, Historical, July 58
Richey, Elinor — What Chicago Could Be Proud Of, Dec. 34
Rieff, Philip — The Mirage of College Politics, Oct. 156
Right Wing Movement in Politics, Nov. 98
"Robinson Crusoe in Florida"—Jan de Hartog, Aug. 34
Rogin, Richard — In the Company of Runners, Nov. 68
Rose, Phyllis — Rival, Nov. 50
Rosenberg, John D. — Matter of Motive, Aug. 71
Roses, Judy—The Common Predicament, Oct. 145
Rosten, Leo — Mr. Future, Sept. 48
Rowen, Hobart — Kennedy's Economists, Sept. 25
Rubin, Larry—God Opens His Mail, July 61
Rudd, Hughes—My Escape from the C.I.A., Oct. 43
Salomon, Louis B. — The Game of Words, Nov. 40
Sanders, Marion K. — New York Is Different, July 39
San Francisco Ball Park, Aug. 25

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
"Moon, Uses of the," Dec. 56
"Plasma Physics, Uncanny World of," Oct. 64

"Search for William E. Hinds, The"—Walter Prescott Webb, July 62
"Sex: The Problem the Colleges Evade" — Milton I. Levine and Maya Pines, Oct. 129
Sexton, Anne — To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Triumph, Nov. 93
Snodgrass, W. D.—The Examination, Oct. 154
"Society and Art"—Kenneth Clark, Aug. 74

SOVIET RUSSIA
"Uses of the Moon," Dec. 56

"State Department, Comeback of the"—Joseph Kraft, Nov. 43
Steamship *Begonia Belle*, Oct. 80
Stegner, Wallace — Corsica Out of Season, Oct. 76
Steinberg, Leo — Art Books, 1960-61, Dec. 87
"Sterilization, India Experiments with" — Rowland Evans, Nov. 79
Stevenson, Adlai E.—America Under Pressure, Aug. 21
Stock Market, July 21
"Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and Cyrus Eaton" — Nat Caldwell and Gene S. Graham, Dec. 25
"Summer Fiction" — Paul Pickrel, July 91
"Summer Is Another Country" — Christine Weston, July 27
Surrogate's Court, Aug. 29
"Swarthmore, Eager" — David Boroff, Oct. 139
Taxpayer's Dilemma, Aug. 71
"Teach, How They *Might*" — Benjamin DeMott, Oct. 153
"Teachers College: An Extinct Volcano" — Miriam Borgenicht, July 82
Temko, Allan — How Not to Build a Ball Park, Aug. 25
Texas, Oct. 48, 179

THEATRE
Lincoln Center, New York, Oct. 82
" 'Realism' in the American Theatre," July 45

Thurber, James — The Future, If Any, of Comedy, Dec. 40
"Twelve at the Table" — William S. White, Sept. 92
"Uncanny World of Plasma Physics, The"—John L. Chapman, Oct. 64

UNEMPLOYMENT
"Kennedy's Economists," Sept. 25
"Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and Cyrus Eaton," Dec. 25
"Unemployment-Insurance Game," Aug. 49

"Unemployment-Insurance Game, How to Play the" — Seth Levine, Aug. 49
United Mine Workers, Dec. 25
United States Peace Corps, Sept. 63
United States Under Pressure, Aug. 21
"Up to Our Necks in Soft White Suds" — Maya Pines, Nov. 94
Updike, John — Vermont, July 67
"Uses of the Moon, The" — Arthur C. Clarke, Dec. 56
"Violence in the City Streets" — Jane Jacobs, Sept. 37
Viorst, Milton — Harvard University, Nov. 51
"Wall Street Amateurs, A Warning to" — Peter B. Bart, July 21
Wallich, Henry E.—"Private *vs.* Public," Oct. 12
Washington, D. C., Aug. 83; Sept. 92; Oct. 98; Nov. 98; Dec. 84
"Wasted Classroom, The"—Nathan Glazer, Oct. 147
"Way Out of the Welfare Mess, A" — Edgar May, Oct. 37
Webb, Walter Prescott — Search for William E. Hinds, July 62
"Welfare Mess, a Way Out of the" — Edgar May, Oct. 37
Weston, Christine — Summer Is Another Country, July 27
Westport, Connecticut, Dec. 15
"What Chicago Could Be Proud of" — Elinor Richey, Dec. 34
"What They'll Die for in Houston" — Marjorie McCorquodale, Oct. 179
White, William S. — (Public & Personal) — Old Junior's Progress, July 88; The Good Old Summertime, Aug. 83; Twelve at the Table, Sept. 92; Lady from Oregon, Oct. 98; The New Irresponsibles, Nov. 98; How to Put Kennedy Back in the Senate, Dec. 84
"Why We Don't Wipe Out Polio" — Leonard Engel, Sept. 77
Williams, Martin — "The New Thing" in Jazz, Oct. 69
Wilson, Reuel K. — Notes on Polish Student Life, Oct. 164
"Words, The Game of" — Louis B. Salomon, Nov. 40
Wright, Sylvia — On Both Your Houses, Sept. 33

WRITING AND PUBLISHING
Books, See also under
"Campus Magazines, The New," Oct. 168
"Footnote-and-Mouth Disease," July 58
"History Today, Writing of," Oct. 104

"You Tell Them, Pop" — Noel Perrin, Dec. 20
"Young Negro Rebels, The"—Charlotte DeVree, Oct. 133
Younger Generation, The, July 88
"Your Unknown Heirs" — Murray Teigh Bloom, Aug. 29

YUGOSLAVIA
"Puzzled Report on Yugoslavia," July 10
"Yugoslavia's Flirtation with Free Enterprise," Aug. 11

Yuletide Greeting, Rules for, Dec. 22

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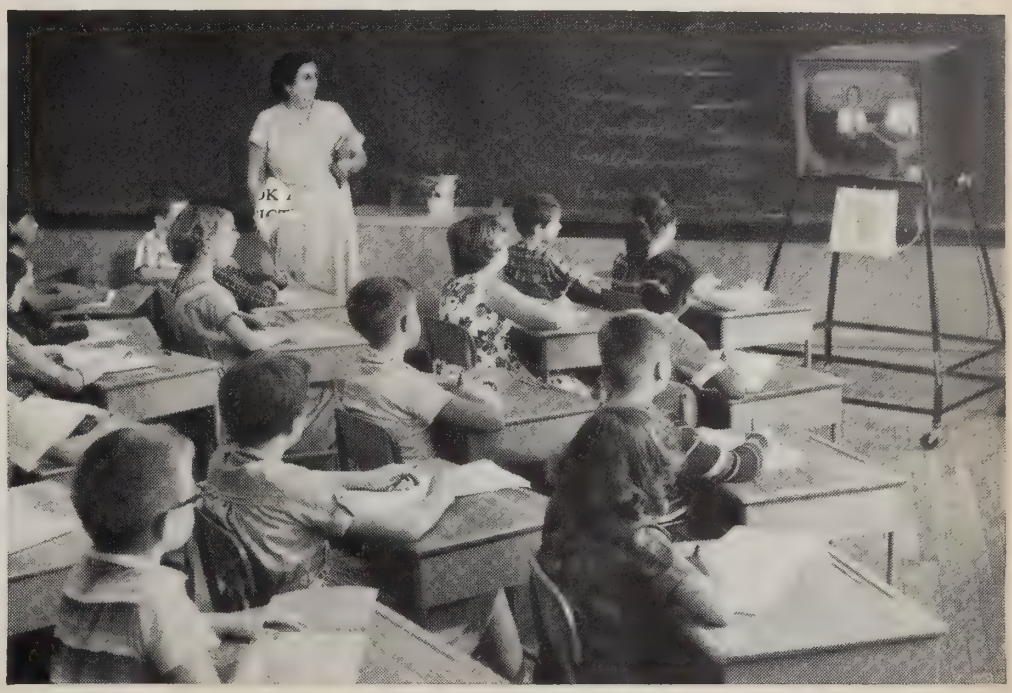


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VOL. 223, NO. 1334
JULY 1961

ARTICLES

21 **A Warning to Wall Street Amateurs,** *Peter B. Bart*

31 **A Plan for Revolution in Latin America,** *Peter F. Drucker*

39 **New York Is Different,** *Marion K. Sanders*

45 **"Realism" in the American Theatre,** *Mary McCarthy*

53 **Quebec's Revolt Against the Catholic Schools,** *Miriam Chapin*

58 **"The Footnote-and-Mouth Disease,"** *Helene Hanff*

62 **The Search for William E. Hinds,** *Walter Prescott Webb*

73 **The New Vision in Architecture,** *Robin Boyd*

82 **Teachers College: An Extinct Volcano?** *Miriam Borgenicht*

FICTION

27 **Summer Is Another Country,** *Christine Weston*

VERSE

61 **God Opens His Mail,** *Larry Rubin*

67 **Vermont,** *John Updike*

DEPARTMENTS

4 **Letters**

10 **The Editor's Easy Chair—POINT OF NO RETURN?** *John Fischer*

14 **After Hours,** *Joshua Logan*

88 **Public & Personal—OLD JUNIOR'S PROGRESS,** *William S. White*

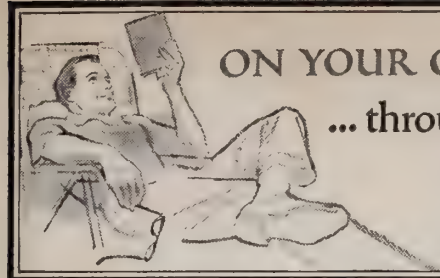
91 **The New Books,** *Paul Pickrel*

99 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

102 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*

104 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

COVER BY BEN ROBINSON



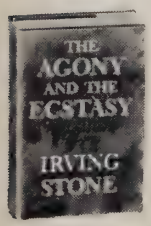
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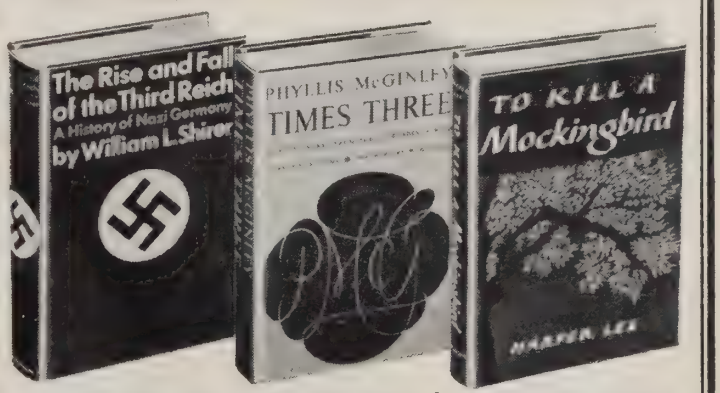
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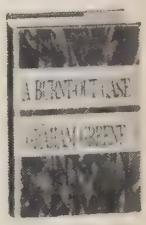
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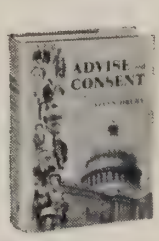
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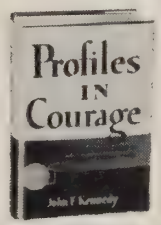
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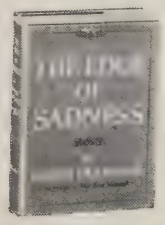
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LETTERS

Oppressed Angola

To the Editors:

My attention has been called to "The Kingdom of Silence: The Truth about Africa's Most Oppressed Colony" [May] by "Anonymous." . . . Once the anonymity has been established, on the excuse that the retired American businessman must be protected (protected from what?), the poison flows freely. . . . In fact—I am sorry to say—the article deserves as much credence as a poisonous anonymous letter. But a few pertinent points must be stressed:

The intimate knowledge, the implicit association, of Anonymous with some shady private dealings involving contract laborers in Angola leads one to conclude that the American businessman in question ("who has been working and traveling throughout Angola for fifteen years") only found his scruples at a very late date, and then only for the purpose of peddling his tale to *Harper's.*

The Portuguese government is the first one to recognize that, in flagrant violation of the labor legislation in force, there have been abuses by some administrative officials and *fazendeiros* in labor contracts. So much so that, in the last few years, a number of such officials have been dismissed and prosecuted by the courts. One is left to wonder if the anonymous American businessman (obviously working for a profit in Angola) might have been a part of such shady dealings—and, if not, why he did not report them to the government authorities instead of selling his "indignation" now to an American magazine. . . .

When a well-known publication such as yours banks on its established reputation to promote and disseminate poisonous reporting of the type of "The Kingdom of Silence," the question arises whether the ultimate insult is against Portugal or against the dignity of American journalism. We leave the answer to your conscience.

L. Esteves Fernandes
Ambassador of Portugal
Washington, D. C.

The Angola report had to be published anonymously to protect the lives of the author's informants. The author is a conservative, wealthy businessman, whom the Editors have known for many years; they have complete confidence in his judgment and responsibility. Events in Angola since the article was published have amply demonstrated its accuracy.
The Editors

I visited Angola in 1933. I was a college student earning money in the summer as an ordinary seaman on the American-West African Line. To my shame, I had made no attempt to bone up on the social, economic, or political backgrounds of the twenty-odd colonies I visited. . . . I knew practically nothing about the Belgian and Portuguese administrations and it was twenty more years before I learned. . . .

The moral here is that even well-traveled Americans skimming the tops of backward countries either don't understand or choose to ignore the conditions they see. Thousands of tourists, for example, go to the West Indies on vacation each year. They have a fine time, visit the island in a taxi, and go away feeling that this is an island paradise. They don't know that . . . the cheerful taxi-drivers have slept all night in their cabs in order to get a shot at one job from which they will kick back 40 per cent of their fee to a concessionaire. . . .

I suggest that *Harper's* engage in a conscious policy to make American tourists more aware of their own social and political significance to the people of the countries they visit. I realize this is a hideous idea because I can't think of anything better calculated to spoil the expensive fun for which the tourist has saved his money. Ross McKee
New York, N. Y.

Too Much Progress?

To the Editors:

Russell Lynes' article "Everything's Up-to-date in Texas . . . but Me" [May] is fine and it's a pity Texans are determined to obliterate all the old courthouses and mansions, everything old except the Alamo, I suppose. But unfortunately Texas is not alone in bulldozing its past. . . . Even Lincoln's own courthouse in Springfield, Illinois, is threatened. Detroit's most historic building, Old City Hall, is to be torn down this summer, over the protest of many, to make room for an underground parking garage. . . . If Detroit has to tear down Old City Hall in the name of "progress," there is something wrong. Our architectural past should be loved and respected as part of our heritage.
John Neufeld
East Lansing, Mich.

Bless you, Mr. Lynes, for those not-so-kind words about Texas. For those of us who feel ourselves impaled on a Texas longhorn an article like yours provides a cheery change of sustenance. [But] I can't agree with you that one day Texas is going to be sorry, because I haven't found Texans capable of remorse except in connection with business deals they missed out on. . . .

I found your views helpful to my own analysis of what I had seen and heard during a recent trip to Colorado and Wyoming, where I had been alternately awed by the majesty of the land and appalled by the mediocrity of what man is now putting up on it. Out there he can still start from sagebrush if he wants to, but he often erects a worse monument to himself than did his untutored ancestor, the pioneer. My grimmest shock came in Laramie, Wyoming, a town I have known for years and where I once lived a more satisfying life than I have ever managed to do in Texas. Laramie is now the most architecturally offensive town I know. The new subdivisions east of town are heartbreaking examples of little talent and no taste. . . . They have taken virgin land and committed upon it almost every possible architectural sin, often refusing to plant the trees that would in time provide protective foliage for the most glaring architectural defects. The reason behind the no-landscaping policy is that trees would block the view of the mountains in the distance. A friend, suggested that some of the owners of the new houses had lived so long in basements before they could build above ground that they wanted to see all the sky possible when they looked out their new picture windows. . . .

Perhaps it isn't possible to travel the U. S. without becoming saddened by what is happening to a land of whose beauty we are supposed to sing. I drove along the Mississippi Gulf Coast in March and stopwatched the unspoiled stretches of it—five minutes here, two minutes there. And in Mobile, my home town, I could have hanged the city fathers from the oaks over Government Street. It would have been just retribution for the rape of a once fair *rue.*

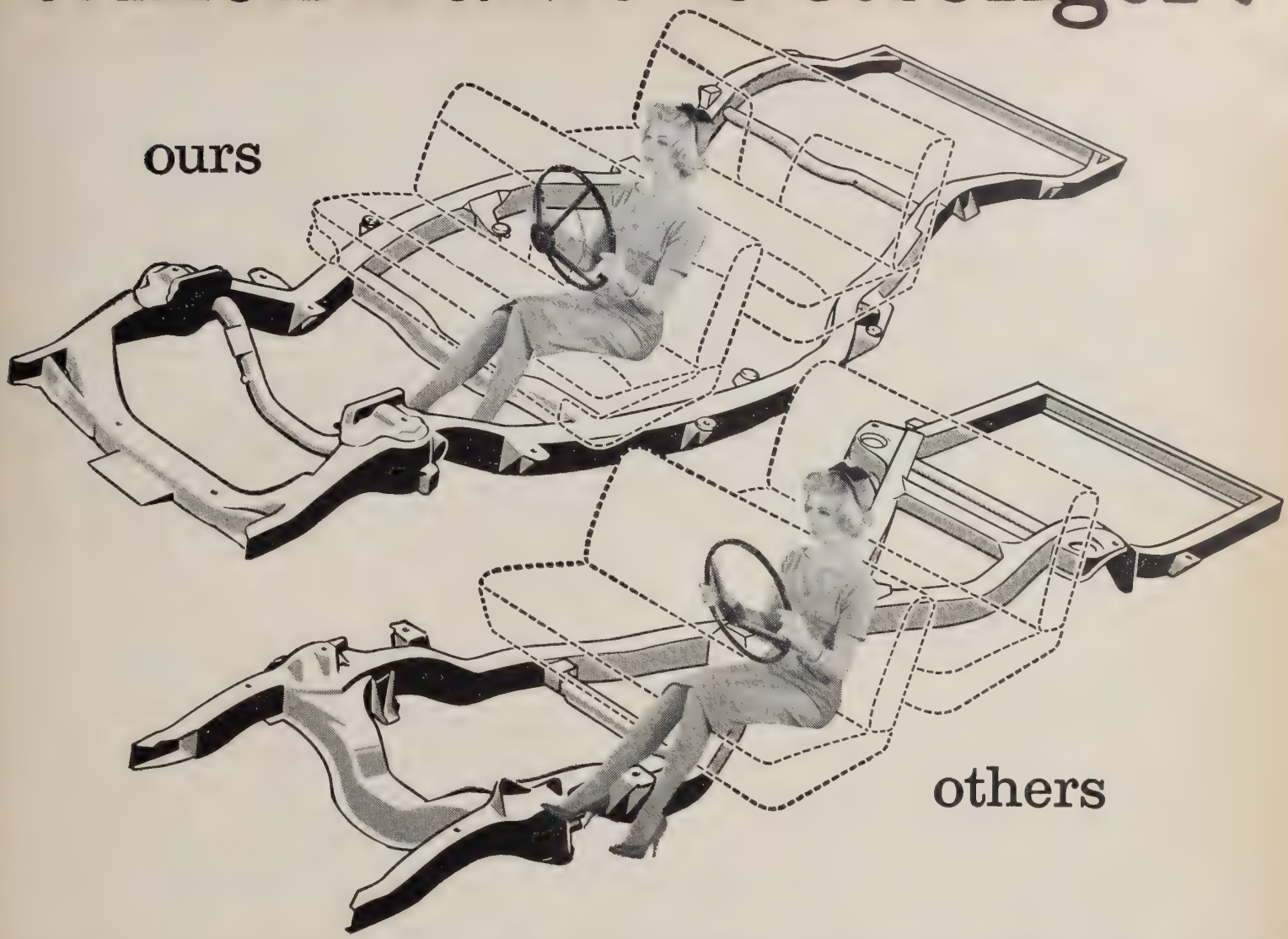
Helen Yenne
Dallas, Tex.

Censored Minds

To the Editors:

In your excellent supplement, The Mood of the Russian People [May], much is made of the fact that what international news the people receive is carefully tailored to party purposes. Granted. But how much better are things here at home? So far, only those who know Latin America and Cuba

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FOR EXAMPLE

"Few things," said Mark Twain, with deadly accuracy, "are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example." In childhood, one's parents always seem to be pointing to someone else's behavior as superior. And later, other people always seem to have cleaner cars, shinier shoes, better gardens. From the cradle to the grave, the presence of the good example seems inescapable.

And now here we are to call your attention to another! If you are not already an owner of common stocks, there are upwards of 15,000,000 Americans setting you a good example . . . 15,000,000 owners of shares in American business . . . 15,000,000 risk-takers who hope to be profit-makers.

Of course, you're at liberty to ignore these good examples if you like. But if you do, you'll always have the sneaking suspicion that maybe they have the right idea — that people who begin now to participate in the growth of our economy will probably enjoy more of the fruits of their investing than the late starters or non-starters.

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well are aware to what extent events in Cuba are distorted, exaggerated, and presented completely out of context; and this by *all* of the mass media. . . . The instinct for self-preservation is strong, whether among Party members in Russia or capitalists in the U.S. The thinking of the masses is manipulated by the power elite in either case.

R. M. Titus
Boston, Mass.

It was pleasing to read such a splendid piece of reporting as Priscilla Johnson's "Death of a Writer" [The Mood of the Russian People, May]. . . .

I was all the more interested because one of the men at the Pasternak funeral —Kornei Chukovsky—I knew very well during my six months' stay in Petrograd in 1917-18, when I was a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission. At that time he worked for better relations between Bolshevik Russia and the West. I note that Miss Johnson calls him a writer for children. Actually, in the days I knew him, and before, he was one of Russia's best literary critics; before the first world war he wrote "From Chekhov's Days to Ours," a very penetrating piece of criticism of Russian literature of the period. We may surmise that he was driven into writing exclusively for children by the Soviet overlords who, during the Trotskyist purge, at the instigation of Communist hacks, consigned my friend Prince D. S. Mirsky ("Damn my title!" he once wrote me) to a Siberian concentration camp, where he was driven mad and to death by his tormentors. He was a great scholar, and a great man. Many an hour my wife and I spent in trying to dissuade him from going back to Russia. But the man was homesick, and Gorky promised him immunity. Miss Johnson's story brought it all back to me. It deserves many readers.

John Cournos
New York, N. Y.

Richard Pipes, in "The Public Mood," stated, "But neither is [the Russian] the brainwashed automaton so often pictured by the outside world."

I just received some letters from a friend who recently arrived in Western Europe after twelve years in Russia, the first eight in prison. . . . My friend writes that, except for a chance meeting with a student she would never have known there was any dissent or opposition left in Russia. She felt no personal resentment against her captors in spite of privations, hardships, threats while in prison.

She came to hate the Party only when, after being released, she found a whole people—her people—reduced to a state closely resembling soullessness by need just short of hunger, by the disproportionate importance in their lives of each small material concession granted by their rulers, by the brainwashed gratitude they were taught to feel for any improvement in their drab and needy existences, and by the threats and fears that disbarred any discussion whatever of officialdom or politics. When a prison train arrived in her provincial town one day and the prisoners were transferred to trucks, nobody commented on this unusual event or even wondered aloud who the prisoners—obviously not common criminals—were. It was only after leaving Russia that my friend discovered that the prisoners had been professors and students arrested for printing and distributing suppressed news of the Hungarian revolt. . . . Her impression of the whole Communist system is summed up in the expressions "The Great Brainwash," "The Great Farce."

Name Withheld

You have truly outdone yourselves with this excellent Russian supplement. Your reporters have put us in touch with our opposite numbers in the U.S.S.R. You have shown us people like ourselves. . . . What we see in Russia today is the same totalitarian state that existed since the Tartar invasion; economic systems may change, but the people do not change, nor the types of rulers. Khrushchev is merely Peter the Great in an ill-fitting suit.

Lewis Taishoff
New York, N. Y.

Holy Madness

To the Editors:

It is hardly likely that a more meaningful statement than "Apocalypse" [May] has appeared within memory on the pages of an American magazine. May a kinder fate attend the voice that Professor Norman Brown has so courageously and eloquently raised than that of one crying in the wilderness.

Noel P. Conlon
Chmn., English Dept.
Watkinson School
Hartford, Conn.

It seems to me that instead of abandoning reason and discipline to emotion and supernatural frenzy, it is time that man, the self-advertised finest handiwork of God . . . began to use his gift of reason and apply it to his prejudices, his mythologies, and his dogmas.

Frankly, I think this world needs less holy madness—which all malefactors of consequence use as their excuse for their actions—and more genuine intelligent application. For what Professor Brown



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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advocates is a form of misanthropy much more virulent than I, a long-time practicing misanthrope, ever dared dream of expounding.

WARD MOORE
St. Louis, Mo.

Gallic Pitchman

TO THE EDITORS:

Long John Nebel's article, "The Pitchman" [May], recalled to mind a thirteenth-century example of the same type. Rutebeuf, French trouvère, in his *Le Diz de l'Erberie* recorded a dramatic monologue in prose and verse supposedly delivered by a quack doctor. It includes many of the same elements which Nebel said were common to the pitchmen of today. I have translated [some of] it rather freely as follows:

"Good people, . . . I belong to a lady . . . who makes a kerchief of her ears and whose eyebrows hang down as chains of silver behind her shoulders; and know that she is the wisest lady in all the four quarters of the world. My lady sends us out into many diverse lands and diverse countries . . . to kill wild beasts and extract ointments from them to give medicines to those who are bodily ill. . . . [Take] these herbs. . . . Steep them three days in good white wine; if you have not white take red; if you have no red take brown, and if you have no brown take fair clear water. . . . Take [them] the first thing in the morning for thirteen mornings; if you miss one take another, for there is no mystery about them; and I tell you by the passion of God that you will be cured from all disorders and disease. . . ."

How the medicine man of the thirteenth century made his way to the American frontier and then on to television is difficult to trace, but I am sure there is some connection. Things really haven't changed very much.

VERN L. BULLOUGH
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, Calif.

Reviewers Reviewed

TO THE EDITORS:

I must say I have lost interest in your book reviews since you changed your format. I do not refer to Katherine Gauss Jackson's "Books in Brief"; alas, these well-written capsules are all I now read. I refer to your major book-review section.

When Paul Pickrel wrote the reviews, I eagerly turned to these pages monthly. Since your policy of rambling reviewers commenced, however, this section lacks cohesion, continuity, and the flavor a single personality gave it. . . . Please rehire Paul or another full-time reviewer like him.

MARY J. HESL
Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Pickrel again appears in his customary place this month, and under arrangements for an expanded coverage of new books, he and Miss Elizabeth Hardwick will alternate in the regular review section for ten months of the year. In the other two months it will be given over to specialists for review of the year's outstanding work in poetry and arts. In addition, special reports will appear from time to time, outside the regular review section, by experts in fields of particular importance—science, economics, history, international affairs, and others; each of these will undertake an evaluation of the most significant work in his field during the previous nine to twelve months.

THE EDITORS

One Lucky Oldster

TO THE EDITORS:

I hope that none of our members read the cruel joke, "Exigencies of Eighty" [by Henry H. Saylor, "After Hours," May]. With incomes under $2,000 a year, they are hardly in a position to worry about custom tailors or shirtmakers. We are earnestly working toward the day when this will be a fit subject for humor, but unfortunately, the time is not yet.

M. J. CASTLEMAN
National Organizer
Amer. Federation of Senior Citizens
Chicago, Ill.

Pro Grandpa

Martin Mayer's article "The Good Slum Schools" [April] quoted R. D. Morrow, superintendent of the Tucson public schools, as referring to Pueblo High School as "that damned school." The comment on this point came to us from his nine-year-old granddaughter.

THE EDITORS

I'd like you to know my grandpa is a fare man. And another thing he doesn't use that language as you would use! He isn't all the things you would call him. And he doesn't use the nasty words you made up. He never would say things like that to anyone. Who ever made everything up or if you made it up you or they arn't very nice! I'm not standing up for my grandpa but I think you are rude and not nice.

DEBBI PURVIS
Tucson, Ariz.



Enemy Not Anivar Urbina, small citizen of Honduras. But the enemy is there all around him—malnutrition, disease, the intense despair of poverty. Anivar and millions like him face the Enemy from the day they are born to the quick twilight of their lives. They need help now—above all, help to help themselves. They need food, tools, books, medicines and technical know-how. By any standard they know, we have these things in abundance. Whether it be in Honduras, Africa, India, or even in our own country, this abundance *must* be shared. If we Americans help this child and others like him defeat the Enemy, he will never forget us; if we ignore him, or try to bribe him, he will never forgive us. *Which will it be?*

P.S. Employees and agents of Nationwide voluntarily have been sponsoring special self-help programs in four Central American countries in cooperation with CARE. More than $150,000 has been raised in the last 18 months to provide the people of these countries with the tools for better education, medical care, agriculture, housing and other basic needs.

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JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Point of No Return? . . . A Puzzled Report from Yugoslavia

THIS spring a foundation asked me to go to Yugoslavia to help pick about twenty people—lawyers, writers, scholars, government officials—to study in the United States on fellowships. I jumped at the chance, because I was eager to learn something about a country that had long puzzled me, under circumstances more intimate than I could hope for as a tourist or visiting reporter.

Three weeks and a hundred interviews later, it still puzzles me. I came back feeling a little like the Oklahoma farm boy who had just seen his first giraffe: There ain't no such animal.

Never before have I encountered any place so beset with contradictions and bewilderments. Although I thought I had done my homework pretty carefully, I began to run into surprises the minute I landed at Zagreb airport, and they kept piling up day after day. It is hard to understand how such a mixed-up society can work. Yet it obviously does work—apparently a good deal better than I had been led to expect. In the end I began to wonder whether this, rather than either America or Russia, might not prove to be the Wave of the Future for many undeveloped countries in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

To this question, or hunch, I can't give a confident answer, any more than I can explain the paradoxes which kept leaping up at every street corner. For example:

1. The Yugoslavs insist they are Communists—indeed, the only genuine, pure-strain Communists anywhere. Yet they distrust and dislike the Russians more than anybody, except Germans. And creeping capitalism—complete with private profits, competition, free markets, and a good deal of rugged individual enterprise—is eating deep into what was, only ten years ago, a rigidly socialist (and almost moribund) economy.

2. The official faith is atheism. Nevertheless the government subsidizes theological seminaries for the training of Catholic, Greek Orthodox, and Moslem clergymen. (Mohammedanism is the fastest-growing religion, with evangelical Protestant sects running a poor second. Nobody could tell me why.) In Sarajevo alone, sixty-seven mosques are open for business—each with a minaret that looks uncannily like an Atlas missile. And in Belgrade one of the tallest buildings now going up is a Seventh Day Adventist church, financed largely by contributions from America. Although the Vatican has been denouncing the Yugoslav regime bitterly, ever since the end of World War II, most of the nurses in the biggest military hospital are nuns; and in the streets of one town—Dubrovnik—I counted nuns in the costumes of five different religious orders, plus three varieties of monks. Easter Eve services were well attended, by young people as well as old.

3. The Iron Curtain hangs on only one side of the country, and not the side you might think. Wherever Yugoslavia touches one of the Soviet satellites, the frontier is closely guarded and traffic is sparse. (The border with Albania, that forlorn little satellite of Red China, is practically in a state of siege.) To the West, however, you will see no barbed wire, no mine fields, no watchtowers bristling with machine guns. Even the customs service is a good deal more perfunctory than it is in, say, New York. People wander back and forth into Italy, Austria, and Greece about as freely as Americans cross into Canada or Mexico. Thousands of Yugoslavs spend their vacations in Venice and Vienna, and—a more telling fact—practically all of them return home. Although East Germans are fleeing to the West at the rate of about 200,000 a year, Yugoslav political defectors are now almost unheard of.

4. Like all Communist countries, this one is run by a small, privileged, disciplined elite: The Party. But the Party members I met were markedly different in personality from those I have known in Russia, Germany, England, and the United States. Not one had that harsh, humorless, obsessive quality—the preoccupation with power to the exclusion of everything else—which the typical Communist wears like a kind of psychic epaulette. These strike you, not as steel cogs in a political apparatus, but as warm-blooded human beings; and some are truly civilized, to a degree unknown in Russia and rare among politicians anywhere.

For instance, when I was asked to dinner with Mrs. Jose Vilfan—described as "a leading theoretician and Party organizer of Slovenia"—I expected a dowdy old battle-axe of the Anna Pauker type; she turned out to be one of the

most sophisticated and charming women I ever met. The Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, is a surrealist poet, a philosopher, the son of a millionaire, a scintillating conversationalist—and, incidentally, a brave and skillful leader of guerrilla troops. One fairly typical young bureaucrat, whom I got to know quite well, has applied for Party membership for the same reasons that make a junior business executive in New York automatically a Republican: it's the respectable thing to do, and a help to his career. He is, however, a good deal more knowledgeable about jazz records, smart tailoring, and his Mercedes car than about the works of Marx and Lenin; his grandfather was a baron, and he proudly traces his ancestry back to the twelfth century.

This is the dictatorship of the proletariat?

IN spite of such oddities—and the list could run on for pages—it does seem possible to draw a few tentative conclusions about this curious land.

For one thing, Yugoslavia apparently is now reaching a Point of No Return. More precisely, it is passing three of history's milestones simultaneously; in all likelihood it can never turn back from any of them; and each of the three promises to alter permanently the character of its society.

Milestone One: To the astonishment of the Yugoslavs themselves, they evidently are about to jell into a real nation.

A generation ago, this looked most improbable. Yugoslavia is, of course, a synthetic state—a figment of Woodrow Wilson's imagination, pieced together in 1918 out of the broken scraps of the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian empires. It always seemed on the verge of disintegration, and when Hitler struck on April 6, 1941, it did fall apart in a matter of hours. (Two years later there were nine different "armies" in the country, some fighting the Nazis, some the Allies, but mostly fighting each other in a civil war of maniac complexity.)

A local proverb describes Yugoslavia as "a land with five nationalities, four languages, three religions, two alphabets, and one boss." The main reason why Tito remains the boss is that he is teaching a lot of people to feel—for the first time—that they are Yugoslavs, instead of Serbs, Croats, Bosnians, Macedonians, or Slovenes.

They still loathe each other, naturally. A Croat, who inherited Western culture by way of Austria, is likely to look with contempt on the yokels of the eastern provinces, who stagnated for five hundred years under Turkish rule. A Montenegrin mountaineer—who may own nothing but his dagger, an ancient rifle, and the rags on his back—will scorn all strangers, including the tribe in the next valley. (Chances are they have been enjoying a blood feud for ten generations.) The Serbs remember indelibly that during the war a bunch of Croat Quislings—the Ustacha—tried to convert the Greek Orthodox peasantry to Catholicism by force, butchering some 120,000 men, women, and children in the process. So too with the Shiptars, the Ruthenians, and all the other racial and religious tag-ends of Balkan history: each has a sound reason, stretching far into the blood-soaked past, for hating his neighbors.

If Tito has managed to weld these unlikely fragments into what now looks like a durable state, he owes some thanks to a pair of borrowed tools—one American, the other Russian.

From us he took the idea of federalism, a radical notion in the Balkans. Before the war, the kings of the Black George Dynasty had tried to hold the country together by a tightly centralized government, run strictly by Serbs—with the result that everybody else hated the Serbs more than ever. Tito (a Croat) avoided this sort of thing by giving each of the main nationalities its own semi-autonomous People's Republic, staffed with local talent. The upshot is that State Rights is as popular a doctrine in Yugoslavia as it is in Texas.

From the Russians he learned to build a Party which would serve as an instrument of personal power, the most efficient and ruthless one seen in these parts since the Sultan's Janissaries. Today it is a lot less heavy-handed than it used to be, when Tito was exterminating his rivals and fighting a battle for survival with Stalin. In some ways, to be noted later, it behaves quite differently from any other Communist party in the world.

Yet it remains, in Beatrice Webb's phrase, "the steel framework of the society," the main force making for unity and stability. It looks solid. Its top people are bound together, not only by loyalty to Tito, but also by a strong chain of loyalty to each other, forged "in the woods" (as they like to put it) during their three and a half years of desperate guerrilla warfare. They really *are* comrades, in a sense much deeper than the Communist meaning of that term. So when Tito dies—he is now sixty-nine—there is every expectation that the levers of power will pass smoothly into the hands of his heir apparent, Edvard Kardelj. Barring a major war, then, it seems likely that the Yugoslav nation is finally here to stay. We might as well get used to it, and its peculiar ways.

Milestone Two: Apparently Yugoslavia is passing what Walt W. Rostow calls "the economic take-off point." Its production is at last going up at a faster rate than its population. Consequently it can now build up its own capital without further outside help—thus transforming itself, under its own steam, from an underdeveloped to a modern industrial society.

Indeed Yugoslavia's economy is now growing

faster than either America's or Russia's. After careful study of all the figures (which are far more detailed, complete, and believable here than in the Soviet countries), our Embassy economists have concluded that the true rate of growth in Gross National Product is about 10 per cent a year—one of the highest in the world.

In part, this is due to American help—though you would never guess it from reading the Yugoslav newspapers. (The press is consistently hostile.* It rarely mentions United States aid, to Yugoslavia or anybody else, nor does it like to admit that our government can ever act with decency or wisdom. Nevertheless, nearly all the Yugoslavs I met were fully aware of American aid and grateful for it. Moreover, they are notably cordial to individual Americans—more so, for example, than the French or Austrians.)

* One explanation is sheer nationalism. These are proud and touchy people, who hate to concede that they ever needed anybody's help. Another is their need to prove, to themselves and to the outside world, that they are still "good Communists," no matter what the Kremlin says. So the further they move away from orthodox Marxism in their domestic affairs, the louder they are likely to scream at the capitalist countries. They are almost comically afraid of being called "lackeys of Wall Street."

Perhaps for the same reason, Yugoslavia nearly always sides with Russia on international issues—even when this is against its own interest. For instance, Yugoslavia, like all of the small countries, has a strong interest in preserving the vigor and independence of the United Nations. Yet it tamely echoes Khrushchev's attacks on Hammarskjold and the UN Secretariat.

A third explanation is plain fright. The Yugoslavs know they have nothing to fear from us; but the Russian army is just over the border, and the example of Hungary is still fresh. Naturally they try hard never to speak a provocative word to the Russians, nor a polite word to Russia's enemies.

And beneath all this lie the inherent contradictions in the Yugoslavs' position. They are trying to be both neutralist and Communist at the same time; to get all the help they can from the West, to placate the East, and also to set themselves up as leaders of a bloc of uncommitted nations in Africa, Asia, and eventually Latin America. Inevitably, their behavior is often devious and double-faced—in a word, Balkan.

It may be some small comfort to note that here, at least, our foreign economic policy has worked well—however badly it may have gone in Laos, the Middle East, or parts of Latin America. The amount of aid was relatively modest; much of it was surplus food. It was used efficiently, with negligible waste or graft. And it achieved its objective: to help Yugoslavia survive as an independent nation. Simply by demonstrating that it is possible for a one-time satellite to break away from the Soviet grasp, and then to defy all the Kremlin's efforts to crush it by subversion and blockade, the Yugoslavs performed a major service for the cause of freedom. At the same time they did great damage to the myth of monolithic, infallible Soviet leadership. What better return on our investment could we ask?

But we don't need to invest any more money here—or, at least, not much. Because of its current drought, Yugoslavia may need some of our surplus wheat this fall. Aside from that, however, it is now quite capable of plugging ahead on its own. Indeed, we might do well to hint, tactfully but firmly, that the Yugoslavs should begin to contribute something to undeveloped countries elsewhere. If they aspire to lead these countries—and that now seems to be Tito's chief ambition—they had better start paying the price of leadership.

THEY can well afford it. The surge of economic growth is obvious to any traveler. (Sometimes painfully so, because new apartments, factories, and office buildings are going up everywhere, and the Yugoslav working day starts at 7:00 A.M.; bulldozers and air hammers are sure to wake you up at that hour, no matter how late you went to bed.)

Housing is still short—after all, the country lost a third of all its buildings during the war—but most other goods are becoming fairly abundant. The supermarkets, faithfully copied from the American model, are stacked high with groceries, dry goods, detergents, and such minor luxuries as Israeli oranges and a soft drink known as Jugocoke. I saw no one who looked underfed; on the contrary many Yugoslavs (who are notoriously fond of starches and fancy pastry) look as if they might well spare a few pounds. In the main cities, the women dress at least as smartly as their counterparts in, say, Vienna or Munich, and at the Zagreb opera one can see nearly as many fur stoles as at the Met. (No minks, my companion informed me, but to a male eye they looked attractive enough; so did their contents.)

The Yugoslavs are just as auto-crazy as Americans, and a surprising number have somehow managed to get hold of foreign cars. Although they need other things—including roads—a lot more urgently, they are doubling their own auto production every year. In 1961 they expect to turn out 32,000 Fiats and Citroens, built under licensing agreements with the Italians and French.

ALL this does not mean that the country is swimming in fat. The old Turkish provinces are still, in fact, about the most backward areas of Europe. A Macedonian friend told me that his home town, Skoplje, is the biggest city in Europe without a sewer system; and in Bosnia and Montenegro it is an exceptional family that can afford meat oftener than once a week. Nevertheless everybody I talked to (including the anti-Communists and the grumblers) agreed that things are a lot better than they were five years ago, and that the rate of gain in living standards is picking up fast.

For this prosperity, most of the credit must go to the ordinary Yugoslav citizens—however useful our aid may have been as a starter. They are a remarkably hard-working lot, and they look it. In particular the men and women over forty, who carried the greatest strain of the war and reconstruction, often appear ten years older than their true age. Perhaps one of the biggest contributions they can make to the Africans and Latin Americans is to persuade them that there is a certain relationship between hard work and well-being—an idea that we have not been able, so far, to get across with notable success.

Part of the credit, too, belongs to the country's break with the old-fashioned, Soviet-type economic theory. Only after the Yugoslavs shook loose from Russia in 1948 did they begin to experiment with their

unique variety of a mixed economy—combining some elements of socialism and some of individual enterprise in a highly flexible and pragmatic mixture. They are experimenting still. Hardly a week goes by without a change in the economic ground rules—and all the recent shifts have been in the direction of further decentralization, more local control, greater personal responsibility.* So far the experiment has paid off handsomely.

Milestone Three: This is the most important of all, and the hardest to be sure about. My guess might turn out to be all wrong. But for what it is worth, I am convinced that Tito has now carried his people so far away from the Soviet camp that he could not turn back even if he wanted to—which he plainly does not.

Even after his death, it seems to me, there is almost no likelihood that Yugoslavia will again become a Russian satellite.

Both its economic and its political systems are now well along in a process of change which seems to be irreversible. Neither is apt to become identical with our kind of mixed economy or our brand of two-party democracy. Yet they are already closer in many ways to American specifications than to the Russian; and it is quite possible that the Yugoslav experience may prove more relevant to other small, undeveloped countries with no tradition of self-government than our own experience —which is, after all, unique and perhaps impossible to duplicate.

The evidence for these conclusions, tentative as they are, will be examined in another report in this space next month.

* One government official who is pretty high up in the Party hierarchy told me, somewhat apprehensively, that he thought they were moving too far and too fast. "We are going to have to take a step backward before long," he said, "or the system will get entirely out of control." There is some evidence that many of the older Communists, who got their training in the Stalinist era, have similar forebodings. Perhaps with reason. I don't see how economic decentralization can go much further without political decentralization as well—and that would inevitably mean some loosening of the Party's grip.

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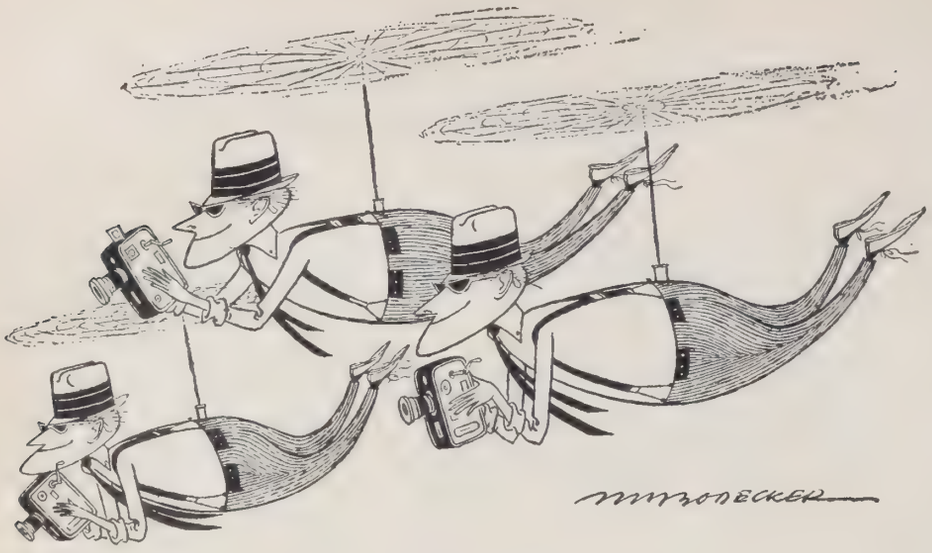
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AFTER HOURS



MY INVASION OF MARSEILLES

by Joshua Logan

Joshua Logan was co-author, director, and producer of "South Pacific," for which he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1950. The plays and movies which he has written, produced, or directed range from "On Borrowed Time" to "Mister Roberts" and "Sayonara."

FOOLS rush in where angels fear to tread, and American movies are here to prove it.

Recently I led an American invasion of Marseilles, the largest city of Provence. It was my pleasant duty to make the motion picture *Fanny*, which is a combination of the three stories Marcel Pagnol wrote in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties called *The Marseilles Trilogy*, consisting of the plays and movies, *Marius, Fanny*, and *César*. The trilogy is a modern French classic with a peculiar flavor of its own. Scenes from it are reprinted in French schoolbooks. Phonograph records of the original sound track spoken by the great French actor Raimu, with Pierre Fresnay and Charpin, are collectors' items. The "game of cards" is remembered by most Frenchmen as the funniest scene in modern French literature. Plaster statuettes of the game of cards are sold as souvenirs all over France.

It is said that Marcel Pagnol has been collecting an enormous yearly income from the replaying of the three French films. Surely it was because of this work that he was made a member of the Académie Française and allowed to wear its embroidered uniform and sport its bejeweled sword.

But to the French it is not Pagnol's property; it belongs to them. All France seemed to bristle when I arrived with my associates to start choosing locations in Marseilles. The French newspapers dealt with the subject in heavy sarcasm. "This giant Texan"—I am rather large and I was born in Texas—"dreams to make an American picture out of *Fanny!* It can't be done! It's ridiculous, impossible, and typically American to think that it can! And even if it is good, we won't like it!"

The only one who dared to disagree with the newspapers was M. Pagnol himself, who had been my friend for several years. I had directed the American musical comedy based on the trilogy in 1954.

"You will make a great picture, Josuah," he said to me, pronouncing my name very much as the French spell it—with the "h" at the end. "Of course, my esteemed countrymen say that I have traded my soul for money and that this project proves I will do anything for that miserable commodity, but I really believe that the picture will be great. It doesn't have to be played by Raimu. Raimu was a monster." (Monster, in modern French, is a very handy expression meaning either prodigy or devil.)

The fact that I had persuaded France's two most famous exports, Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, to play the leading roles of Panisse and César, seemed to impress nobody in France. Pagnol says that any Frenchman who makes a success outside of France is without honor to the French. "We are the greatest snobs in the world," he says with a combination of sneering distaste and twinkling pride. "Don't let them frighten you. Go right ahead and make a great picture. I will enjoy being famous in the outside world."

I rented an office in Paris in the Studios de Boulogne and started casting. I still had to find a young French girl to play Fanny. Leslie Caron had refused because she also didn't believe any foreigner could make an American version of these French masterpieces.

This was not my first wrestling match with the problems of *Fanny*. When S. N. Behrman and I tried to translate the three plays into acceptable English for the musical comedy which we did together, with Harold Rome's music and lyrics, at first Pagnol's Marseilles phrases seemed to defy translation. Even though the trilogy is a sweetly sad and rueful story, it is told in broad comic terms. The Marseillais are cavalier boasters; they talk and gesture with bravura. Alphonse Daudet in *Tartarin de Tarascon* blames it on the sun. He says the sun is so hot when it glares down on the Midi that it acts as a magnifying glass and tends to enlarge everything—gestures, voices, even the content of what people say. It's not lies the people of Provence tell—merely elephantine truths.

Behrman and I had to conjure up English that would taste as salty as Pagnol's French and yet dodge every hint of English or American slang. Harold Rome had the same problem; he could only write lyrics that used a kind of classic, timeless English.

In our version we kept the character of Panisse alive until the curtain was coming down at the end of

the play; in Pagnol's trilogy Panisse died at the very beginning of the last third of the story, leaving little suspense. Pagnol, upon reading our version of the play, wrote me a letter saying, "At last you have found an ending for me."

In preparing for the motion picture, Julius Epstein was engaged to rewrite our version and make it into a scenario. After many meetings with him and executives of Warner Brothers, we decided to do a non-musical version of *Fanny,* using Harold Rome's warm score to underline the moods of the picture but avoiding all songs. It was mostly a question of length. Songs take time, and we wanted to tell more of Pagnol's story. Also, the French do not like the American musical form in pictures; neither do the Germans, Italians, or Swiss. Without the European market everyone felt it would be too great a risk.

Julius Epstein watched the three pictures again, using their sound tracks and our libretto as his main sources. He then proceeded to add scenes that had had to be eliminated from the musical version.

I passed out copies of the script to all my French associates, who were bilingual. There was uniformity in the reaction to it. Each looked up after having read the last lines of the script and, with enormously surprised eyes, said, "Why, it's *good!*"

My two biggest problems at that time were to get a girl to play Fanny, and secure a square-rigged sailing ship which represented the *femme fatale* of the piece. This ship was to lure the young boy, Marius, away from Fanny's arms. The time for shooting was getting closer. Michel Romanoff, my assistant, took off in an airplane to scout all the ports in the Mediterranean for a square-rigged ship. I flew to England to try and persuade Leslie Caron to change her mind. She finally capitulated when she realized that Charles Boyer, whom she had long admired and who was as French as she was, had agreed to play the part of César which Raimu had created. It was not because of me but the thought of playing with Chevalier, Boyer, and Horst Buchholz that finally captured her.

Time was getting short. Dresses and hair pieces were being made in England for Leslie. The huge sets were beginning to be constructed. A crew of workmen took off by train and car to start building the scaffolding on the Old Port in Marseilles. The sets were to represent the weather-beaten buildings which had been torn down during the war on the right side of the port; and they were to camouflage the new concrete structures there. The left side of the port, capped by Notre Dame de la Garde, was still almost intact.

MY little office at Boulogne was like a small lifeboat. In every corner of the room were French actors practicing English so that I could decide if they could play in the picture and still be understood.

A telephone call came from Palma de Mallorca from Michel Romanoff. He had found the perfect ship! She was the *Verona,* an English barkentine built many years ago by Mr. Singer, owner of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Recently she had been re-rigged with square foresails to be eligible for the tall-ships contest of last year's Olympic Games. Her captain flew up to see me in Paris. Yes, she could sail into and out of the harbor in Marseilles, just making it, and dangerous it would be.

Salvatore Baccaloni, the Metropolitan buffo, arrived from America, ready to play the ferryboat captain. Lionel Jeffries flew over from England to discuss playing M. Brun, the tall and lanky customs inspector. Since M. Brun was supposed to be from Lyons and a foreigner in Marseilles, we felt we could take the liberty of casting an Englishman in that part.

Huge, wonderful Georgette Anys walked into my room. She was obviously Fanny's mother, Honorine the fishwife. But she could scarcely speak English. We decided to take the chance; she went into intensive diction lessons.

Suddenly, the cameraman we had been counting on to photograph our picture became unavailable. Zinn Arthur, my public relations assistant, suggested that we try for Jack Cardiff, the master cameraman of the early days of Technicolor. Cardiff had just directed *Sons and Lovers,* to be shown at the Cannes Festival. He was now a full-fledged director, and a distinguished one. Perhaps

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he would consider the job of cameraman a step down. By some miracle he did not then have another directorial offer, and decided to come with us. That was a good day.

A frantic telephone call came from Marseilles. It was our art director, Rino Mondellini. Permission to build our sets had been rescinded. The people of Marseilles were up in arms that their beautiful sidewalk had been disfigured by several hundred holes dug into it by pneumatic drills. "Yes, we gave you permission, but we now take it back." Without the poles we could not put up the supports; without the supports the sets would blow down during the mistral. "With all those holes," said Rino, "it's the biggest golf course in the world!" We laughed but we didn't feel like laughing.

We all flew to Nice to see if we could use the old harbor there and make it look like Marseilles. But I was stubborn; I had come this far to photograph Marseilles and I was not going back without accomplishing the mission.

Again to Marseilles. What could we do? If we pointed our camera in the direction to the left of the port, it was all right. Once we swung to the right, Marseilles looked like a modern city of bland, square concrete. We decided to photograph all the scenes two ways. As the camera looked left, we would be in Marseilles. When we swung to the right, we would move to a little town called Cassis where there were old buildings along the right side of the harbor—and then by cutting the two angles together we could recreate the old city. This was complicated, difficult, but possible. Peace was restored.

An army of technicians, actors and their families arrived in Marseilles. Half of us lived in Cassis, seventeen miles away. Horst Buchholz arrived from America where he had been filming *The Magnificent Seven.*

Meantime, everybody in Marseilles began to harangue us about our casting. Taxi-drivers said, "How can Maurice Chevalier play Panisse? He's a Parisian! Charles Boyer in the great Raimu's part? Impossible! He hasn't got the accent! And what about this German boy?"

A fishwife at the vast covered fish market on the left bank of the old harbor asked me, "Who is going to play Fanny?" When I said Leslie Caron, she turned and looked at all of her associates as they exchanged those French grimaces and shrugs which can mean almost anything. "Don't you like her?" I ventured.

After a long pause, she spoke in a very careful voice. "She's a good *dancer.*" That is all I could get.

But the waiter who served Mr. Buchholz his orange juice the morning before we took off, looked him over in such a critical way that my heart almost stopped beating. Finally, he nodded his head in approval. Yes, Horst Buchholz looked like Marius. The waiter was willing to let us proceed.

THE first shot I planned to get was of Marius up in the shrouds of the square-rigged ship, sailing past the Chateau d'If, looking back toward Marseilles. For this we had brought a helicopter and crew from England. And then I learned an awful fact. The wind that fills the sails of a square-rigged ship is the opposite wind to the one that is needed to photograph from a helicopter. The helicopter had to force itself against the wind in order to remain steady. Also, if the wind was right for the sails, the sun seemed in the wrong direction; if the sun was right, the helicopter could not fly. Horst Buchholz remained up in the rigging for hours as the helicopter made pass after pass, trying to photograph the scene.

When we came back that afternoon, exhausted, discouraged, we did not know that we had filmed the most exciting shot in the picture. We met a jubilant crew who had been waiting for us. "Marseilles has capitulated! The picture is going to be a great success!" Michel Romanoff and the production staff were exultant. "We are going to get all the co-operation we need now."

"What happened?" I said.

Michel replied, "The helicopter! The citizenry was very impressed that you would go to such trouble and expense as to actually bring a helicopter to photograph their city. Now they believe it actually has a chance!"

Soon our problem was not their disapproval but their exhausting enthusiasm. Would we use their restaurant for the actors to change their clothes? Could five hundred people come in and look at the set? Teen-agers swarmed around Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz for autographs and conversation. Would we come to dinner with the mayor? Would we have lunch with the port director? The assistant mayor? The assistant port director? The head of police?

Each evening we had to attend an *"apéritif"* given by various members of the crew, which meant drinking a Cinzano or pastis at a nearby bar before taking off for our hotels.

The sun shone brightly all day long—the hot sun of the Midi. Alphonse Daudet was right. Adjectives soon became superlatives. It was the best cast, the greatest crew, and the finest story ever told. We loved Marseilles and Marseilles loved us. The cast loved each other. We patted each other on the back after every scene. Kisses, hugs, handshakes, *apéritifs,* bouillabaisse, *aillioli, vin rosé.* Euphoria!

A movie company is apt to become slightly high under the worst conditions. They are displaced persons working in an unfamiliar place against enormous odds of weather and time. But put them under the hot sun of the Midi and the cup of truth runneth over.

AS I write this, it is six months since we stopped shooting the picture. Throughout these months I have been running the film in the cutting-room, trying to get it into the correct shape to be distributed for an American audience. I am no longer in the hot Midi sun. The shadow of New York brings realism back to me.

I am optimistic that Americans and Britishers will like *Fanny,* but I worry about the French. Would we like to see a French company come to the banks of the Mississippi and make a movie of *Huckleberry Finn?* No matter how good it was, no matter how faithful to Mark Twain, could we accept a freckled-faced boy in a tattered straw hat smoking a corncob pipe who spoke *French?* Or think of Jim! Aunt Polly! The widow Douglas!

Oh, no! Like Fanny, the idea's ridiculous—and only a fool would try it.



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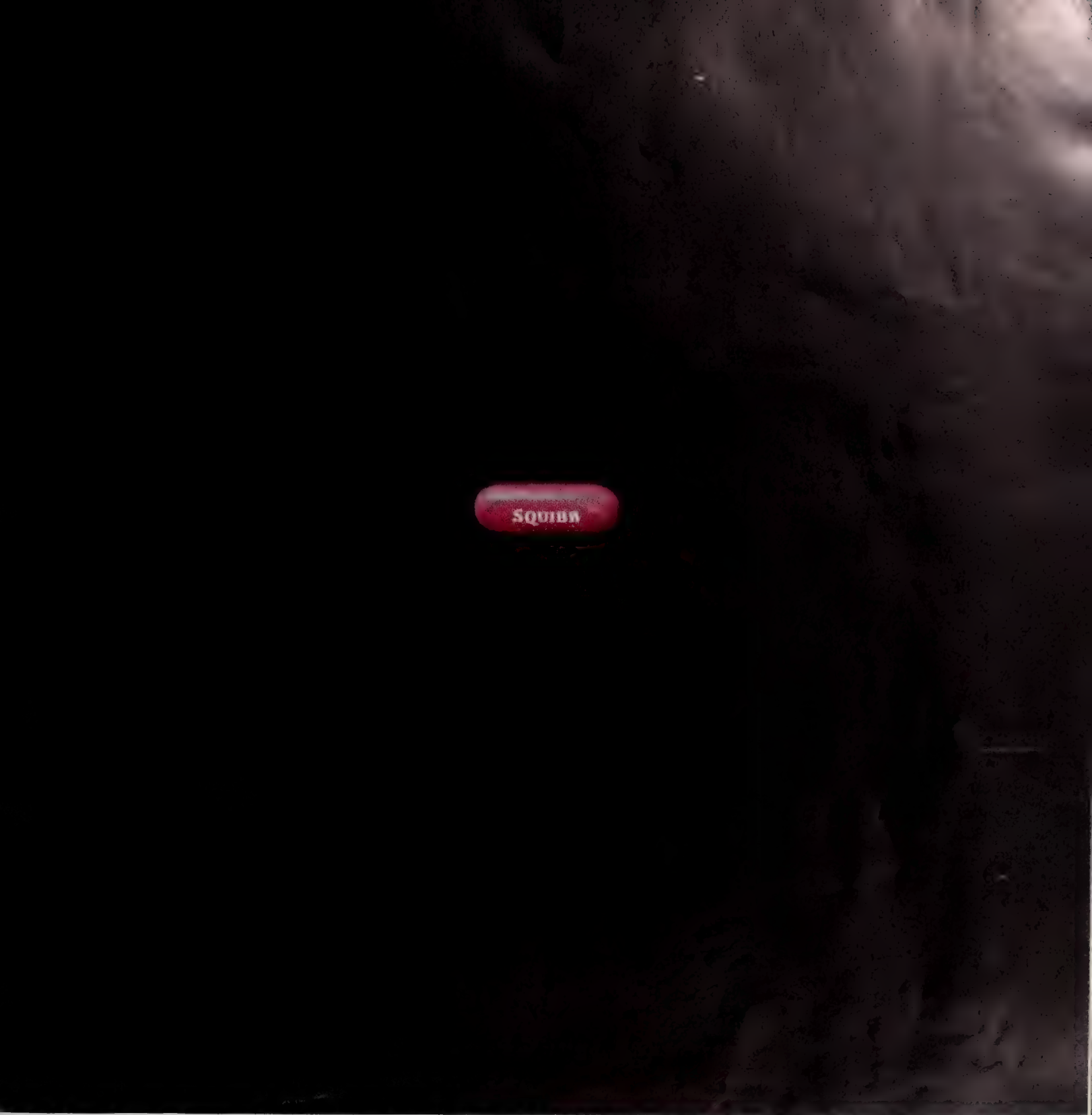
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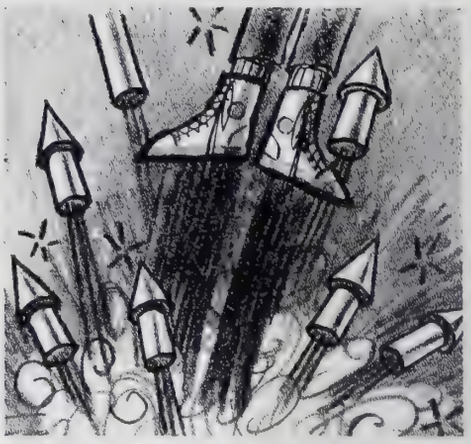
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A WARNING TO WALL STREET AMATEURS

PETER B. BART

Dreams of the affluent society and the space age —plus an old-fashioned urge to gamble—have brought hundreds of thousands of greenhorns into the stock market. . . . Many of them are behaving so foolishly that they scare even the old pros.

ONE of the more popular stories making the rounds of Wall Street saloons this spring concerned the fellow who called his broker and asked him to buy four hundred shares of a company called Ultrasonics Precision. When the broker asked whether his customer knew anything special about the company the customer replied: "My barber told me to buy it—he's given me some good tips lately."

The transaction was completed, but two weeks later, after the next haircut, the customer called again. "I was all wrong," he said. "My barber recommended Ultrasonics Industries, not Ultrasonics Precision. Sell Ultrasonics Precision and buy me the right one." The broker did as directed only to find that his customer had cleared an $800 profit on the "wrong" stock.

The story, and its several variations, may be apocryphal, but, like most such tales, it tells something of the tenor of the times. And the tenor of the times on Wall Street these days is deeply disturbing to many thoughtful financial men because there are too many barbers and friends of barbers acting exactly like the people in the story.

In short, Wall Street is worried about the growing role of the small speculator in today's market. It was this sort of worry that led Keith Funston, the tall and august President of the New York Stock Exchange, to flash a warning signal early this spring. Addressing the public in the manner of an impatient parent who had just caught his child with a hand in the cooky jar, Mr. Funston intoned: "There is disquieting evidence that some people have not yet discovered that it is impossible to get something for nothing." A month later he warned: "The behavior of the public makes a mockery of the word 'investing'."

What triggered Mr. Funston's warnings was the sudden speculative fever that swept the market in March, April, and May. Volume soared to

record levels, the Dow-Jones industrial average hit a new high, standing-room-only crowds suddenly materialized at many brokerage-house board rooms, and, in the words of one broker, "people raced around buying stock as if they feared there wouldn't be any left the next day."

The sudden mass enthusiasm for the stock market was attributed to several factors—the apparent end of the recession, the change of Administration in Washington, the prospect of further inflation. But it also reminded Wall Street of an important change that has taken place in the securities business in recent years—namely, that the stock market has become a mass market. Although Wall Street has worked hard to bring about this change, it knows remarkably little about the new "monster" that it has created.

How will the mass market behave in periods when significant gains in the economy appear in the offing? How will it respond to sudden downturns and disappointments? Will it be able to contain its speculative surges? No one pretends to know the answers to these questions, but many analysts are extremely apprehensive about what the answers may turn out to be.

"We may be about to witness a phenomenon once deemed inconceivable—a wave of mass speculation that would have been impossible in the 1920s," said Bradbury K. Thurlow, vice president and treasurer of the Wall Street firm of Winslow, Cohu and Stetson, Inc. "The 1929 boom may actually have been only a trial run for the one now apparently getting under way." Mr. Thurlow pointed out that in 1929 only about 1,500,000 people owned common stocks while today the number of share-owners is estimated at fifteen million. The big brokerage houses, noting that the number of stockholders has doubled in less than ten years and that new accounts are opening at a record clip, hope for a share-owning population of perhaps thirty million in another five years or so.

The problem with a speculative boom in this sort of mass market, say Mr. Thurlow and many other analysts, is that it would inevitably lead to a spectacular bust—a bust which could destroy millions of investors as well as speculators and give the market a "bad name" for at least another generation.

This is a disquieting prospect for Wall Street leaders who have struggled long and hard to enhance the stock market's "corporate image." Thanks to their efforts and expenditures, the symbolism of the bucket shop and the back-room manipulator has been banished, and a new aura of gray-flannel respectability now surrounds the stock market. It is this structure of confidence and respectability which the outbreak of mass speculation threatens, and that is why Wall Street is uneasy.

As a financial reporter on the "New York Times," Peter B. Bart has been watching the stock market become a supermarket. He is a Swarthmore graduate who studied also at the London School of Economics and has done financial and general reporting for the "Wall Street Journal" and Chicago "Sun-Times."

NO MATTER WHAT, IF IT'S NEW

ALTHOUGH the speculative fever has affected all facets of the securities business, it has focused particularly on small, relatively unknown companies—especially companies selling stock to the public for the first time. So strong has been the swing to the little companies that some analysts have labeled it "the revolt against the blue chips."

The "new issues" were a fit target for speculation. For one thing, companies selling stock to the public for the first time generally issue a small amount of shares. And because there are so few shares in the hands of the public the price can be driven up even by a minor surge of interest. Moreover, the new shares usually are issued at prices designed to attract investor interest. In a bull market, these often are bargain prices indeed.

Finally, many of the new companies "going public" are in space-age industries and bear such melodramatic names as Datamation, Electro-Sonic Laboratories, Electronics Missiles Company. Corporate names like these have pull in the market. (Agricultural Equipment Corporation, a manufacturer of weed burners, recently changed its name to Thermodynamics, Inc., prior to issuing stock.)

As a result of these various factors, brokers have been besieged by customers demanding shares in the new issues, and the prices have taken off like rockets. Companies like Packard Instrument, Renwell Electronics, and Pneumodynamics have doubled within days of the stock issue. Stock in Alberto-Culver, a small producer of hair tonic and shampoo, was issued at $10 and soared almost immediately to $25 a share. Shares in one company bearing the non-space-age name of Mother's Cookie Company leaped from $15 to $25 within forty-eight hours. Cove Vita-

min and Pharmaceutical went from $3 to $60 in three months.

"My customers don't even want to know what a company manufactures or what its earnings prospects are," said one young Wall Street broker. "If it's a new issue they want it, whatever the case."

Some Wall Street firms have tried to cool the ardor of their customers. White, Weld and Company refused to open accounts for customers who were interested solely in new issues. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith made a survey of forty-six companies that had issued stock during the 1945-46 new-issues boom, and found that only two of the companies now are selling above the offering price.

These efforts in general, however, were without much effect. "In this kind of situation a broker is like a prostitute," reflected a high official of one old-line Wall Street firm. "If we turn away any business we know darn well they'll just take it elsewhere."

The basic problem with a new-issues boom, however, is that it tends to be self-propelling. Public enthusiasm for the newly issued securities encourages more companies to bring out stock—thus there are more new securities registration statements before the Securities and Exchange Commission at this time than ever before in that agency's history. Meanwhile, prestige underwriters who formerly snubbed smaller issues have suddenly developed a fondness for them because of the profits involved. And the small speculator is encouraged all the more to dive into the new-issues market because he sees such distinguished firms backing the shares.

CULT OF GROWTH STOCKS

ANOTHER reason it is difficult to bring order to the new-issues boom is that most new offerings first appear on the volatile over-the-counter market, where they are harder to control than on the exchanges. In fact, it is here that the most frenzied speculation has taken place not only in new issues but in established stocks as well.

The over-the-counter market is something of a misnomer, since there is no counter and no clearly defined market—that is to say, no central place where the shares are auctioned off as in the case of the New York Stock Exchange or the American Stock Exchange. The so-called "market" consists of some five thousand dealers in offices scattered all over the country, each of whom has a battery of phones and a nervous stomach. Nonetheless, it is the nation's biggest mechanism for trading securities, with five times as many stocks regularly traded as on the "Big Board" of the New York Stock Exchange. It has long served as a proving ground for small companies as well as a pleasant retreat for established concerns which shy from the publicity surrounding the major exchanges or don't want to disclose data required to attain a listing on the exchanges.

However, as a result of the fad for new issues and the general surge of speculation in relatively unknown companies, the apparatus for over-the-counter trading has been strained to the breaking point. Dealers in over-the-counter securities use words like "fantastic" and "unbelievable" to describe their volume of business, and many say that they made more money in commissions during the first quarter of 1961 than during all of 1960.

If many of the old timers on the over-the-counter market have been awed by the tremendous volume, they've been equally aghast at the way in which the public has cast aside the traditional yardsticks used in evaluating stocks. These yardsticks involved such considerations as the dividend yield (5 per cent was considered reasonable) or the "price-earnings ratio"—the relationship between a company's earnings and the price of the stock. (If a stock sold at more than ten or twelve times the company's earnings, many brokers used to consider it overpriced.) In today's market, with attention focused on so-called growth stocks, people clamor to buy stocks which have no yields and sell at fifty or one hundred times earnings. Thus in May IBM was selling at 75 times earnings, Polaroid at 95 times earnings, and Fairchild Camera at 60 times earnings.

"It's possible to argue that the IBMs and Polaroids are well worth their current price," notes Stephen H. Weiss of A. G. Becker and Company. "But in a market like this one the good growth stocks tend to cast their aura of glamour around dozens of small, unseasoned companies operating in roughly parallel fields. The result is astronomical and unjustified prices for unknown, unstable stocks."

The cult of the growth stock traces its origins to several sources. For one thing, it's in keeping with the speculative spirit of the times. For another, most people in the upper tax brackets prefer to maneuver among the esoteric, low-yield growth stocks and pay a capital-gains tax limited to 25 per cent rather than pay higher taxes on dividend income. Finally, investors

figure that the growth stocks hold out the brightest prospects for short-term appreciation rather than the once-popular but sluggishly performing "blue chips."

The growth-minded mood of the current market was effectively, if unintentionally parodied not long ago by comedians Lou Holtz and Jack Paar when Mr. Holtz confided to Mr. Paar on a national television show that he owned a stock listed on the American Exchange which would move from $10 to $1,000 in ten years. The following day was a memorable one for the Exchange's $10 stocks. The favorite with the television-minded speculators was a company named MPO Videotronics, and trading in that stock couldn't be opened until a few minutes before the close because of a rush of buy orders. Alas, the company proved to be a double disappointment. To begin with, it wasn't the stock Mr. Holtz had in mind; and its principal product turned out to be television commercials.

As one Wall Street analyst commented on the whole episode, "Never have so many people invested so much money so stupidly."

TIGHTENING THE SCREWS

THE Jack Paar-Lou Holtz incident was hardly the only case in which stocks suddenly took off under mysterious circumstances. In this case, of course, the underlying cause seemed to be innocent enough. In a number of other cases, however, the suspicion of manipulation hung over the market.

There is no way of knowing how much old-fashioned price rigging takes place in Wall Street today, *i.e.*, the creation of an artificial demand to buy or sell a stock by influential insiders. Some financial men scoff at the idea; others insist, however, that price rigging persists to an alarming extent and is a very real threat to public confidence.

The position of the latter group would appear to gain credence from several recent actions of the Securities and Exchange Commission against prominent Wall Street firms. The most spectacular case involved charges of massive rigging and illegal distribution of $10 million worth of securities. In May, these charges resulted in the expulsion of Gerard A. Re and his son, Gerard F. Re, from the American Stock Exchange. Re, Re and Sagarese at one time was one of the largest specialist firms on the American Exchange.

The Re case aroused a great deal of comment for several reasons. For one thing, it was the first time since the establishment of the SEC in 1934 that the agency had taken action against a specialist. The specialist's role is a pivotal one on the exchanges, since he is charged with the responsibility of maintaining an orderly auction market in those securities assigned to him.

Moreover, one of the many prominent men who had been victimized by some of the Re deals was Edward T. McCormick, president of the American Stock Exchange.

As part of its crackdown on market manipulation, the SEC announced that it would undertake an investigation of the American Stock Exchange. Meanwhile, it brought disciplinary action against Bruns, Nordeman and Company, for manipulating the price of shares in Gob Shops of America, a small chain of Rhode Island stores, and against an underwriter, R. A. Holman and Company, on charges of holding back shares in a stock sale in order to create an artificial demand. The SEC also warned underwriters against so-called "tie-in sales" in which newly issued securities are sold on condition that the buyer later will purchase an additional amount on the open market.

While the SEC was cracking down on some of the more blatant market malpractices, the exchanges also were tightening the screws in other areas. The New York Stock Exchange, for example, recently stiffened its requirements for getting a stock listed. The New York and American Exchanges have stepped up their so-called "stock watching" activities, in which staff members quietly investigate situations where prices suddenly spurt or volume soars for no apparent reason. The New York Exchange also reminded companies on the Big Board of their obligation to disclose immediately any information that might have an effect on the prices of listed securities.

The Big Board's warning was precipitated by a series of incidents in which important companies were especially obvious in "leaking" information in advance of official announcements. One big electronics company, for example, took groups of reporters and security analysts out to see an important new computer several days before the story was to be released for publication. The visits generated sufficient rumors to push up the stock by five points during the two days immediately preceding the announcement.

It is this sort of practice which has given new currency to the old Wall Street saying: "Buy on the rumor and sell on the news." The reasoning behind it is that when important news is brewing about a company—a merger, stock

split, or important new product—the stock will rise until the story hits the papers and then will decline. The effect is to put the squeeze on the gullible investor who is impressed by what he reads in the paper—and to increase the flocking of lambs into Wall Street for shearing.

Burton Crane, the stock-market columnist of the *New York Times,* traced the market performances of twenty-eight companies which had announced stock splits and found that nearly all had climbed in the weeks prior to the announcement. However, far more stocks fell than rose during the period immediately following release of the news. Thus some cynical members of the financial press refer to many of their stories as "near-news" rather than news. "Near-news" is information that has been methodically leaked to all persons who might possibly have interest in the story and who might be in a position to profit from advance knowledge.

The expanded role of "near-news" has coincided with the growing importance of special stock deals in that part of the public relations industry which specializes in publicizing and distributing financial and business news. More and more companies now include some sort of stock arrangement as part of the total remuneration paid to public relations agencies. For instance, many corporations grant stock options to the PR agencies which allow them to buy stocks at their original low prices well after they have increased in value. The effect has been to focus the attention of the PR people on the price of the stock rather than on getting out the news, so that some agencies have become "stock touts" rather than publicists.

These practices raise deeply disturbing questions: Does the small investor or even the small speculator get a fair break in the market? Does he have proper access to corporate news? Is he victimized by market riggers? When speaking for public consumption on these questions, nearly all Wall Streeters take the position that (a) the market is basically honest, (b) they are nonetheless concerned lest arrant speculation or a few well-publicized cases of price rigging may seriously shake public confidence in the market.

"You can never do away with the 'insiders,' and you can never get around the fact that some people inevitably are going to know things and profit from this knowledge while others will remain in the dark," said one experienced Wall Street analyst. "Thus people are certainly not competing on equal terms in the stock market. But, nonetheless, within this framework we must strive to make things as equitable as possible. In the stock market everyone should be equal, even though some people inevitably will be a little more equal than others."

It was the great misfortune of Dr. Irving Fisher, the distinguished economist at Yale from 1893 to 1935, to have achieved immortality with a misjudgment. Said Dr. Fisher in 1929: "Stock prices have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau."

Not many people talk about "permanently high plateaus" any more. Many Wall Street analysts currently seem to subscribe to an economic adaptation of Newton's law that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. They theorize that every boom runs to excess and inevitably generates some sort of "correction" or



"The flocking of lambs into Wall Street for shearing."

downturn in the market. This principle places the analysts in something of an ambivalent position, to be sure, since, though Wall Street thrives on booms, it also knows that the greater the boom, the greater may be the correction.

POISED TO RUN AWAY

AT PRESENT, there are fears that Wall Street may be poised for a speculative boom of run-away proportions and that the "shakeout" or "correction" which will follow may do a great deal of damage to the investing public.

There is much disagreement over what may trigger the "shakeout." It could be an unexpected diplomatic crisis in Berlin, Southeast Asia, or some other trouble spot; or a sudden "flood tide of corporate larceny"—the ruthless milking of corporate assets by high executives—which, according to J. K. Galbraith, was a factor in the 1929 crash; or a loss of public confidence due to disclosures of serious manipulation, or any number of other factors. If conditions were sufficiently sensitive, it wouldn't require too catastrophic an incident to set off a shakeout since the movement of relatively few shares establishes the prices for all shares of stock. (Only a small percentage of the total amount of stock in existence is actively traded in the market.) If and when a break does occur, the market will be propelled downward by a number of forces. For instance, insiders in companies whose stock has only recently been issued to the public —and has enjoyed great increase in value—may well try to unload a good part of their holdings. And other "paper millionaires" will no doubt join them.

Whatever the causes, however, surprisingly few Wall Streeters are prepared to suggest steps to ward off a "bust." In a society of mass affluence, they reason, there's little that can be done to prevent people from gambling away their money. Lifting margins or curbing the activities of non-regulated lenders would be of little use, they argue, because most of the speculation in today's market takes place on a cash basis. "If the public wants to shoot craps, there's nothing we can do about it," says one high SEC official.

There are, of course, several long-range measures that could be taken and that have the support of Wall Street: chiefly, increased efforts to educate the public in the economics of the stock market and in economics in general. Secondly, just as investors should be better informed, so should their brokers. The big Wall Street houses have done much in recent years to improve the caliber of their staffs. But there are still too many ill-prepared, ill-educated brokers in the securities business, who mislead their customers—if not cheat them.

These are problems that must be tackled over the long term. On the more immediate level, some Wall Streeters and independent observers favor several short-term devices to curb the excesses in the market:

1. A crackdown on the advertising placed by some investment advisory services which make get-rich-quick promises.

2. A further increase in the staffs maintained by the SEC and the major exchanges to watch for price rigging and other irregularities.

3. Continued warnings to the public by the exchanges themselves—and even by officials in Washington—against the dangers of excessive speculation. (Mr. Funston issued another such warning in mid-May.)

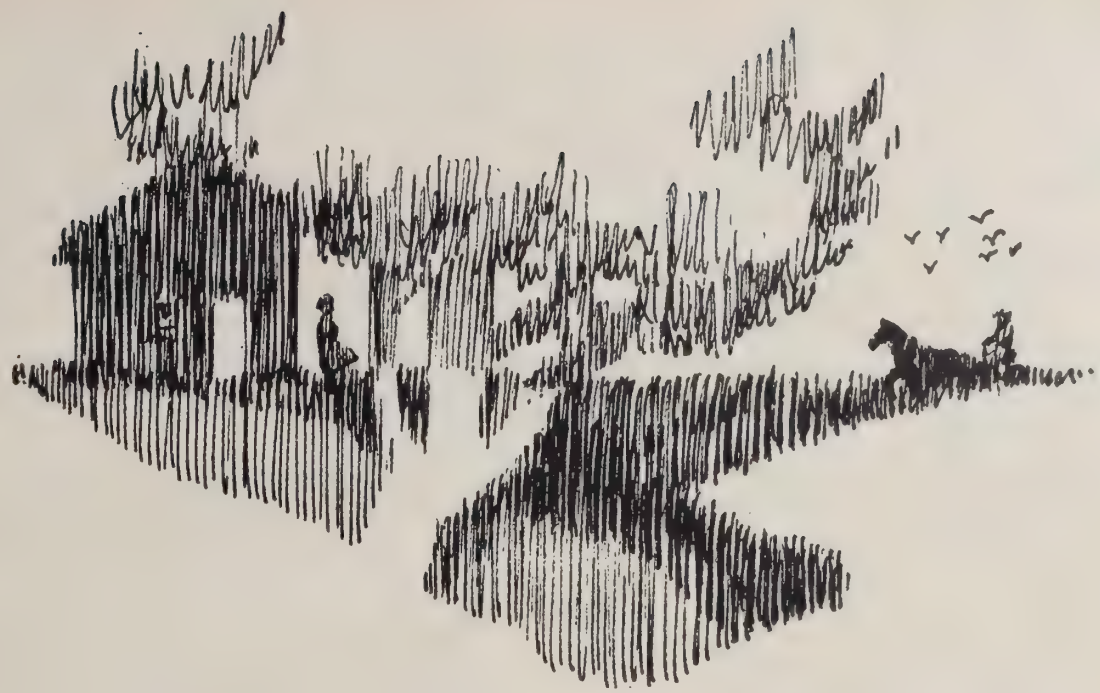
4. A greater effort at self-policing by the financial community in general. For instance, prestige firms should refuse to underwrite stock offerings for undercapitalized and poorly managed enterprises.

5. A tightening of SEC rules governing new issues, which would require fuller disclosure of financial information by companies involved, and the certification of the accuracy of such information for small as well as large stock issues. (At present, no certification by accountants is required for stock offerings of $300,000 or less.)

6. New legislation giving the SEC stricter controls over securities trading and over new issues, enabling it, for example, to bar doubtful companies from selling stocks to the public.

These reforms—not to mention more radical proposals—are likely to run up against the laissez-faire instincts of the financial community. However, there are now increased stirrings in Washington for Congress to take a hand in the regulation of the market. Whether new controls come from Wall Street itself or from Washington, there is growing recognition that something must be done: Having transformed the securities business into a truly mass market, Wall Street must now face the responsibilities which this change entails. Whether it will or not is an open, and urgent, question.

Harper's Magazine, July 1961



Summer is another country

A Story by CHRISTINE WESTON

Drawings by Thomas Feelings

EARLY this morning Danny Tracy came to mow the hay on my field. As he turned off the town road into mine, I felt rather than heard the ponderous tread of his horse's great fringed feet on the ground, and the delicate creak and jingle of the mowing machine, for Danny is the only man in our neighborhood who still uses a horse and old-fashioned rig for heavy work.

Still half asleep, for me the sound of these massive feet merged with the long half-dream of another time, another country. I was standing with my parents in a window overlooking a broad street somewhere in London and below us passed the slow and majestic cortege of King Edward the VII, and my half-sleeping eyes were filled once more with a sight of horses with black plumes growing from their foreheads, of grave-faced men in splendid dress, and after more than forty years my ears seemed still to retain the shuddering ruffle of velvet-covered drums. As the long processional unwound beneath us I heard my mother saying: "That must be the Tsar!" And my father said: "And there goes the King of Montenegro!"

In my school history book there used to be a map of Europe, and Montenegro was the smallest country in it, colored a pale lavender. As a child I always had an idea of it as being on a scale with the little painted wooden people and animals in a toy Noah's Ark, so when I gazed down at the scene beneath that window I expected the King of Montenegro to be something tiny and in keeping with his infinitesimal domain. The thud of horses' feet, the muted jingle of harness, drums under their covering of purple velvet—then I was really awake, and outside my window a late October sun was resuscitating a few frozen flies, and I could hear Danny Tracy deep in conversation with his horse.

I dressed and put the kettle on for coffee and went outdoors. Danny had already started moving up the field and the early light touched his old gray coat and the horse's pointed ears and made a channel of golden pallor on the fallen hay. What stood had a pink glow in it like the reflected heat from a distant fire, and as Danny came to the end of the field and turned, the starlings arrived—hundreds of them from no-

where, black, glittering flakes which settled down in the fallen hay to feed on the crickets and the exposed seeds of summer.

When Danny reached the steps where I stood, he paused to say hello and I saw the tobacco juice trickling down his face, which, at seventy-six, had taken on the color and texture of old, weevil-ridden wood.

"Nice day," he said. "Wind in the nor'west, looks like we're in for a stretch of fine weather."

Country people deal in the obvious as they deal in small coin. It is often all they possess.

"You're late this year, Danny," I said. "I was beginning to wonder whether you would ever get around to taking the hay."

He laid the reins on the horse's back and looked at me.

"Been awful busy this fall. Hattie, she suddenly got one of her spells of wanting something new, and nothing would do but what we got to put in a *bathroom*." He brought it out with intense deliberation, as though speaking of childbirth or a serious operation. "A bathroom, mind you. After fifty years of doing without one, she suddenly got to have a bathroom for no better reason but that Nita Merrit just got one."

I looked at the horse, named Hero, standing stoically in his collar, his blond mane exactly the color of the hay around him. Seen in profile, Danny and his horse had the look of relatives—one perpendicular, spare as a stick, with a great curving nose, the other horizontal, huge, with a nose like a landslide, and both of them—man and horse, brothers in an inexhaustible patience.

I asked Danny whom he had employed to install the new bathroom, and before answering he sent a jet of tobacco juice over the off-wheel, then: "Hollis Merrit from Machias. Best there is, and I figured we going to sink all that money in a drain, might as well do it right."

Hero changed feet and flipped his long blond tail and Danny went on: "One reason I been so long getting around to your field, I been helping Hollis with the ditching for the bathroom drain. Takes two men and it ain't rightly Hollis's job nohow. Wasn't he's cousin to Hattie, he never would lay a hand to a shovel, what with his education and all."

"But what about you, Danny!" I exclaimed. "Should you be doing such hard work?" He looked as if he might crack in two like an old dried-out plank. I went on: "Can't you get one of the younger men around to lend a hand?"

"Lend a hand digging a drain?" His laugh was toothless and interior. "You ever tried to get one of them young ones to do chores around here for you? No sir. They got other ideas, and I can't say that I blame them. Driving trucks or working at a filling station is more to their taste, and that's like it ought to be."

I started to disagree, but he continued as if he hadn't heard:

"Take my own two boys. Junior's with that bus outfit as a driver and pulling down a good salary, and Paul's working in a coffin factory over to Boston, Mass. Why should they be wanting to hang around home, breaking their backs shoveling manure or working off their taxes fixing the state highways like I have to?"

He picked up the reins and looked at me with tiny bright blue eyes. "You given any thought to what you're going to do about having the hay cut after I'm gone?"

"Gone?" I echoed, uncomprehending. "Where in the world are you planning to go, Danny?"

He laughed and slapped the reins on Hero's broad back.

"Well, we all got a choice between one of two places, ain't we? Guess I've lived a good clean life, so I ain't worrying too much."

He spoke to Hero, who turned massively, drawing the light machine after him, and I watched them start another swath, disturbing the starlings which rose as one, described a glittering circle over Danny's head, then sank like a black snow storm in the leveled hay.

I WENT into the house and made breakfast and carried my coffee cup to the window where I could see Danny and his big brown horse move up and down the long golden field, and I pondered what he had said, asking myself what, indeed, I would do when he was gone. Ours is not a wealthy or fashionable part of the world and labor is scarce and for the most part unskilled. Men and women of Danny's generation and a little younger grew up in an age when there were few if any mechanical devices. They worked with their hands and with animals. As he said, their children have other ideas, and it is typical of a man like Danny, who knows well the rigors of adversity, to desire a different history for his sons.

When I walk through our little town or drive along these country roads, it is always the

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Born in India of French and English parents, Christine Weston married an American in 1923. She lives in Maine but travels a good deal, and has written many stories and several novels, including "Indigo" and "The Wise Children."

elderly men that I see doing the hard work—straightening heavy granite sills, raising chimneys, painting barns, carpentering, digging, planting, sawing. They have the know-how and they move as Danny moves, with deliberation, aware without sentimentality or regret that there is no hurry about anything, any more.

When he had made a good start on my field, Danny drove the mower up beside my steps and got down and stretched, then sat beside me in the sun and drank a cup of coffee while Hero bent his great nose into the pail of water I had remembered to draw for him at the kitchen sink.



"Good to see the hay come down," I said, looking out on the level sweep of the field which glistened in the sun. "When it's all cleared, it seems to hold the winter back a little. Things look more the way they do in spring, before the grass has begun to grow."

Danny sucked the coffee between his three remaining teeth and said:

"Before you bought this place I used to mow it sometimes, for Asa Merrit. Always been good friends, Asa and me, but I never did get along with his wife Nita. Don't to this day, and probably never will."

I asked what had caused the trouble, and he gave his sibilant, almost inaudible laugh. "I suppose that in a way it were my fault, though I'd as soon be shot as let Nita think so. All happened on account of her cat."

HERO finished drinking and fluttered his velvety lips in a great sigh of satisfaction, and Danny went on: "Nita Merrit always was kind of soft in the head about them darned cats of hers. Ever noticed how some women get that way? Over cats, I mean. You don't hardly ever see a man make a fool of himself over cats. Over dogs yes, maybe over horses." He gazed for a moment at Hero, who stood before us staring thoughtfully at the ground.

"But not over cats," Danny said. "Or at any rate *I* never see a man go plumb crazy over a cat the way some women do." He tucked a fresh quid of tobacco into his cheek and continued: "Nita always owned cats and does to this day, as you know. Well, it must of been . . . how old's my boy Paul? Going on thirty. Must of been twelve years ago it happened. Nita had a whole raft of cats then, but her favorite, or so she made it out to be at the time, was a big ugly brindled tom with one eye but plenty of everything else. Spent his time getting all the other cats in the neighborhood into trouble. Anyways, he was a great hunter. He'd kill anything from mice to rabbits, but Nita—she claimed she loved all animals, only cats the most—Nita held out that that darned yellow tom of hers, he wouldn't hurt a flea. No more he did, I bet—he was full of 'em."

Danny chewed meditatively for a moment. "You know how some parents are apt to be about a worthless kid? The more worthless and no-account, the more they dotes on him. Well, that's the way Nita Merrit was about that brindled tom. She lived in mortal fear something would happen to him when he was off on one of his safaris up and down the road. Why, that cat'd learned that when the hay's cut all kind of small humble critters suddenly comes to the surface and the birds come down to feed on 'em. Minute he heard Hero and me coming down the road he'd take after us. No matter if we was going a mile, or two miles, every time I looked back over my shoulder there was Nita's yellow tom loping along, enough murder in his one eye as would have done for twenty normal cats. When time come to cut the hay, there was Nita standing on her doorstep hollering for me to wait until she got the tom into the house. Sometimes she did, sometimes he was too smart for her and was up the road and ahead of us. It most drove Nita

out of her mind because she was afeard he'd get lost in the long hay and my cutter-bar would shear the legs offen him. Or else Hero would step on him. She made me swear I never would start mowing without first letting her know so she'd be sure to have that maneater tucked safely in his crib, the little darling. Goddam him."

Danny chewed his cud, and I listened to the crickets ticking in the fresh-cut grass. Danny went on:

"One day I came down here to mow as usual, and I guess I must of had something on my mind because so help me I clean forgot to warn Nita I was coming, and wouldn't you know it would be just that one day it had to happen? I never even see that old yellow cat stalking the starlings until the cutter-bar was right atop of him, and then it was too late." Danny looked at me gravely. "I'd always heard tell that a cat has nine lives, and that was one time when I wished it had been true. But that poor darned cat was a goner the minute the cutter-bar went into him, and I had to break the news to Nita myself because Asa said he'd be shot if he would."

"What happened then?" I asked, thinking of Nita Merrit, big-bosomed, fierce-eyed and vocal, mother of eight children and an untold number of cats.

Danny was silent a moment, then: "Don't know as you ever heard—you ain't been here too long—but my boy Paul had been going with Nita's daughter Ann Marie ever since they was in grade school together. It was one of those things don't often happen in real life, but we all knew—that is, Hattie and I knew, Asa and Nita knew, all our friends knew, that those kids meant everything to each other. Of course they'd have to have waited until they was both out of school, but everybody understood how it was going to be between them—until the day my cutter-bar got Nita's brindled tom, and I had to carry him back dead in my handkerchief, and the moment I laid that defunct cat on her doorstep, that was it. Accident or no accident didn't make no difference to her. I'm telling you, if I'd sawed the legs off Nita herself, it couldn't have been more terrible the way she carried on."

"And the kids?" I asked. "What happened to them?"

"Nita broke it up. She sent Ann Marie away to live with relatives in New Jersey, and she scared Hattie and me so with her threats, we prevailed on Paul to try and forget all about it." Danny sighed. "I don't know now but what we made a big mistake. Paul was always the quiet kind and he made out like he was taking the whole thing sensibly, but the day Ann Marie went away, he swallowed the poison which I always kept in the barn, against rats, and he like to have died. Oh, he got over it, and now he's married to someone else and got two kids and I guess he don't waste much time brooding over Ann Marie Merrit. Though I don't know. Comes over me once in a while, you feel strongly enough to try to kill yourself over something, it must kind of stay with you one way and another, the rest of your life."

ALL day I could see Danny mowing the hay, and then it was finished and lay flat and shining in the sun, and he raked it into windrows and pitched it into the haycart on which he'd put old automobile tires, and I watched him working, a lean old man in shabby clothes, old but still lithe, and when the hay was piled in the cart the field emerged strange and green as in early summer, and presently I saw Danny walking toward the house carrying something in his hand and smiling in a pleased sort of way.

I went down the steps to meet him and he held out the object—a silver watch, stained and tarnished, but with its glass intact.

"Found this right where I must have dropped it," he said. "Been calculating, and I figure it was in the fall of 1940, just before we got into the war."

The watch had stopped at 12:30 and the mainspring was gone, but Danny gazed at it fondly. "My uncle sent me that watch from Switzerland year Hattie and I was married, and I felt real bad when I lost it. Hunted everywhere for it, and I must have combed this field inch by inch at the time, but never did find it. Then today when I was lifting a pitchfork of hay back there halfway acrost your field, I see the light hit something and it gave back a great spark, like it was trying to catch my eye—and there it lay where it been lying for going on nineteen years!"

"Suppose you can have it fixed so it will run?" I asked, but he shook his head.

"Wouldn't hardly be worth it. And anyway, there will always be one time of day when it'll be telling the right time. Guess I'd rather leave it at that."

He clambered into the cart and almost disappeared in the great fragrant mass, and I stood and watched two seasons move away down my little road, and I could hear the starlings, hundreds of them, feeding in the young, frail green of next year's grass.

Harper's Magazine, July 1961

PETER F. DRUCKER

A PLAN FOR REVOLUTION IN LATIN AMERICA

From the Andes to the Caribbean, a new generation of able and angry young leaders is battling against stupid and corrupt governments as well as poverty. . . . A new kind of help could insure victory on both fronts.

UNDER the shock of the Cuban fiasco last April, Congress anted up the first $600-million installment on President Kennedy's Plan for Latin America. This coming month the American Republics will meet in Uruguay to submit their proposals on how to use the money. If the Kennedy Plan works out—and the Cuban affair was not the ideal send-off—it will rival the $13 billion and six years of the Marshall Plan that restored Western Europe.

But the aim of the Kennedy Plan is a much more ambitious one. It is not to restore, but to build something brand-new: a Latin America capable of attaining by its own efforts both rapid economic growth and social justice. This would mean a real, though peaceful, revolution throughout an entire continent of two hundred million people. Therefore its success will depend less on American money than on what Latin America can and will do for herself.

Money cannot buy the most essential development resource of the Americas: genuine patriots, free of both the callous indifference of the old "ruling classes," and of the impassioned jingoism of the self-styled "intellectuals." Industrialization, though vital, is not enough by itself; unless it is paralleled by major advances in agriculture and public service, it distorts as much as it develops.

At the root of the profound crisis of Latin America—of which Castro's Cuba is a symptom rather than a cause—is not economic stagnation but exactly the opposite: the stresses and strains of the most rapid economic growth anywhere in the world today. The continuing demands for faster and faster economic development arise less out of a desire for a higher standard of living than as a protest against age-old social injustices, injustices inherited in large part from conquistador and colonial viceroy, if not from Inca and Aztec.

Because Latin America has been growing so fast economically, it presents a major opportunity to U.S. policy. No other part of the underdeveloped world is so close to the "take-off point," the point at which economic growth becomes self-sustaining. But the very speed of the advance has created social and political whirlwinds that threaten to blow Latin America off her shaky eighteenth-century foundations.

Venezuela, Peru, Ecuador—perhaps even Mexico—might have gone *"fidelista"* these last twelve months, if it hadn't been for Fidel Castro himself. His strutting, his oppression of the middle class, and his suppression of all liberties—above all, his clumsy interference in other Latin American countries—lost him a good many of his earlier admirers, including even many pro-Communists. But the ills which lead to *"fidelismo"* are, of course, still there, untreated, let alone uncured.

THE FASTEST BOOM IN THE WORLD

MOST of Latin America is, of course, desperately poor. Most of it is "underdeveloped." But the fact that half the Latin American people still live as their fathers did is much less significant than the fact that the other half have been

living in a tremendous industrial boom these last ten or fifteen years. Nowhere in the world has economic growth been faster than in Puerto Rico; in Mexico City and Monterrey; in Cali and Medellín, the two industrial cities of Colombia; around Lima, Peru; and in Brazil's "industrial triangle" between Rio, Belo Horizonte, and São Paulo. In some of these areas, growth rates of 10 per cent a year and more have been commonplace. *

This boom has produced a new economic strength. Only a decade ago a collapse of commodity prices would have crushed every Latin American economy; and all (excepting Mexico) are still dependent on the export of one—or at most two—commodities, such as coffee, petroleum, or copper. Although in the past few years commodity prices fell as fast and almost as far as they did during the depression, only Bolivia's economy broke down (and there chiefly because of mismanagement of the nationalized—and almost exhausted—tin mines). A good many countries—Peru, Mexico, Colombia, and to some degree even coffee-dependent Brazil—managed to keep growing. And except for those in Cuba that have been confiscated by Castro, the manufacturing companies in Latin America that I know of are doing well.

Socially, the boom is creating a middle class. No longer are the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. During the last ten or fifteen years, the biggest gains have been made by a new urban middle class of skilled workers, small businessmen, clerks, technicians, professionals, and managers. The Brazilian worker, to be sure, does not drive to the plant in an automobile; he is lucky to get a seat on an overcrowded bus. Yet in the ghastly traffic jams that tie up Rio and São Paulo every morning and evening, the millionaires' Cadillacs are vastly outnumbered by the grocers' battered Ford half-trucks and the mechanics' Volkswagens. Nor do millionaires or big landowners occupy all the tall apartment houses that are shooting up like mushrooms in every Latin American city, from Monterrey in the North to Santiago de Chile in the South.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence of the social change is the fact that the 150,000 Cuban refugees, with few exceptions, are of the new middle class. In some Latin American countries the middle class is already large enough to support a number of mutual investment trusts holding local securities—something unimaginable thirty years ago. Latin America is the only part of the world, other than Russia, where the number of doctors is increasing faster than the population. Too many Indian villages in Peru still have no school at all. But the University of Cuzco, 12,000 feet up in the Andes, is packed with eager Indian youngsters who come from schools that did not exist twenty years ago. Their parents still live, illiterate, in the Early Bronze Age.

And change has been greatest in areas the economist does not count as "income" or "output": the widening of the horizon through the movie, the ubiquitous radio, and (increasingly) the TV set; the new mobility created by dirt roads, trucks, buses, and (increasingly) airplanes; the new access to education. These new ways of living have made their greatest impact in the poorest city slums and in sharecroppers' shanties.

At the same time, a growing imbalance between advancing industry and stagnant agriculture has lured into the cities masses of the poorest and least skilled peasants. This new proletariat has created a major social problem. As a result of the new economic growth and social mobility, social injustices hitherto taken for granted are no longer bearable. Old slogans and even older alignments can no longer produce political leadership and power.

The Latin American industrial worker, especially in the many small shops, is poorly equipped and trained, and rarely well managed. He turns out an average of $1,500 worth of goods a year. This is no more than a fifth of the U.S. figure, and just about half that of northern Italy. But it is twice what it was fifteen years ago. By contrast, the Latin American farmer turns out only $300 worth of stuff a year—a little *less* than he produced fifteen years ago.

The immediate economic result is a growing food shortage. The Latin American, who is much

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* Only Argentina and Chile—paradoxically the countries with the highest standard of living, the highest literacy, and the largest middle class—have not advanced. The former was so systematically plundered under Perón that years of hard work will be needed to bring it back to where it was twenty years ago.

better supplied with manufactured goods of all kinds, is getting less to eat. Population has doubled since 1940. Food supply has not kept step. A good many model farms and plantations have proved that Latin American agriculture can produce high yields. But on the whole, the yields have not improved for a century and are now among the lowest in the world. In every Latin American country (except Mexico perhaps) agricultural stagnation increasingly offsets industrial gains, and food deficits increasingly threaten an already precarious balance of payments.

Yet, contrary to popular belief, the land is not now overpopulated. As Felipe Herrera, the Chilean director of the Inter-American Development Bank, puts it: Latin America's problem is not "the distribution of land among people but of people on the land." The interiors of Ecuador and Venezuela are empty, and so is the Brazilian west.

Although the big city sucks in peasants, industry in Latin America employs only one-eighth of the work force—less than half the U.S. proportion. But 40 per cent of the population—almost the same ratio as in the U.S.—lives in cities of over 500,000. Mexico City is as large as Chicago—around six million. São Paulo, Rio, and Buenos Aires have around four million each. Bogotá, Caracas, Havana, Lima, Montevideo, and Santiago are all well above the million mark. All these metropolitan areas have at least doubled since World War II.

But there is little work for these largely unskilled and illiterate millions. Many do not speak the Spanish or Portuguese of the city but their own Indian tongues. The inrush has been so great that it would have overwhelmed even much richer cities. Housing, water, schools, transportation, and sewers are lacking, but one sees radio aerials on orange-crate and oil-can shacks, palm-frond shanties, and hillside caves which ring the magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro. It is small wonder that the slums smolder with deep, sullen resentment in the shadow of gleaming factories and apartment houses. And the countryside also smolders. It is this discontent, of course, to which Castro appealed in Cuba, as well as in the rest of the continent. The revolt of the *"campesinos"*—whether still on the land or in the city slums—is, in origin, a populist revolt: against the city and the "bankers," against a stupid and corrupt government that does nothing for the poor but tax them. In this mood of despair the new proletariat is receptive to the siren songs of the demagogue. Today's siren does not woo them merely with a Cross-of-Gold speech. He relies also on secret police, guns, and support from "big brother" in Moscow.

Even the oldest Latin American hand sees all this. What he fails to see or to understand are the new men who are the products of *both* economic advance and social injustice. Yet these are the new leaders who will decide which way Latin America will go.

THE NEW MEN

TEN years ago the president of a large South American business—a very gracious, well-educated liberal of the old school—congratulated himself publicly on having quite a few executives of middle-class origin in the company. "Just imagine," he said, "the father of our chief engineer, Pedro Sanchez, was a mailman in a small town!" Today not even the worst mossback would comment on this phenomenon. Social mobility is invading the most exclusive sanctuaries of the old order (such as that citadel of "aristocracy," the Club Nacional in Lima).

Politics shows this clearly. Traditionally, politics in Latin America had long been reserved for the large landowner, the lawyer, professor-journalist, and general. But Brazil's last president, Kubitschek, was a surgeon and the son of a Czech immigrant. The new mayor of São Paulo, Prestes Maia, is an architect; and so is the odds-on favorite in this year's presidential election in Peru, Fernando Belaunde Terry.

These new and amazingly capable men (and there are many of them) are young and they are angry. Most of them came up the hard way. They know from personal experience what life is like on the sidewalk and in the peon's shack. They burn with hatred for the injustices, the senseless waste, the indignity and suffering in which they grew up and in which their parents, brothers, and cousins still live.

They know too that it need not be like this. They have seen what economic development can do; and they no longer are philosophically resigned to their society. As a result, they are terribly impatient with the economist, the banker, the diplomat, who talk of payments balances, business confidence, and capital accumulation, rather than of people, their needs, and their potentials.

Because the new men fuse economic development and social justice, they are rapidly winning political leadership. They are backed, as a rule, by neither of the two traditional power centers —the military and the political machines. But the traditional political structures, their slogans,

and leaders are becoming obsolete—precisely because, if "conservative," they stress only economic development and, if "radical," they stress only social justice. But today the people of Latin America demand both. Even the poorest now know how other, more fortunate people live. Social justice is no longer a millennial hope. It is the Sears store on the city's outskirts where even Indians are served courteously. It is the peon's son who owns a chain of service stations, buys a Fiat, and sends his boys to college. It is the eight-story army hospital where, rumor has it, even a common soldier lies on sheets. As a result, economic development is measured by the people—and by their new leaders—by what it fails to do rather than by what it does. It is measured by the yardstick of social justice—and found wanting.

WHERE WILL THE MONEY COME FROM?

SO THE main job ahead in Latin America is political—to make economic growth spur social justice, and to make the hunger for justice hurry up the process of growth. For even the greatest economic success will be wasted unless the political and social structure of the continent is fundamentally changed.

The economic prescription itself is fairly obvious. Industry must be built up fast, because millions of people must have jobs which only industry can supply. Equally needed is a rapid increase in farm output, to close the food gap. We know perfectly well how to do both of these things. The money is available. The difficulties in using it—in the right places, at the right time—will be political, not economic.

The double job will cost, roughly, $20 billion a year, for the next five years. At least 90 per cent of this money will have to come from the Latin Americans themselves. They can find it, if they really try. It would still be a smaller share of Latin American income than the amount India—a much poorer country—plows into her Five-year Plans. And in the boom areas of Latin America new capital is being formed faster than almost any place else in the world. The trouble is that too much of the new capital is being wasted in real-estate speculation, and too many of the rich still pay practically no taxes

A common-sense and hard-handed reform of the Latin American tax laws can do much to cure both of these evils. (In Venezuela it is already under way.) And until such reforms are carried out, Latin America can hardly hope to get much public aid from the United States. How can *our* taxpayers be expected to rescue these countries, so long as their own rich people rarely pay any income tax at all?

The remaining 10 per cent—or about $2 billion a year—will have to come from the outside. Not more than half of this should come from the U.S. government. Europe, Japan, the World Bank, private investors, and export surpluses are perfectly capable of the rest.

How this money is allocated will be a matter of the utmost delicacy and importance. If private investment flows to the wrong places, it may well do more harm than good—and the same thing is true of money from public agencies. Here are a few basic facts which the planners ought to keep in mind:

1. Any nation will be uneasy if too large a share of its resources and industry are controlled by foreigners—as we have learned in Cuba, Canada, and Mexico.

2. Latin Americans are particularly sensitive about foreign ownership of their oil, electric utilities, telephone systems, and railroads; and because of long-continued, patient Marxist propaganda, millions of people in the Southern Hemisphere are convinced that investment in these fields by foreign companies—"capitalist imperialists," in the Marxist jargon—is especially bad.

3. On the other hand, they welcome foreign investment in manufacturing and distribution. The great majority of such investments (many of them from Europe) have proved mutually satisfactory. "Partnership" enterprises, in which local citizens own a considerable part of the stock, have been almost immune from political attack. Although the "partnership" device is not always feasible, it should at least be considered by anyone planning to invest in Latin America.

4. There simply is not enough capital in the world to industrialize all of the underdeveloped countries—African and Asian, as well as Latin American—as rapidly as they would like. Therefore, every penny of foreign investment should be put in the places where it will do the most good. One way to accomplish this with a minimum of pain and political uproar will be mentioned in a moment.

5. Foreign investment—public or private—can be effective only in those countries whose governments have enough courage to do some extremely unpopular things; and enough political strength and ingenuity to get them accepted by public opinion.

For example, every country in Latin America now has a crisis in fuel, electric energy, and transport. In Argentina, admittedly the worst case, up to one-third of the harvest is lost for want of locomotives or locomotive fuel. A shoe factory in Rosario had to shut down five out of every eight working hours last year, because of power failures. And in Brazil, high shipping costs have priced many common commodities—paper, for instance, and edible oils—out of the mass market.

A main reason for all this is that the industries concerned are politically sensitive. The Argentine government has not yet dared to lay off the hordes of Perón's political appointees, who still hold about half the railway jobs. Because it is politically dangerous to raise utility rates anywhere, they are still pegged at pre-inflation levels, in spite of a ten- or twenty-fold rise in other prices. Consequently, the utility companies (whether owned locally or by foreign investors) have rarely made a nickel in the last five years—and therefore they can't get the capital for new equipment, to meet a doubling of the population and a four-fold growth in demand.

But solutions can be found which are politically feasible, as Argentina has recently demonstrated in its oil industry. Ownership of oil properties will remain with the state, but exploration and management will be handled by foreign companies, making a fair but attractive profit. In similar fashion, devices might be found for lending public money (perhaps from the World Bank) to rehabilitate railroad beds—some of which have had neither maintenance nor new equipment for thirty years—while private capital is used to purchase new cars and locomotives.

Similar political courage will be needed to step up production in agriculture. What is needed is such familiar items as farm credit, rural roads, co-ops, farm agents to teach new methods, improved seed, fertilizer, and power. But before these can be effective, two big political obstacles have to be cleared away:

A. Land reform is needed in some—though by no means all—parts of Latin America. Especially in the fertile central valley of Chile and in the northwestern "Bulge" of Brazil, the big feudal estates need to be split up into family-sized farms. In more areas, tiny, marginal farms—split up every time they have been handed down from a father to his sons for many generations—need to be consolidated.

B. Some traditional crops have to be abandoned. Coffee in central Brazil is sacred, as much a way of life as cotton was in our pre-Civil War South. Yet half of the coffee land has deteriorated so badly that it should be switched immediately into grains, livestock, or timber. To cite one more instance out of many, unimproved corn has been the traditional crop in southern Mexico since Aztec days; until it is abandoned for more productive crops, no increase in farm yields and income is possible.

So far, however, no Mexican government has dared tackle this problem, and no Brazilian politician has even hinted that King Coffee's throne is shaky. Meddling with land tenure or traditional crops is always dangerous, everywhere—as our own politicians know only too well.

NEED FOR "SPECTACULARS"

DOZENS of sound programs are being worked on in Latin America—for housing, education, farm credit, or public health. But they take forever to show results. Meanwhile the people perish for lack of vision. We must accept the fact that uniform development of the entire continent is not possible. The small countries will move only if the big ones do well. Hence development projects in the small countries are not likely to be fruitful. After all, over two-thirds of Latin America's population lives in four countries: Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, and Colombia. Of the others only the three mineral producers, Venezuela, Peru, and Chile (accounting together for an additional 15 per cent of the continent's population), can ever be economically viable. Indeed, in the case of Chile, the greatest development contribution would be the long-discussed Latin American Common Market which would provide customers for Chile's large steel capacity.

Within the bigger countries, "spectaculars" are needed, big projects which catch the people's imagination. A lot of little projects cannot do this. Economically, it is true, such "spectaculars" may be questionable. But so was TVA in 1934. So also was Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap" when it started during World War II. Yet it has given this desperately poor island proportionately the highest industrial employment and the highest labor income in Latin America.

Here are a few "spectaculars" worth pondering:

• The "Bulge" of Brazil might become a model farming region. Today it looks very much like our South around 1933: thirty million people living in semicolonial dependence on run-down, eroded, and drought-stricken land. Five

to eight years of concentrated effort could establish there, for instance: one model farm to every five hundred or one thousand farmers; one decent co-op—supplying marketing, purchasing, credit, and technical advice—for every one to two thousand farms; primitive networks of rural roads and rural power; one county agent for every two to five thousand farm families; and finally five hundred small plants processing local products or producing simple consumer goods and farm supplies. This takes hard work—but it is feasible.

• Chile could meet its own food requirements in five years—without much difficulty. It has land, the climate, even some of the skills. What is called for is intelligent land reform which gives the cultivator an incentive to improve the land plus roads, marketing co-ops, and rural credit.

In Chile—and in neighboring Peru as well—modest investments in fishing and fish processing would yield a rapidly improved diet. The cool offshore waters are teeming with sea food, while the people's diet is desperately short of proteins. Or, we might concentrate in the coastal desert of Peru all our efforts to de-salt sea water and produce electricity in atomic reactors. Water is so valuable to this excellent but completely arid land that atomic power and de-salted water would be economical, even at today's costs. And millions of Indians in the Andes are desperate for land.

• And in oil-rich but job-poor Venezuela we might try a repetition of the Puerto Rican story—an organized development effort through private industry, aimed at doubling national income and increasing factory jobs ten-fold in a decade.

These are illustrations only—and not necessarily the right ones. (Perhaps I have put too much stress on needs; in terms of opportunity, Colombia might well deserve top priority.) But the principle is clear: money, skill, and manpower should be focused on a few heroic tasks that fire the imagination and show what can be done. They must not be frittered away by spreading them thin over the whole enormous area.

WAITING FOR UNCLE

IN THE last analysis, Latin America will develop as it shifts from dependence on others to dependence on itself. Social justice is not a matter of money but of will, not a problem for the economist but a task for the patriot, requiring leadership and community action rather than investment.

When the present president of Brazil, Janio Quadros, was mayor of São Paulo a few years back, he transformed the city by clearing slums, building roads, sewers, water mains, putting buses on the streets. And yet he left the place—which was bankrupt when he took over—debt-free and with a surplus. Doña Felisa Rinçón de Gautier, the remarkable woman mayor of San Juan, Puerto Rico, has wrought similar miracles. These two work quite differently—Quadros with cold, dedicated brilliance, Doña Felisa as an unmistakably feminine La Guardia. But both have shown how much can be done without waiting for outside help.

In Colombia, the Coffee Growers' Federation is tackling rural problems without a cent of government money or foreign aid. The farmers are taught to reap more and better coffee from only a selected part of their—usually—tiny holdings. The rest of their land is put into better-paying crops such as bananas, cacao, and oil seeds. Above all, the Federation is trying to educate future farmers by building elementary schools in isolated mountain regions and supporting a 4-H Club program.

In neighboring Venezuela, the new democratic government through its land-development program in 1959 and 1960 made owner-farmers out of 90,000 former tenants, farm laborers, and ex-farmers—almost one-tenth of the country's entire population. As a result, Venezuela no longer needs to import such major staples as rice, corn, and cotton. This took money, to be sure; but even more important were the opening of new land to cultivation; providing seed, advice, and intelligent plans; building a co-operative marketing system.

There are plenty of lesser examples. In Peru, for instance, an American priest, Father Daniel McLellan, six years ago, founded the first credit union with a capital of a hundred dollars. It has now loaned over a million dollars without a single default. And five thousand of the poorest Peruvians have made down payments on decent homes.

These encouraging situations are not, however, typical. The present Peruvian Congress—considered rather "leftish"—closes the door to American aid by refusing to adopt land and tax reforms which are much less radical than those McKinley's Republican Congress imposed on newly-annexed Puerto Rico sixty years ago. Progress is slowed not only by vested interests but by heritage of a colonial past when even the least change had to await a decision by the viceroy, or a distant king in Madrid. Now that there is no viceroy, the tendency is to wait for Uncle Sam.

For instance, a visiting Yankee (a prominent

Catholic layman) was recently harangued by South America's most progressive Catholic bishop about his parishioners' terrible housing, ignorance, filth, illiteracy, and disease.

"What does the diocese do about these things?" the visitor asked.

"*We* do anything?" the bishop replied. "My question is: What are *you* in New York and Washington going to do about our conditions here?"

Fortunately all over Latin America the old crust of colonial custom and inertia is being cracked by younger leaders who don't know that impatience is impolite. But for development to be fast and effective—and, above all, for it to come in freedom rather than in totalitarian tyranny—the new men must persuade the Latin American to ask: What can I do? rather than: What do I need?

NOT TOO MUCH

WHAT could and should the United States do in and for Latin America?

Economically, not too much. But politically, we might make all the difference. Latin America will be expensive for the American taxpayer. But it will cost much more if it collapses into revolution and dictatorship than if it grows to stability and prosperity. Substantial funds should be committed for five or ten years for a development program, particularly for the "spectaculars." Small sums should be invested as seed money in many ventures like rural co-ops, savings-and-loan associations, and railroad rolling stock. Quick financial blood transfusions will continue to be needed in acute emergencies—such as a sharp sudden drop in the price of a chief export staple, the "austerity crisis" that always occurs during a fight against inflation, or a major natural catastrophe such as the Chilean earthquake last year. Latin America will also continue to need U.S. government guarantees for export credits.

As noted earlier, the total burden on our government will come to roughly a billion dollars a year—but the actual outflow of cash need not be anything like that big. Surplus food will account for a good part, while much of the rest will flow back through the purchase of American machinery and other goods.

We must also provide something scarcer than money: trained people. Illiteracy in Latin America is due not so much to lack of schoolhouses as to lack of teachers. J. P. Grace recently proposed that the U.S. train two thousand Latin Americans a year to teach in elementary schools. This would cost around $6 million annually. But it might double the literacy rate in rural areas within ten years. A modest training program for agricultural extension teachers might have an even greater impact.

Still scarcer than teachers are capable managers for business, irrigation districts, school-construction programs, co-operatives. One way to provide them is through a "management contract" with a foreign business, university, or labor union (under which foreigners manage while ownership remains in the country). This is how, for instance, Brazil's growing steel industry was developed. A management contract is not philanthropy. The faster the foreign contractor works himself out of a job by training his own successors, the better it should pay. Such contracts could offer attractive opportunities to some of our large corporations and make it profitable for them to hire and train capable young men. Three years of running a school-construction program in the Andes might do more to make a top-flight manager out of a young engineer than any number of courses in advanced management.

HOW TO INTERFERE PAINLESSLY

THE traditional tools of "foreign aid"—money and trained men—will never do the job until Latin Americans face up to the tough things which they alone can do: collect taxes from the rich and clean out the sinecure jobs in the swollen government services; push through land reform and cheap mass housing; stop subsidizing the wrong crops; get rid of the petti-fogging regulations that now separate the individual states of Brazil by mountains of red tape; enforce the factory and mining-inspection laws already on the statute books; and say "no" to the blackmail of the generals who habitually threaten to overthrow a regime unless they get a few more unneeded jet planes, tanks, or destroyers.

Only the Latin Americans can mobilize their own trained manpower, now often pitifully under-used. They have men as good as any we can muster: Argentina's Raul Prebisch, Peru's Romulo Ferrero, Chile's Felipe Herrera, or the West Indian Arthur W. Lewis, the greatest authority on rural development in the tropics. Other experts (and many younger men) have been boxed in by the pettiness of local politics; by the snobbery of local society; or simply by the conviction of their elders that everything worthwhile comes from Paris or a German university.

So our greatest contribution to the development of Latin America will be to make high demands, with teeth in them. This, of course, is "interference." But giving or investing money in an underdeveloped country is interference anyhow—the only question is: To what end? We must make sure that we interfere on the side of Latin America's future.

How can we do this without arousing insuperable resentment and resistance?

The answer, I think, lies in a great (though almost unknown) American invention. We invented it as part of the Marshall Plan, which never could have worked without it. It was the European Economic Organization—an executive committee, with members from all the countries involved, which made the hard, unpleasant decisions about the rebuilding of Europe. It worked hand in hand with American experts, but the decisions were made—and enforced—by the Europeans themselves.

What we need now is a similar Inter-American Economic Organization, which will work out over-all plans for developing the whole continent. It must set priorities, and see that efforts are concentrated on major programs. It must decide (consulting with U.S. experts) where dollars and trained men can be used best.

No one nation can do this for itself, and we alone cannot do it, either. If the United States were to deny an airport to, say, Honduras, because the money can be better spent on a road in Brazil, every Honduran politician would scream his head off. Or if we insisted on land reform in El Salvador, under threat of withholding aid, we would instantly be accused of "imperialist interference." (On the other hand, if we demand nothing, we shall be blackmailed into supporting every unpopular and obsolete government which threatens to send a trade mission to Moscow.)

But if these same things are demanded by a non-national agency, speaking for the whole Latin American community, in the name of a common development goal, Honduras and El Salvador can yield gracefully. (Perhaps even gratefully.) Only an organization of this kind can enlist the ablest men and women of the continent, for service wherever they are needed. Only such an organization can arouse the enthusiasm, and the sense of unified purpose, which will make the Kennedy Plan workable.

To avoid the worst mistake of the Marshall Plan it must also exact at the outset a commitment from every country to start giving development aid to others as soon as it is over the first hurdles. We must never again be forced to beg for crumbs off the groaning tables of countries we saved only a few years earlier.

A common Inter-American Organization could, finally, establish stirring goals—for instance, to double, within a decade, Latin America's literacy rate, its food supply, and national income. And it could deliver.

With double its literacy and its food supply, Latin America would still not be overeducated or overfed. After doubling incomes, the average per family would still be below $1,000 a year whereas even in Puerto Rico it is now $1,700. And there would be plenty of other troubles still ahead, particularly in the small Central American Republics, which will grow more painful as economic expectations rise. But only in this fashion can Latin America become capable of soaring higher under its own power—self-confident and truly independent.

And this, after all, is the only goal U.S. policy can hope to attain. "To keep out Communism"—our negative objective in the last decade—can do no more than keep smoldering fires from becoming rampant. To bring about regimes subservient to us—which is how Latin America interpreted the Dulles policy—cannot work: Latin America has progressed too far for that. And there is no point in our playing Lady Bountiful, in the hope of being loved in return.

Our true job is to build a partnership between the United States and the new leaders of Latin America, the young, educated men with energy and ambition who no longer take *"mañana"* for an answer. They know themselves what needs doing. Our role is to help them create the growing, strong, and truly independent Latin America they rightly believe to be within reach.

The $600-million appropriation for Latin America by the U.S. Congress is a first step. So are the development plans now being worked out by every Latin American government, each of which is naturally trying to get as much for itself as it can. The key task, however, is still to be tackled: the creating of a new kind of political leadership in this country as well as in Latin America. Neither the American people nor the Latins yet understand that this is not just another "aid" program . . . that it is a long first step beyond passive "containment" of the revolutionary forces in the world today . . . that the purpose of aid is not primarily to create wealth, but to create justice, vision, and commitment to action . . . and that the Kennedy Plan is our first—and if it fails, perhaps our last—entry as active contenders into "competitive co-existence."

Harper's Magazine, July 1961

New York Is Different



MARION K. SANDERS

Any resemblance between the politicians in this story and any actual persons (living or dead from the neck up) is strictly intentional.

"THIS is a Democratic town, you got nothing to worry about," Ernie said. He is a sawed-off little guy with a droopy mustache who does not look at all like one of the smartest District Leaders in New York. He lit a cigarette and passed the pack to Mr. Kenneth B. Dinsmore—a six-foot-three hunk of crew-cut who was already smoking a pipe.

Ernie is always edgy in Mayoralty years and a late primary is the worst. Anyone who wants to can file a petition, and we may not be sure who the candidates are until a lot of Democrats knock each other out on September 7. Then there are only two months left to mend fences before Election Day. Of course we will win, but too many Republicans are going around with big grins on their faces. Like Governor Nelson Rockefeller who still has his eye on the White House. The Administration in Washington worries about the situation in New York almost as much as Laos. Instead of the CIA they have sent us Mr. Dinsmore who likes to be called Hal. He went to school with Bobby Kennedy or maybe Teddy and is the new nonpolitical type of candidate who has never run for anything. We are supposed to put him on our ticket maybe for Comptroller or Council President, depending on who gets dumped or pulls out. No matter what they say now, anyone can change his mind about running up to August 10, which is the last day for declining nominations and making substitutions. Until then we will carry Mr. Dinsmore as a spare part, if he goes for the idea which we will have to sell him.

This is why Ernie Glickman and I were holed up in a bedroom-and-parlor suite at the Biltmore with Hal and his wife Carol. She is a Dallas girl whose Daddy is very rich even for Texas. I am Teresa Rovizzi. My friends call me Tess and I was there more or less as Ernie's cheering section.

"It is a rare privilege, Hal, and a high honor," Ernie said, "that a man of your caliber and distinguished record has decided to enter the political arena in our great city at this time."

"Decided is perhaps too strong a word. I am exploring," Hal answered, tapping his pipe on an ash tray in an Ivy League sort of way. He was in the Treasury Department under Truman and now works for a Wall Street law firm whose senior partners were in the McKinley Cabinet. He is the kind of candidate we would usually run for Congress in a solid Republican district. After he loses he is made an Honorary Commissioner and can ride out in the harbor on tugboats to receive Royalty. He is not the type the Boys want hanging around City Hall.

Ernie is not used to shopping around for candidates. Generally he gets the word from the Hall and gives the nod to one of his boys and has some posters printed up and that is that. He has had very little practice giving sales talks to someone like Hal, who is not much of a Democrat and has only lived in New York for ten years and is an Episcopalian. Of course White Protestants are all right. But there is no such bloc of votes in New York. So when you put one on your slate you still have all the headaches of balancing out your ticket.

"I am somewhat staggered by the problems of this great urban complex," Hal said. "It is a palace and a jungle where only the rich and the destitute can survive."

"We are for Middle Income Housing. Also for Neighborhood Renewal and more State Aid for Schools," Ernie snapped back.

"But there is vast wealth right here," Hal went on. "Municipal waste and corruption are bleeding the city white. Stanley told me at dinner last night that we could save a hundred million dollars a year if we kicked out all the city job holders who are not doing any work."

Stanley is Stanley Isaacs. He is the only Republican on the City Council and a very peculiar person for a Democratic candidate to be having dinner with.

"We have a very fine Code of Ethics. The Mayor will not stand for any Conflict of Interest," Ernie said. I forget what payroll he is on but he does not have any financial problems. "Tess, get coffee," he ordered.

Marion K. Sanders, who ran for Congress in Rockland County and is the author of "The Lady and the Vote," has inhaled the pungent aroma of New York politics both as a candidate and as a reporter. She is an editor of this magazine and a frequent contributor; her articles include the controversial "Social Work: A Profession Chasing Its Tail" and "A Proposition for Women."

I called room service. Sometimes my political career seems like one long coffee break. When I was a kid in Brooklyn I toted cartons to the polls every Primary and Election Day. That was before 1933 when we got a Fusion Administration, which is a Nonpartisan Coalition of Better Elements who do not want to stay in politics too long. For the next twelve years Mayor La Guardia did not need my Daddy's services to inspect holes made in our streets by the Consolidated Edison Company. Daddy took a job at the A & P which left him very little time for his work as Precinct Captain. I dug into the old schoolbooks and got myself admitted to Hunter College. Brooklyn people are very patriotic, so Daddy did not like the idea of a college in Manhattan. However, he no longer had any jobs to give out even to his own daughter, so he said okay, maybe it would be a broadening experience. It was. At Hunter, many of the faculty had gone to Barnard or even Vassar. That is how I became bilingual and can speak both Park Avenue and Flatbush, which is very handy in politics. The boys use me as a kind of Simultaneous Translator with volunteers in campaigns.

"We gotta let them know you're in this race, Hal," Ernie said. "We need a good catchy slogan."

"To project the right image," I added.

"Something direct and hard-hitting," Hal proposed. "Clean out the Grafters—Clean up the City. We used that idea in Philadelphia the first time Clark and Dilworth ran."

"This," said Ernie sourly, "ain't Philadelphia."

THE Dinsmores live in a duplex with a gorgeous view of the East River but his family are what is called Main Line. So he keeps forgetting that Clark and Dilworth ran against the Entrenched Republican Machine. We are the Big Bad Ins with a two-term Mayor who is called honest but weak by his best friends.

Bob Wagner does not like to slap people down. So he gets pushed around. By Carmine DeSapio, the leader of Tammany Hall. By State Investigating Commissions. By beatniks who want to folk-sing in Washington Square Park. By Robert Moses, who has been Commissioner of almost everything including housing which he is not very good at. Wagner believes in letting things blow over, only instead they seem to blow up.

However we want him to run for a third term. He is a New York sort of Mayor and as Joe Sharkey, the Leader of Brooklyn put it, "You can't beat something with nothing." Nothing is

what you have if you cannot retool an incumbent in this City. Other places seem to be full of Distinguished Democrats who could run for Mayor. But our New York Congressmen and other officeholders are mostly from safe districts and do not need to be famous to be elected. The only Democrats who get their faces in the papers very much are Insurgents. But all of them want to run for everything or nothing and cannot agree on candidates. Maybe they will fall for a New Face like Hal's. That is what we hope will happen at our Campaign Kickoff next week, a Ladies' Luncheon.



"I have been thinking about the luncheon," Hal said. "I will pay tribute to the many ethnic groups that have contributed so much to the culture and progress of this great heterogeneous metropolis."

"He will work with All Elements in our Party," I interpreted.

"Good," Ernie said. "Be sure Mrs. O'Houlihan gets to take a bow." Her husband is the Leader of the Dennis P. O'Houlihan Club on the Upper East Side.

"Why build up that old hack?" Hal demanded. "I hear their club didn't move a muscle for Stevenson *or* Kennedy."

"Dennie could hurt us bad," Ernie said. "Lots of Irish in that district."

"She is a nice old biddy," I added soothingly.

Hal was staring out of the window at the cars and taxis backed up bumper to bumper on Madison Avenue. The sidewalk was blocked with the scaffolding of a new office building.

"Traffic and real estate speculators are strangling this city," he said. "I shall make a blistering statement on the transportation mess and urban planning."

"Transit is always a good issue," Ernie answered, "if you promise not to raise the subway fare. But you better lay off real estate. The contractors take whole tables at County Dinners."

"Let's go over the luncheon Dais," I suggested. "The seating plan is more important than the speeches."

Carol Dinsmore perked up. A luncheon was something she could really come to grips with. I could see she was starting to worry about whether to wear a hat and if so should it be a Jackie pillbox or something more Neiman-Marcus. "Wear the flowered one," I told her, "and that divine white raw-silk sheath."

"But it's so sooty here," she protested in her weird Texas drawl which I have not quite tuned in on yet.

"Don't forget New York is a Summer Festival," I said. Someone dreamed up this corny slogan to attract visitors. If you have ever tried to get into Schrafft's for lunch or even 21, you know that we need a slogan to keep people away. Sometimes I wonder, if New York is so terrible, why does everybody want to come here?

"Will Mrs. Roosevelt be there?" Carol chirped. "I sure would be thrilled to meet her."

"You will sit right next to her," I promised. Of course I was not absolutely sure because right now you cannot tell which Democrats are speaking to each other. At a time like this a Ladies' Luncheon is very helpful. No matter how they feel about Cuba or taxes or remedial reading, all women like to doll up and go to the Park Lane. Mrs. R. is not the dressy type but she is very strong for Women in Politics. Also you are working with symbols instead of the real thing, so—as the psychiatrists say—tensions are lower. For instance Mrs. R. would not want to shake hands this summer with Mr. DeSapio or Mr. Sharkey. But she would not mind sipping a glass of sherry with their wives, who are very ladylike and never discuss politics. Ladies do not listen too much to the speeches at luncheons but they all know who is sitting on the Dais and tell their husbands. So I had to get the Dais problem settled. I slapped my yellow pad on the coffee table and Carol got all ready to start writing place cards. Only I had not yet put down any names, just a check list like this:

3 Reverends
Party Brass
Money Bags
Organization—Regular
Organization—Reform
Organization Insurgents
Insurgent Insurgents
Harlem
Mrs. R.
Dolly Schiff

"The Father was from St. Patrick's last year," Ernie said. "So we will have one of those Italian

priests from your parish, Tess. And an Irish tenor can do the National Anthem."

I wrote down some names while Hal looked over my shoulder studying my notes as if they were the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"This intra-party struggle is very perplexing," he said. "I need to get the feel at the grass roots. Could I meet some of the rank and file at your club, Ernie?"

"Why sure," Ernie said. "Tuesday is Club Night. We are very informal."

ERNIE runs what is called an Old Line Club. It is mostly a place to play poker and pinochle. Tuesdays the leader is there to see people who have problems about jobs or contracts or court cases.

"I would love to come too. May I?" Carol asked. "I want to be real active in politics when Hal is running."

Ernie scowled. Women do not go to Old Line Clubs except maybe a cleaning lady with a large family of voting age and relaxed ideas about dust and cigar butts.

"The Lexington Club is much more interesting," I suggested. "They go in for issues and women. Also they are always for Stevenson no matter who is running, so you will learn all about the UN."

The Lexingtons believe in Party democracy and other Reform ideas. In 1954 their leaders won a primary so now they have a vote in Tammany Hall which makes them an Organization Reform Club. Carmine DeSapio was very friendly with the Lexingtons until our State Convention in 1958. Governor Harriman wanted Tom Finletter to run for U.S. Senate. But DeSapio picked District Attorney Frank Hogan. He lost to the Republican candidate, Senator Keating. Rockefeller swamped Harriman. In most other states Democrats won big. Finletter belongs to the Lexington Club. So do Mrs. Roosevelt and Senator Lehman. They said we lost because of the Image of Bossism and DeSapio must go.

"I have many friends in the Lexington Club," Hal said. "They have asked me for a donation to the Committee for Democratic Voters. I would like to get your slant on that."

I hoped that Ernie would count ten before answering. Senator Lehman and Mrs. R. and Finletter started this committee which the papers call the CDV. They are going to clean up the Democratic party by getting rid of the Image of Bossism. They have raised a lot of money from people who think DeSapio looks like a fugitive from the Untouchables.

"These self-styled liberals are wrecking our party," Ernie answered. The way he says "self-styled" it sounds like perjury.

"DeSapio has to wear dark glasses because he has eye trouble. Is this a crime? What other Tammany Leader ever gave lectures at New York University? And do not forget—" he shook a finger at Carol and me— "he changed the name of Co-Leaders to Leaders-Female."

Some of the girls got a big charge out of this. But to me it sounds like a sign in a zoo. I would be more thrilled if the Leaders-Male would start ordering their own coffee.

"As I understand it," Hal said, "the battle against DeSapio has become a rallying point for Reform. It has brought a surge of new blood into the Party Organization."

THIS is what happened in 1959, in Manhattan. Insurgents popped up in all the thirty-three districts and ran for leader against The Image of Bossism. But the Boss—DeSapio—also put up his own Insurgents to run against some Regulars—like the Lexingtons—who were no longer friendly with him. The CDV promised to help whoever was against the Image of Bossism. But all this New Blood gave the CDV a very hard time. For instance, there might be three Insurgents running against each other in the 10th A.D. South. Who should get the CDV endorsement and—more important—money? The CDV had never heard of most of these people and was not quite sure where the 10th A.D. South was. When you are handing out cash and endorsements you need a Boss. The CDV is against bosses but they have Senator Lehman who has been elected to high office. However, he is quite old and keeps going to Palm Springs. DeSapio is not old and stays in the Biltmore most of the time.

"Why is it," Hal asked, "that the Reform Groups have not yet agreed on a candidate of their own for Mayor?"

"They have very democratic procedures about candidates which may take all summer," I explained. "Some of them like Wagner and some don't but hardly any of them like each other."

The Insurgents who lost in the '59 primary are now mad at the CDV as well as DeSapio. So they are Insurgent Insurgents. Some of them might even flip for Fusion which only a very mixed-up Democrat would do in this town.

"I understand," Hal said, "that there is still a good possibility of a Fusion Movement. I hear that the Liberal Republicans and the Liberal Party are sounding out an Independent

Democrat to run for Mayor." He reads the *Herald-Tribune* at breakfast, a habit we must break him of.

"Let them yack," Ernie said. "Fusion is just another name for Republican. The people of this city know the Republicans will not do anything for them in the long run."

"But Nelson Rockefeller got a lot of votes in Harlem, didn't he?" Hal protested.

"Harlem is different," Ernie explained. "There is Congressman Adam Clayton Powell. Harlem has not settled down since 1957."

That was when DeSapio tried to purge Powell who was having income-tax trouble and went for Eisenhower in '56 after Stevenson talked moderation, which is a dirty word in Harlem. Powell is a famous ladies' man and minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church. He clobbered DeSapio's man Earl Brown who is a nice fellow but not very sexy or holy. Harlem closed ranks behind Powell and he is the one who now calls the shots there.

"I have been very impressed with Congressman Powell's record in the House this session," Hal said. "He is an eloquent spokesman for Civil Rights."

"Who is against Civil Rights in New York?" Ernie asked. "But we are also for Party Discipline which Mr. Powell is not."

Powell is always cooking up a Harlem Issue. He did it last year when Borough President Hulan Jack, who is a Negro, was booted out after he had a decorating job in his apartment paid for by a public housing contractor who had not done any noticeable public housing. The Borough President's Office is very important because it has many exempt jobs for people who do not do well on Civil Service examinations but are good at getting out the vote. Mayor Wagner and DeSapio both wanted to pick Mr. Jack's successor and they have not been at all chummy since then except at nonpartisan occasions like parades. Powell started yelling discrimination. This was silly because everyone said the new Borough President must be a Negro, only DeSapio and Wagner wanted to decide which one. Powell also said Jack did not have a fair trial, which was not so, although it is true that the whole decorating job only cost $5,000, which is a very low price for a Borough President.

"We must give Harlem the full treatment this year," Ernie said.

"I am planning an earthy emotional appeal to the Negroes and Puerto Ricans," Hal said. "I could do part of my speech in Spanish."

"That will not be necessary," I told him. "Mrs. Martinez who will be on the Dais is a co-leader and has learned to say yes in English. Most Puerto Rican ladies do not go to the Park Lane for lunch very much."

"I will not pull any punches about the plight of our Negro and Puerto Rican citizens," Hal continued. "I know about the families living in filthy rat-infested, one-room apartments without heat or decent plumbing. The miserable segregated schools. The pre-delinquent adolescents doomed to illiteracy because they cannot speak English."

"The main thing is to get the Harlem Leadership Team lined up," Ernie said. The Leadership Team is Powell and Ray Jones, who is called The Fox. They are fighting DeSapio too but not about Reform. About jobs. They are Organization Insurgents. "We must take care of them right this year," Ernie went on. "Maybe a Commissioner and a couple Judges. Who you got on the Dais for Harlem, Tess?"

"I met this charming Negro lady at Marietta's," Carol volunteered. "She's Urban League or YWCA. A Mrs. Hollingshead. Would she do?

"Sarah Hollingshead," said Ernie, whose memory is perfect. "Fine woman. Had a job with O'Dwyer. But won't do for the Dais."

"Why not?" Carol asked.

"Too light," Ernie said, "for pictures. To show up right for Harlem you must be real black."

HAL was pacing around the room in a very jumpy way. "The many dissident factions in our Party disturb me," he said. "I am aware that a candidate for high office must be a catalyst. He must weld together the warring factions in a common purpose."

This was a good line even if it was straight out of V. O. Key's *Politics, Parties, and Pressure Groups* or *The Federalist Papers,* I forget which. I flashed him the comradely smile of a fellow pol. sci. major.

"Whaddya mean factions?" Ernie snarled.

Hal was not listening, which is a bad sign. Candidates are very hard to handle when they get carried away by their own eloquence.

"The great challenge as I see it," he went on, "is to identify the Democratic Party of New York City with the dynamic forward thrust of the National Administration."

"He means we should hook into the New Frontier," I translated freely.

"For the birds," Ernie said. "Do not start new frontiering around here. You have to be a Mormon or a Connecticut hillbilly to get a job

out of Washington these days. Tess, where's the coffee?"

"They charge 25 cents a cup for it here," Carol said. "I could run out to the drug store for a couple of cartons." I have noticed that millionaires are very careful about money, which is possibly how they got that way in the first place. Fortunately a surly-looking waiter arrived and began pushing furniture around to make room for a king-size table full of coffee urns. Hal took two lumps and went right back to his Washington, D.C. pitch.

"I understand the patronage difficulty will soon be ironed out between the State and National Committees," he said.

"My club is still waiting," Ernie said. "And we do not intend to settle for an Assistant Federal Attorney and other leftover junk." He picked up my pad. "Now how about Dolly Schiff?"

"I will be mighty proud to meet the lady who publishes the only Democratic paper in this city," Carol chimed in.

"The *Post* is not exactly what you would call Democratic in Texas," Ernie said.

He has not forgotten that Mrs. Schiff switched from Harriman to Rockefeller two days before election in 1958. You really cannot tell how the *Post* will go except that they are always for Israel. I wished that Hal looked more like Ben-Gurion.

"Dolly will be on the Dais," I said, "unless she is in one of her Working Press moods. We always save two places for her."

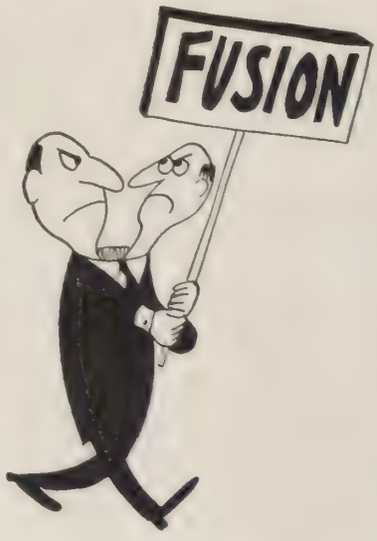
Of course she may not come to the Luncheon at all. I would not be surprised if she was playing footsie with Fusion.

"With everybody so mixed up and mad at each other," Carol piped up, "how can the Democrats win this election? I would think this was a very good year for Fusion."

It is wrong to figure that a woman is necessarily a birdbrain because she is a natural blonde and talks like *Gone with the Wind*.

"But they got no candidate," Ernie barked. "Only Republicans. To have any chance they would need an Independent Democrat. And I can tell you a Democrat who is that Independent would be dead in this town."

"Well now it just might be," Carol drawled, "that they could find the right one." She gave Hal a fourteen-carat adoring-wife look and rattled on. "I believe I could give you the name of an Independent Democrat who would make a really heavenly Fusion Candidate for Mayor."



Her chatter made me very nervous but Ernie did not get the message. He was looking at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock and all organization politicians are very regular in their eating habits.

"Come on, Hal, we are meeting some of the Boys downstairs for lunch," he announced. "Tess you go to the coffee shop with Carol and be back here at three."

"If you would excuse me," Hal said. "I have promised to take Carol to lunch. We are going to the Colony and I hope Tess will join us because I need some more of the real low-down on New York."

Of course he did not have to ask me twice though it was too bad I had not had my hair done. The Colony is so expensive it makes Biltmore prices look like the Automat. I am glad Hal is less thrifty than his wife because a Political Unknown has to pick up a lot of tabs.

We had a marvelous lunch but Hal did not eat much. He was really wound up and I must admit sounded pretty good. He thinks New York is not very different from San Francisco or Cleveland or even New Haven, where he lived while he was collecting degrees from different colleges before going to law school. He says that there can be open bids for city contracts without deals and that you can build apartments near offices. He thinks you can get rid of slums without shoving the people who live there into worse slums. He says a lot of playgrounds would be cheaper than a new ball park and then children would have a place to play without moving to Westchester. He also thinks that if you get rid of graft and inefficiency in City Hall there will be plenty of money for new schools and hospitals and if there are no payoffs business will be so good the city will collect more taxes.

Ernie says I was carried away because I am not used to having two Gibsons and Sparkling Burgundy for lunch. But I still think Hal would make a great candidate even for Mayor. Only he does not understand why Fusion is a bad idea. In fact he seems to like it. This is very upsetting because campaigning for him would certainly be a change of pace for me. But a Brooklyn girl has to draw the line somewhere.

MARY McCARTHY

"REALISM" in the American Theatre

How good are our "leading playwrights"? One of America's sharpest critical minds probes the limitations of their "gloomy doctrine."

WHO are the American realist playwrights? Is there, as is assumed abroad, a school of realists in the American theatre or is this notion a critical figment?

The question is legitimate; but for purposes of discussion, I am going to take for granted that there is such a group, if not a school, and name its members: Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Paddy Chayefsky, the Elmer Rice of *Street Scene*. Behind them, casting them in the shadow, stands the great figure of O'Neill, and opposite them, making them seem more homogeneous, are writers like George Kelly, Wilder, Odets, Saroyan. Their counterparts in the novel are Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James T. Farrell, the early Thomas Wolfe —which illustrates, by the way, the backwardness of the theatre in comparison with the novel. The theatre seems to be chronically twenty years behind, regardless of realism, as the relation of Beckett to Joyce, for example, shows.

The theatre feeds on the novel; never vice versa: think of the hundreds of dramatizations of novels, and then try to think of a book that was "novelized" from a play. There is not even a word for it. The only actual case I can call to mind is *The Other House* by Henry James—a minor novel he salvaged from a play of his own that failed. To return to the main subject, one characteristic of American realism in the theatre is that none of its practitioners currently wants to call himself a realist. Tennessee Williams is known to his admirers as a "poetic realist," while Arthur Miller declares that he is an exponent of the "social play" and identifies himself with the Greek playwrights, whom he describes as social playwrights also. This delusion was dramatized, if that is the word, in *A View from the Bridge*.

The fact that not one of these playwrights cares to be regarded as a realist without some qualifying or mitigating adjective attached to the term invites a definition of realism. What does it mean in common parlance? I have looked the word "realist" up in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Here is what they say: ". . . In reference to art and literature sometimes used as a term of commendation, when precision and vividness of detail are regarded as a merit, and sometimes unfavorably contrasted with idealized description or representation. In recent use it has often been used with the implication that the details are of an unpleasant or sordid character." This strikes me as a very fair account of the historical fate of the notion of realism, but I shall try to particularize a little, in the hope of finding out why and how this happened. And I shall not be condemning realism but only noting what people seem to think it is.

When we say that a novel or a play is realistic, we mean, certainly, that it gives a picture of ordinary life. Its characters will be drawn from the middle class, the lower middle class, occasionally the working class. You cannot write realistic drama about upper-class life; at least, no one ever has. Aristocracy does not lend itself to realistic treatment, but to one or another kind of stylization: romantic drama, romantic comedy, comedy of manners, satire, tragedy. This fact in itself is a realistic criticism of the aristocratic idea, which cannot afford, apparently, to live in the glass house of the realistic stage. Kings and noble men, said Aristotle, are the protagonists of tragedy—not women or slaves. The

same is true of nobility of character or intellect. The exceptional man, whether he be Oedipus or King Lear or one of the romantic revolutionary heroes of Hugo or Musset, is fitted to be the protagonist of a tragedy, but just this tragic fitness disqualifies him from taking a leading role in a realist drama. Such figures as Othello or Hernani can never be the subject of realistic treatment, unless it is with the object of deflating them, showing how *ordinary*—petty or squalid—they are. But then the hero is no longer Othello but an impostor posing as Othello. Cut down to size, he is just like everybody else but worse, because he is a fraud into the bargain.

This abrupt foreshortening is why realistic treatment of upper-class life always takes the harsh plunge into satire. No man is a hero to his valet, and Beaumarchais' Figaro is the spokesman of social satire—not of realism; his personal and private realism turns his master into a clown. Realism deals with ordinary men and women or, in extreme forms, with sub-ordinary men, men on the level of beasts or of blind conditioned reflexes (for example, *The Hairy Ape*). This tendency is usually identified with naturalism, but I am regarding naturalism as simply a variety of realism.

Realism, historically, is associated with two relatively modern inventions, *i.e.*, with journalism and with photography. "Photographic realism" is a pejorative term, and enemies of realistic literature often dismissed it as "no more than journalism," implying that journalism was a sordid, seamy affair—a daily photographic close-up, as it were, of the clogged pores of society. The author as sheer observer likened himself to a camera (Dos Passos, Christopher Isherwood, Wright Morris), and insofar as the realistic novel was vowed to be a reflector of ordinary life, the newspapers inevitably became a prime source of material. In America, in the early part of this century, the realistic novel was a partner of what was called "muck-raking" journalism, and both were linked with populism and crusades for political reform.

Hence, perhaps, in part, the unsavory associations in common speech of the word "realistic," even when applied in nonliterary contexts. Take the phrase "a realistic decision." If someone tells you he is going to make "a realistic decision," you immediately understand that he has resolved to do something bad. The same with *"Realpolitik."* A "realistic politics" is a euphemism for a politics of harsh opportunism; if you hear someone say that it is time for a government to follow a realistic line, you can interpret this as meaning that it is time for principles to be abandoned.

Whatever the field, whenever you hear that a subject is to be treated "realistically," you expect that its unpleasant aspects are to be brought forward. So it is with the play and the novel. A delicate play like Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, though perfectly truthful to life, seems deficient in realism in comparison with the stronger medicine of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*. This is true of Turgenev's novels as well and of such English writers as Mrs. Gaskell. And of the peaceful parts of *War and Peace*. Ordinary life treated in its uneventful aspects tends to turn into an idyl. We think of Turgenev and Mrs. Gaskell almost as pastoral writers, despite the fact that their faithful sketches have nothing in common with the artificial convention of the true pastoral. We suspect that there is something Arcadian here—something "unrealistic."

AN AFFINITY FOR CRIME

IF realism deals with the ordinary man embedded in ordinary life, which for the most part is uneventful, what then is the criterion that makes us forget Turgenev or Mrs. Gaskell when we name off the realists? I think it is this: what we call realism, and particularly dramatic realism, tends to single out the ordinary man at the moment he might get into the newspaper. The criterion, in other words, is drawn from journalism. The ordinary man must become "news" before he qualifies to be the protagonist of a realistic play or novel. The exceptional man is news at all times, but how can the ordinary man get into the paper? By committing a crime. Or, more rarely, by getting involved in a spectacular accident. Since accidents, in general, are barred from the drama, this leaves crime—murder or suicide or embezzlement. And we find that the protagonists of realistic drama,

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Mary McCarthy's fiction and criticism have kept her in the intellectual vanguard in this country since her first novel, "The Company She Keeps" was published in 1942. She has written with vigor and distinction on subjects as diverse as "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood" (in Seattle), "The Groves of Academe" (in the Eastern U.S.A.), and "The Stones of Florence." Her theatrical criticism was collected in "Sights and Spectacles." Her new book of essays (including this one) will be called "On the Contrary" and will be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy in September. Married to James West, the U.S. cultural attaché, she now lives in Warsaw.

by and large, are the protagonists of newspaper stories—"little men" who have shot their wives or killed themselves in the garage or gone to jail for fraud or embezzlement.

Now drama has always had an affinity for crime—long before realism was known, Oedipus and Clytemnestra and Macbeth and Othello were famous for their deeds of blood. But the crimes of tragedy are the crimes of heroes, while the crimes of realistic drama are the crimes of the nondescript person, the crimes that are, in a sense, all alike. The individual in the realistic drama is regarded as a cog or a statistic; he commits the uniform crime that sociologically he might be expected to commit. That is, supposing that 1,031 bookkeepers in New York State are destined annually to falsify the firm's accounts, 207 policemen to shoot their wives, and 1,115 householders to do away with themselves in the garage, each individual bookkeeper, cop, and householder has been holding a ticket in this statistical lottery—like the fourteen Athenian youths and maidens sent off yearly to the Minotaur's labyrinth—and he acquires interest for the realist theatre only when his "number" comes up.

To put it simply, Frank, the stagehand in *Street Scene,* commits his crime—wife murder—without having the moral freedom to choose as an individual to commit it, just as Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman* commits suicide—under sociological pressure. The hero of tragedy, on the contrary, is a morally free being who identifies himself with his crime, and this is true even where he is fated, like Oedipus, to commit it and can be said to have no personal choice in the matter. Oedipus both rejects and accepts his deeds, embraces them in free will at last as *his*. It is the same with Othello or Hamlet.

The distinction will be clear if you ask yourself what tragedy of Shakespeare is closest to the realistic theatre. The answer, surely, is *Macbeth*. And why? Because of Lady Macbeth. Macbeth really doesn't choose to murder the sleeping Duncan; Lady Macbeth chooses for him; he is like a middle-class husband, nagged on by his ambitious wife, the way the second vice president of a bank is nagged on by his Mrs. Macbeth, who wants him to become first vice president. The end of the tragedy, however, reverses all this; Macbeth becomes a hero only late in the drama, when he pushes Lady Macbeth aside and takes all his deeds on himself. Paradoxically, the conspicuous tragic hero is never free *not* to do his deed; he cannot escape it, as Hamlet found. But the mute hero or protagonist of a realistic play is always free, at least seemingly, not to emerge from obscurity and get his picture in the paper. There is always the chance that not he but some other nondescript bookkeeper or policeman will answer the statistical call.

The heroes of realistic plays are clerks, bookkeepers, policemen, housewives, salesmen, schoolteachers, small and middling business men. They commit crimes but they cannot be professional criminals (unlike the heroes of Genêt or the characters in *The Beggar's Opera*), for professional criminals, like kings and noble men, are a race apart.

THE RUBBER PLANT

THE settings of realistic plays are offices, drab dining-rooms or living-rooms, or the back yard, which might be defined as a place where some grass has once been planted and failed to grow. The back yard is a favorite locus for American realist plays, but no realist play takes place in a garden.

Nature is excluded from the realist play, as it has been from the realistic novel. The presence of nature in Turgenev (and in Chekhov) denotes, as I have suggested, a pastoral intrusion. If a realist play does not take place in the back yard, where nature has been eroded by clothes poles, garbage cans, bottled-gas tanks, and so on, it takes place indoors, where the only plant, generally, is a rubber plant. Even with Ibsen, the action is confined to a room or pair of rooms until the late plays like *The Lady from the Sea, The Master Builder, John Gabriel Borkman,* when the realistic style has been abandoned for symbolism and the doors are swung open to the garden, mountains, the sea. Ibsen, however, is an exception to the general rule that the indoor scene must be unattractive; his middle-class Scandinavians own some handsome furniture; Nora's house, like any doll's house, must have been charmingly appointed.

But Ibsen is an exception to another rule that seems to govern realistic drama (and the novel too, for that matter)—the rule that it must not be well written. (Thanks to William Archer's wooden translations, his work now falls into line in English.) This rule in America has the force, almost, of a law, one of those iron laws that work from within necessity itself, apparently, and without conscious human aid. Our American realists do not *try* to write badly. Many, like Arthur Miller, strive to write "well," but like Dreiser in the novels, they are cursed with inarticulateness. They "grope." They are, as O'Neill said of himself, "fogbound."

The heroes are petty or colorless; the settings are drab; the language is lame. Thus the ugliness of the form is complete. I am not saying this as a criticism, only observing that when a play or a novel fails to meet these norms, we cease to think of it as realistic. Flaubert, known to be a "stylist," ceases to count for us as a realist, and even in the last century, Matthew Arnold, hailing Tolstoy as a realist, was blinded by categorical thinking—with perhaps a little help from the translations—into calling his novels raw "slices of life," sprawling, formless, and so on. But it is these clichés, in the long run, that have won out. The realistic novel today is more like what Arnold thought Tolstoy was than it is like Tolstoy or any of the early realists.

This question of the beauty of form also touches the actor. An actor formerly was supposed to be a good-looking man, with a handsome figure, beautiful movements, and a noble diction. These attributes are no longer necessary for a stage career; indeed, in America they are a positive handicap. A good-looking young man who moves well and speaks well is becoming almost unemployable in American "legit" theatre; his best hope today is to look for work in musical comedy. Or posing for advertisements. On the English stage, where realism until recently never got a foothold, the good-looking actor still rules the roost, but the English actor cannot play American realist parts, while the American actor cannot play Shakespeare or Shaw. A pretty girl in America may still hope to be an actress, though even here there are signs of a change: the heroine of O'Neill's late play, *A Moon for the Misbegotten,* was a freckled giantess five feet eleven inches tall and weighing 180 pounds.

Eisenstein and the Italian neo-realists used people off the street for actors—a logical inference from premises which, being egalitarian and documentary, are essentially hostile to professional elites, including Cossacks, Swiss Guards, and actors. The professional actor in his grease paint is the antithesis of the pallid man on the street. But film and stage realism are not so democratic in their principles as may at first appear. To begin with, the director and a small corps of professionals—electricians and cameramen—assume absolute power over the masses, *i.e.,* over the untrained actors picked from the crowd; no resistance is encountered, as it would be with professional actors, in molding the human material to the director-dictator's will. And even with stars and all-professional casts, the same tendency is found in the modern realist or neo-realist director. Hence the whispered stories of stars deliberately broken by a director: James Dean and Brigitte Bardot. Similar stories of brain-washing are heard backstage. This is not surprising if realism, as we now know it, rejects as nonaverage whatever is noble, beautiful, or seemly, whatever is capable of "gesture," whatever in fact is free.

THE GLOOMY DOCTRINE

EVERYTHING I have been saying up till now can be summed up in a sentence. Realism is a depreciation of the real. It is a gloomy puritan doctrine that has flourished chiefly in puritan countries—America, Ireland, Scandinavia, northern France, nonconformist England—chilly, chilblained countries, where the daily world is ugly and everything is done to keep it so, as if as a punishment for sin. The doctrine is spreading with industrialization, the growth of ugly cities, and the erosion of nature. It came late to the English stage, long after it had appeared in the novel, because those puritan elements with which it is naturally allied have, up until now, considered the theatre to be wicked.

At the same time, in defense of realism, it must be said that its great enemy has been just that puritan life whose gray color it has taken. The original realists—Ibsen in the theatre, Flaubert in the novel—regarded themselves as "pagans," in opposition to their puritan contemporaries, and adhered to a religion of beauty or Nature; they dreamed of freedom and hedonistic license (Flaubert), and exalted the autonomy of the individual will (Ibsen). Much of this "paganism" is still found in O'Casey and in the early O'Neill, a curdled puritan of Irish-American stock.

The original realists were half Dionysian aesthetes ("the vine-leaves in his hair"), and their heroes and heroines were usually rebels, protesting the drabness and meanness of the common life. Ibsen's characters complain that they are "stifling"; in the airless hypocrisy of the puritan middle-class parlor, people were being poisoned by the dead gas of lies. Hypocrisy is the cardinal sin of the middle class, and the exposure of a lie is at the center of all Ibsen's plots. The strength and passion of realism is its resolve to tell the whole truth; this explains why the realist in his indictment of society avoids the old method of satire with its delighted exaggeration.

The realist drama at its highest is an im-

placable exposé. Ibsen rips off the curtain and shows his audiences to themselves, and there is something inescapable in the manner of the confrontation, like a case slowly being built. The pillars of society who sit in the best seats are, bit by bit, informed that they are rotten and that the commerce they live on is a commerce of "coffin ships." The action of the Ibsen stage is too close for comfort to the lives of the audience; only the invisible "fourth wall" divides them. "This is the way we live now!" Moral examination, self-examination are practiced as a duty, a Protestant stock-taking, in the realist mission hall.

IN THE COFFIN, THE CORPSE

FOR this, it is essential that the audience accept the picture as true; it cannot be permitted to feel that it is watching something "made up" or embellished. Hence the stripping down of the form and the elimination of effects that might be recognized as literary. For the first time, too, in the realist drama, the accessories of the action are described at length by the playwright. The details must strike home and convince. The audience must be able to place the furniture, the carpets, the ornaments, the napery and glassware as "just what these people would have."

This accounts for the importance of the stage set. Many critics who scornfully dismiss the "boxlike set" of the realistic drama, with its careful disposition of furniture, do not understand its function. This box is the box or "coffin" of average middle-class life opened at one end to reveal the corpse within, looking, as all embalmed corpses are said to do, "just as if it were alive." Inside the realist drama, whenever it is genuine and serious, there is a kind of double illusion, a false bottom: everything appears to be lifelike but this appearance of life is death. The stage set remains a central element in all true realism; it cannot be replaced by scrim or platforms.

In *A Long Day's Journey into Night,* surely the greatest realist drama since Ibsen, the family living-room, with its central overhead lighting fixture is as solid and eternal as oak and as sad as wicker, and O'Neill in the text tells the stage designer what books must be in the glassed-in bookcase on the left and what books in the other by the entrance.

The tenement of Rice's *Street Scene* (in the opera version) was a magnificent piece of characterization; so was the Bronx living-room of Odets' *Awake and Sing*—his sole (and successful) experiment with realism. I can still see the bowl of fruit on the table, slightly to the left of stage center, and hear the Jewish mother interrupting whoever happened to be talking, to say, "Have a piece of fruit." That bowl of fruit, which *was* the Jewish Bronx, remains more memorable as a character than many of the people in the drama. This gift of characterization through props and stage set is shared by Paddy Chayefsky in *Middle of the Night* and by William Inge in *Come Back, Little Sheba,* where an unseen prop or accessory, the housewife's terrible frowsty little dog, is the master stroke of realist illusionism and, more than that, a kind of ghostly totem. All these plays, incidentally, are stories of death-in-life.

This urgent correspondence with a familiar reality, down to the last circumstantial detail, is what makes realism so gripping, like a trial in court. The dramatist is witnessing or testifying, on an oath never sworn before in a work of art, not to leave out anything and to tell the truth to the best of his ability. And yet the realistic dramatist, beginning with Ibsen, is aware of a missing element. The realist mode seems to generate a dissatisfaction with itself, even in the greatest masters: Tolstoy, for example, came to feel that his novels, up to *Resurrection,* were inconsequential, trifling; the vital truth had been left out. In short, as a novelist, he began to feel like a hypocrite. This dissatisfaction with realism was evidently suffered also by Ibsen; halfway through his realist period, you see him start to look for another dimension. Hardly had he discovered or invented the new dramatic mode than he showed signs of being cramped by it; he experienced, if his plays are an index, that same sense of confinement, of being stifled, within the walls of realism that his characters experience within the walls of middle-class life. Something was missing: air.

This is already plain in *The Wild Duck,* a strange piece of autocriticism and probably his finest play; chafing, restless, mordant, he is searching for something else, for a poetic element, which he represents, finally, in the wild duck itself, a dramatic symbol for that cherished wild freedom that neither Ibsen nor his characters can maintain, without harming it, in a shut-in space. But to resort to symbols to make good the missing element becomes a kind of forcing, like trying to raise a wild bird in an attic, and the strain of this is felt in *Rosmersholm,* where symbols play a larger part and are charged with

a more oppressive weight of meaning. In *The Lady from the Sea, The Master Builder,* and other late plays, the symbols have broken through the thin fence or framework of realism; poetry has spread its crippled wings, but the price has been heavy.

The whole history of dramatic realism is encapsulated in Ibsen: first, the renunciation of verse and of historical and philosophical subjects in the interests of prose and the present time; then the dissatisfaction and the attempt to restore the lost element through a recourse to symbols; then, or at the same time, a forcing of the action of the climaxes to heighten the drama; finally, the renunciation of realism in favor of a mixed mode or hodgepodge. The reaching for tragedy at the climaxes is evident in *Hedda Gabler* and still more so in *Rosmersholm,* where, to me at any rate, that climactic shriek, "To the mill race!" is absurdly like a bad film.

Many of Ibsen's big moments, even as early as *A Doll's House,* strike me as false and grandiose, that is, precisely, as stagy. Nor is it only in the context of realism that they appear so. It is not just that one objects that people do not act or talk like that—which is Tolstoy's criticism of King Lear on the heath. If you compare the mill-race scene in *Rosmersholm* with the climax of a Shakespearean tragedy, you will see that the Shakespearean heroes are far less histrionic, more natural and *ordinary*; there is always a stillness at the center of the Shakespearean storm. It is as if the realist, in reaching for tragedy, were punished for his *hubris* by a ludicrous fall into bathos. Tragedy is impossible by definition in the quotidian realist mode, since (quite aside from the question of the hero) tragedy is the exceptional action one of whose signs is beauty.

O'NEILL'S LONG QUEST

IN America the desire to supply the missing element (usually identified as poetry or "beauty") seems to grow stronger and stronger exactly in proportion to the author's awkwardness with language. The less a playwright can write prose, the more he wishes to write poetry and to raise his plays by their bootstraps to a higher realm. You find these applications of "beauty" in Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams; they stand out like rouge on a pitted complexion; it is as though the author first wrote the play naturalistically and then gave it a beauty treatment or face lift.

Before them, O'Neill, who was too honest and too philosophically inclined to be satisfied by a surface solution, kept looking methodically for a way of representing the missing element in dramas that would still be realistic at the core. He experimented with masks (*The Great God Brown*), with the aside and the soliloquy (*Strange Interlude*), with a story and pattern borrowed from the Greek classic drama (*Mourning Becomes Electra*).

In other words, he imported into the American home or farm the machinery of tragedy. But his purpose was always a greater realism. His use of the aside, for example, was very different from the traditional use of the aside (a kind of nudge to the audience, usually on the part of the villain, to let them in on his true intent or motive); in *Strange Interlude* O'Neill was trying, through the aside, to make available to the realistic drama the discoveries of modern psychology, to represent on the stage the unconscious selves of his characters, at cross purposes with their conscious selves but just as real if not realer, at least according to the psychoanalysts.

He was trying, in short, to give a more complete picture of ordinary people in their daily lives. It was the same with his use of masks in *The Great God Brown;* he was appropriating the mask of Athenian drama, a ritual means of putting a distance between the human actor and the audience, to bring his own audience closer to the inner humanity of his character—the man behind the mask of conformity. The fact that these devices were clumsy is beside the point. O'Neill's sincerity usually involved him in clumsiness. In the end, he came back to the straight realism of his beginnings: *The Long Voyage Home,* the title of his young Caribbean series, could also be the title of the great play of his old age: *A Long Day's Journey into Night.* He has sailed beyond the horizon and back into port; the circle is complete. In this late play, the quest for the missing element, as such, is renounced; poetry is held to be finally unattainable by the author.

"I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now," says the character who is supposed to be the young O'Neill. "I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. I mean, if I live. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people."

In this brave acknowledgment or advance acceptance of failure, there is something very moving. Moreover, the acceptance of defeat was in fact the signal of a victory. *A Long Day's Journey into Night,* sheer dogged prose from beginning to end, achieves in fact a peculiar poetry,

and the relentless amassing of particulars takes on, eventually, some of the crushing force of inexorable logic that we find in Racine or in a Greek play. The weight of circumstance itself becomes a fate or Nemesis. This is the closest, probably, that realism can get to tragedy.

The "stammering" of O'Neill was what made his later plays so long, and the stammering, which irritated some audiences, impatient for the next syllable to fall, was a sign of the author's agonized determination to be truthful. If O'Neill succeeded, at last, in deepening the character of his realism, it was because the missing element he strove to represent was not, in the end, "poetry" or "beauty" or "philosophy" (though he sometimes seems to have felt that it was) but simply meaning—the total significance of an action. What he came to conclude, rather wearily, in his last plays was that the total significance of an action lay in the accumulated minutiae of that action and could not be abstracted from it, at least not by him. There was no truth or meaning beyond the event itself; anything more (or less) would be a lie. This pun or tautology, this conundrum, committed him to a cycle of repetition, and memory, the mother of the Muses, became his only muse.

TOWARD THE UNIVERSAL

THE younger American playwrights—Miller, Williams, Inge, Chayefsky—now all middle-aged, are pledged, like O'Neill, to verisimilitude. They purport to offer a "slice of life"—in Tennessee Williams' case a rich, spicy slab of Southern fruit cake, but still a slice of life. The locus of their plays is the American porch or back yard or living-room or parlor or bus station, presented as typical, authentic as home-fried potatoes or "real Vermont maple syrup." This authenticity may be regional, as with Williams and Chayefsky (a New Orleans slum, a Long Island synagogue), or it may claim to be as broad as the nation, as with Arthur Miller, or somewhere rather central, in between the two, as with William Inge. But in any case the promise of these playwrights is to show an ordinary home, an ordinary group of bus passengers, a typical manufacturer, and so on, and the dramatis personae tend to resemble a small-town, non-blue-ribbon jury: housewife, lawyer, salesman, chiropractor, working man, schoolteacher. . . .

Though Tennessee Williams' characters are more exotic, they too are offered as samples to the audience's somewhat voyeuristic eye; when Williams' film, *Baby Doll,* was attacked by Cardinal Spellman, the director (Elia Kazan) defended it on the grounds that it was true to the life that he and Williams had observed, on location, in Mississippi. If the people in Tennessee Williams' plays were regarded as products of the author's imagination, his plays would lose all their interest. There is always a point in any one of Williams' dramas where recognition gives way to a feeling of shocked incredulity; this shock technique is the source of his sensational popularity. But the audience would not be electrified if it had not been persuaded earlier that it was witnessing something the author vouched for as a common, ordinary occurrence in the American South.

Unlike the other playwrights, who make a journalistic claim to neutral recording, Arthur Miller admittedly has a message. His first Broadway success, *All My Sons,* was a social indictment taken, almost directly, from Ibsen's *Pillars of Society.* The coffin ships, rotten, unseaworthy vessels calked over to give an appearance of soundness, became defective airplanes sold to the government by a corner-cutting manufacturer during the second world war; like the coffin ships, the airplanes are a symbol of the inner rottenness of bourgeois society, and the sins of the father are visited on the son, a pilot who cracks up in the Pacific theatre (in Ibsen, the ship-owner's boy is saved at the last minute from sailing on *The Indian Girl*).

The insistence of this symbol and the vagueness or absence of concrete detail express Miller's impatience with the particular and his feeling that his play ought to say "more" than it appears to be saying. Ibsen, even in his later, symbolic works, was always specific about the where, when, and how of his histories, but Miller has always regarded the specific as trivial and has sought, from the very outset, a hollow, reverberant universality. The reluctance to awaken a specific recognition, for fear that a larger meaning might go unrecognized by the public, grew on Miller with *Death of a Salesman*—a strong and original conception that was enfeebled by its creator's insistence on universality and by a too-hortatory excitement, *i.e.,* an eagerness to preach, which is really another form of the same thing. Miller was bent on making his Salesman (as he calls him) a parable of Everyman, exactly as in a clergyman's sermon, so that the drama has only the quality—and something of the canting tone—of an illustrative moral example.

The thirst for universality becomes even more imperious in *A View from the Bridge,* where the account of a waterfront killing that Miller read

in a newspaper is accessorized with Greek architecture, "archetypes," and, from time to time, intoned passages of verse, and Miller announces in a preface that he is not interested in his hero's "psychology." Miller does not understand that you cannot turn a newspaper item about Italian longshoremen and illegal immigration into a Greek play by adding a chorus and the pediment of a temple. Throughout Miller's long practice as a realist, there is not only a naïve searching for another dimension but an evident hatred of and contempt for reality—as not good enough to make plays out of.

It is natural, therefore, that he should never have had any interest in how people talk; his characters all talk the same way—somewhat funereally, through their noses. A live sense of speech differences (think of Shaw's *Pygmalion*) is rare in American playwrights; O'Neill tried to cultivate it ("dat ol' davil sea"), but he could never do more than write perfunctory dialect, rather like that of somebody telling a Pat and Mike story or a mountaineer joke. The only American realist with an ear for speech, aside from Chayefsky, whose range is narrow, is Tennessee Williams. He does really hear his characters, especially his female characters; he has studied their speech patterns and, like Professor Higgins, he can tell where they come from; Williams too is the only realist who places his characters in social history. Of all the realists, after O'Neill, he has probably the greatest native gift for the theatre; he is a natural performer and comedian, and it is too bad that he suffers from the inferiority complex that is the curse of recent American realists—the sense that a play must be bigger than its characters.

This is really a social disease—a fear of being underrated—rather than the claustrophobia of the medium itself, which tormented Ibsen and O'Neill. But it goes back to the same source: the depreciation of the real. Real speech, for example, is not good enough for Williams and from time to time he silences his characters to put on a phonograph record of his special poetic long-play prose.

WILLIAMS' CRITTERS

ALL dramatic realism is somewhat sadistic; an audience is persuaded to watch something that makes it uncomfortable and from which no relief is offered—no laughter, no tears, no purgation. This sadism had a moral justification, so long as there was the question of the exposure of a lie. But Williams is fascinated by the refinements of cruelty, which with him become a form of aestheticism, and his plays, far from baring a lie that society is trying to cover up, titillate society like a peep show. The curtain is ripped off, to disclose, not a drab scene of ordinary life, but a sadistic exhibition of the kind certain rather specialized tourists pay to see in big cities like New Orleans. With Williams, it is always a case of watching some mangy cat on a hot tin roof. The ungratified sexual organ of an old maid, a young wife married to a homosexual, a subnormal poor white farmer is proffered to the audience as a curiosity.

The withholding of sexual gratification from a creature or "critter" in heat for three long acts is Williams' central device; other forms of torture to which these poor critters are subjected are hysterectomy and castration. Nobody, not even the SPCA, would argue that it was a good thing to show the prolonged torture of a dumb animal on the stage, even though the torture were only simulated and animals, in the end, would profit from such cases' being brought to light. Yet this, on a human level, is Tennessee Williams' realism—a cat, to repeat, on a hot tin roof. And, in a milder version, it is found again in William Inge's *Picnic*.

No one could have prophesied, a hundred years ago, that the moral doctrine of realism would narrow to the point of becoming pornography, yet something like that seems to be happening with such realistic novels as *Peyton Place* and the later John O'Hara and with one branch of the realist theatre. Realism seems to be a highly unstable mode, attracted on the one hand to the higher, on the other to the lower elements in the human scale, tending always to proceed toward its opposite, that is, to irreality, tracing a vicious circle from which it can escape only by repudiating itself.

Realism, in short, is forever begging the question—the question of reality. To find the ideal realist, you would first have to find reality. And if no dramatist today, except O'Neill, can accept being a realist in its full implications, this is perhaps because of lack of courage. Ibsen and O'Neill, with all their dissatisfaction, produced major works in the full realist vein; the recent realists get discouraged after a single effort. *Street Scene; All My Sons; The Glass Menagerie; Come Back, Little Sheba; Middle of the Night;* perhaps *Awake and Sing* are the only convincing evidence that exists of an American realist school—not counting O'Neill. If I add *Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire,* it is only because I do not know where else to put them.

Harper's Magazine, July 1961

MIRIAM CHAPIN



Quebec's Revolt against the Catholic Schools

New voices—clerical and anticlerical—are shaking French Canada's educational system . . . and demanding change in its tradition-bound ways of living, thinking, and teaching.

A FRIEND of mine whom I shall call Martine came to lunch with me one day last week. She is a bright and well-informed French Canadian whose husband teaches at the University of Montreal, not far from my home. She herself attended one of the few girls' classical colleges, and took some university training in social service work. She married Jean-Paul at twenty-two, younger than most French Canadian girls marry, and she has three sons. She remarked firmly one day that she wanted no more children, and when I raised an inquiring eyebrow, she said, "I don't have to confess everything I do to the priest."

Her oldest boy is just beginning his classical course under the Jesuits, at eleven. It was of the second one, eight years old, still in public school (French and Catholic, of course) near home, that she began talking.

"He is so nervous. I just don't know what to do with him. I wish his teachers wouldn't put so much emphasis on the catechism and all that. He keeps asking if he has to go to purgatory and he cries and has nightmares about the martyrs that they burned and shot with arrows, and about the Crucifixion. He is too sensitive. The other children don't seem to worry like that. Jean-Paul says if he is so unhappy maybe we ought to send him to a Protestant English school, but we'd have to say we're Protestants and we're not. We're French Canadian Catholics and so is he, and we want him to grow up in his own milieu—you know what I mean. Maybe an English private school? But then he'd still be apart from his own people. I guess the only way is to make our schools change—but that takes so long."

We were speaking English, as we usually do, but then she switched to French, so I knew she was deeply concerned and thinking out loud. "It would be hard to take him out of the Catholic school, for one reason because Jean-Paul's father loves our children so, and would feel so grieved. He is, well, a darling, but a little bit old-fashioned. He thinks I ought to be more strict with the children. He even doesn't like it at all that the Cardinal has relaxed the hours for fasting before mass—he says he's always fasted twelve hours and he always will. For me, I've never bothered much. You've seen me eat meat on Friday lots of times—" she smiled at me. "But even though I'm careless, I don't want to give up my religion, it's a comfort to me in trouble. Jean-Paul feels the same as I do. It's our way of life. But I signed the petition."

"Petition?" I said vaguely.

"Yes, you know, the petition eight hundred women signed—imagine, eight hundred of us—asking the Provincial Government to give us free public schools run by the Government. We want a Ministry to run the schools, not the clergy. But I don't want to get rid of the Church, I truly don't. I just want them to mind their own business."

I was startled to see tears in the eyes of my gay, worldly friend. It came to me how rending to many French Canadians is this present "crisis of anticlericalism," as the Church calls it. They are a religious people, in spite of their frequent irreverent jokes and blasphemy. Their Church has stood for more than three centuries as defender

of their language and their national life against the hostile English-speaking world around them. It consecrates the rites that mark the stages of their lives, christening, first communion, marriage, and burial. Nuns and priests have come from their families, though now they are mostly from the generation over forty.

It is curious that many Americans were worried lest a Catholic President might facilitate Catholic control of American schools, while in next-door Quebec anticlericals who are themselves Catholics in good standing are trying to put laymen in control of theirs. A few of the Church's opponents are of course atheists and anti-Church as well as anticlerical, but they are not the most influential. There are all shades of opinion, and all are being loudly expressed—which itself is a new thing in Quebec. Not since the 1890s, when school reform came close to being achieved, has there been such outspoken criticism of the clergy.

A VOICE OF DISQUIET

AT BASE, the ferment is due to the tremendous change in Quebec's social structure in the past twenty years, its vast industrial development, its urbanization. Now, hardly a fifth of the population lives on the farms. The cities bulge, the suburbs spread, the slums blight the centers. Practically all city French Canadians are bilingual. They have to be, though English Canadians are recognizing the need to speak French and are making progress at it. Quebec has been pitchforked into the modern world. Women leave their homes to work, to run their own businesses, to teach in the university, and to be journalists and lawyers and doctors and what they please. In some ways French Canadian women are more emancipated than English Canadian women. They speak up loud and clear in politics. The widow of former Premier Sauvé has just been chosen Quebec Conservative leader, and she is no figurehead.

Some people in the Province want a separate national Quebec, but most French Canadians, feeling a new pride in their country, simply want to be recognized as first-class Canadians. They are not French and don't want to be. They want to control their own Province, and they resent the economic hold of English, English Canadians, and now Americans on their mines and forests and factories. To take their rightful place in Canadian and North American life, they believe better education is the first essential, and that includes political education.

An important force in the upheaval has been a small monthly magazine called *Cité Libre*, which can be conventionally described as left-wing Catholic. It has been published for ten years now, growing slowly in size and circulation, with an influence out of proportion to the number of its subscribers. Edited by French Canadians, some of whom have degrees from Harvard and London as well as the Sorbonne, it has given a voice to the disquiet of the intellectuals at the corruption of politics, the failures of the schools, the bankruptcy of clerical leadership in too many cases. One of its former contributors became Minister of Public Works in the present Provincial Cabinet, and set in motion some drastic reforms. *Cité Libre* has shocked and angered many people, but it has been an oasis of free speech.

Among the signs of a new realistic attitude to the Church is the decision of the "Catholic Syndicates" to drop the word "Catholic" from their name, becoming "National" unions instead. Another straw in the wind was the remark made to a young novelist after the publication of her first book. "It would have had better reviews if it hadn't been sponsored by a priest." When a bishop in Gaspé advised the hospitals in his diocese about the conditions under which the nuns who run them should sign up for the national health-insurance plan, and so caused delay, he was slapped down in the Quebec Parliament by the deputy from his constituency, and told to "take account of his role."

Such irreverence would have been inconceivable a few years ago.

The widespread discontent comes to a focus on the public schools. Run by the clergy since Quebec was first settled, they have educated priests and lawyers, but far too few of the men and women Quebec has long needed—the engineers, chemists, physicists, biologists, businessmen, economists, bankers, all the technicians of our industrial society. They prepare for life nowhere except in Quebec, and not very well for that. The structure of the system has hardly changed since 1875. The Provincial Government controls only the sixty-odd technical schools, agriculture, apprenticeship, handicraft, and the

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Miriam Chapin has known Montreal for nearly thirty years and reported on Canadian affairs in many American magazines. She now spends winters there and summers in Vermont, thirty miles from her childhood home. The most recent of her four books is "Contemporary Canada" (published in 1959 by the Oxford University Press).

like. For the rest, it appoints a Council of Public Instruction, composed of a Catholic and a Protestant Committee, who have met together once in fifty years.

Half the Catholic Committee must be bishops and archbishops. They hold office for life, supreme over the million Catholic schoolchildren of Quebec, four-fifths of the Provincial school population. They lay out the course of study, approve the textbooks largely written to their specifications, set the qualifications for teachers. What they have given the Province is the "confessional" school, the school so soaked in Catholicism that even problems in arithmetic add numbers of angels or lay out building plans for churches. History is disproportionately concerned with Quebec's colonial days and nationalist struggle; much of the reading is devotional; while an hour or more a day is given over to prayer and catechism. Many of the teachers come from some religious order, and work for lower pay than the lay teachers, who naturally resent that situation. Many teachers have never been out of Canada; almost all come from Quebec itself. Far too many pupils, bored and rebellious, drop out at fourteen to take some dreary factory job, and in bad times they make up the lines of unemployed.

Until 1942 attendance at school was not compulsory, because the doctrine of the Church is that education must be a matter for parents and clergy; the state has no right to interfere. But the state has had to interfere more and more, with grants and subsidies and the assumption of local school-commission debts, because the real-estate taxes which were once supposed to support the schools are so painfully insufficient. The Department of Public Instruction within the Provincial Government sends inspectors to the schools, runs normal schools, approves school construction, and other things, but it is subordinate to the Council of Public Instruction. If there were a real Ministry of Education, the Council would be reduced to an advisory function. As of now, voters have little or no say about the education their children get.

The stronghold of the Church is the classical college. There are sixty of them, fifteen for girls, all but one run by religious orders such as the Jesuits, Sulpicians, Clercs de St. Viateur, and so on, or by the hierarchy of a diocese. A boy enters at eleven or twelve for an eight-year course in Greek, Latin, English, French literature, rhetoric (every educated French Canadian is expected to be a polished speaker), versification, mathematics, philosophy, with precious little science. Orders of nuns run the colleges for girls. A few girls go to the fashionable convents. A French Canadian visitor recently wrote of a visit to an Ursuline convent, "It is stuck in the Middle Ages. For the pupils, religion seems reduced to the morality which is taught them. It stinks in their noses, and so does religion. They will abandon it when they leave."

When a boy graduates from classical college, he receives a degree granted by the university, the "baccalaureate." It means nothing outside Quebec. There, it admits him to the university for three years of law, medicine, or arts. Until ten years ago a boy whose family could not pay the tuition and board charged by a classical college found his way barred to the university. While fees are not high, they make a heavy burden for a family with three or four children to educate at a time. After the war, rude democracy crept in, and the school commissions were forced to open some high schools, all too few. Now nearly half the university students come from that background, and the universities have to provide undergraduate courses for them.

The system is still awkwardly adapted to these exigencies, and the whole field of secondary education is in a state of general confusion. It was designed to form an elite and concerned itself not at all with the proletarian mass. The push from below sends it into a dither. Shall the classical colleges become public schools? Shall more bursaries (scholarships) be given? Who shall teach what? An Irish Catholic who worked for the Montreal School Commission (Irish Catholics always have at least one representative on the Catholic Commission, but they never think they get a fair deal from the French majority) said to me years ago, "The French'll be chasing those Brothers of theirs down the street with rocks one of these days. You'll see."

BY BROTHER SO-AND-SO

NOW the Church is under attack from the teaching Brothers themselves, those humblest of all the clergy. The sensation of the winter was a thin paperback, *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* (Brother So-and-so), which sold more than 100,000 copies. Written by a Marist Brother, published without the *imprimatur*, the *nihil obstat* of the Church, it is a harsh arraignment of the Church's schools and of the Church itself, by a young man who writes poetically of the love and devotion he offers to the Virgin Mary, who declares that he is in and of the Church, that he

will remain all his life in the order whose vows he took.

From that background he talks of the bad teaching in the schools, the abominable French that is spoken by both teachers and pupils, the atmosphere of fear that pervades the educational system. He says, "Historically our Catholicism is Counter Reformation. Add to that the Protestant Conquest . . ." (He means the English conquest of Quebec since 1763, never forgotten by French Canadians.) "And you have our Catholicism—shriveled, timid, ignorant, reduced to a sexual morality, and negative at that." His superior backed him up, saying, "We have raised enough sheep, it's time we raised some shepherds."

The discussion since has been unprecedented at all levels. A French Canadian who sends his children to an English Canadian private school told me, "I don't want to. French is part of their heritage, and I am cheating them out of it, at least partly. But I can't stand the prayers any longer, and the constant demand for complete submission to authority." A rather uneducated woman said to me, voicing a point of view I hadn't heard elsewhere, "We've got to do something. All these immigrants coming in have so much better education than our boys, they're grabbing all the good jobs." It is true that Montreal is now a tenth European.

An editor of *Le Devoir,* Montreal daily, complained that so many of the letters pouring in about the schools demanded anonymity. "Why all this fear?" he asked. One of the unsigned missives spoke of the conspiracy of silence which reigns about education at all stages, "as if the expression of a legitimate discontent would shake the Church." But that is just the trouble; it does. Church and School are inseparable. An old bishop summed up the dread that besets him and his colleagues when he blurted, "How can we recruit young men for the priesthood if we do not control the schools?"

According to Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, Archbishop of Montreal, Quebec lacks five hundred priests; he could place that many at once if he had them. They are not forthcoming, in a Province where it used to be the pride of every Catholic family to give at least one son to the Church. So while the wave of criticism flows over the schools, it laps at the foundations of the Church itself. I was taken aback one day when I asked the opinion of an older woman whom I have long known as devout, obedient to the Church's rules and genuinely loyal. She said unhappily and very seriously, "It is too bad we had no share in the French Revolution here. The Church in France [where she spends her summers] is far more enlightened than ours, more liberal, more intelligent, more beloved. I am afraid of what is coming here."

THE JESUITS LOOK AHEAD

IN THE midst of the commotion over the lower schools—the demands for less religion and more practical instruction—the Jesuits chose the moment to toss a few buckets of gasoline on another inflammable spot. The French-speaking Jesuits want to combine two classical colleges in Montreal, add a few advanced courses, and get a university charter from the Government for the product. The Irish Jesuits want to raise to university status their Loyola College in Montreal, which is now more like a small American denominational college than like the Quebec classical variety.

Quebec has three French-speaking universities —Montreal, Laval, and Sherbrooke—and three English-speaking ones. All except McGill are gasping for funds; they are privately endowed to begin with, but they survive on Federal and Provincial grants. The University of Montreal set up a howl at the Jesuit proposal, and its professors issued a paperback, *The University says NO to the Jesuits.* They said such new institutions would draw off some of their best teachers, too many of whom head for the higher salaries south of the border anyhow, and would doom all the universities to mediocrity. What most of those protesting really want is a university run by laymen—all the present French-speaking ones are under the Church—free of clerical domination, free to discuss anything they choose, free to pursue research wherever it leads. Obviously, granting two new charters to the Jesuits would stymie any such project for years to come. Besides, the Jesuit move has stimulated several small cities to dream of making their classical colleges into universities. Trois Rivières has even applied to Parliament for a charter. Such wholesale creation of universities would end by making the title pretty meaningless.

The Jesuits say that in ten years new universities will be needed for Quebec's growing population, that students from other Provinces who now have to attend non-Catholic universities will be glad to come to Quebec. French communities in all Canadian Provinces want their own schools, and some have them, but each Province deals with education independently, and they vary widely in the way they treat the French minori-

ties. The Jesuits believe now is the time to prepare to gather in both English and French from outside Quebec, and to take care of the boys now in lower schools.

In Montreal I talked with Father Gérard Plante, who is Director of Studies for all the Jesuit colleges in Canada. "Lay teachers?" he said. "But why not? We have them now. We need the university charter for the progress of education in Quebec. We need it to meet the fast-growing requirements of French Canadian society." He spoke with enthusiasm and conviction.

Other Jesuits cite their vast experience in education, their learned doctors—whose doctorates are usually in the humanities, a field where no Catholic would dispute their competence. But it is science that Quebec pants for. The Montreal English newspapers support the Irish campaign to make Loyola a university—which does it no good at all with French Canadians. The Quebec Government has put off its decision until a Royal Commission on Education which it has appointed can report next year. Quebec is in for a year or more of polemics.



Willard Goodman

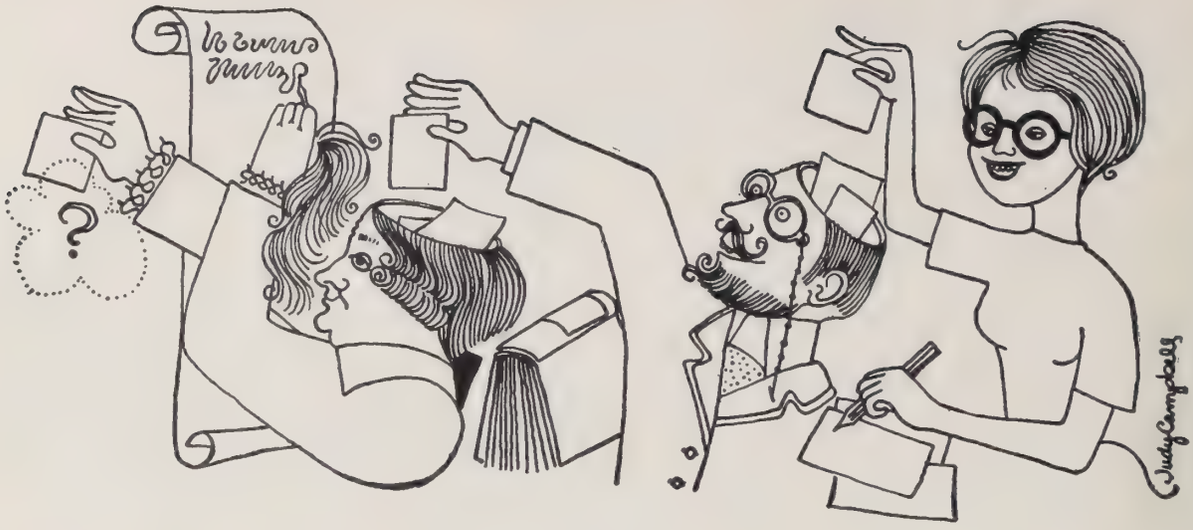
ANYTHING BUT NEUTRAL

THESE arguments have become political issues—as do most things in Quebec. The remnants of the late Premier Duplessis' party, now in opposition to the Liberals who won last June's election, accuse the Government of Premier Jean Lesage of wishing to betray the Church, of plotting to do away with the confessional school. A lot of his followers undoubtedly do want to, but their leaders stoutly deny the imputation. After all, the Church still carries a lot of weight at election time.

So the Government protests that it reveres the confessional school, that it will never never never appoint a Minister of Education, that it abhors the neutral school like the public school in the United States. But the moves that it is making, the extension of compulsory attendance through the ninth year (with the Cardinal's assent), the provision of stricter teacher training, of more scientific courses, the promise of free tuition—even through university some day—the plans for regional secondary schools with "mixed" classes, where boys and girls study together, all tip the balance toward state control. Since Government pays the piper, it will some day call the tune. It appeals strongly to the renascent nationalist movement in Quebec, when it points out that in order to survive in our world, French Canadians must have the best education available.

A laymen's association to promote the nonconfessional school has been organized, with some respected leaders and considerable enthusiasm. It would abolish religious entrance requirements, and open the doors to French-speaking Jews, French Protestants, nonbelievers. The first meeting of the *"Mouvement laïc de langue française"* brought together six hundred persons. One speaker deplored the feeling of guilt, the belief in original sin which the schools impress on children's minds. An attack on religious teaching on these grounds instead of on those of expediency would make the controversy fiercer and extend it to the Protestant schools as well. As Pierre Trudeau, one of the editors of *Cité Libre,* remarked to me after that meeting, in a slangy French phrase hard to put in English, "I think we shook out the rivets."

The university students, who know by recent experience what the confessional school is like, are taking an active part in the fight to laicize education. The student magazine at the University of Montreal, *Le Quartier Latin,* headed a biting editorial addressed to the clergy of Quebec, *"C'est le peuple à genoux qui relève la tête"*: "The Kneeling People Lift Their Heads."



"The Footnote-and-mouth disease"[1]

HELENE HANFF

On the strength of a Grant-in-Aid from CBS, a television writer for the Hallmark "Hall of Fame," "Ellery Queen," and other popular story programs, dives bravely into the maelstrom of Recognized Sources and Bibliographic Research.

A WOMAN comes home from an afternoon bridge game and says to her husband: "Floss is definitely leaving Joe." Her husband says: "Who told you?"

"Mabel."

"Where'd Mabel hear it?"

"Lucy told her."

"Who told Lucy?"

"I don't know."

Her husband looks unconvinced, so she adds: "It must be true, it's all over town!"

In social circles, this method of conveying information is known as Gossip. In academic circles it's known as Historical Research. I will tell you how you find this out.

You're a writer. As part of a TV project, you're doing research on the Alien and Sedition Acts. Which is why, one rainy winter evening, you're lying on the sofa with your shoes off, reading the Congressional Record for 1798. You come upon a sizzling speech delivered by a Congressman from New York named Edward Livingston. You think you may need him in the TV script.

Accordingly, next morning, you go down to the Public Library to look up the life of Edward Livingston. You consult first—*de rigueur*—the *Dictionary of American Biography,* published under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies and known in historical research as The Bible. Hereinafter referred to as the *D.A.B.*

In the *D.A.B.* account of Livingston's life, you read: "In 1782 he began the study of law at Albany in the office of John Lansing [*q.v.*] where he found as fellow students Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, and James Kent."

("Floss is definitely leaving Joe.")

("Who told you?")

The most recent book on the subject is *Edward Livingston, Jeffersonian Republican and Jacksonian Democrat,* by W. B. Hatcher.

("Mabel.")

You get Hatcher off the shelf. Hatcher says Livingston studied law in Albany with John Lansing. "Here he was thrown into intimate contact with such brilliant legal minds as Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, and James Kent."

("Where'd Mabel hear it?")

Hatcher's bibliography directs you to the *Life of Edward Livingston* by C. H. Hunt.

("Lucy told her.")

You consult Hunt. Hunt says that Hamilton, Burr, and Kent were "intimate fellow-students of

[1] Quoted from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch who got it from a professor of his whose name he didn't mention.

Livingston's" and that the four "met outside the office and tirelessly argued legal topics and methods of study."

("Who told Lucy?")

You look for a footnote. There isn't any. You look for a bibliography. There isn't any. (It's an old book.)

("I don't know.")

You go back to the *D.A.B.* bibliography on Livingston. It includes, among others, a book on the Livingston family and four magazine articles on Edward. You consult all five.

The book on the Livingston family repeats the story. A footnote gives Hunt, *Life of Edward Livingston,* as its source. Three of the four articles repeat the story. In footnotes, two cite Hunt as their source, one cites Hatcher.

("It must be true, it's all over town!")

You hit upon a simple way to check the story. You go back to the *D.A.B.* and look up, in order, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, and James Kent.

When the library closes, you go home, mix yourself a stiff martini, and crouch over it for a while, oppressed by a feeling that you're not doing very well.

What bothers you is *not* that while Edward Livingston was studying law in the office of John Lansing in Albany,[1] James Kent was studying law in the office of Egbert Benson in Poughkeepsie,[2] and Aaron Burr had finished studying with William Paterson in Raritan, New Jersey, and moved on to the office of an unnamed lawyer in Haverstraw, New York.[2] Or even that Alexander Hamilton either "studied law in the office of Colonel Robert Troup in Albany,"[2] or "rented a house in Albany and took Robert Troup to live with him,"[3] or "received all his legal training in New York City."[4]

What bothers you is: are you sure? If so, of what? All you are sure of is that each professor (most of the Recognized Sources were college professors) copied out what he read in the books of his predecessors—getting it from Mabel who got it from Lucy who got it from Pearl who got it God-knows-where—and then listed all of them solemnly as a bibliography.

A little gin does wonders, however, and presently you begin to feel more cheerful. For one thing, you've at least found out who Edward Livingston was. And for another, you may not even need him in the cast.

[1] *Opus cit.*
[2] *D.A.B.*
[3] *Portrait of a Prodigy* by Loth.
[4] *History of the New York Bench and Bar.*

A month later you have finished the outline on the Alien and Sedition Acts—and you didn't need Livingston in the cast. You didn't need historians either: you used the Congressional Record, transcripts of the Sedition trials, and other original sources such as diaries and newspapers of the day. No footnotes. No bibliography. A man's life, however, is a different matter. And having finished the TV project, you once more wander into the Public Library in search of Edward Livingston.

Thirteen biographies, twenty-nine histories of the period, nine magazine articles, seven memoirs, four essays, four lectures, three journals, three annals, two diaries, two memorials, one master's thesis, one monograph, five libraries, and six months later, you still haven't found him. But you've acquired a collection of facts straight out of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Three things happen to gossip in the retelling: (1) somebody gets it wrong; (2) somebody garbles it; and (3) somebody embroiders it. Herewith a sample from each category:

(1. Somebody got it wrong.) *Either* Edward Brockholst and John R. Livingston founded the city of Esperanza on the Hudson in 1807.[1] *Or* La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt visited Esperanza on the Hudson in 1795.[2]

(2. Somebody garbled it.) *Either* "Gulian C. Verplanck . . . despite his Federalist and aristocratic background . . . *began uttering heresy as early as 1790.* Perhaps it was the influence of Edward Livingston with whom he studied for two years."[3] *Or* Gulian C. Verplanck was born in *1784* and entered the office of Edward Livingston in 1801.[4] *Or* Gulian C. Verplanck was born in *1786* and studied law with Edward Livingston.[5] *Or* Gulian C. Verplanck was born in 1786 and studied law with Josiah Ogden Hoffman.[6]

Any way you take it—and despite his Federalist and aristocratic background—Gulian C. Verplanck was uttering heresy at the age of six or the age of four.

(3. Somebody embroidered it—or Gossip Run Rampant.)

When Livingston was a child, the British invaded Livingston Manor and set fire to the

[1] *The Hudson,* by Carl Carmer.
[2] *Travels in America,* vol. II, by La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.
[3] *Decline of Aristocracy in N. Y. Politics,* by Dixon Ryan Fox. (The italics are mine; also, I imagine, Gulian C. Verplanck's.)
[4] "Address to the Century Club," by Daly, April 9, 1870.
[5] *Courts and Lawyers of New York.*
[6] *D. A. B.*

manor house in which he was born. Before the invaders arrived, Edward's mother, Margaret Beekman Livingston (the "high-bred dame" hereinafter referred to) piled her children and possessions into wagons and fled to Connecticut.

According to Lucy (Hunt, *Life of Edward Livingston*): "Let the reader picture to himself—what actually occurred—that high-bred dame, at the very moment of starting upon this journey, enjoying a hearty laugh at the figure made by a favorite servant, a fat old Negro woman, perched in solemn anxiety at the top of one of the wagon loads."

Sixty or seventy years later and according to Mabel (Carl Carmer, *The Hudson*): "At Clermont . . . a train of wagons filled with silver . . . furniture . . . bedding . . . was on its way to Connecticut. In one of them sat stalwart Margaret Beekman Livingston . . . laughing heartily at her fat black cook who sat on a pile of kitchen utensils and directed her little grandson's driving efforts with energetic thrusts of a long-handled toasting fork."

Enter Mrs. Julia Delafield with another version. But Mrs. Delafield's maiden name was Livingston, and her grandmother (the Gertrude in her story) was Edward Livingston's sister. Says Mrs. Delafield *(Life of Morgan Lewis):* "The mother and her daughters crowded into the family coach. Gertrude looked out of the back window and was so diverted by the ludicrous figure of an overgrown Negress perched on top of a feather bed and rolling helplessly from side to side that for a moment she forgot her grief and laughed aloud. Her mother turned to her and said, 'Oh, Gertrude, can you laugh now?' "

Mrs. Delafield then adds: "I related this anecdote which I have heard repeatedly from the culprit herself, to Mr. Hunt, the biographer of Edward Livingston. He misunderstood me."

("You know Lucy, she never gets anything straight!")

SPURRED on by such nuggets as this one, and having run out of New York City libraries to "research" in, you are now ready for field trips.

Thanks to assorted bibliographies, you have been told that two libraries—one nearby, one several hours away by train—have "large collections of Livingston manuscripts." However, there were numerous branches of Livingstons, all insanely fertile. (There were, for instance, four Robert Livingstons alive at the same time, and three of them were Robert R. There were three Henrys, two of them Henry B.; three Williams, three Johns, two Peter R.s, four Elizas, two Kittys, and a Gitty—that you know of.) You therefore write to both libraries to inquire whether their collections include data about your Livingston: Edward, 1764-1836.

A charming letter from the distant library says that they have "five items" concerning Edward Livingston. Hot on the trail at last, you hurry off to Grand Central Station and board a train, which will take you to within nine miles of the library, from which point you can take a cab.

Arrived at the library, you are warmly welcomed by the curator and taken to the Special Collections Room. Your roll of microfilm is inserted in the machine, and you are left alone, pen poised, to await the five items.

Item One: Rent receipt issued by E. Livingston to a tenant.

Item Two: Rent receipt issued by E. Livingston to a tenant.

Item Three: Rent receipt issued by E. Livingston to a tenant.

Item Four: Bill to E. Livingston from a coach maker.

Item Five: A note, on a small sheet of white paper, herewith reprinted in its entirety:

> Sir
> I will be there at eleven o'clock if
> I am not unexpectedly delayed at the office.

No date, you may have noticed. No residence. No envelope, therefore no postmark. No addressee also. Obviously delivered by hand to a fellow down the street.

Back at home that night, there's a letter from the nearby library informing you that a professor is writing a life of Edward's brother and has therefore been given "exclusive use of the Livingston manuscripts for one year." Why not get in touch with us a year from now?

(You have a sudden vision of Arthur Miller arriving at Salem, Massachusetts, to do research for "The Crucible" and being told that Salem, Massachusetts, is closed for a year, some professor's using it.)

The time has come to sit down, take off your shoes, cup your hands round a mug of last night's warmed-over coffee, and ask yourself:

"Quo vadis?"

In blithe disregard of the fact that you have two months' rent in the bank, no job, no prospects, nothing in the typewriter, and nothing in your agent's office, you have spent months chasing hither and yon looking for Edward Livingston on the chance that when you're rich you might take five years off and write his biography.

You know now that a biography of Edward Livingston is not the job for you. In Purgatory, you would ask for another assignment.

At last you put away the bibliographies, the notebooks, the correspondence, the library slips and searcher's passes and Supplemental Lists of Recognized Sources. You get all of it out of sight and the phone rings. It's your agent.

"How would you like," she says, "to do a very short American history book for children? Ten thousand words."

No job. No prospects. Two months' rent in bank. You tell her you'd love it.

"A-thousand-dollars-no-royalties," she says, very fast, and hangs up.

A ten-thousand-word history pamphlet, you feel, should take two months of research and a month to write. If you took this up for a living you could make a cool $4,000 per annum, less taxes and agent's commission.

On your way to the editor's office, you wonder what contributors to the *D.A.B.* were paid; and how much time they could afford to spend on their research. You wonder what publishers pay the college professors who write history books. You wonder how—since nobody ever buys these books but libraries—they can afford to pay them anything.

The editor wants to know if you can write the book in ten days. (I am not making this up.) You settle on three weeks. You complain of this, however, to an editor friend. Research, you point out to him, takes time.

"Oh!" he assures you heartily, "you can do all that research at second hand. Just be sure you use Recognized Sources."

GOD OPENS HIS MAIL

LARRY RUBIN

Dear Sir:
Your poem interested us
Somewhat, but we do not consider it
Entirely successful. For one thing,
Your floral diction blooms in the right places,
But there are bugs which seem almost deliberately
Placed. Then, again, life breathes everywhere
In your work, yet you cancel it
Later in the lines with a disdain
No artist with a trace of self-respect
Would dare to show (not to mention compassion
For the child of his brain, but let
That pass). Do you have a friend
Who might perhaps be willing to read your work
Before you send it out? Just a suggestion,
But beginners must be guided. Another thing:
Your images, though pleasant taken singly,
Fail to fuse properly. We find a sly
Intent to suggest an over-all design,
And yet the reader sees no real organic
Whole. Your metaphors stand isolated;
No poem can carry such disparities
As shooting stars and glory-holes, no matter
How securely yoked. Creation carries
Certain responsibilities, and we
Are unconvinced you have accepted these.
There are other problems, of course,
But our staff is limited, and time is short.
You have, we feel, much to learn, but your talent
Will help.
Cordially,
The Editors.

P.S. Since half the battle is knowing
Your market, perhaps you would care to subscribe.

Harper's Magazine, July 1961

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

THE SEARCH FOR WILLIAM E. HINDS

FOR more than fifty years now—since May 1904—I have been searching for a man I never saw. Though he died forty-five years ago, the search grows more intensive as I approach inevitably the time when I can no longer pursue it. The reason I continue this search is that I owe this man a great debt. It would mean a lot to me if I could report to him how a long-shot investment he made in Texas finally turned out.

Since I cannot report to William E. Hinds, I am doing the next best thing by reporting to other people—in hopes that at least some of them may be enriched by the spirit that animated this man. I think this would please him. Once when I tried to express my appreciation, he wrote: "You cannot do anything for me, but if I help you now, perhaps in time you can help someone else." This is the nearest thing to applied Christianity that I know.

He never told me much about himself and I did not inquire because a boy on a small farm in West Texas does not ask personal questions of a mysterious and wonderful benefactor in New York. He died before I had anything to say to him, before there was any return on his investment, of which I was the sole custodian. I knew what I owed him, but for a long time I feared that I might default on the obligation. As the years went by, I prospered in a moderate way and gradually rose in my profession of historian and writer. The greater my success, the greater became my sense of obligation to him. I have to find some way to partially discharge it.

So this is a sort of public acknowledgment of the obligation. It is also an appeal for more information about William E. Hinds. Surely there are some still living in New York who knew him, and there may be others elsewhere who were warmed by his spirit. Before I set down the scant facts I have about him, I must first tell how his life touched my own.

My parents migrated from Mississippi to Texas about 1884, destitute products of the Civil War in search of a new opportunity. I was born in 1888, and four years later they moved to West Texas. There I received the childhood impressions that account for the realism in my first book, *The Great Plains*. My father was a country schoolteacher, self-educated, and he never had more than a second-grade certificate. He was one of the last fighting teachers, employed to "hold school" in the country schools where the big boys had run the teacher off the year before. It was a rough life in a rough country. My father was usually paid a premium of $10 a month to teach these outlaw schools. He got $50 or $60 a month for a five-month term—an annual income of $250 or $300, supplemented by what he earned in the summer farming or working at anything that came up, at about seventy-five cents or a dollar a day.

I learned to read early, and by the time I was ten reading became a passion. Since my father was a teacher, we had books in the house, and both my parents were readers. At that time the most popular brand of coffee was put out by Arbuckle Brothers, and you could get ten pounds of it for a dollar. The beans came in one-pound paper bags, with Mr. Arbuckle's signature on

the side; if you collected enough of his signatures, he would send you a premium. The first book I ever acquired for myself, *Jack the Giant Killer,* cost me ten signatures. It was the first piece of mail that Uncle Sam ever brought to me, and I can never forget the thrill of receiving it at the Lacasa post office, the thrill of reading it on Old Charlie as I rode him home. It was the beginning of a long series of thrills and shocks that have come to me via the post office.

Not only did I read everything in our house, but I scoured the country for three miles to come up with files of *The Youth's Companion, The Saturday Blade,* and *The Chicago Ledger.* From a peddler I acquired a big file of *Tip Top Weekly,* which dealt with the doings of Frank Merriwell, who seemed to be running things at Yale. As far as I can recall, this was the first time I ever heard of college. From Frank Merriwell I got the first faint desire to go to college myself but it never occurred to me that I would ever do it.

This reading opened up such a wonderful world that I developed an aversion to the one that lay around me. I wanted to get away from it into the world where the books were.

When I was either twelve or thirteen, my father homesteaded a quarter section of land—160 acres—in Stephens County. This was about the last of the vacant land, since the open range was fast going under fence. The best land had already been taken, and this place lay back in what was called the Cross Timbers—deep sand with a red clay bottom, covered with scrub oak and blackjack. My father built a plank house in an open glade, and we began opening up a farm, the hardest work a boy can do.

This land had once belonged to Phil S. Lehman of New York, but he had wisely gone off and forgotten all about it. When we had paid the back taxes and lived on it ten years, that made it ours according to Texas law. We didn't exactly steal it, but we were mighty glad when the ten years expired. During that time my mother was always apprehensive when a stranger poked his head out of the brush, and it was not until after the limitation had run that we widened the road. From the time I was thirteen until I was seventeen seems an eternity. When we plowed, we plowed in new, stumpy land, and when we were not plowing, we were making more stumps and more new ground. For at least two years I did not go to school at all because my father was away teaching in the winter, and I was the "man on the place" except on weekends.

VERY early in my career, my father made a casual remark that had enormous influence on my life. He said that when I grew up he wanted me to be an editor. Now I didn't know what an editor was, but his remark excited my curiosity. I finally learned that an editor ran the local paper. One day when we were in Ranger, I made bold to go into the office of the Ranger *Record,* and there was the editor, whose name was Williams, pecking away on an Oliver typewriter. This was the first typewriter I had ever seen, and it fascinated me. I stood looking over Editor Williams' shoulder at this marvel until he suggested that I do something else. By this time I had spied a treasure of untold magnitude, a great pile of "exchanges" which Editor Williams had thrown into a corner of the office because no wastepaper basket was big enough to contain them. Most of the papers were in the original wrappers, and all but the latest ones were covered with dust. I got up my courage to ask if I might have some of them, and the editor said go ahead. I carried off as many as I thought it would be seemly to try to get away with.

Among them were several copies of *The Sunny South,* edited by Joel Chandler Harris and published in Atlanta, Georgia. The official records tell me that *The Sunny South,* a weekly, was "devoted to literature, romance, fact, and fiction."

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb has been described by "Time" as "his generation's foremost philosopher of the frontier, and the leading historian of the American West." Most of his honors came late in life. When he was seventy years old, in 1958, he was elected president of the American Historical Association, received a $10,000 award from the Council of Learned Societies, was made an honorary Doctor of Laws by the University of Chicago, and was named by ex-students of the University of Texas as one of its four most distinguished living alumni. His best-known books are "The Great Plains," "The Texas Rangers," "Divided We Stand," and "The Great Frontier." Dr. Webb has written many articles for "Harper's" and for historical journals. He was Distinguished Professor of History at the University of Texas, Harmsworth Professor at Oxford, and Harkness Lecturer at London University. Since his "retirement" in 1958, he has taught at Rice and the University of Houston, and now is working for the Ford Foundation on an experimental project for the teaching of history by closed-circuit television. He is the owner of Friday Mountain Ranch, which he describes as "overrun with foxes, bobcats, 'coons, and ring-tails."

It was then publishing A. Conan Doyle, Uncle Remus, Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, and many other good writers, with lavish illustrations. It was wonderful, but the tragedy was that I had only a few copies.

In reading it, however, I learned that for ten cents I could have *The Sunny South* every week for three months. I did not have ten cents, and I knew of no way of getting such an amount of money. My father was working hard and I was almost afraid to approach him, though I know now that he probably would have given me the dime had I asked at a propitious time. That winter he was away, and my mother and I often sat up late reading. One night I told her what I wanted, and why. She did not say anything, but I can see her now as she got up from her chair and went diagonally across the room in the yellow light of a kerosene lamp, and extracted from some secret place a thin dime. It may have been the only coin in the house.

That dime is the most important piece of money I have ever owned, for my entire life pivots on its shiny surface. It brought *The Sunny South* for three months, and soon the whole family was in love with it. There was never any trouble about renewing the subscription.

The letter column in *The Sunny South* was presided over by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan. One day I sat down and wrote her a letter which had one quality dear to an editor—brevity—and perhaps another essential to the writer, a willingness to lay bare something deep in the human heart. I said I wanted to be a writer, to get an education. I mentioned that my father was a teacher, and that he had been crippled in an accident. I signed with my middle name, which I always liked because an uncle who had the name was something of a writer.

The letter was published in the issue of May 14, 1904. My father had come home from school, and we were then plowing corn with Georgia stocks. (A Georgia stock is a kind of one-horse plow.) The corn was less than a foot high. It was late in the afternoon, the time when the sun hangs unmoving in the sky for an incredible length of time. We were very tired and were sitting on the beams of our Georgia stocks letting the horses blow, when my sister came from the mail box of the new rural route which ran about a mile from the house and handed me a letter.

Few such letters have ever been received by tired boys sitting on Georgia stocks in a stumpy field. The envelope was white as snow and of the finest paper; the ink was black as midnight; the handwriting bold and full of character, with fine dashes. The flap was closed by dark-red sealing wax stamped with the letter **H.**

The address was:

Prescott
Ranger
Texas
c/o Lame Teacher

The letter bore a New York postmark, May 17, 1904, but there was no return address. The envelope which lies before me now shows what care I used in opening this letter. It read:

"Prescott"
Ranger
Texas

Dear Junior—I am a reader of the "Sunny South" and noticed your letter in the "Gossip Corner"—I trust you will not get discouraged in your aspirations for higher things, as you know there is no such word as *fail,* in the *lexicon* of *youth;* so keep your mind fixed on a lofty purpose and your hopes will be realized, I am sure, though it will take time and work.—I will be glad to send you some books or magazines, (if you will allow me to) if you will let me know what you like—Yrs truly

Wm. E. Hinds
489 Classon Ave
Brooklyn—New York

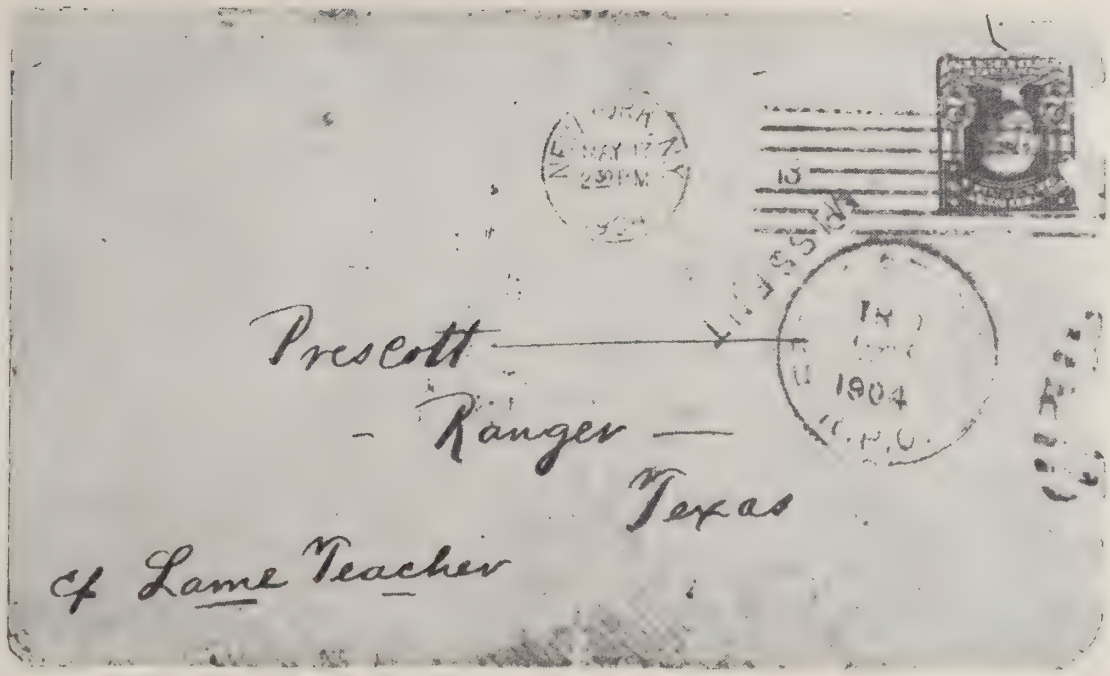
May 16/04

Now I realize how narrowly I missed this rendezvous with destiny. How did it come about that a letter addressed to "Prescott" reached me? *The Sunny South* came addressed to W. Prescott Webb, and it passed through the hands of Mr. John M. Griffin, the bewhiskered postmaster who was an ex-Confederate soldier. Since *The Sunny South* was pro-Confederate, Mr. Griffin got to reading my paper and fell in love with it. He and the rural mail carrier were probably the only people outside my family who knew that the name Prescott was really mine.

Even so, that letter nearly missed its mark. The envelope bears the post-office stamp, "MISSENT," but I have no idea where it went before reaching me.

From that day on I never lacked for something to read—the best magazines in the land and occasional books. Every Christmas a letter would arrive from New York, and usually a tie of a quality not common in West Texas.

These books and magazines fired to white heat my desire for an education. Evidently my father, who was not a demonstrative man, was touched by my fervor. The stumpy farm had expanded and because of my father's love for the soil and his understanding of the principles of dry farming, it became productive. But there was still not enough of it, and we rented additional land from



the neighbors. One day when we were clearing land my father asked me a question.

"Do you think," he asked, "that if you had one year in the Ranger school you could pass the examination for a teacher's certificate?"

To that question the only answer was yes.

"Well," he said, "if you will work hard, and if we make a good crop, we will move to Ranger for one year and you can go to school."

The year 1905 was one of the good years when the rains came. The fields produced bountifully, especially the new ground with the accumulated humus of a thousand years. The Ranger cotton gins ran day and night all fall. I know because I fed the suction pipe on Saturdays and after school. I had to make a sacrifice to go to school. Every boy in West Texas had a horse. Mine was a trim blue mare, close-built, easy to keep, fast, and lovely to look at. I sold her for $60 to get money for books; I got the tuition free by sweeping the school floors.

I pored over my books because I had a contract to deliver a second-grade certificate in the spring. My extensive reading gave me some advantage, but I had rough going with mathematics and grammar. I shall never forget J. E. Temple Peters, principal of the school and a near genius, who spent hours coaching a group of us to pass the examination at the county seat. When the time came, I had developed a severe case of tonsillitis, and my fever must have gone to 103 and over. Peters, who was one of the examiners, fed me aspirin while the fever fired my brain and seemed to sharpen all my faculties. I wrote on the eight required subjects for two days far into the night, but when I rose to turn in my papers I staggered in the aisle. There was never any thought of quitting. This was my only chance.

When school ended, I went back to the farm to await the decision of the examiners. Then one day there was an official envelope in the mail box. It was just a second-grade certificate which permitted me to teach in the rural schools, but to me it was a certificate of emancipation. I have acquired a good many parchments of finer quality in my career, but this one outranks them all.

MY father not only moved the family back to the farm, but he quit teaching to devote all his time to it. I began where he left off, and through his influence had no trouble in getting an appointment. As a matter of fact, I taught three schools in that year, one for six weeks, one for four months, and one for two. My salary ranged from $42.50 to $45 a month, and I saved a bigger proportion of it than I have ever saved since. I had an affair of conscience because of the short hours. I had been accustomed to working from ten to fourteen hours a day, and there seemed to be something immoral about quitting at four o'clock.

With the money I saved I spent another year in school, and in the spring I passed the examination for a first-grade certificate. Suddenly I became a success. I was employed at $75 a month to teach the Merriman school which my father had taught two years at $60. (Underneath the stony Merriman school grounds and the nearby Baptist church yard lay a million or so barrels of oil, not to be found for ten years.) I was getting the maximum salary paid in the county

schools. I was wearing good clothes and moving in the highest circles of local society, working five days a week and quitting when the sun was from two to three hours high.

Then in the winter of 1909 everything changed. One cold day, so windy that the pebbles from the playing field rattled like buckshot against the side of the school building, I walked down to the mail box and found a bulky letter from William E. Hinds. It was dated January 9, 1909. Here are the most important paragraphs:

My dear Friend.

. . . We have not had much winter as yet but the last few days have been cold and presume we shall have our usual amount before spring. My sister went to Washington, D. C., for the holidays and was at the White House New Year's. Secretary Cortelyou is our cousin, so she was invited to stay at the White House for luncheon. . . .

My friend, I wish you would *write me* what your *plans* and wishes are for the *future*. We all have plans and hopes for the future and it is well we have, even if they are not always realized. Come, let us be *chums*, and write me *just what* is on your *mind;* perhaps I can help you and after all the best thing in life is to help some one, if we can. One would count it a great thing (to remember) if they had helped some one, that had afterwards become famous or great, say for instance Lincoln or Gladstone or any of the other great ones who were born a hundred years ago *this* year. And perhaps I can say, "Why I helped J. Prescott Webb when he was a young man."* And people may look at me, as a privileged character to have had the opportunity; so my boy tell me about *your* plans and *hopes* and then perhaps I may be able to help you carry them out.

Are there any books which you would like? *If so say so* and let me send them to you. If you don't "say so" I may send them anyway.

Your friend
Wm. E. Hinds

As an afterthought, he wrote on an extra sheet as follows:

I am interested in your teaching. How many scholars and are they mostly from the farm or town? Teaching is good training and I know it will benefit you.

Have you planned going to College in the fall, if you haven't planned it, is it something you would like to do, if so what College have you in mind? Now *answer* ***all*** these questions, *please*.

At the time the letter came I had not thought seriously of going to college. That was something for the sons of doctors and other prosperous people. Besides I was already a success, and rather enjoying the illusion. The letter faced me about, and made what I was doing insignificant—a means only.

I answered all his questions, telling him that I would like to go to the University of Texas. I had saved some money, for I had been at work three months, and I determined to save more. I reduced my social activity, and with some difficulty restrained myself from making a bid for a girl I had a very hard time forgetting. The road ahead was rough enough for one, and too rough for two.

THUS it came about that in September 1909, I boarded the train for Austin and the University of Texas with approximately $200. Our agreement was that I would spend my money, and when it played out, I would notify Mr. Hinds and he would send me a check each month. At the end of the second year, I owed him about $500, and he suggested that I should drop out and earn some money, saying that "I am not a rich man." I sent him a note for what I owed, but he would accept no interest. He never did.

In 1911-12, I taught the Bush Knob school in Throckmorton County, $90 a month. I reduced the note and told him I would like to return to the university. He approved, and I can sum it all up by saying that I never started a year at the university that he did not see me through. He never refused any requests I made of him, though I am glad to remember that I kept them to the minimum.

The nearest he ever came to a refusal was one summer when I made a good deal of money as a student salesman. I wrote Mr. Hinds that I would like to come to New York to see him, and that I had the money. He advised me to apply it on my college education. I did, but I have always regretted that I never saw him.

When I took the B.A. degree in 1915 I owed him something less than $500, which was our limit. And here I need to say something about my college career. I was twenty-one years old when I entered college, and I had no preparation for it. I had skipped too many grades and too many years of schooling. I did not have entrance credits, but because I was twenty-one the university admitted me on what is known as individual approval. My career as an undergraduate was completely lacking in distinction. I made fair grades in most subjects, but none to make Hinds proud. He never asked a question about grades. He never admonished me to do better.

But every month the check came. What he

* For years he did not get my first initial right, but addressed me as J. Prescott Webb.

saw in me I have never been able to understand—but the fact that he saw something, that he seemed to believe in me, constituted a magnetic force that held me on the road. If I felt inclined to quit, or to go on a binge and spend money foolishly, as my friends often did, I could not do it for very long because there was a mysterious man in New York who trusted me.

Equipped with the B.A. degree, I got a job as principal of the Cuero High School at $133 a month. Then, in the fall of 1915 a letter came saying that William E. Hinds was dead.

THE lawyers found my note in his papers, and they began to write me crisp and business-like letters. They had me make a new note to his sister, Ida K. Hinds, for $265. It was co-signed by my father and bore interest. Then came a letter from Miss Hinds, who had spent her life as a teacher in the New York schools. She said that she had taken over the note, and that I would not be bothered with the lawyers any more. In the fall of 1916, I married Jane Oliphant, and moved to the San Antonio Main Avenue High School as a teacher of history. Miss Ida Hinds came down to spend a part of the winter at the Gunter Hotel and she was often our guest.

She told me about all I know of her brother; that he had never married, that he had helped other boys, and that he was an importer of European novelties. She implied that he was not intensively devoted to business, was rather casual about it. After his death I received an excellent photograph of Hinds, which is now before me. He had fine features, black hair, blue eyes, fair skin, a thin straight nose, and delicate ears. He wore a black mustache and had a full head of hair which appears to have been unruly.

Why didn't I get from Miss Hinds the information I now seek about her brother? There is no satisfactory answer to the question, as I look back now. From where I stood then, the answer seems reasonable to me. It never occurred to me that I would write this story. At that time there was no story because I had done nothing to justify one, and I was not yet a writer. Even had I thought of it, I would have considered that I had plenty of time, for youth is not conscious of the brevity of life. Moreover, I had just married, and at such a time each day seems sufficient unto itself.

Miss Hinds did not remain in San Antonio very long. It was probably in January of 1917 that she went to Los Angeles and took residence at 1316 South Vermont Avenue. Her first letter was dated February 18, 1917.

Then a letter arrived postmarked Burlington, Vermont, April 18, 1918. It marked the end of the trail. Inside was an undated memorandum

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VERMONT by John Updike

HERE green is king again,
Usurping honest men.
Like Brazilian cathedrals gone under to creepers,
Gray silos mourn their keepers.

Ski tows
And shy cows
Alone pin the ragged slopes to the earth
Of profitable worth.

Hawks, professors,
And summering ministers
Roost on the mountainsides of poverty
And sniff the poetry,

And every year
The big black bear,
Slavering through the woods with scrolling mouth,
Comes further south.

from her to me, which read: "I enclosed your note in directed envelope so if anything happens to me, it will be sent to you. If you receive this, you will know that I have passed away and you are under no further obligation. Consider the matter closed as there is no one else that would be interested."

The note she enclosed was for $265 with 5 per cent interest. Endorsements on the back show that on April 17, 1917, I paid $100 principal and $16.56 interest, leaving a balance of $165 due in six months with interest "at 6% or 7%." The last endorsement is dated October 11, 1917, with a payment of $90 on the face of the note plus $5.68, leaving a balance of $75.

That $75 has never been paid to anyone connected with Hinds. It has, however, been paid over and over to those who needed it, and it will be paid again in the future as Hinds would have wanted it.

The act of this man is the unsolved mystery of my life. I have never been able to understand what motivated him. I find it easy enough to write a check for some student in temporary need, one that I can see and know, and I have written a good many such checks. But I still cannot understand how a man in New York City could reach far down in Texas, pluck a tired kid off a Georgia stock in a stumpy field, and stay with him without asking questions for eleven years, until death dissolved the relationship.

He did not live long enough to see any sign that the investment he made was not a bad one. In 1918 I became a member of the faculty of the University of Texas. My development there was slow—I have been late all my life—and it was not until 1931 that I published my first book, *The Great Plains*. Others followed in due course, but it was not until after 1950 that things began to happen which might have gratified William E. Hinds. When these marks of recognition came, my satisfaction was always tinged with regret that he could not know about them.

William E. Hinds was a great reader, and he probably was aware of Shelley's ironic lines:

> The seed ye sow, another reaps;
> The wealth ye find, another keeps;
> The robes ye weave, another wears;
> The arms ye forge, another bears.

I have reaped where he sowed, and I wear what he wove. Indeed, I keep a part of the wealth he found, but I have tried to keep a little of the spirit with which he used it. His spirit has hovered over me all my life. His name appears in the Preface or Dedication of my major books. I cannot now better describe what he did for me than I did in *The Texas Rangers:*

> To the memory of
> WILLIAM ELLERY HINDS
> He fitted the arrow to the bow
> set the mark and insisted
> that the aim be true
>
> His greatness of heart is known
> best to me.

This is the end of the story. I appeal to those who read it, for more information about William E. Hinds. I would like to know when and where he was born, where he was educated, and what occupation he followed. If he helped other boys, as his sister stated, I would like to know who they are and what they did. His will might reveal something about his interests and activities.

I have consulted with private detective agencies about making a search, but found them just as vague about what they would do as they were specific about fees. I admit that this investigation should have been made long ago, but it was something easy to postpone. It might have been possible to make contact with the Cortelyou family, but I neglected to do it. While in New York once, I took a taxi to the place where William E. Hinds lived in Brooklyn, and I ran the index of the *New York Times* in search of his obituary, but could not find his name. In January 1961 I had a bout with the hospital and the surgeons, and came pretty close to losing. This was a warning that I could no longer delay; as soon as I was able, I went to work in earnest.

I now summarize the facts I have about him. His full name was William Ellery Hinds. For several years after 1904 he lived at 489 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. He later moved to another address which I do not have. The only relatives he ever mentioned were his sister and some cousins, one of whom was George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury under Theodore Roosevelt after 1907. I do not know the exact date of his death, but it must have been in the autumn of 1915 because my note made out to Ida K. Hinds bears the date of January 25, 1916.

The meager results of my search thus far suggest that if I remain silent, William E. Hinds may be forgotten. I want him to be remembered. Finally, it seems to me that what he did may encourage others to follow his example, and thus perpetuate his influence. He would want no better monument.

Anyone having information about William E. Hinds should address W. P. Webb, University Station, Austin, Texas.—THE EDITORS



William E. Hinds

"Prescott"
Ranger
Texas

Dear Junior — I am a reader of the "Sunny Scott" & noticed your letter in the "Gossip Corner" —
I trust you will not get discouraged in your aspirations for higher things, and you know there is no such word as fail, in the Lexicon of youth; & keep your mind fixed on a lofty purpose and your hopes will be realized." I am sure, though it will take time and work. —
I will be glad to send you some books or magazines, (if you will allow me to) if you will let me know what you would like — Yr truly
Wm E Hinds
489 Classon Ave
Brooklyn — New York

May 16/04

The first letter from the Brooklyn stranger



How a Scallop Shell became a world-famous trademark

Scallop Shell on the ocean floor ▶

● Seashells carried halfway around the world—from an ocean floor in the Orient to Marcus Samuel's curio shop near the London docks—started a chain of events that created one of today's best-known trademarks.

Sailors coming off their ships sold the seashells they had collected to the curio shop owner. When used on ornamental boxes and trinkets, the shells found favor in mid-Victorian eyes, and the merchant imported thousands upon thousands of shells.

Later, the sons of Marcus Samuel gave this Far Eastern trade a new dimension by shipping the first bulk cargo of kerosene through the Suez Canal. They gave seashell names to their ships, and when a company was formed to engage in the oil business, the scallop shell became its trademark.

Perhaps it was out of sentiment for their father's beginnings that Marcus Samuel's sons thought of the shell. Yet their choice proved most appropriate for the enterprise that was to become the Shell Companies.

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the sea, the voyage and the quest. Venus, born of the sea, was identified with the shell. It was the badge of pilgrims to the shrine of the apostle, St. James--and of Crusaders in their quest to the Holy Land.

In our day, as name and trademark of the Shell Companies, the shell continues to be the sign of the quest. Shell men search for oil in forests, deserts and under the ocean floor. Then the quest goes on in Shell laboratories where research people seek new products from petroleum.

Examples: man-made rubber that duplicates tree-grown rubber for the first time. New insecticides to aid the farmer in his age-old battle against pests. Adhesives so tough they replace rivets in airplanes. And, of course, always finer gasolines and motor oils.

When you see the Shell sign think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

©SHELL OIL COMPANY. 1961



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU





WOLFGANG SIEVERS

Figure 1. I. C. I. Building, Melbourne, Australia; Bates, Smart and McCutcheon, architects

THE SUITCASE AND THE BUNCH OF GRAPES

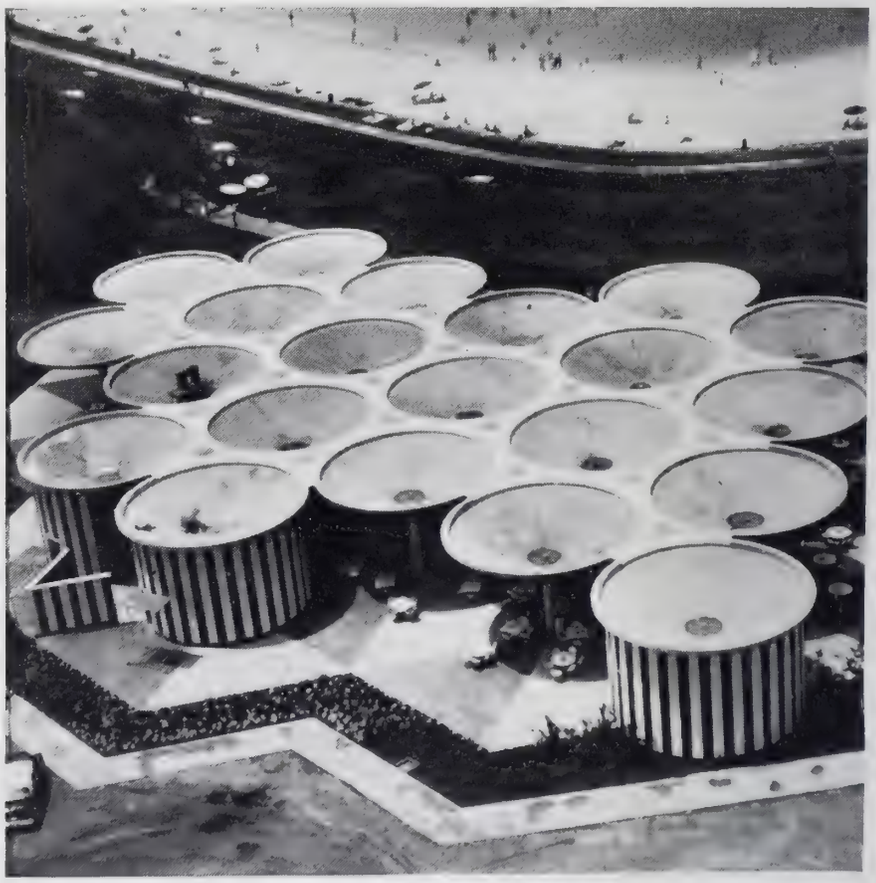


Figure 2. Restaurant pavilion, Ida Cason Callaway Gardens, Georgia; Richard Aeck, architect

GREY VILLET—LIFE © 1958 TIME INC.

ROBIN BOYD

THE NEW VISION IN ARCHITECTURE

Yesterday's Functionalist architecture with its rigorous dogma and moral self-righteousness is giving way to a new and freer kind of monolithic design . . . full of surprises and invention.

THE men who create the man-made background of life are of three kinds: the Haves, the Have-nots, and the Makers—of taste. At this time the Have-nots are, as always, creating a cheerless carnival atmosphere at every opportunity; the Haves are intent on composure as usual; and the Makers of taste—always restlessly exploring some fresh field of design—have lately rediscovered an ancient artistic truth that puts them in open revolt against both the others.

To understand this revolt it is necessary first to examine briefly what they are revolting against.

Nearly all ordinary design which makes up the everyday background of modern life is the work of people who rely not on ideas but on taste, whether they have it or not. Those who have not are engaged now as ever in their honorary task of making all they touch bright and gay. To do this they now can call on a wider range of materials, textures, and pigments than have ever before been available to them. But their principles and methods are still much the same as when they used fretwork and gargoyles. Their object is to keep the eye entertained, filled to capacity with as many contrasts of shape and color as possible. A home is made more diverting if the brickwork is relieved by panels of stonework, if the paintwork is contrasted by a few walls of bold art wallpaper, if the kitchen is custom-striped in multicolored tiles, and the hard industrial lines of the equipment are softened by the popular new lingerie look.

Thus the taste Have-nots create their contemporary carnival by constantly dividing things up: the artistic entity of the house is first divided into a number of individually conceived, unrelated spaces—for instance, a feminine master-bedroom, a masculine boy's room, and a neuter living-room. Then each space is splintered into a number of separate effects: rugged stone fireplace contrasted with gleaming metal contrasted with flounces of candy stripes. At all costs they want to avoid the boring monotony of artistic unity. They want as many elements as the eye can take in: colors, ornamental surfaces, and symbols of good living.

The social and economic influences at work here may be obvious enough, but the artistic origins are more oblique. The presently desired state of restless richness in contemporary home design is largely the illogical conclusion of the sober, austere, even puritanical, movement in design which might be called the first phase of modern architecture.

This first phase was established about the beginning of this century and had the great crusading idea of cleaning up the artistic mess of Victorian design. This meant two principal fights. The first was to free buildings from the obligation to follow any preconceived forms, allowing them to take any practical shape they wished. For instance, the modern architect fiercely denounced the idea that a product of the machine age could reasonably be shaped like Roman baths—as in Pennsylvania Station. The second fight was to set free the technological advances of the nineteenth century which had been suffocating under various theatrical dis-

guises. For example, the nineteenth century had learned to build steel-framed skyscrapers, but convention still demanded that the steel be dressed to look like solid masonry—as in the Municipal Building, New York, or practically any other early skyscraper you can think of outside Chicago.

The most noticeable feature of the earliest modern architecture was a moralistic elimination of ornament, but there was something else equally radical and equally significant: the idea of separating the parts. Perhaps the best example is to be found in the Bauhaus at Dessau, the famous pioneer modern building designed by Walter Gropius in 1926. In his basic design Gropius provided for revolutionary separation of the elements composing the school, each of which was encouraged to take its own functional shape. The Bauhaus workshop was a huge glass box. The students' studios occupied a multistory, balconied block. The cafeteria was long and low. These three clearly, proudly separated parts were joined by other minor functional elements, and the whole complex was arranged into a balanced composition. But it still was a complex—an assemblage of deliberately articulated, deliberately different things, each provided with its own separate expression and separate entity within the composition.

The taste Have-nots developed or perverted this idea of articulation and separate expression of elements, but they could not accept the discipline of the rest of early modern architectural theory. And so today they go even further than their grandfathers in their enjoyment of pieces and their dislike of wholes.

The Haves, the men of good taste, on the other hand, are very concerned about composition. They are not especially interested in the theory of giving separate identity to different parts. In general they are far more interested in the appearance of buildings than in what goes on in them or any theory about them. They will make different parts look the same if it pleases them, and they will break one part up into a dozen visual elements if it seems to look better that way. All they insist on is having a number of contrasted parts—not too many, not too few—which they can then arrange with taste into a balanced composition.

But the third group, the creative designers who eventually make taste (if it doesn't break them in the meantime), are now looking for an answer to the meaning of design which is not to be found in the carnival nor in composition. They seem to be looking back a long way behind the birth of modern architecture and the theories of articulation and functional expression, back to the birth of classical design concepts, to find some elixir of design, of beauty, of Platonic perfection of form.

Robin Boyd is an Australian architect, a member of the firm of Grounds, Romberg and Boyd, and a lecturer at the University of Melbourne. He was Visiting Bemis Professor of Architecture at MIT in 1956-57 and in 1960 was elected Honorary Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. His books include "Victorian Modern" and, most recently, "The Australian Ugliness."

MARRIAGE TO A MONOLITH

WHAT is happening among the creative architects today oddly recalls what happened about 1900 when the idea of functional simplicity broke through into practical application and modern architecture officially arrived. In 1900 the Functionalist idea was not new; the seeds had been sown carefully fifty years earlier. All that was new was the strict, literal, unbending interpretation of the idea.

Similarly today the one consistent idea which seems to be taking shape in the mists of modern architectural thought is not a new idea, but a new, literal, unbending interpretation of another old idea. This is the classical concept of a total unification by design.

Total is the important word here, just as *total* simplicity was the key to the first revolution of modern architecture. Serious architects have always worked to a theme of sorts and have always believed their buildings to be reasonably simple. Even the most frenzied of Victorian decorators liked to think of their works as irreducible.

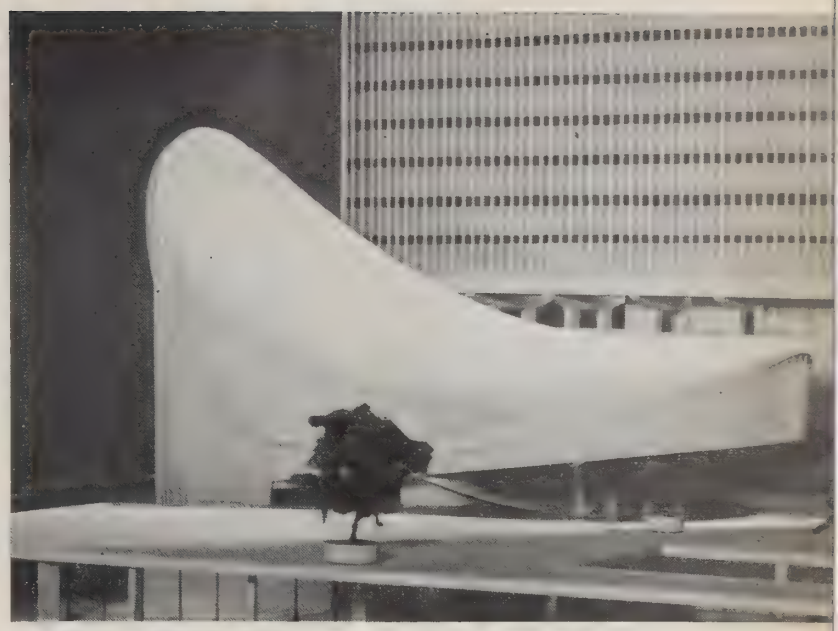
But it is the *degree* of simplicity and unity that matters. The early modern architects went back to the utilitarian tradition of barns and bridges in their absolute ban on ornamental effects. Now some fifty years later an equally drastic and fundamental revision is overtaking the popular form of architecture: starting sometime about 1955 every new building of self-importance sought to be a single thing. It was no longer content just to be composed, integrated, and co-ordinated by a regular "module" (unit of measure) or an even rhythm of similar elements. It was not content to be a balanced assemblage of parts—like the Bauhaus or the United Nations headquarters. It was not con-

tent to give the suggestion of organic growth—like Rockefeller Center. Suddenly every important building wanted to have a monolithic idea.

It would be impossible to put a date on the beginning of this monolithic movement. Perhaps its first spectacular manifestation was the dome-shaped Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, designed by Eero Saarinen in 1953, a monolithic concept if ever there was one, and in strong contrast to the wandering, if controlled, compositions of Saarinen's earlier successes. But long before this, Frank Lloyd Wright had published his designs for the most monolithic of all his works, the Guggenheim Museum, and years before that, in 1927, Buckminster Fuller produced his early designs for a "Dymaxion" industrialized house, a six-sided box hung on a central mast. In fact one can quite easily trace isolated origins back through Eric Mendlesohn's sketches of plastic one-piece structures in the 1914 war period to the beginnings of modern design. But gradually in the past five years the monolithic idea has become a passion, or a fashion, and the various means now used by architects to create the desired singleness of effect account for most of the apparently unrelated personal styles of the moment.

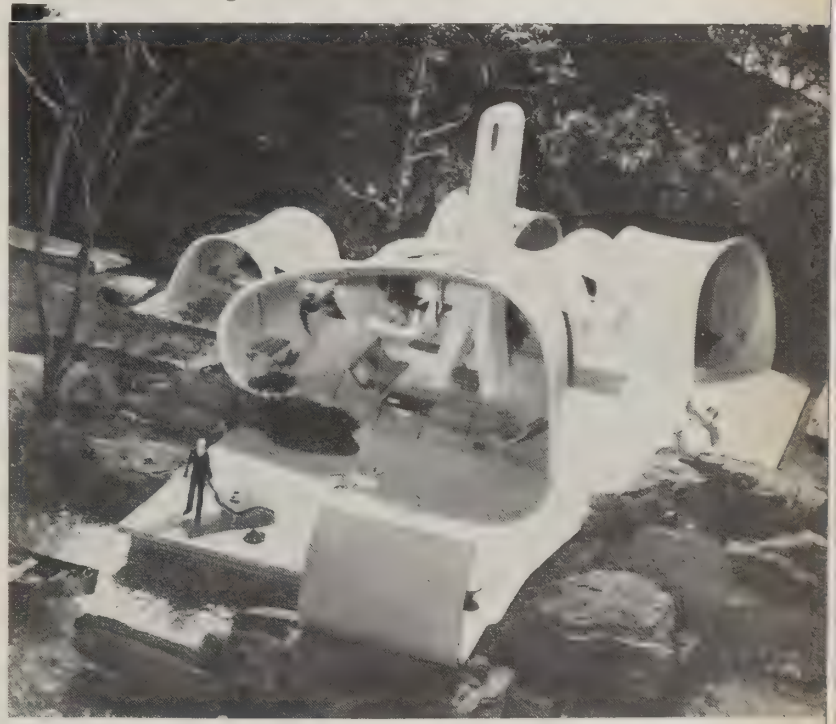
THE SUITCASE AND THE BUNCH OF GRAPES

THERE are two main basically different ways to make a monolithic effect. The most common method is to use a box. One selects a likely-looking single container and fits into it all the necessary parts of the building, like packing a suitcase. As it happens, the most common box usually does resemble the proportions of a businesslike suitcase: the international modern glass-box office block ***(Figure 1)***. The other way to look monolithic is to be cellular, like a honeycomb, or a bunch of grapes. One selects a likely-looking unit of space for the building—say, the bedroom-bathroom unit in a motel, or the classroom in a school—and one makes the whole building a multiple of similar cells, with no distractions ***(Figure 2)***. This technique usually turns out to be more practical than the most flexible of suitcases, because the grape units may be placed anywhere that function dictates, and the over-all shape of the building may sprawl anywhere that the occupiers desire, without the unity being destroyed. For the bunch of grapes is still a single thing no



BILL ENGDAHL, HEDRICH-BLESSING

Figure 3. Theatre, Marina City project, Chicago; Bertrand Goldberg Associates, architect



ROBERT DAMORA

Figure 4. Spray House #1; John M. Johansen, architect



Figure 5. Bubble House, Hobe Sound, Florida; Eliot Noyes and Associates, architect

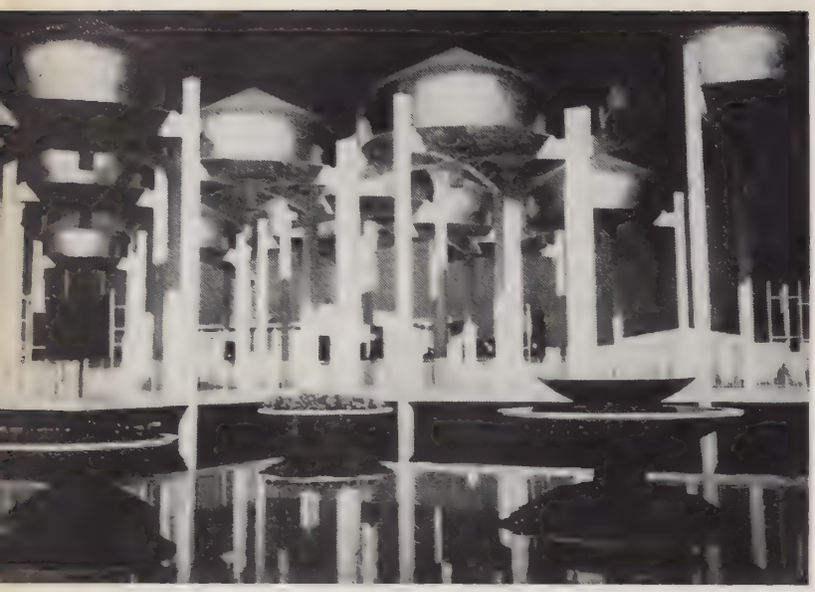
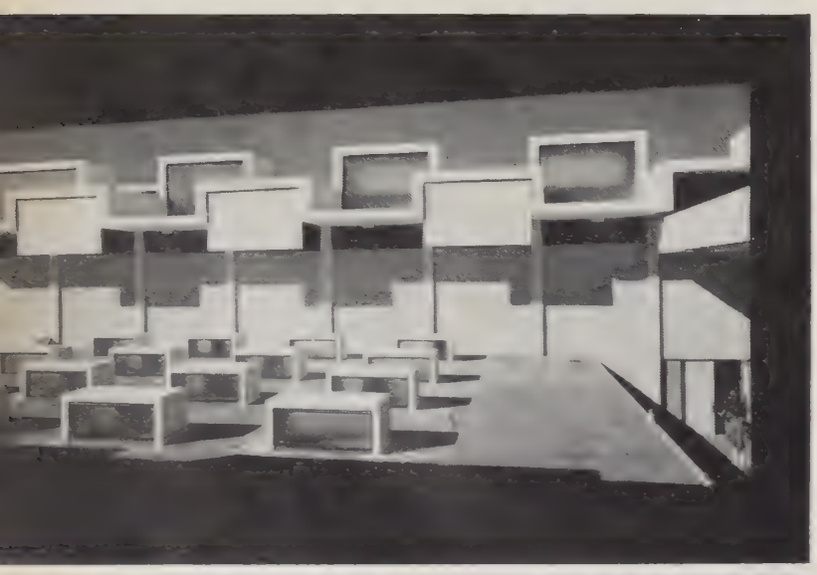


Figure 6. Decorative sunshades, U. S. pavilion, New Delhi, India, exhibition; Minoru Yamasaki, architect



Figure 7. U. S. Consulate, Tabriz, Iran; Edward Larrabee Barnes, architect



JOSEPH W. MOLITOR

Figure 8. Sarasota High School, Sarasota, Florida; Paul Rudolph, architect

matter how ungeometrically and disorderly it grows.

Each of these two principal means of achieving a tight, intense unity in the building has many possible variations. The suitcase may be purpose-shaped in the way of a violin case, hinting at the things it contains, like the theatre in the Marina City project in Chicago ***(Figure 3)***, or it may dissolve into quite a loose, flexible thing like a plastic bag full of mixed fruit, as John M. Johansen has demonstrated in his suggestion for a hypothetical house of free-formed concrete shells ***(Figure 4)***. Modern engineering is continuously enlarging the range of economical and practical container shapes. Concrete sprayed on an inflated balloon makes a practical sack to cover a small house in Florida ***(Figure 5)***, and a membrane of metal woven like fabric and propped up at one end makes a sort of giant carpet bag to cover a music bowl in Melbourne.

Sometimes the container bears little relation to the contents and is in fact deliberately irrelevant and disguising, like the gift-wrapping style of the concrete grilles used by some architects. And sometimes the container may take a proudly exotic shape, symbolic or evocative of some aspect of the building's purpose, like a rather cheap perfume bottle or, regrettably, a number of recent churches. And sometimes, when one suitcase cannot practically hold all the required elements of the building, the architect resorts to using a few extra, smaller containers, but he makes each of them a miniature of the dominating one, matching in shape and materials. He thus achieves the unity of a porter's trolleyful of matched luggage, or, if you prefer, a family of mother duck and ducklings. But whatever strange shape the container takes, or whatever combined form—matched luggage, a family, a bunch of grapes—the important thing is that the noun is singular: a number of things has been made into a singular thing.

The individual grape in the bunch may also be exotic fruit, as in the purely decorative and frivolous U. S. pavilion at the World Agricultural Fair in New Delhi, where Minoru Yamasaki used a golden Fiberglas Eastern dome as a sunshading grape. He could have added as many domes as required by the exhibition authorities without embarrassment to the bunch ***(Figure 6)***. Or the grape may be slightly less exotic and more functional as in the U. S. Consulate at Tabriz, Iran ***(Figure 7)***, or not exotic at all and convincingly practical, as in the folded concrete units of Paul Rudolph's Sarasota High School ***(Figure 8)*** in Florida.

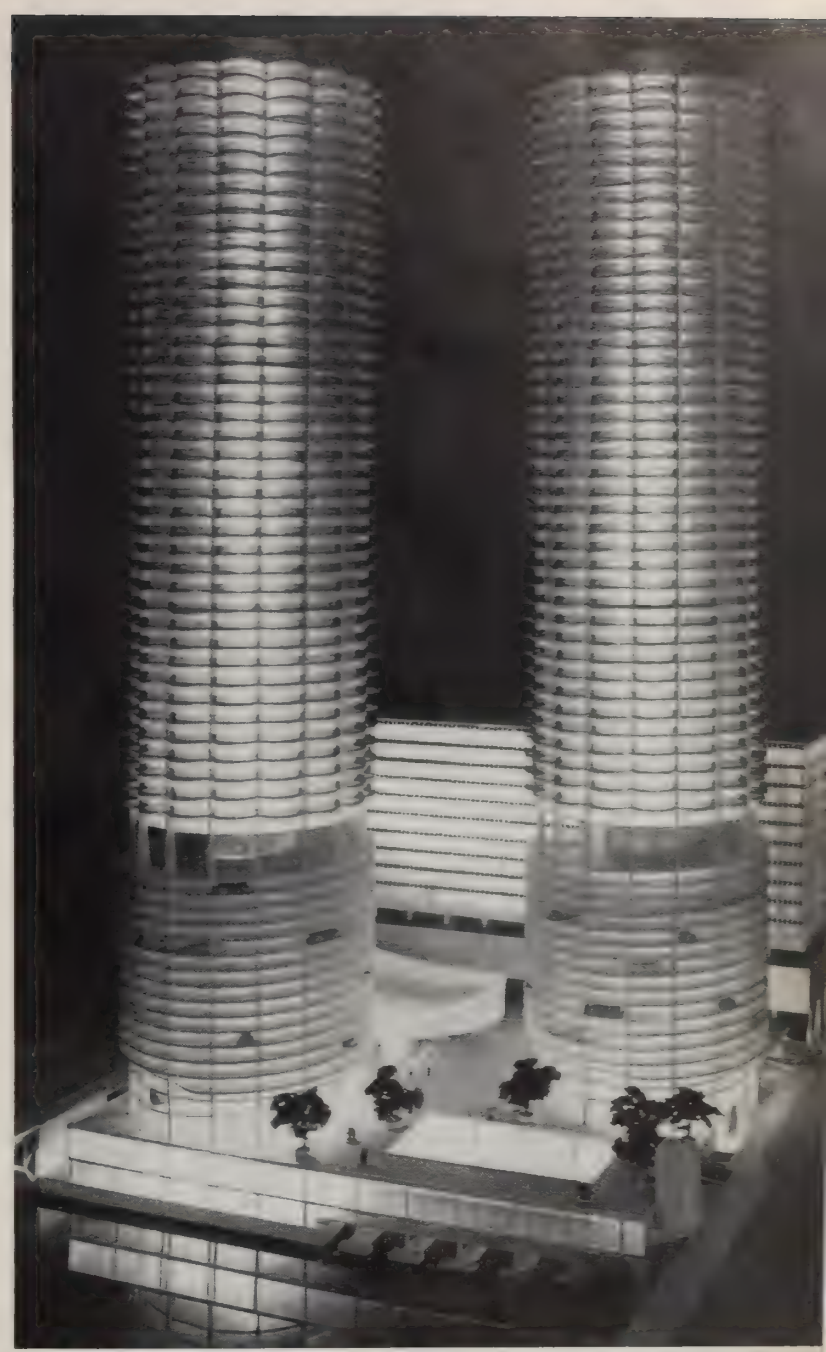
Again, the grape may be used as a practical solution to the industrialization of house building, for a house might be mass-produced like a car if it could be broken down into a number of standardized units of space enclosure each about the size of a car, as proposed by George Nelson and Gordon Chadwick.

TWINSHIP AND CIRCLE

THERE are of course other variations of these two main techniques. Twins are popular. A few years ago, if an architect had found it necessary to build two similar buildings —say, apartment blocks—beside each other, he would have gone out of his way to avoid what was considered one of the worst design *faux pas:* duality. Probably he would have made one of the buildings tall and thin, the other short and fat; he would have composed them as two things, leading your eye gently from the squat to the tall one. Now, as proposed in Bertrand Goldberg's twin sixty-story apartment cylinders at the Marina City development in Chicago ***(Figure 9),*** the architect makes the two things identical so that they are in effect one thing: a pair.

The archetype of modern twins was perhaps the Mies van der Rohe apartments of 1956 on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. But then in a sense the whole monolithic movement was begun by Mies. For it was he who reversed the slogan of early modern architecture: "Form follows function." The architect's duty in the technological age, said Mies, is to build perfect structure and form. Then function will fit it. Mies spends his creative life perfecting the technology and character of the glass suitcase building as a kind of nonemotional abstract poetry. But meanwhile his reversal of the old Functionalist principle had set others off, freed of inhibitions, on a delightful search for beautiful form. And in seemingly no time many architects in many parts of the world came back from the search triumphantly carrying a circle.

It is no coincidence, and no simple fashion, that the circle now is almost as common a shape in creative architecture as the rectangle was a few years ago. The circle is translated into the three dimensions of a usable building in a dozen ways. It becomes a cone, or a drum, or—most frequently—a ring, as in a fairly classic and symbolic example: the fallout-proof school designed by Albert Sigal, Jr. for the California Council of the American Institute of Architects' Committee on Nuclear Energy ***(Figure 10).***



BILL ENGDAHL, HEDRICH-BLESSING

Figure 9 (above). Apartment blocks, Marina City project, Chicago; Bertrand Goldberg Associates, architect. ***Figure 10*** (below). Fallout-proof school, Albert E. Sigal Jr., designer

KEEBLES





BALTAZAR KORAB

Figure 11 (above). Skyscraper, Detroit; Minoru Yamasaki, architect. ***Figure 12*** (below). Proposed Horizon City; Lucio Costa, planner

RAY MANLEY



The emergence of the circle from the rectilinear background of modern architecture is not really surprising. This new monolithism is a reaction against early modern architecture's often overintense worship of the machine and the right angle. This is a more scholarly, sententious, classical approach, frankly open to inspiration from the past.

One of the first moves was to compress the ubiquitous rectangle into the tighter geometrical shape of the square—hence the number of new tower buildings that are exactly square in plan, like Yamasaki's Michigan Consolidated Gas building in Detroit ***(Figure 11)***. But a circle is far better still. The circle is the most self-contained, precise, concise shape, recurring at intervals throughout history in the plan of special public buildings from Stonehenge on. Turned into three-dimensional form, as in a dome, the circle suggests the arch of the heavens, the sphere, the divine form of a drop of water, or the earth, or the universe.

The mystical connotations here are not irrelevant. Partial responsibility for the present rash of circles must be accepted by Professor Rudolf Wittkower, whose learned treatise on the mystical influence, during the Renaissance, of Pythagorean and Vitruvian theories of form, *Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism*, has been required reading in most architectural schools for a decade or so. The ancients saw cosmic significance in involved mathematical analogies between music, geometry, and the human body. They would have delighted in the form of hundreds of new variations on the circle and the dome which are now appearing every day: for instance, the Civil War Centennial Dome in Virginia; or a dozen projects for dome-homes; or the two complementary buildings for Brasilia's houses of parliament by Oscar Niemeyer—one a conventional dome, the other a matching upside-down bowl.

SINGLENESS OUT OF CONFUSION

BESIDES, mystiques apart, the circle and the dome are economically justifiable. They are nature's way of enclosing the most within the least surface. Working without a trace of mysticism and strictly within rational engineering principles, the Italian architect-engineer Pier Luigi Nervi frequently produces a circular plan and a domed form for his intricate ventures in concrete, seen at their best in the Rome Olympic Games stadia.

Scale affects all architectural thinking, old as well as new. If, for instance, you asked an architect of the early high Functionalist era to create for you a model community, he would design separately the commercial, industrial, cultural, religious, and domestic areas of the town, and give all these separate architectural expressions on his drawing board. But he would probably be content to leave each separate house as a simple block. However, when you asked him to detail a house, he would design as separate boxes the living, sleeping, and service areas and the garden shed. Finally, when he concentrated on the shed, he would design separately the places for the hand tools and the heavier equipment, giving them different expression, and would probably provide a circular place for rolling the hose. By this illustration I mean to suggest that the idea of separating different functional parts was essentially not a practical scheme so much as an artistic idea which could be expanded or contracted in interpretation to suit the will or whim of the working architect.

In a similar way, but in reverse, scale affects the artistic idea of monolithism. Certainly it is not hard for anyone to imagine a monolithic concept for a single building which is to function simply as a small shrine—although few would turn the suitcase into such a glamorous evening bag as Philip Johnson has made the Rappites' memorial in New Harmony, Indiana ***(Figure 14)***.

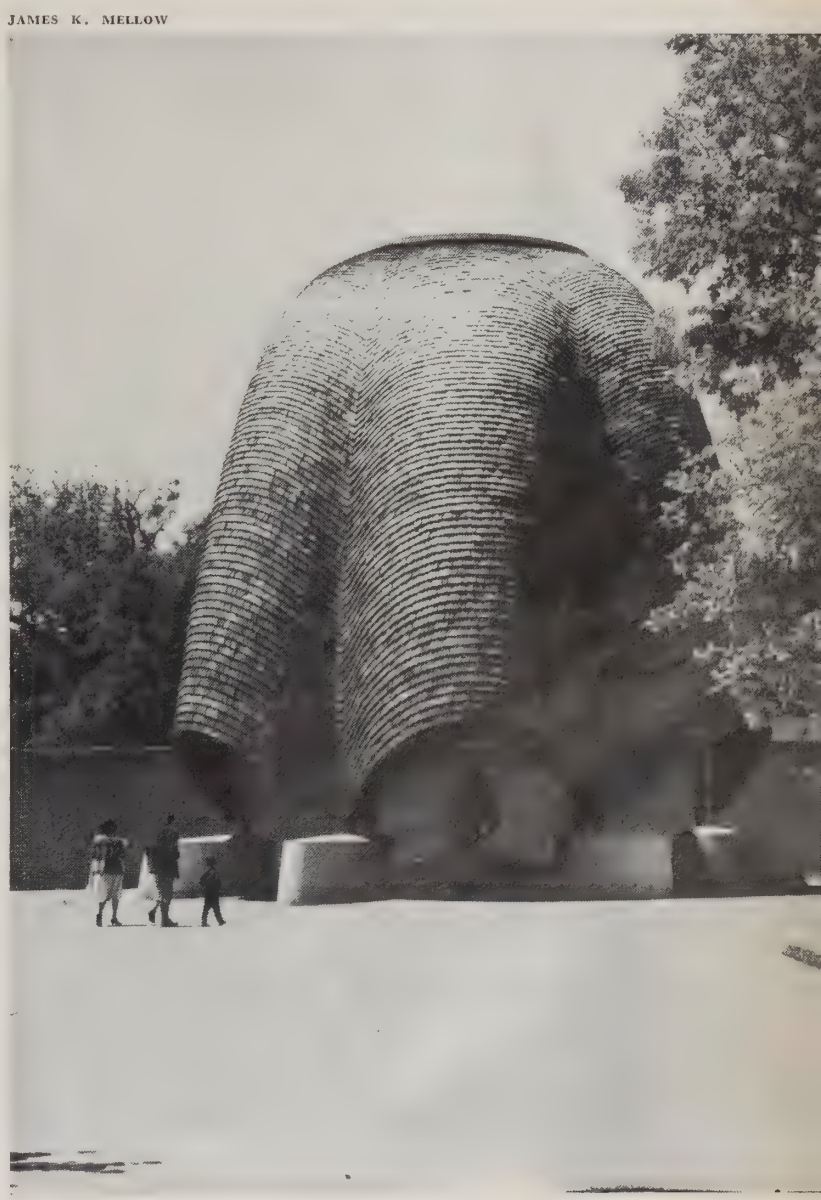
But as the movement develops and designers keep tightening up their architectural themes, it is seen that more and more complex functions can be packed into bigger and bigger suitcases. The circle stretches to take in a whole jet airport, as proposed for Kansas City ***(Figure 13)***, or a college building for six thousand students, as in Raleigh, North Carolina, or a whole city as in the Horizon City project proposed for Texas by the Brazilian planner Lucio Costa ***(Figure 12)***. It is clear, however, that even the biggest suitcases or grape-bunches have their practical limitations—illustrated in the ragged edges of the proposed Horizon City scheme (which is now in the planning stage). Only in a dictatorship or a classical utopia would you expect everybody to conform uncomplainingly to some allotted compartment in a cosmic dream.

The suitcase and grape-bunch, however, are not all the new movement has to offer. There are other methods of drawing an effect of singleness out of complexity. One of them which grew up alongside the suitcase and grape-bunch is on the face of it entirely opposed to



Figure 13 (above). Proposed jet airport, Kansas City; Cooper-Robinson-Carlson-O'Brien, architects. ***Figure 14*** (below). Memorial to the Rappites, New Harmony, Indiana; Philip Johnson, architect

JAMES K. MELLOW





MARC NEUE

Figure 15. La Tourette, Dominican monastery, France; Le Corbusier, architect

them. It is seen at its best in the latest building of one of this century's greatest taste-makers: La Tourette, a Dominican monastery in France by Le Corbusier ***(Figure 15).*** At first glance, it has the faint suggestion of a suitcase, like most Le Corbusier works, in the over-all rectilinear form. But it is certainly not a case you'd be proud to claim in the baggage room; it seems to have been deliberately broken into bits. For Le Corbusier is not attempting to make a single thing in the direct visual sense. But in a poetic, harmonic, and rather excitedly mystical way he is harking back to ancient dogmas of proportion and rhythm. The whole of La Tourette is designed on the "Modulor" scale, Le Corbusier's own measuring device, which is based on the ancient mathematical proportion known as the "Golden Section." The whole of the three-story window-wall which looks down the valley is designed in the proportions of a musical composition by a musician-engineer colleague of Le Corbusier named Xenakis. The process used is called "Metastasis" by Le Corbusier, who enjoys nothing better than a quadrisyllable. Metastasis is a process of transformation and Le Corbusier no doubt sees this wall transformed from a number of sticks and sheets of glass into a fused harmony: One thing.

A similar process applied to a more workaday building and stripped of much of Le Corbusier's poetry and all of his mysticism, is seen at work in the Alfred Newton Richard Medical Research Building at the Universi of Pennsylvania ***(Figure 16).*** Its architect, Lou I. Kahn, made no attempt at a suitcase. Nor di he homogenize all the elements in some sort architectural blender. Instead he divided th bigger elements such as the laboratory areas int convenient functional sizes. This way they wer more in scale with small elements such as th stair towers and the ventilation and plumbin ducts, which he felt compelled to expose t public view. Finally, he achieved not a com posed blend so much as a mixture like a frui salad in which everything of relevance to th job in hand—but nothing more—could still b seen fragmented, naked, and identifiable, whil no separate thing dominated and all wer subordinated to the total thing. Because thi approach offers more freedom and flexibility perhaps it also offers the most immediate hop to the future of the monolithic movement. Bu still it is an intensely intellectual approach an as such it lacks the essence of all the mor exciting suitcase conceptions since the Tower o Babel: the visionary quality.

THE DREAM AND THE USE

IN A pure case of monolithism the exact solution to the building problem is discovered, not by any kind of engineer or social scientist,

not even by a clever designer, but by an inspired dreamer, instantaneously, in a flash when the clouds part and all beauty is revealed to him. That is the nature of a grand monolithic concept; or, rather, that is the desired effect. And a vision is characteristically a single complete thing, not a lot of things beautifully composed, nor a single thing intellectually analyzed. The architectural translation of such a vision also will have the power of instantaneous communication, and if the message received in a flash does indeed appear to be highly appropriate for the human problem of shelter under consideration, then it can be judged that the suitcase is likely to be good architecture. The problem of the visionary architect, however, is not to seek visions, which are easy enough to cultivate, but to train himself to dismiss irrelevant visions.

It is important for the monolithic movement to have hope—to look ahead and not over its shoulder, to remain on the upgrade. For the indisputable, definable object of all design is co-ordination: the drawing together of many related parts into an apparent wholeness, a singleness of purpose. It is only right and proper and historically correct that a building should have a recognizable idea running all through it. And it is exciting and stimulating when the idea is so vivid that it makes an immediate, imperative image.

But the key question in judgment remains: Is the strong, vital image the right one for the task in hand? Is it functionally and structurally logical? Perhaps only those in the know —the professionals—can answer this; but there is another question anyone can apply to all these buildings. Are they emotionally satisfying in ways that seem appropriate to the occupants and their duties and their sense of delight? For architecture is still nothing if not a useful art and, very literally, a living art—for living, that is, in 1961—and if the image created is not in accord realistically with the fragment of life being sheltered, architecture might as well give over the design of its façades and foyers to Madison Avenue and be done with it.



JOSEPH W. MOLITOR

Figure 16. Medical Research Building, University of Pennsylvania; Louis I. Kahn, architect

MIRIAM BORGENICHT



TEACHERS COLLEGE: AN EXTINCT VOLCANO?

Its brightest faculty members call it "a damn sick institution." But a TC degree is still a passport to promotion in most school systems.

Miriam Borgenicht has written many magazine articles and three suspense novels and will start teaching English at New Rochelle High School this fall. She is the wife of a New York attorney, Milton Klein, and the mother of five children. A Barnard graduate, she enrolled at TC in February 1960, acquired fifteen points toward a master's degree and some unexpected light on teacher training. This article is the result.

MOST empires, as history readers know, have a way of putting up a strong front for a considerable time after decay has begun. This truism conveniently fits the empire called Teachers College, which presides from its bastion on the Columbia University campus in New York City over more sectors of education than some observers consider quite seemly.

The appearance of strength is in every way impressive. A quarter of the superintendents who run America's big-city school systems received graduate training at Teachers College, which is known to the trade as TC. Currently it is schooling their successors, plus plenty of the teachers and principals who will work under them. Every autumn six thousand students wait in line at the registrar's office. Of these more than two hundred—far more than at any other school of education—collect the footnotes and unassailable generalities that compose a doctorate of education thesis, thenceforth to sign themselves Ed.D. In TC classrooms 150 professors draw blackboard diagrams for courses like "Intergroup Development and Organization" and "Education as Facilitation of Change." And an immeasurable pile of documents goes out across the country, carrying the word that is first discussed at inordinate length in a conference room above Russell Library.

This power structure, indeed, appears menacing as well as unseemly to some critics. They blame it for every woe of American parents, from their sixth-grader's ignorance about the rivers of

South America to the rule which keeps their charming French-born neighbor from teaching French in the local high school.

In fact, however, both the complaints and the aura of power are relics of philosophies that were advanced, and attacked, and sometimes even abandoned thirty or forty years ago, and what might be more justly criticized is the failure to produce new concepts in the past twenty years. The six thousand students now at TC are more likely to acquire a vague sympathy for the whole child than a curriculum that will interest a whole classroom. To anyone who has taken one education course, the ground covered in another Ed course looks all too familiar. And the articles by and about TC in educational journals usually sound defensive because someone has to answer the critics, and no one but the educators seems to volunteer for the job.

To tune in properly on the thin voice of Teachers College today one must remember the aggressive chorus of its lustier years. The simple business of getting started was no mean feat. From 1887, when its doors opened to fewer than a hundred students, it grew steadily for over a generation. Under the firm rule of Dean James Russell, it also sold—to the nation and the world—the idea that teachers ought to know something. Subsequently, state bureaucracies may have become somewhat inflexibly attached to compulsory education courses. However, when even the stanchest TC hater looks at the alternatives—at such wayward phenomena as the recommendations of school boards, pupils, or other teachers—he concedes that academic training of some kind is the most reasonable basis for hiring or promoting teachers. No one, it appears, really wants teachers traveling light; intellectual baggage is very much in order.

MULTIPLICATION VS. MURALS

FOR many years Teachers College provided much of this baggage in the form of ideas that, for easy inspection, may be stacked under D for Dewey. Around 1915 these ideas had considerable carrying power; and American schools still feel the impact of Dewey's philosophy (emphasis on education as active instead of passive, and on learning as experimentation instead of imitation) and of Thorndike's psychology (large-scale achievement and intelligence testing).

TC spoke with many voices in those days. Professor Kilpatrick, in one classroom, might argue that learning should involve purposeful activity and should begin with a problem that created interest and developed initiative. His colleague, Professor Kandel, might declare, on the contrary, that the schools should prepare students for adult responsibilities through formal training in reading, arithmetic, and the like. After a tortuous journey through committees, this debate emerged as the question of whether fourth-graders should work on multiplication or on a mural about the Iroquois; and although, in the 'twenties, a majority of the TC faculty would have favored the mural, on this question, as on the problem of teacher certification, TC long ago ceased being the sole arbiter. Nonetheless it chewed over the old ideas in a way which did them little good; school boards, for instance, that had followed TC's advice to invest in movable desks were likely to lose their enthusiasm when the same source was still making vigorous attacks on stationary ones five years later. The progressive-education movement was finished off by World War II conservatism, by the rise in social agencies to take over functions that progressives had wanted in the schools, and by the push to get into college. When parents start worrying about College Boards while their children are in grade school, an hour with maps takes priority over a "creative" visit to the local fire house.

The TC chorus also carried far during the 'thirties when concern about the social order accompanied and sometimes superseded concern about the child it might raise. From the hilltops of progressive education, vistas of progressive politics looked agreeable and were duly charted. In 1934 a new course called Education 200F put compulsory doses of sociology, economics, and political science into every apprentice teacher's notebook. There are many variations of 200F today, and if its content is not entirely new to some students, they may find solace in the fact that their predecessors broke new ground.

TC's serenade to the new social order, however, was far from harmonious. Where did teachers stand in the class struggle? Was George Counts correct in saying that teachers should formulate goals for society? Why a Teachers Union? Was Dean William Russell (son of James) throwing his considerable weight against left-wingers? Had Kilpatrick been fired for progressive leanings or was he due for retirement anyhow? Were Communists taking over the place? Were reactionaries taking over the place? Questions like these shook faculty meetings (as they shook most meetings in the 'thirties), made friends and enemies across the country, and earned for TC—from a *New York Times* reporter—a title which it still cherishes: one big unhappy family.

Today, no one would be likely to use the same sobriquet. The heated old debates have been replaced by a vague malaise. "We're a damn sick institution," said a young professor recently. "Ten more years like this and we'll be out of business," warned a colleague down the hall, without bothering to lower his voice or close the door; self-censure does not rate as treason. But the bright and generally young men who hold such views are a small minority of the faculty and they are up against its backbone: the masters of education jargon, the men who shot their bolt for causes in the 'thirties, the assistants who took over from the Countses and Kilpatricks and carved no new niches for themselves. Harping on the theme of individual personality, they demonstrate that what is radical for one age can turn sodden in another. But they have the strength of numbers.

The TC administration under President Hollis L. Caswell is still playing the old games like department reorganization and purpose reappraisal, and soon it may be too late to do anything else. Ten years ago, TC could bear the brunt of anyone's gripes against the public schools with stolidity and even relish; perhaps it was indeed responsible for the slow readers and the bum spellers, since for over a generation it had supplied a sizable share of the nation's teachers and curriculums. Today there is competition even for blame. Training for teachers is now offered at twelve hundred assorted universities, liberal-arts colleges, normal schools, and teachers' colleges. The cozy rationale for TC's existence, in short, is disappearing along with the daring ideas. "We either move on or move out," said a young professor the other day. But the only discernible movement at TC is toward the realignment of courses in education.

ONE BOOK PER SEMESTER

WHERE in fact should Teachers College move? Where should it move to solve the main problem today: how to lure bright people into teaching? A professional school can handle a shortage in two opposite ways. One method is to make the preparation appear so accessible and undemanding that anyone may take a stab at it. The other way is to invest it with such qualifications and difficulties and, consequently, glamour that only the superior will feel eligible. TC adopted the first method thirty years ago; with few modifications it still prevails.

How does it work? Let us take a look at a promising young college graduate named John who, after a year in his father's factory, decides that he wants to become a high-school English teacher. He enrolls at TC and finds plenty to choose from. He can, for example, take his pick among Psychology of Early Adolescence, Psychology of Late Adolescence, Psychology of the Adult, Psychology of Adjustment, Psychology of Communication, Psychology of Personality, Psychology of School Learning, Psychology of Family Relations, and some hundred other psychologies. But amid the diversity is a certain rigidity. For instance, a course grandly called "Communication and the Communication Arts in the Modern Community" is a requisite for his master's. This sounds like material John had studied in college so he asks if he may take a test to exempt him (a not uncommon practice in many schools). The answer is "no" because "the human relationships involved in a course are as vital as the subject matter."

Various other trials are in store. John finds that almost every class accommodates a widely disparate group: the physical ed major from a Southern school and the Ivy-League graduate, the nurse on scholarship from her hospital and the experienced teacher out for advancement, the housewife back after fifteen years of reading recipes, and the foreign student whose mastery of English is not quite up to his spirit. Generally the pace is geared to the slow student: one book —and a digest at that—may be a whole semester's reading requirement.

After a while, John gets used to the effortless stroke which enables him to swim along with A's and B's. He is puzzled, however, by an experiment on page 100 of his psychology textbook. It shows that when restaurant waitresses are confronted with desserts in two rows, they reach on tiptoe for those in back; the implication is that people go after what is hard to get. But at TC, he finds, the treats are within easy reach of all. John hears much talk about areas of reference, societal values, and the purpose of education. The question, "what is education?", is good for forty minutes at the start of any course; so is something known as "constructive discussion of significant issues."

In his second term John starts student teaching. Under TC's loose system (which is common to many schools of education) this means that he observes real classes in a nearby school for several months, and is in charge of them for perhaps an equal time. An accompanying seminar at TC is supposed to clarify his opinions and answer his questions.

John's high-school pupils are studying *The*

Scarlet Letter. He would like help on the following: What sort of analysis of the Puritan mind should properly precede a reading of the book? How much information about Hawthorne's life should be expected? How does Hawthorne's sense of sin compare with our modern sense, and to what extent is this an appropriate topic for a bright eleventh grade? What analogous book would be preferable for a class of more limited ability? However, a fruitful discussion of these problems would assume a knowledge of Hawthorne, of the Puritan mind, of Salem, and of eleventh-grade reading lists; it would also exclude those without this knowledge. But exclusion is not the liberal—that is to say, the TC—way. Instead of learning about high-school curriculums, John finds in a typical seminar that he must ponder something called a "sociagram," which is a diagram showing how students in a hypothetical high-school class relate to each other. Susan (as shown by arrows) is not well liked by either the large groups dominated by Ellen and Burt or the small one led by Mary. To scrutinize this, of course, requires nothing but a general empathy. One seminar student identifies with Burt; another contributes a poignant speculation about Mary. No one mentions the fact that, in most high schools, deans or guidance experts—for better or worse—now do the counseling, or that, indeed, a teacher who interfered in the social life of sixteen-year-olds would be a dead duck. A spirit of good will pervades the seminar. Everyone has an opinion about whether Susan's rejected state may interfere with her performance on tests. More arrows are drawn to delineate high-school cliques; the student teachers obediently copy these into notebooks. John, meanwhile, finds himself thinking that perhaps he wants to run the family nut-and-bolt factory after all.

IS IT HARD TO GET IN?

WOULD John have found the same limp procedures at all schools of education? Generally, yes. In an attempt to change matters, the Ford Foundation two years ago gave a lordly $15,478,000 to nineteen graduate teacher-training schools: $2,800,000 went to Harvard; $2,400,000 to the University of Chicago; $800,000 to Cornell; $1,047,000 to Brown; $900,000 to Stanford; and $600,000 to George Peabody College in Tennessee. These are very different institutions, but they are in accord on one major point: that for the potential teacher, the best soft sell may well be a year of hard grind.

To accomplish this, they have, first, tightened admission standards; as a result, many of them now have more applicants than they can handle for the M.A. in teaching. Second, they have established close ties with nearby school systems. In Los Angeles, for instance, the city schools help screen candidates for the University of Southern California School of Education and agree to hire them after training. There is similar rapport at Central Michigan University, Bucknell, and Cornell.

Pay has also been used as a lure for student teachers, who are sometimes called interns. It varies from $1,750 paid to Harvard students by Newton and Lexington public schools, to $1,275 (one-semester substitute's pay) for a few trainees at George Peabody. University of Chicago interns are paid in proportion to the amount of teaching they do. At Stanford the classroom teacher who supervises the interns pockets an extra check. Diverse as they are, these devices all add to the attractiveness of teacher training and help make it a real rather than a textbook experience.

As a natural corollary, lots of the education textbooks have bitten the dust. Stanford cut its methods course requirement from forty-two points to thirty-four. At Harvard's School of Education, students are taking more than ten times as many courses in the college faculty of arts and sciences as they did in the early 'fifties. In fact, according to Dean Keppel, practically all courses are now in subject matter rather than in methods. A decent respect has thus been fostered between the university and the school of education; liberal-arts professors look a lot more tolerantly on the education student once they are able to put him through their own demanding paces.

At Teachers College, however, such promising innovations have made few inroads. Admissions policy was mildly modified last spring, when a "B" average in college was made an entrance requirement. But differences in colleges and loopholes for "prior field experience" still allow great latitude. Though Teachers College Dean John Fischer (a former Baltimore School Superintendent who was appointed last year) commends tight standards, he also takes shelter under the TC tradition of never turning away anyone who wants help. Isn't it a fact, he asks, that for teaching certain groups, the fellow who just squeaked through a small Arkansas college may be just as good a bet as a *cum laude* from Amherst? Tempering any inclination to put up barriers is the perverse fact that TC enrollment

has declined anyhow—from 8,483 in 1959 to 7,829 in 1960, for the combined spring and winter sessions. (Summer sessions add another few thousand.) Dr. Fischer hopefully ascribes this slump to the low birth rate in the 'thirties, but other schools are not so afflicted.

Thus one is led to suspect that a liberal admissions policy may be dictated less by ideology than by poverty. This is an old story at TC though it is seldom told; an institution with empty coffers, like a girl with an empty date book, suffers from unpopularity. TC's finances are complicated by all manner of special grants and funds for assorted research and publication projects. However, tuition fees supply at least three-quarters of the "instructional" budget and in consequence almost anyone with a tuition check in hand is welcome. Those who would like TC to become the Harvard of education must reckon with the fact that it lacks Harvard's financial cushion. Nor is its own hard seat at the bargaining table likely to be eased. Though some endowment money trickles in, notably from the Carnegie and the Kellogg foundations, grants are usually earmarked for special purposes such as teacher education in Africa. This spring, to be sure, Procter and Gamble gave $15,000 without attached strings, but this rare kind of unrestricted largess is hardly enough to buy acoustical tile for a couple of reconditioned classrooms. The big money the Ford Foundation gave to nineteen colleges was for a major shake-up in their programs; it is well known that no real shake-up will get past the main desk at TC.

Short of money, TC is also hobbled by lack of a link with the New York City public schools or any others. This was not always the case. Over the years, TC has had five affiliated demonstration schools. The most noteworthy was Lincoln, which merged with Horace Mann in 1940 and was closed nine years later because it was felt to have outlived its usefulness. Lincoln, in fact, was demonstrating that progressive methods applied by first-rate teachers to the selected children of privileged families turn out a superior product, to no one's surprise. However, there grew to be less and less connection between what went on at Lincoln, where a "slow learner" might have an IQ of 110, and most of the school systems (Denver or Kansas City, for example) that tried to benefit from it. The decision to close Lincoln was denounced angrily, in and out of the courts, by parents and onlookers. But by and large they missed the point: the disaster was not that Lincoln folded but that nothing replaced it. TC today has no campus school where a professor may take his students, or his ideas, or even himself. No channels—like those in Cambridge or California—have been opened up to neighboring classrooms. Communication is a big word in the catalogue, but TC has no working variety of it with school superintendents and principals in its own back yard.

Though Dean Fischer urges teachers to understand "the great diversity of pupils across the country," TC courses offer few glimpses of the Harlem public schools five blocks away. This remoteness led a Brooklyn teacher to comment sardonically on a lecture on visual aids. "I'd just like to see that professor in my class," she said. "The boys are squirting ink. The girls are busy with the old make-up. And someone's using the kind of words you don't find in the manuals. What would he do about it?"

To be sure, not all the professors are happy at their alienated blackboards. "If we want to blaze new trails we should be working with the Puerto Rican children," says Professor Lawrence Cremin, who heads the Social and Philosophical Foundations Department. "These children sit at a third of the desks in New York City schools. Their language and behavior problems would give us plenty to hack our way through." Professor James McClellan, who teaches philosophy with a Texas accent, is equally driven toward public-school teaching. "I despise it, I hate it, but I ought to be doing it. I need someone to give me a push." Acting without the push is Professor George Bereday, who teaches social studies once a week in a nearby suburban junior high school.

CASTING IMITATION PEARLS

BY AND large, however, TC puts its main trust in the methods course. This category ranges, roughly, from Philosophical Foundations, which may consider Rousseau, Locke, or Dewey, or Psychological Foundations, which examines theories of learning, to the methods course proper, which tells how to set up a high-school physics experiment. "Philosophic" and "psychological" courses are often criticized as being on a rather simple undergraduate level. But it is the practical methods course that Jacques Barzun had in mind when he said that its total substance "could be given in fifteen minutes of casual conversation between an older man and a younger, both interested in the same subject."

Common to all the methods courses is the stupefaction engendered by familiarity. Anyone who has taken Psychology of Adjustment may well have easy sailing in Psychology of the Adult.

Two courses which deal with methods of teaching folk songs may be even less strenuous. Meanwhile the arguments go on, as the educators grope, like Pythagoras, for a formula that will solve everything. Should the curriculum be 40 per cent method, 60 per cent subject? ("Subject" is a course, usually at Columbia, in which one pursues his special academic interest or field of subject matter.) How about 65/45? Suppose method is only 30 per cent? But a drastic cut in methods courses would be a blow to professors who are not equipped to teach anything else, and on this front they maintain an understandably stern vigil. Though Dean Fischer deplores courses which "needlessly duplicate each other," he simultaneously reminds students how lucky they are to have such a wide choice. The hundreds of methods courses, it would appear, are in the catalogue to stay.

Nor does TC's odd alliance with Columbia seem headed for any great change. Back in 1915, some people—notably President Nicholas Murray Butler—wanted TC merged with Columbia. Others thought it should be disassociated completely. Still others—led by Dean James Russell—favored a "sovereign state" within the University. Since Russell won, TC is on its own financially; students pay tuition by the point system and TC pockets the fees from its own courses.

In contrast to this straightforward fiscal relationship is the uneasy intellectual one. The late Irwin Edman expressed the extreme position when he called TC the place where imitation pearls are cast before real swine. Today his successors are less vitriolic and though many share Barzun's views, there are signs of a milder climate. This year, for instance, Professors Bereday, Cremin, Hu, Hunt, Kershner, Kimball, Watson, and Wayland are cross-listed in the University catalogue, a sign that other graduate schools consider their courses meaty enough to give credit for them. But such hands-across-the-street gestures are rare. From Columbia, the 120th Street landscape still seems dominated by duplicative courses of meager content. And no TC inhabitant inspires less respect at the University than the Ed.D. candidate. Although TC administrators talk bravely about the Ed.D. as "the best hope for new ideas and serious research," many dissertations remain on the level of "The Care and Location of the Pencil Sharpener." The demand for the Ed.D., of course, continues high. Teachers need degrees to become principals or, later, superintendents. School boards feel that Ed.D.s on the faculty prove something important. Taxpayers find in them a reason to vote for bond issues. But university faculties are less impressed. The Ed.D. may not seem to them like much of an academic trophy until it entails an obstacle course at least as tough as the one they set up for a Ph.D. This is not likely to happen soon. President Caswell keeps on promising "re-examination of the doctoral program" in nearly every TC report. But there is no real commitment to change anything.

Commitments, indeed, are in short order. The frank admission followed by the discreet withdrawal is the habitual stance. "It is quite possible," Dean Fischer said recently, "that we shall have to distinguish between that part of our effort which involves service to all who need our help and the other part which has to do with preparing the most qualified leaders for the most responsible posts in education." He adds, however, that TC cannot be expected to sort out its sprawling student body as many smaller schools have done. The excuse is unconvincing; to those who scan TC's list of courses in techniques of testing, it seems ironic that some of these can't be applied at home.

Perhaps it is even tragic. For all the gripes against it, TC has also earned respect and gratitude. Over a long period it backed up almost anyone taking a bold stand in education. The educators who wanted pictures in the classrooms, or who tried to find the disturbed child early, or who inquired why children learned at different speeds, or who thought math teachers should comprehend the League of Nations, or who said youngsters learned more if they were happy, or who hired a school psychologist—all these innovators in their day could count on reinforcements from TC.

But the frontier has shifted, and despite the many different ideas about how to run schools and pay for them, everyone is agreed that today's crisis concerns our desperate need for superior teachers. Everyone is also worried by the dour corollary—that teachers come from the bottom of the academic heap. Faced with this deadlock, TC—long the nation's main training ground for teachers—offers no inducements compelling enough to attract the bright graduates of Columbia or any other college. Unwilling or unprepared to cut its losses, TC still deals out bland liberality that was good enough twenty and fifty years ago. The loss is a national one. American education today needs plenty of powerhouses, and it is good news to no one when the oldest and most dependable of these no longer seems able to get up steam.

Harper's Magazine, July 1961

PUBLIC & PERSONAL



ARNOLD NEWMAN

WILLIAM S. WHITE

Old Junior's Progress—From Prep School to Severance Pay

A post-commencement tribute to the Younger Generation, Male, by a kindly but fed-up observer of the Limp Generation . . .

WASHINGTON—While our young graduates are still atingle from the unearned and usually nonsensical tributes paid to them by middle-aged commencement speakers, this might be a good time to tell off the younger generation, male.

In kindly and avuncular summary, I find them (on the whole) a distressingly poor lot—moderately displeasing at the best and positive stinkers at the worst. If I were a newspaper city editor, I would not willingly hire any fellow under thirty without a searching investigation. If I were an adviser to the Peace Corps, I should be most suspicious of those fresh-faced lads who wish to go off to Kenya awash with brotherhood.

And if I were a trustee of an institution of higher learning I would try, against all the odds, to put some guts into its faculty, and a couple of additional courses into its curriculum. One of these would be instruction in manners. Another would be some drill in what used to be common appreciation for one's elders—not *because* they are elders, but because they are now being forced to bear an unconscionable load of work and responsibility. Only the wealth is being shared by the youngsters; the burden remains exclusively the privilege of the grownups.

Let's face it, the kids are running hog-wild. Much has gone into the development of this correspondent's tired, fed-up malice in this matter. For a starter, here is an episode which illustrates with pristine clarity some of the things that are wrong with American youth, male.

Recently I received a letter from a "Mr." So-and-so who briskly demanded my aid—and time—on a project for his course in journalism. (Unhappily, the most unpleasing qualities in the younger generation seem to be most prevalent among boys and girls taking either journalism or political science). My correspondent required me to answer twenty questions which he had posed to help prepare himself for his chosen career as a magazine writer.

No man, not even one so churlish as I, would rightly grumble if some of his queries were impossible to reply to—as for example: *"How long does it take to get to the top?"* But, I submit, the mushiest old paterfamilias would find his temperature rising as this letter went on.

For as I read, it began to be borne in upon me that an extraordinarily high percentage of the questions dealt, not with writing or reporting techniques or other points of professional interest, but rather with matters which one might reasonably suppose could be left to chance and merit and to a considerably later point in the life of my correspondent.

"What is the average salary of a magazine reporter? And at the beginning?

"What are the sick benefits and unemployment benefits in this profession?

"What is the retirement age?

"Is this profession under Social Security?"

As my aging eyes fell upon this row of querulous queries—hardly full of that gallantry, that ardent spirit of youth-on-the-march—my mind went a bit blank. I looked again at the accompanying letter in the belief that those eyes had tricked me and that I had received a communication from a man of sixty-five whose arteries were beginning to harden and whose spirit was reaching out for the prospect of rest.

But no; there it was. The letter was from a boy in the sophomore year of high school.

Now, I do not argue that this is the common approach to life of today's younger male generation. But I do say that it is far more nearly common than ordinary logic would suppose. I base this bleak judgment not upon subjective reason, but upon actual evidence accumulated over the years. As a syndicated newspaper columnist, as well as a columnist for *Harper's,* I get a great deal of mail, and a good proportion of it is from the young. I am, moreover, more than usually exposed to communications from students of journalism and political science.

You may take my word for it that these inquiries are almost invariably innocent of any graciousness of tone. I often have the feeling that I am to consider myself fortunate to have been addressed in the first place; that I should not shilly-shally about replying; and that my uninhibited correspondent would not think of uttering anything warmer than a sour treble-grunt of thanks. He would never be caught dead saying "Sir."

Many a time I have been commanded by an aspirant for one degree or another to put aside my trifling personal tasks and, in effect, to write his thesis for him. One young person offering me this op-

portunity had been assigned to do a paper in connection with the Senate. He observed to me, in passing, that while he understood I had written a book about the Senate, he did not propose to read it: I would understand, of course, that he was busy. Moreover he already knew he would not agree with the book, anyhow.

THE MOONING AGE

NEARLY all of us know fathers and mothers who are trying desperately to cope with this sort of oaf: He is in his twenties, at an age when we used to think in this country (as most people in Europe still think) that a chap was a man if he was ever going to be. But this fellow remains obdurately a most repellent little boy. Though long since eligible to shave and vote, he must be cosseted endlessly by his driven parents. Except for him and his boyish demands, they would by now be materially solvent and spiritually able to enjoy those small rewards of travel and relaxation which they have well earned.

This fellow is a common type. He spent his years in prep school or high school mooning about in that drippy way which we wrongly tend to associate with the girls of his age. (In plain truth, the girls are a different and a happier breed altogether. They have far more gumption than the males, more manners and perspective, more common sense and self-discipline. If, as many people think, we Americans have long been living under a matriarchy, one thing is sure: the present younger generation of the American male will not redress the balance. It well may be that within ten or fifteen years the present dominance of the female in adult society will be seen in retrospect as relatively a golden age of manhood.)

But to return to my male type-figure. Having some time ago emerged from prep or high school in incorrupted ignorance, he has since put in years of a dreary aimlessness. Somehow or another, the military had him for a while: a "trainee," reluctant at the beginning and untrained, in every sense, at the end. When this Sad Sack period of ambiguous service had wound to its dull close, the military had returned him, with relief, to his parents—who persisted in being doting parents, there being not much else to do.

They went about frantically trying to get him into some college. He had, of course, held out for Yale or Harvard or Princeton, or some other institution high in cost and standards. His marks did not remotely qualify him for such a school; nor did his true interest, or what the educators call his "motivation." Actually he had pitched his desire upon an Ivy League college (one cannot say his "ambition," for ambition is one of the many things which he has not got) because he thought this would be a smart place to go to, where he could drive about in his convertible with the top down.

Now this sort of "motivation" would not be vastly amiss—in a boy. But remember that this hardy adolescent is past twenty-one. And if all goes well he might conceivably be in position to shift for himself by the time he is, say, thirty-three.

HE FINDS BLISS

WHEN the inevitable happens and all the big colleges say No, he is shipped off to some cow college which will open its doors to all who can read (plus a lot who can't). Then the rather pathetic little plot begins to thicken. For Old Junior suddenly decides that he must be married, perhaps because the television ads showing domestic bliss among the cleaning fluids and car-washing materials have put him into a strongly romantic frame of mind.

"Daddy"—this will remain Old Junior's term for his father long after Old Junior himself has fathered several entrants to the family line—is quietly apoplectic. Mother (and, ultimate horror, she in many cases is still "Mommy" to Old Junior) is aghast. They have been driven to the wall, emotionally and financially, by providing simply for Old Junior himself. Now they must somehow find the money—and the moral strength—to launch his wedding, complete to the flowers. Of course, they ought to call in their son and say:

"Now look here, Old Junior, enough is enough, and in this instance there has been too much already. We wish you well as our child—though, frankly, we could wish, too, that you had not insisted on remaining a child so very long. But this is how it is, Old Junior. Regretfully we must tell you to go to hell. If there is any more college for you, you will pay for it. If there is to be a marriage for you, you will pay for that, too. If you intend to found a family you will be responsible for and pay for that family, too. Old Junior, this is where you get off the gravy train; or, to be more exact, this is where you descend from the lollipop express. Why don't you go ahead now and just get a job in a filling station?"

But Daddy and Mommy will not take this Spartan course. Instead, Daddy will grit his teeth (which should have been looked after long ago but were not because Old Junior was, at the time, in the Army and required a weekly check to supplement his military earnings). He will go out and add a mortgage to the two or three he is already carrying. Mommy will again pass up the coat she thought she might be able at last to buy, and she will tear up the folders about Bermuda.

So they will usher Old Junior into the wedded state with wistful fanfare—and their troubles will begin to multiply. The apartment they had found for Old Junior and Mrs. Old Junior (and one must pity this hapless girl) will very shortly be too small or otherwise not suitable. A bigger apartment—and a bigger remittance to Old Junior—will then follow.

Whatever Daddy and Mommy do, however, to make Old Junior comfortable in his academic pursuits, it will turn out to have been too little. Old Junior's growing family will interfere with his intellectual life, and the kindly college of his non-choice will begin to murmur that even *its* standards Old Junior is failing to meet. He will switch from a major in one of the arcane subjects like history to a major in, say, the management of hotel barber shops.

But however Old Junior twists and turns and works and works at his studies (sometimes two or three whole hours a week), he will increasingly need help. The Dean will join Daddy and Mommy in his line of support; and other hands will be enlisted. At length, these hands will include those of a Marriage Counselor, summoned to help Straighten

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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

Out Old Junior—although Old Junior, characteristically, will think that this lady has come into the menage to Straighten Out the deplorable maladjustments of *Mrs.* Old Junior.

Mrs. Old Junior by this time will begin to wonder whether it is all worthwhile. And sometimes, right in front of Old Junior, she will exchange wordless glances of quiet meaning with Old Junior's Daddy and Mommy. So it will all wind up, of course, in divorce. Mrs. Old Junior will go to work, but she will not be able—because she has had no training—to take care alone of the three or four children magnanimously left in her care by Old Junior. Daddy and Mommy will come forward again—and again.

HE WRITES A LETTER

OLD JUNIOR himself will move into the fraternity house, an enigmatic elderly figure of domestic tragedy to the sophomores there in residence; but still a Little Boy to himself. He will now complete his intellectual training. And when the time comes for the preparation of his thesis upon the Management of Certain Types of Barber Shops, he will bestir himself mightily and find the name and address of some suitable professional adviser. His eye will fall upon some unfortunate Master Barber; and he will then briskly privilege this citizen with orders to put down his shears, lock his shop doors, and "help" Old Junior to write the thesis which will establish his *bona fides,* vindicate his long search for knowledge, and declare him at last to be a Man. And poor Old Junior will say to himself—just as he is telephoning Daddy to be sure to make him an appointment with those who employ masters in the art of the management of barber shops—that it has been a long hard way up but that now, by God, he has made it at last.

Daddy and Mommy, too, can now feel some sense of qualified relaxation—until the day, that is, when Old Junior's employer incontinently and ungenerously hurls him out upon the public streets. His ears will be full of the boss's maledictions but his pocket will be soothed by the boss's check for severance pay and a booklet on how to apply for unemployment compensation.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Summer Fiction: Steinbeck, Silone, and Some Women on the Loose

RUNNING through all of John Steinbeck's career as a novelist is an uneasy and unresolved debate about the nature of man. In some of his books—*Cannery Row* and *Sweet Thursday* are obvious examples—he sees man as essentially a biological organism like another, innocently helping himself to whatever he needs to make life bearable and enjoyable without regard to the rules of conduct laid down by society, which is portrayed as deserving whatever mulcting it gets. In such books Steinbeck is the sympathetic, amused, but largely detached observer, looking upon his characters with a benign, forgiving smile such as one might turn upon a bunch of puppies playfully chewing up a shoe, as long as the shoe belongs to somebody else.

But alongside the biologist-observer there is another Steinbeck who sees man as a moral being, a being whose actions constitute significant choices between right and wrong. This Steinbeck is capable of indignation, of outrage, and his masterpiece is *The Grapes of Wrath.*

In only one book, the story of a strike published twenty-five years ago, *In Dubious Battle,* Steinbeck arranged a confrontation of sorts between his two views of man; one of the main characters in that book is a passive but sympathetic observer of the action, a young doctor who is ready to help the sick or wounded strikers with his professional skill but who otherwise refuses to participate; the other is an activist, the leader of the strike, a man convinced that society is wrong and that he must do something to attempt to set it right. The debate between the two remains inconclusive, as it seems to have remained in Steinbeck's own mind, though over the years the attitude of the young doctor has tended to predominate.

Steinbeck's new book, **The Winter of Our Discontent** (Viking, $4.50), is the work of Steinbeck the moralist. The main character is a man named Ethan Allen Hawley, a veteran of the second world war who lives in an old seaport town on the Long Island coast. He is happily married and has a son and daughter in their early teens; his family had once been rich and influential but his father dissipated most of the family fortune and what little remained Hawley himself lost in an unsuccessful business venture after the war, and now he works as a clerk in a grocery store. Of the family's past greatness there remain only a fine house that Hawley still lives in, an assortment of family mementos, and a vague community awareness that the Hawleys were once people of consequence in the town.

At the outset of the story, Hawley is content enough with his lot; he is willing to go without a car and a television set and other conveniences and marks of status because he enjoys being an honest man who does a humble job conscientiously. But all around him he sees other men cheating and lying in various picayune, semilegal, or illegal ways to get ahead, and he begins to wonder if he is not a fool to refrain from doing the same. Then when a local banker offers him the chance to come in on a real estate deal, he decides to take a vacation from strict morality long enough to accumulate a stake and re-establish his family fortunes. Soon he is up to his neck in a series of shady but ingenious schemes to get money without working for it, and the plot is made up of the working out of these schemes.

In the end Hawley realizes that success of the sort he has gone after carries a moral price that is for him exorbitant. This realization is borne in upon him largely by what happens to his own son. The boy, a pure opportunist with none of his father's scruples, has won a prize for an essay on "The Spirit of America," and as a consequence is well on his way to becoming a television star when it is discovered that he has actually cribbed the essay from the speeches of various past great Americans that he has found among the family books in the attic.

In one respect Steinbeck's morality has under-

gone a profound change. In the earlier books that he wrote as a novelist, books like *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, he wrote as if from outside society, and the good men were men fighting for change, for something new. But *The Winter of Our Discontent* is a deeply conservative book; the good man is now the preserver of the best in an inherited tradition; his task is to hand on that best to his progeny. In a way Steinbeck the passive observer of life and Steinbeck the moralist have merged, because the moral man has become the man who is aware of the chicanery and double-dealing around him but who quietly lives his own humble life by his own principles. Such, presumably, is the true "spirit of America."

But if Steinbeck has at least partially succeeded in merging or reconciling his two views of man in *The Winter of Our Discontent,* he has not succeeded in finding the right style to do it in. The book has the tone and atmosphere of lighthearted suburban domestic comedy, quite inappropriate to the seriousness of the theme or of some of the events. At one point, for instance, Hawley plans to rob a bank as part of his vacation from morality, but the whole incident has about it an air of wild improvisation and improbability that keep the reader from taking it seriously; he knows as he reads that somehow our hero will not commit the robbery as surely as he knows in watching an old Harold Lloyd comedy that our hero will not fall off the twentieth-story ledge. And, rather typically, the situation is resolved not through any exploration of the morality of robbing banks, any failure of courage or triumph of nobility, but through the all-too-pat fairy-godmotherish arrival of another character.

In sum the novel seems too often to be an example of the very qualities that it deplores. The plot is so full of clever devices and ingenious tricks that the moral issues become lost or muted or glossed over; the situations presented ought to lead to a searching of the soul but usually they are resolved by slick contrivance. Explicitly in his story Steinbeck has pointed a moral about the spirit of America; implicitly, by his way of telling his story, he has perhaps pointed another.

ACROSS THE BORDER

THE Italian novelist Ignazio Silone is also concerned with the relation between private morality and society; indeed this subject has occupied him in his novels much more consistently than it has Steinbeck. In his new book, **The Fox and the Camellias** (Harper, $3.50), Silone's main character is a middle-aged Socialist named Daniele, a Swiss who lives just over the border from Italy.

Daniele is involved in a plot against the Italian government (the time of the book is never clearly indicated, but apparently it is the period of Mussolini's dictatorship), and his chief accomplice in the plot is a bold and sturdy young man named Agostino, who not only shares Daniele's political ideas but hopes to become a member of his family through marriage to Daniele's elder daughter Silvia.

But the Italian government is aware of what is going on so near its border, and it sends an agent into Switzerland to uncover the plot. This agent attempts to work through an old seamstress who because of her work goes into the houses of the leading citizens of the community and is therefore able to pick up gossip about what is afoot. She is also particularly vulnerable to intimidation because she is in fact an Italian citizen who can be deported if the authorities are alerted to her status. In her distress at the role of spy that is being forced upon her, the old seamstress turns to Daniele to help her out, and he alerts his aide and supposed future son-in-law Agostino to keep an eye on the Italian agent, with the result that Agostino beats up the agent within an inch of his life.

But then a reversal sets in. The seriously injured Italian agent takes refuge in a farmhouse, pretending that he has been hurt in an automobile accident, and the farmhouse happens to be Daniele's. There, in her father's absence, Silvia, the betrothed of Agostino, nurses the young Italian back to life, and they proceed to fall in love with each other. It is not until he is ready to leave the house that the Italian agent goes into Silvia's father's study and discovers from the books and documents there that the girl he loves is the daughter of the leader of the very group of plotters that he has come to Switzerland to destroy. In his anguish at the discovery of the conflict between his personal feelings for Silvia and his political loyalty to the regime that her father opposes, the young man commits suicide, and the book ends.

The point of all this seems to be that in any political conflict there are men capable of a mixture of nobility and baseness on both sides—in using his great strength to rough up the Italian agent, Agostino is doing what he thinks is right, though it is a brutal act; in his horror at the conflict between his personal and public loyalties, the young Italian commits suicide, an act both desperate and brave. The symbolism of Silone's title is open to a number of interpretations, but the fox seems to represent the public, political violence and division that lurk behind and constantly threaten the fragrant tenderness of personal relationships.

On the whole, *The Fox and the Camellias* is a curiously flat little story. Probably the Italian original has a certain amount of low-keyed comedy and warmth that tend to be lost in the somewhat stilted translation of peasant speech. But however that may be, the book falls some-



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where between the simplicity of a fable and the complexity of a novel, without quite achieving the virtues of either. The characters are so lightly sketched that the reader hardly knows them well enough to care greatly about what happens to them; the plot is clumsy, and the point it makes is scarcely new.

THE HANDSOME ENGLISHMAN

Jimmy Riddle, by Ian Brook (Putnam, $3.95) is a novel about contemporary politics that approaches its subject with remarkably little ambiguity, though the point of view it espouses so clearly and emphatically is now unpopular and will strike many readers as old-fashioned if not downright reactionary.

The scene is an African kingdom called Alabasa, which will not be found on any map, at least not under that name. The nominal and in many ways the actual ruler is a hereditary chieftain, the Balabasa of Alabasa, a man deeply learned in the ancient wisdom of his people and committed to their ancestral cults, yet with quite enough awareness of the modern world to be deeply concerned about the way it is encroaching on his kingdom. His colleague in rule and best friend is the local British District Commissioner (for Alabasa is part of a British colony), Jimmy Riddle.

Riddle is the sort of colonial administrator that Kipling would have regarded as the right sort: he is a gentleman, with a gentleman's ability to hold his liquor, handle his women, speak native languages, act with dispatch and courage and imagination in any situation, and recognize in the Balabasa another gentleman with whom he can deal man-to-man.

Left to themselves, the Balabasa and Jimmy Riddle between them would prepare the Alabasians for the modern world in their own slow but safe and gentlemanly way. But they are not left to themselves, because ranged against them are three powerful enemies: the British Resident, who lives in the distant capital of the colony and has no concern for the responsibilities of his position beyond the advancement of his own career; the British Colonial Office in far-off London, which is hagridden with the anticolonial slogans of ideological M.P.'s and fear of United Nations intervention; and the new African nationalist leaders, portrayed as a group of brash, self-seeking upstarts, ignorant sons of detribalized slaves, with just enough low cunning to line their pockets with foreign aid and to manipulate well-meaning but stupid anticolonialists to their own advantage.

It is unnecessary to trace the process by which Jimmy Riddle and the Balabasa defeat their enemies and save the day for those who really understand the "white chaps" and the "black chaps" of the right sort, but to a reader who knows no more about Africa than what he reads in the daily papers, their victory is likely to appear as a piece of sentimental anachronism. It looks as if the future belongs to the nationalist leaders, whether or not they are the kind of cheap opportunists that they are pictured as being in *Jimmy Riddle*. The book advances the argument for the white-man's-burden view of colonialism with a good deal of force and conviction, and much of it is entertaining reading, but it is some light years away from the quality of such classic novels of British colonialism as Forster's *A Passage to India* and Orwell's *Burmese Days,* on grounds quite apart from the point of view it espouses.

NOVELS ABOUT ARTISTS

A NEW novel by Jay Williams, **The Forger** (Atheneum, $4.95), is an unpretentious but moderately entertaining story about a group of young artists in Greenwich Village. Most of them live in a kind of moral and artistic twilight zone, dependent on the whims of art editors for the commercial jobs that keep them alive but at the same time trying to manipulate dealers, rich patrons, critics, and foundation grants so that they can find the leisure to do the kind of independent work that really interests them.

The main character and narrator of *The Forger* is a young man named Rufus Griffin, a Brooklyn boy who discovered his talent early and has already established a small reputation for himself, though he now spends most of his time turning out lascivious covers for paperbacks and pursuing assorted young women of his acquaintance. But he discovers that he has a certain gift for imitating the style of earlier periods; at first he uses it honestly in restoring damaged works of art, but then the possibility of outright forgery presents itself, and he sees the way out that he, like all his friends, is seeking—a way of making a large amount of money that will free him from further hack work to paint as he pleases.

Alongside Griffin's development as a forger in art runs a love affair that is also a kind of forgery in personal relations. Griffin contracts a liaison with a rich girl named Adrienne who is living the life of an artist though in fact she has no talent. At bottom Griffin knows that Adrienne is extremely unstable and not to be trusted, that their relationship has a shaky present and no future, but he keeps himself chained to her through willful self-deception as to her true nature, though in the end, predictably enough, he is reclaimed from both his artistic and his personal lapses into fakery.

The most interesting parts of *The Forger* are those that deal with the technical aspects of forgers—the way new paintings are artificially aged, the process of "authentication" by experts, the methods of marketing fakes, and so on. Williams seems to be well informed about such fascinating matters. He is less interested in the moral and aesthetic problems raised by forgery, and a good deal of his book is filled out with more or less standard scenes from Bohemian life.

Breakdown (World, $4.95) is a first novel that is not only about a painter but also by a painter, a young Englishman named John Bratby, best known in this country for the paintings he did for the motion picture *The Horse's Mouth.* Bratby has illustrated *Breakdown* with a good many of his own drawings, all of them vigorously repulsive.

In rough outline the book traces the psychological deterioration of a successful artist over a period of years, but in fact it is an almost indescribable hodgepodge. There are some scenes of considerable force, but their effect is largely destroyed

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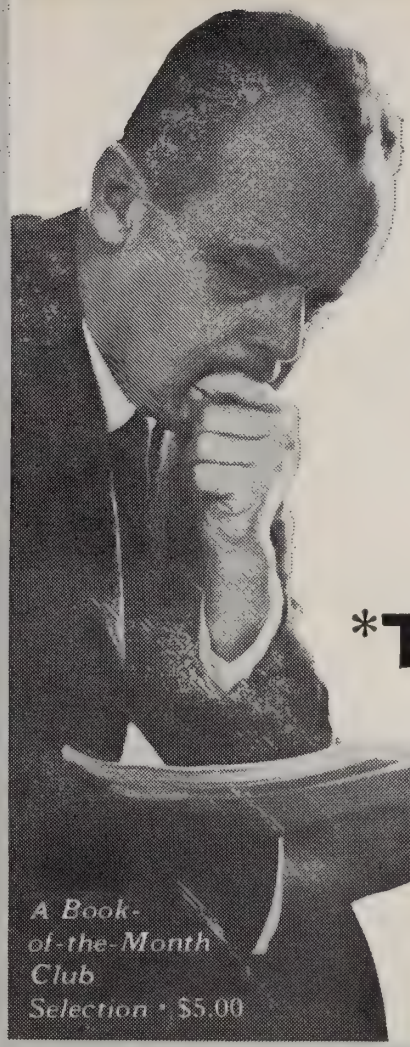
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by the author's intrusive facetiousness and stupid commentary. The depths of his psychological penetration may be judged by such a passage as this: ". . . few of us are simple characters when the veneers are removed, and few of us are simple to analyze, the underlying causes for our actions being often multiple and contradictory"—an insight that will hardly be new to most readers in 1961. The writing is frequently marred by stale language; things happen in "the wee small hours" and have "dire consequences" and are otherwise wrapped up in clichés; yet some of the writing is forceful and direct.

But the most annoying aspect of the book is the author's way of interrupting the development of the central character's decline with some facetious remark addressed to his "dear reader" or abandoning the central character altogether in favor of a meandering account of somebody extremely peripheral to the main story. The effect of the whole thing is a little as if Laurence Sterne had tried to write a novel based on a plot by Dostoevski.

Breakdown has vitality and exuberance and imagination, but it is undisciplined and often silly.

Clem Anderson by R. V. Cassill (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) has as its main character a writer, rather than a painter, and it is in every way a more ambitious book than either of those just discussed.

Clem Anderson, the title-character, grows up in a small Middle Western town in the depression years and has the sexual adventures that boys in small Middle Western towns usually have, at least in novels. Then he goes to a state university (it sounds a good deal like the University of Iowa) where he decides that he wants to be a writer and attracts a certain amount of attention by his work, and where he falls in love with a girl named Sheila. After service in the war and a brief period in a psychiatric hospital, he and Sheila go to Mexico, where he writes a book of poetry and starts a novel; later they move on to Paris, then back to New York, where the novel is published with some success. Clem tries to write for the theatre; his marriage to Sheila collapses; he becomes more and more alcoholic and dies at about the age of forty in the late 1950s, the great poem he planned to write ("Prometheus Bound") still unwritten. In a sentence: *Clem Anderson* is a study of the waste and tragedy of romantic genius in America.

But such a summary presents the barest bones of a novel that is not only very long (627 pages of smallish type) but also very elaborately developed in every dimension. Indeed, *Clem Anderson* is a book of which the reader gets the impression that the author has put into it everything he has thought or felt or read; that it represents a labor so vast, so inclusive, and so personal that to criticize it adversely is almost inhumane.

Yet I must confess that for my taste the book is badly inflated. There are too many incidents, too many characters, too many symbols, too much fine writing. Often the excesses of language are almost ludicrous, as in occasional figures of speech ("we never knew whose cheek he had his tongue in when he talked like that") or in longer passages like the following apostrophe to a canoe on a college lake:

> O Canoe, thou perfect Freudian symbol, how can any campus be complete without thee? You vaginal flotillas, bright-painted as an array of lipsticks on a dime-store counter, on what lakes and rivers of surrendered time do you not float, frustrating symbols of fulfillment! Already in thee, and aching pleasure nigh, our duckfot [duckfoot?] paddles scraping thy sides like juvenile swans scrambling for purchase on the Ledean vessel! Thou grounder on the mudbanks of the Illisus, what poops of burnished gold bore more fitly Her of the rain puddles and Midwestern ponds and the morning surf on Cyprian beaches? Canoe, *qu'as-tu fait de ma jeunesse?*

That, of course, is meant to be funny, and perhaps it is, but there are a good many serious passages that can come close to matching it for fancy literariness of allusion and diction.

THE GLOOM OF THE IRISH

The Edge of Sadness (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5) is Edwin O'Connor's first novel since his extremely successful and entertaining story about Boston politics, *The Last Hurrah*, and it bears a rough resemblance to the previous book in that it presents a picture of an earlier and livelier generation of Boston Irish as seen through the eyes of a younger, less exuberant man.

The chief representative of the older generation in this book is not a politician as in *The Last Hurrah* but a businessman, chiefly an operator in slum real estate, a wily, witty, inexhaustibly vivacious and tirelessly devious old man named Charlie Carmody. O'Connor's picture of old Carmody is a brilliant piece of characterization, though Carmody lacks the fascination of the old politician in *The Last Hurrah* because he is essentially a static figure, tenaciously hanging on to his fortune and relentlessly bullying his middle-aged family, but not engaged in any crucial action such as the old politician's final fight for office.

As a consequence, the next generation, the generation of old Carmody's children, tends to occupy the center of interest in the novel. They are the characters who live on "the edge of sadness," unable to recapture the high spirits of their father who fought his way up from the slums to become a man of wealth, but equally unable to free themselves of their father's psychological domination.

The most interesting member of this generation of the Carmody family is the son who became a priest, Father John Carmody, who is now the pastor of the old family parish. Father John is a curiously twisted, ingrown man, devout in his religion but hating his father and his parishioners, consumed with loneliness yet wanting to be left alone.

The story is told by another priest, Father Hugh Kennedy, whose father had been an acquaintance if hardly an admirer of old Charlie Carmody, and who has himself been a lifelong friend of all the Carmody children and a fellow-seminarian with Father John. Father Kennedy has not had an easy life; after an initially happy period in the priesthood he slowly drifted into alcoholism, until his bishop had to send him to spend four years in a sanitarium for alcoholic priests in Arizona. At the time of the story Father Kennedy has been rehabilitated, but he has

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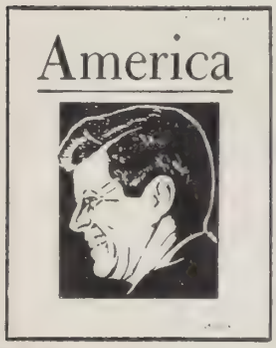
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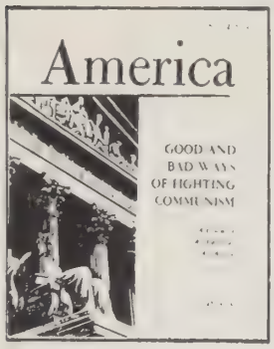
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returned to work as the pastor of a deteriorating church in a crumbling parish, like Father John Carmody a lonely, middle-aged celibate out of touch with the lives of his parishioners, withdrawn and perfunctory in the performance of his duties.

The best parts of *The Edge of Sadness* are those dealing with the priestly life. Rarely in American fiction is the Catholic priest presented as a human being coping with human problems of ambition and money and loneliness like anybody else (the short stories of J. F. Powers are an obvious exception), but O'Connor has succeeded in portraying priests as men, without any trace of anticlericalism or satire.

The Edge of Sadness lacks the narrative power of *The Last Hurrah;* though it has its comic passages, it is a quieter, more somber book. But within its modest limits it is a successful and moving picture of certain aspects of American life that have rarely been explored in fiction. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

WOMEN ON THE LOOSE

BOTH **A Shooting Star** by Wallace Stegner (Viking, $5) and **The House on Coliseum Street** by Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf, $3.50) are stories about women who have lost their moorings and find themselves adrift on the uncertain currents of unfamiliar feelings, though the two books otherwise bear no resemblance to one another.

Miss Grau's central character in *The House on Coliseum Street* is a young woman named Joan Mitchell. Joan has been left a considerable amount of money by her father, the first of her mother's numerous husbands, and she lives with her mother and assorted half-sisters in a large, comfortable old house in New Orleans. It is a fairly amiable, rather directionless existence—Joan takes some courses at the local university to help fill up her days, she has an off-and-on affair with a young man who fails to interest her greatly but who will presumably marry her in time, she carries on sporadic domestic squabbles with her mother and her somewhat more attractive younger half-sister Doris. Then suddenly Joan is deeply involved with

a young instructor at the university who has earlier been one of Doris's admirers, but the relationship fails to last, and when the young man drifts back to Doris, Joan sets out to destroy him, with success.

The novel is admirably written, tense and understated. It seems to portray a kind of post-moral world such as a reader encounters in the books of certain younger French writers—a world in which right and wrong have little relevance to what the characters expect of themselves and of each other. I confess that it is difficult for me to take any consuming interest in characters of this sort, but I can admire the economy and skill with which Miss Grau has told her story.

IN *A Shooting Star* Stegner has written a much longer and more fully developed novel. His heroine is a woman named Sabrina Castro, brought up in the strict traditions of a wealthy Boston family transplanted to California and married for about a dozen years to a cold-blooded but successful society director. On a vacation in Mexico, very much to her own surprise, Sabrina enters into an adulterous relationship with a dealer in textiles. For her it is a revelation; she decides that she is deeply in love and cannot return to her husband. But her lover is a good deal more circumspect about the whole thing; when it becomes apparent that he has no intention of sacrificing his business and family to their affair, Sabrina completes the job of cutting loose from the moral standards that have previously guided her life, and becomes a sort of society tramp.

In the end, of course, Sabrina gets herself straightened out, chiefly through coming to know her old Boston-bred mother, not as the dragon of propriety she has always seemed but as another woman who has also suffered and learned to bear her deprivations and indignities as Sabrina must.

A Shooting Star is the work of a highly competent craftsman. The characters are skillfully drawn and the story well constructed. If it never rises much above the level of careful, conscientious workmanship, it never falls very much below it either. (A Literary Guild Selection.)

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

There are two recently published books whose chief purpose, happily for everybody, is to amuse, and to which it would be a disservice to review the plot, even if one could. One is Louis Kronenberger's witty *A Month of Sundays,* and the other *The Adventures of Maud Noakes,* edited by Alan Neame.

A Month of Sundays, by Louis Kronenberger.

This is a modern Mad Hatter's Tea Party where today's most horrendous social foibles are made to appear as outrageously absurd as they are. The scenes are acted out by a cast whom Mr. Kronenberger sets in a luxury institution called "Serenity House" and directs with delicious dialogue and deft but never heartless satire, through mock-human rituals.

Viking, $3.50

The Adventures of Maud Noakes, edited by Alan Neame.

Maud Noakes was the daughter of an Englishwoman who worked energetically, when Maud was young, for the Anglican Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge—particularly among Africans. But Maud at any early age noticed that in spite of all the talk of being kind to the "black brothers and sisters" in Africa, her mother would move if she found herself sitting next to one on a tram. This led her into strange cogitations and stranger doings as she herself goes to Africa (and then pretty well all over Europe and East Asia) on a quite different kind of personal missionary venture. Any book which has been heralded as comparable to "the best comic writing of Ronald Firbank and Evelyn Waugh" starts off under considerable handicap but unquestionably this Maud, this exotic and sexy "latter-day female Candide," will have her followers.

New Directions, $3.75

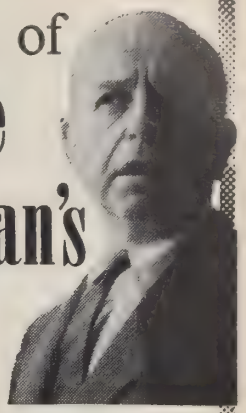
All the Summer Days, by Ned Calmer.

Those summer days in Paris in the 1920s were the ones in which Lindbergh flew the Atlantic; the final ap-

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peal of Sacco and Vanzetti was turned down and they were executed; Mussolini and Hitler were building up their power; the Babe had already reached the height of his; Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, and Isadora Duncan were familiar figures on the boulevards; "The Big Parade" was the talked-of movie. But to the expatriate young Americans on the staff of the *Paris American* this was all merely background. Foreground was the search for their own personal pleasure or salvation. The atmosphere of Paris in the spring is wonderfully recreated; it is almost palpable. If there seem sometimes too many characters to keep straight even with the help of the chart provided, some of them on the other hand are unforgettably sharp. If the parties seem to go on too long and run into each other, and the swift exchanges of sexual partners—including the final switch—are a little hard to take, perhaps that is the way it was.

The novel is a nostalgic reminder of a generation that thought itself happily lost in a magic city far from home, turning its back on responsibility and the outside world. The contemporary Italian movie, "La Dolce Vita," about an Italian newspaperman and *his* friends makes the excesses of these summer days look like child's play but one has the sense that the author of this book believes—and hopes—that for young Americans at least, the days of political detachment are finished except, as here, in vital and nostalgic memory.

Little, Brown, $4.50

The Dark and the Light, by Elio Vittorini. Translated by Frances Keene.

In this book the author of *The Red Carnation* and *The Elephant* includes two wonderfully contrasting novellas, "Erica" and "La Garibaldina." "Erica" is a most exquisitely restrained and tautly written story of a fourteen-year-old girl abandoned by her parents, and her efforts to feed and take care of her younger brother and sister in a poverty-ridden slum outside a city in northern Italy. I have never read a simpler and more quietly moving story—explicitly of the instinctive pride of a child, implicitly of the nature of all that is good in human pride at any age.

The other is a much more flamboyant though no less discerning story of a wonderful, funny, and awful old woman, once a camp follower of Garibaldi's army, and a young soldier she picks up on a train. Magnificent bravura.

New Directions, $3.75

NON-FICTION

If our new head of ICA (International Co-operation Administration) has any doubts about how to overhaul his department, it isn't for lack of criticism or because he hasn't had all its previous errors carefully and vehemently pointed out to him. Two angry books have been published in recent weeks.

A Nation of Sheep, by William J. Lederer.

One of the coauthors of *The Ugly American* here writes a reportorial criticism of our foreign-aid policies based on his own experiences—six years as special assistant to the commander of all U. S. forces in the Pacific and twenty-six "extended" trips to all the Asiatic-Pacific world. His book concentrates on truly hair-raising accounts of our mistakes and misinformation in Laos, Thailand, Formosa, Korea; of "The Boomerang in the Foreign Student Program"; and he sums up his general indignation in a revealing chapter called "Government by Misinformation." He is not without hope if we will stop being "a nation of sheep" and by every means at our disposal—classes on foreign affairs, careful reading of good newspapers, letters, and questions to Congressmen, the President, and other responsible government officials—keep ourselves informed of what actually is happening. He makes it very clear that it's up to us. His own book would be more helpful if it included even the simplest of maps of these troubled areas, but it is a mine of revealing documentation even without.

Norton, $3.75

Foreign Aid: Our Tragic Experiment, by Thomas S. Loeber.

Mr. Loeber has worked as a malaria specialist since 1956 in ICA in Indonesia—in Sumatra, Java, Bali, parts of the Lesser Sunda and Spice Islands, and Celebes. Later he went

o Jordan, where he worked until 960. His stories, therefore, are of hose regions, and shocking they often are, though he, unlike Mr. Lederer, occasionally has an inspiring incident to report. But the general pattern is frighteningly repetitious. In his view we made a grievous mistake when the administration of oreign aid was taken over by the State Department:

> Out of American self-interest, the State Department took over the foreign-aid program and converted it into an instrument for the preservation of the status quo. . . . It is the imperialism of enforced status quo, or at best, of the mandatory wait and see. In the pursuit of self-interest and survival, we have slipped into one of the oldest of patterns with the very newest of political ideas as the means.

He intends that these words and others should anger his reader. He concludes much as Mr. Lederer does, that:

> We should use anger intelligently. If the strangle-hold of foreign-aid bureaucrats is to be broken, public opinion must become as well organized as are those bureaucrats themselves. They are smug and secure in their rich empire. It will take no small effort to dislodge them. A complacent people will not do so.

In a postscript he outlines nine specific steps which should be taken to change the administration of foreign aid (in which he firmly believes). They are in part based on an MIT study on foreign aid (prepared at the Senate's request) which, with these two books, should be required reading for us all. Norton, $3.50

Communication Among Social Bees, by Martin Lindauer.

Mr. Lindauer starts by explaining briefly the work that Professor Karl von Frisch has done over the last fifteen years studying the ways in which bees communicate. For instance, the foragers, by round dances or tail-wagging dances, indicate to the rest of the hive the distance and direction and suitability of swarming sites. This was all most extraordinary news to me and when he further explains that human beings who have studied this language can tell with exactitude where the bees will swarm, I read on with fascination. He describes an experiment and concludes:

> However, there is no better proof for the correctness of the interpretation of the dance of the bees, as it has been given by Professor von Frisch, and that we correctly understand the language of the bees, than the experiment just described. The nesting place was completely unknown to us beforehand, for the scouting bees had chosen it themselves. We were able only to observe the dancing bees in the swarm and to decide from their behavior the location of what they had found. We did not follow the swarm as it moved into its new dwelling; we were there at the future nesting place hours before its arrival.

Dr. Lindauer has spent years experimenting with and studying bees of all kinds and countries and has discovered "high levels of accomplishment in insect sensory organs." His experiments are here most clearly and lucidly explained and illustrated with charts and photographs. A wonderfully interesting book even to the most unscientific reader.

Harvard, $4.75

FORECAST

For August

Season of Mists by Honor Tracy will be published by Random House.

J. D. Salinger's first book since the 1951 publication of *The Catcher in the Rye* will come from Little, Brown late in the month. It is called *Franny and Zooey* and will include the two long short stories which appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1955 and 1957, with a thousand-word introduction by the author.

For Fall

Houghton Mifflin announces a new novel by Carson McCullers, *Clock Without Hands.*

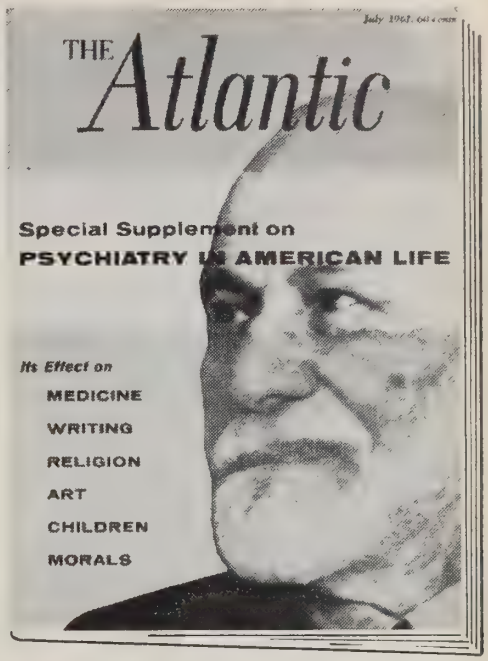
Atheneum will publish Virgilia Peterson's autobiography, *A Matter of Life and Death.*

The author of *A Separate Peace,* John Knowles, has delivered his new novel, *Morning at Antibes,* to Macmillan for fall publication.

Clare Boothe Luce has a novel called *The Shark Rock Mission* on Atheneum's September list.

Little, Brown announces the fall publication of a biography of Clark Gable by Jean Garceau, his private secretary for twenty-one years.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT ISSUE

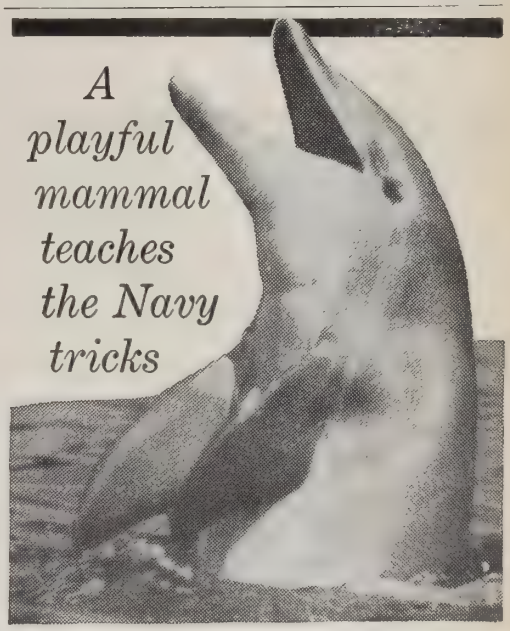


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MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

THE NEW TRISTAN

Young intellectuals have put Wagner aside—for good reasons—but a new album of one great opera reminds us of his emotional power.

The one opera that represents the nineteenth century is Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde,* and it still holds its own although it means far less to the younger generation than it used to. Young intellectuals these days tend to take Wagner on sufferance, whereas only thirty years ago he was still a vital force. Part of the reason, though by no means the major part, lies in the scarcity of singers and the sudden lapse in the Wagner tradition. Those who hear Tristan as sung by the present crop of heldentenors and dramatic sopranos have no idea of the way the opera really *can* sound. One has to go back to the 1930s, when singers like Melchior, Schorr, Flagstad, Leider, Branzell, and Rethberg, in their full glory, were giving us unforgettable Wagner performances. Now, it may be a truism that every age thinks the previous age was better; but when it comes to Wagner singing we at least are on firm ground. The previous age *was* better, as a quick look at the casts of any opera house in the world will demonstrate.

But more than the lack of adequate performance, the general lack of interest in Wagner on the part of the intellectuals stems from today's prevailing musical philosophy. By far the biggest musical influence of the post-World War II scene has been Anton Webern, who stands for everything that Wagner was not. Or, to put it another way, Wagner is the macrocosmos, Webern the microcosmos. The Wagner operas run for hours and hours (for eternity, snort the smart young people today); the Webern pieces are enormously concentrated and elliptical. It is part of the age; the trend ever since the 1920s has been toward anti-romanticism; toward condensation, intellectualization, and dodecaphonism. (Indeed, the beginnings of the trend can be discerned in Wagner's own lifetime, when the disenchanted Nietzsche cast the Wagner operas from the pale, and loudly upheld *Carmen* as the ideal.)



It could be that the anti-Wagnerians are perfectly correct in their basic criticisms. Wagner's theories never did work out as he intended; and he was the world's worst writer; and his librettos are static; and his music can be repetitious; and his eternal chromatic slitherings, his avoidance of a fixed tonality, can be irritating. That said, one puts on the records of *Tristan,* or *Meistersinger,* or *Walküre*—and is promptly lost in Wagner's world. He was too powerful a creator and his music is too strong. Intellectually one might agree with all that the anti-Wagnerians say. But emotionally one is swept away. One ignores his muzzy philosophy and is simply drowned in the ocean of integrated sound that Wagner has created. He may be less popular than he used to be, but he will always be with us. And, given the proper singers, there well could be a renaissance.

The Sixth Disc

The proper singers are certainly not contained in the new album of **Tristan und Isolde.** George Solti leads the Vienna Philharmonic, with a cast consisting of Birgit Nilsson and Fritz Uhl in the title roles, Regina Resnik (Brangaene), Tom Krause (Kurvenal), and Arnold van Mill (Marke). The five discs of the opera are accompanied by a sixth disc which contains the story of the way the engineers and musical staff prepared the opera (London A 4506, mono; OSA 1502, stereo). That bonus disc in some ways is the greatest sales pitch since the Dutch talked the Indians out of Manhattan Island.

As narrated by John Culshaw, it assumes that this is the greatest stereo recording in history. It also comes right out and states that because stereo is a new art form, the music has to be adapted for stereo, and not

stereo to the music. The booklet of program notes also says as much.

"We were very unhappy about the usual stage setting for Act I," writes Mr. Culshaw, the recording director. ". . . Always ungainly and slightly preposterous on the stage, this becomes hopelessly ambiguous in stereo; and so we sketched a different approach, which involved swinging the whole imagined setting by about forty-five degrees, so that the ship is *diagonally* across the stage, with Isolde's cabin occupying the space from extreme (audience) left to about center, and the stern of the ship slightly back on the extreme right. Whether better or not as a stage setting, this certainly makes stereo sense. . . . The idea farthest from our minds was to copy, on records, what is heard in the average opera house; instead, we tried to ensure that the intense emotional experience of *Tristan und Isolde* should survive the transfer to a medium unknown to its composer, and use to the full whatever advantage that different medium could bestow."

Realism by Stereo

Well, this is honest. It also outlines a new aesthetic that can, and will, be argued for a long time to come. Which is more important: the music or the recording engineers? the score or the new electronic medium?

But, curiously enough, despite all this to-do, the new *Tristan* album is not as revolutionary-sounding as might be imagined. It does have its moments of unusual realism, though no more than other good stereo recordings from major companies (the recent *Madama Butterfly* from Capitol is a good example). Mr. Culshaw and his workers have been striving for the illusion of depth and stage placement. Thus at the very opening of the opera, the voice of the steersman is heard from a distance. Throughout the act, Isolde's voice comes from the left. In the *Liebestod* she is well centered. But that is no more or no less than any good stereo recording should offer.

On the other hand, there are suggestions that the engineers have been overzealous. Sometimes the singers come well over the orchestra, and at other times the orchestra blots them

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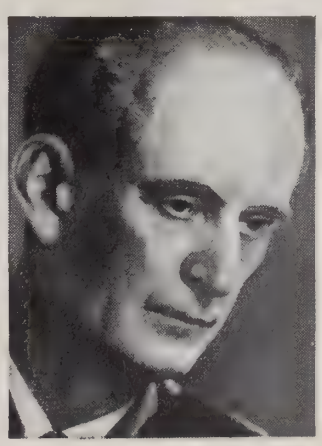
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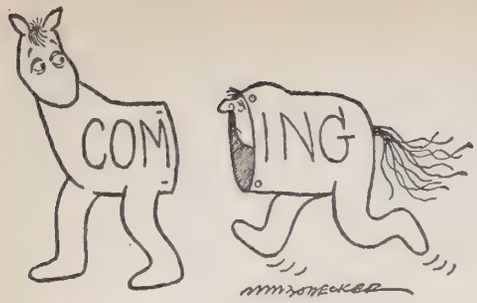
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FURTWÄNGLER conducts the Beethoven Ninth in what has been called "an immensely purposeful, intensely heroic" interpretation. Originally recorded at the re-opening of the Bayreuth Festival in 1951, this performance brought together Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Elisabeth Höngen, Hans Hopf and Otto Edelmann, with the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and Chorus. In its new re-issue, Angel has utilized the amazing technical advances of the past decade to bring you even greater brilliance and beauty. Angel GRB 4003 (2 disk set).

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

out. Certainly Nilsson's voice in her *Tristan und Isolde* appearances last season at the Metropolitan Opera sounded fuller and more colorful than it does on these discs. In all fairness, this new *Tristan* recording has some exciting moments of sheer audio. But it is less of a piece than its competitor, the old Flagstad-Schock-Furtwängler performance reissued on five Angel discs.

Getting to the London performance itself (and high time, too), it is on the whole disappointing. Nilsson is by far the best singer in the cast, even if she is not in particularly good voice. She sounds tired, and there is at times a feeling of strain not normally associated with her work. She is the greatest living Wagnerian soprano, and when she lets loose, the results can be thrilling. Here, though, she is not consistently heard at her best.

Newcomer from Bayreuth

Fritz Uhl, the Tristan, will be a new name to most Americans. He is thirty-three years old, a Bayreuth regular, and will make his American debut in San Francisco this fall. His voice does have the virtue of freshness, and he is an intelligent musician. Nature has not given him a big voice, however, and his singing is more lyric than heroic. Resnik and Krause are something below routine. Resnik has a bad waver and a severely limited top range. She is not old, but sings with the voice of an old singer. Krause is rough-sounding and not always on pitch. The role of King Marke, as sung by van Mill, is one of the better things in the album. He has a strong, clear voice, and he sings with dignity.

If not for Solti, the album might be a disaster. Fortunately he is one of the best Wagner conductors around, with a fine sense of pace and a knowledge of style. He is one of the few who can take a slow tempo and keep it from falling apart. He has firmness, strength, and a belief in what he is doing, plus the technique to carry his ideas through. As he here has a great orchestra at his disposal, that part of the opera comes through brilliantly. And is there not a strong segment of opinion that holds the orchestral element to be by far the most important factor in the Wagner operas?

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

THROWBAC

On the jacket cover of *We Insis* three young Southern Negroes, si ins at a lunch counter, stare back ov their shoulders at the camera, the eyes defiant and blank with the lon learned expectation of being hurt. is the mood of the album, and of Ma Roach's and Oscar Brown, Jr.'s "Fre dom *Now* Suite." Stirred by the grow ing Negro intransigence in the Sout and increasing independence in Africa Negro jazz musicians have begun t emerge from their indifference to pol tics, and this record is one of the results

It recalls slavery, recalls Africa. I says that the Negro, in rage and anger will no longer wait patiently for free dom someday, but wants it now. These are themes that no Negro musician can take up without a sense of deep personal involvement, and every note in the "Freedom *Now* Suite" is im printed with the intensity of the players feeling. One hesitates to criticize them therefore, since criticism of the music is bound to be interpreted as criticism of the emotions behind it; but I will have to risk that, because I feel that something is seriously going wrong here.

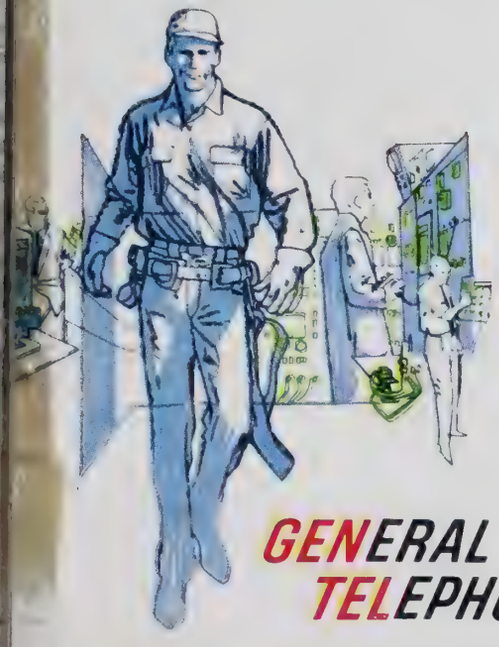
At one point in a section called "All Africa," Miss Abbey Lincoln, a supper-club singer who has turned more seriously to jazz, finds herself chanting the names of various African tribes, "Bantu . . . Zulu . . . Watusi . . . Ashanti." but she sings them without any real sense of their meaning. We are not in Africa, we are back in the 1930s; and this is the Whitmanesque roll call of the rivers from Pare Lorentz's film, or the embarrassing *faux-naïf* rhetoric—". . . and that's what Abe Lincoln said! . . ." of "Ballad for Americans."

Miss Lincoln, especially in "Triptych," makes a sophisticated attempt to simulate savagery, but it will not do. It is an effort to whip up an emotional state of mind which is not naturally hers, much as she may wish to believe that it is. No one can deny the right of American Negroes now, after so many years of near-obliviousness to Africa, to cultivate their sense of Africanism. But they will do themselves a great disservice if they begin to treat it as a myth, as a ritualized background to their own nobility and dignity, and the outcome will be not art but propaganda.

We Insist! "Freedom *Now* Suite," by Max Roach and Oscar Brown, Jr., with Abbey Lincoln, Coleman Hawkins, and Olatunji. Candid (stereo) 9002.



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Founding of The American Medical Association—one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

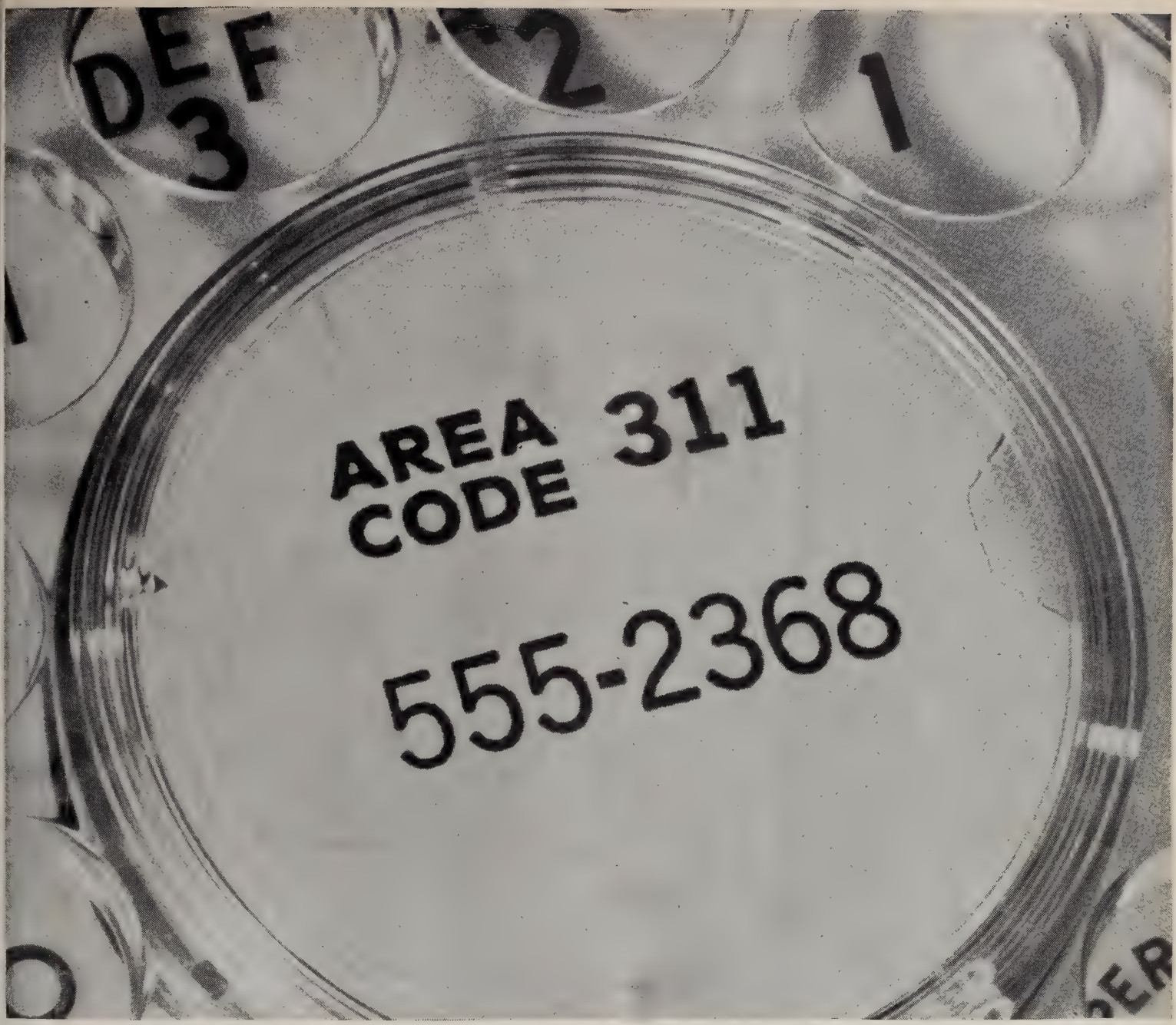
On May 7, 1847, some 250 physicians from 22 states—representing 40 medical societies and 28 colleges—met among the museum exhibits of The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and formed The American Medical Association. The first president, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, was welcomed to office by the chairman, Dr. Jonathan Knight.

This first convention pledged the fledgling organization to principles to which it has held ever since: insistence upon continuing improvements in the quality of medical care and of medical education, and upon development of a Code of Ethics which benefits both patient and physician. Though some of its advances have not been easily won, the AMA has come to be recognized as one of the world's important medical organizations.

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VOL. 223, NO. 1335
AUGUST 1961

ARTICLES

21 **America Under Pressure,** *Adlai E. Stevenson*

25 **How Not to Build a Ball Park,** *Allan Temko*

29 **Your Unknown Heirs,** *Murray Teigh Bloom*

34 **Robinson Crusoe in Florida,** *Jan de Hartog*

41 **McNamara and His Enemies,** *Joseph Kraft*

49 **How to Play the Unemployment-insurance Game,** *Seth Levine*

63 **Our National Talent for Offending People,** *D. H. Radler*

71 **A Matter of Motive,** *John D. Rosenberg*

74 **Art and Society,** *Kenneth Clark*

FICTION

54 **The Man Who Doubted,** *Jack Cope*

VERSE

58 **A Psychiatrist's Song,** *Hilary Corke*

77 **Voyage,** *Samuel Menashe*

DEPARTMENTS

6 **Letters**

11 **The Editor's Easy Chair**—YUGOSLAVIA'S FLIRTATION WITH FREE ENTERPRISE, *John Fischer*

16 **After Hours**—CULTURE-STRUCK CANADA, *Russell Lynes*

83 **Public & Personal**—THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME, *William S. White*

86 **The New Books,** *Stanley Kunitz*

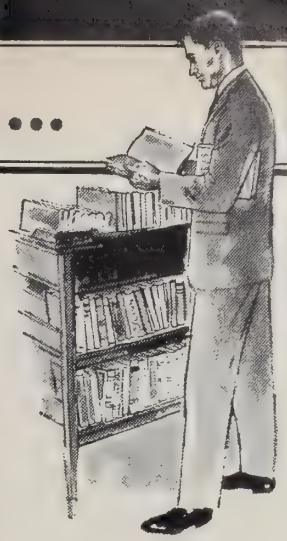
91 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

94 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*

95 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

COVER BY CHARLES GOSLIN; PHOTOGRAPH: BURT GLINN (MAGNUM)

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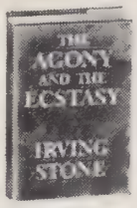
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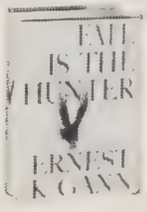
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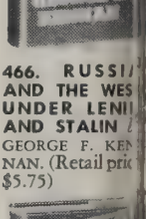


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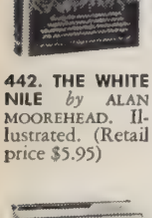
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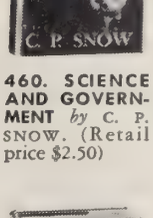
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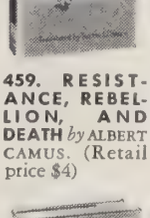
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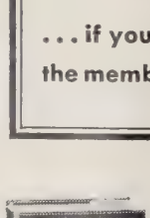
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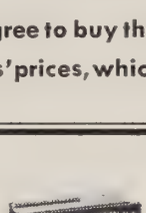
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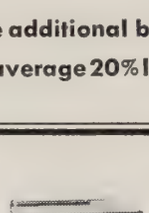
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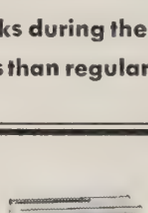
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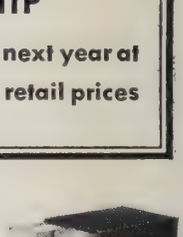
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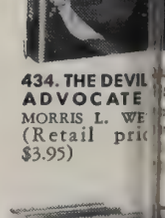
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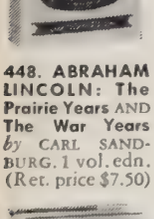
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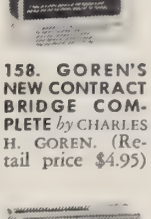
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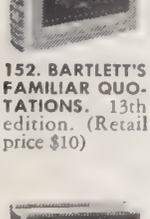
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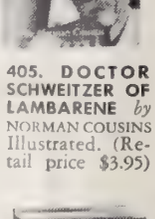
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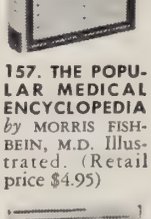
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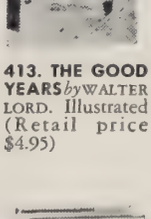
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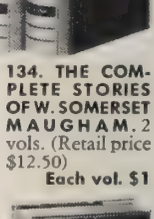
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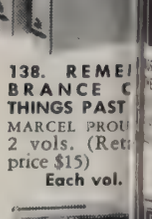
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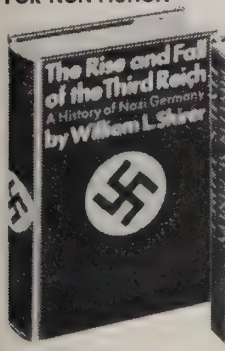
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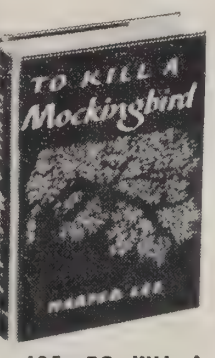
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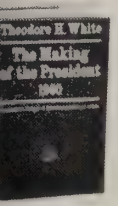


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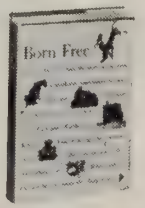
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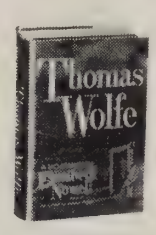
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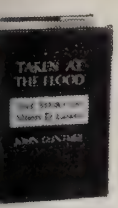
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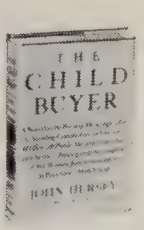
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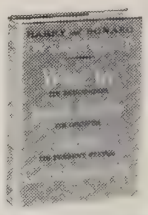
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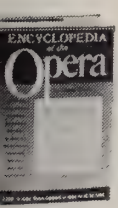
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LETTERS

The Coming Bust in the Building Boom

To the Editors:

I don't know Daniel M. Friedenberg but I've been a real estate operator and builder for 50 years, 47 of which have been right here in San Francisco. I've built 266 commercial buildings in my day. In fact, I believe that I've built more commercial buildings in San Francisco than anyone else so I should be a bit familiar with the business. . . . Mr. Friedenberg's article, "The Coming Bust in the Real Estate Boom" [June], is right out of this world and your company has done a great service to the investing public by printing it.

Louis R. Lurie
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Friedenberg's article should be required reading for students of architecture and city planning in our universities. It is a sobering reminder of the distance between the utopias taught under the heading of city planning and the reality as practiced "in the field."

Jan Reiner, Architect
St. Petersburg, Fla.

We can only surmise that Mr. Friedenberg would prefer his offices in an old-fashioned loft rather than in a modern building. He does not, it appears, favor such contemporary advances as air-conditioning, electronic elevators, metal façades and tower construction. We, as builders, find these are what appeal to tenants.

We take serious issue with the allegations that today's buildings are inferior. If this were true, would the country's blue-chip corporations demand that their names be attached to the skyscrapers being built in vast preponderance by the investment builder? Does he seriously entertain the notion that the giants of American industry sign willy-nilly, somehow blindfolded, long-term leases?

In fact, all buildings are fine-tooth-combed by a battery of experts: inspectors of New York's Department of Buildings; independent architects and engineers employed by financing institutions; the tenants themselves who hire consultants to conduct a nuts-and-bolts inspection of the space they will be committing themselves to over a long period.

Mr. Friedenberg ascribes hypnotic powers to builders and claims they have hired "Madison Avenue publicists to persuade tenants that they need enormous floors." As builders of many of New York's largest office buildings, we must point out that the demand for entire floors came from large corporations in the interest of their efficiency. Heretofore, most tenants took only parts of floors.

He accuses the Real Estate Board of conspiring with builders to cheat tenants by including toilets, corridors, slop-sink closets, etc. in full-floor measurements. He omits the fact that these same facilities are excluded in Real Estate Board computations for divided floors. Full-floor tenants use exclusively these facilities and they are therefore included in their rentable area.

Mr. Friedenberg states that the Prudential Insurance Company "obligingly" saved us from "a desperate situation" in building 666 Fifth Avenue. Far from being desperate, we were building at that time two office buildings in California, four 15-story apartment buildings in Brooklyn, a 21-story office building in Cleveland, and a 20-story office building in Buffalo. There was in fact no sale-leaseback arrangement made with Prudential until 666 Fifth Avenue had been substantially rented. We bought the land and envisioned the building of 666 a full two years before any financial commitment was obtained from Prudential.

We resent very much the author's allegations which do not apply in any way to the many reputable real estate companies, in which group we include Tishman Realty & Construction Co., Inc. Tishman Realty, investment builders since 1898, is listed on the New York Stock Exchange and is one of the major firms in the United States engaging in all phases of real estate operations: property acquisition, construction, renting, and management.

For over 62 years we have built apartment houses, office buildings, and shopping centers, representing a total investment of close to a billion dollars. We now own and operate properties that include more than 7,500 residential rooms and 3,500,000 square feet of office space, and are presently constructing five major apartment buildings in four cities aggregating over $30 million of construction cost. Compare this experience with Mr. Friedenberg's.

Norman Tishman, Pres.
Tishman Realty Construction Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

The Author Replies:

Nothing in my article attacked "such contemporary advances as air-conditioning." The attack was made against the habit of downgrading or deliberately cheapening building products. I praised certain buildings, such as the Lever Brothers and Seagram buildings, though these also are built in full contemporary design. It is not "contemporary" but bogus contemporary I attacked.

Many giants of American industry do not know what they get [when they contract for a building] and only wake up later. Most of these leases are made on a very high level and the details are handled by subordinates much later. The "inspectors of New York's Department of Buildings," etc., are concerned with what is legal, not a superior or inferior product, and the representatives of insurance companies and banks are only concerned that the buildings be constructed according to the Plans and Specifications.

Mr. Tishman is only repeating what the publicists are told to repeat regarding the "efficiency" of large floors.

Mr. Tishman is explaining the rationale of why tenants occupying single floors pay for nonusable space, nonusable in the sense that the space cannot be employed in the direct pursuit of tenants' business. The outside walls exclusively protect full-floor tenants and the elevators stopping at their floors are for their exclusive use. Why not include these spaces as well, following the argument?

It would seem, according to Mr. Tishman's own statement, that one factor in the financial background of 666 Fifth Avenue was overexpansion. Of course, the Tishman interests bought the land years before the financial commitment. You do not obtain financing before you have something to finance.

In conclusion, I might add that the roar arising from my article indicates the old adage that the truth hurts.

Daniel M. Friedenberg
New York, N. Y.

Runaway Reactor

To the Editors:

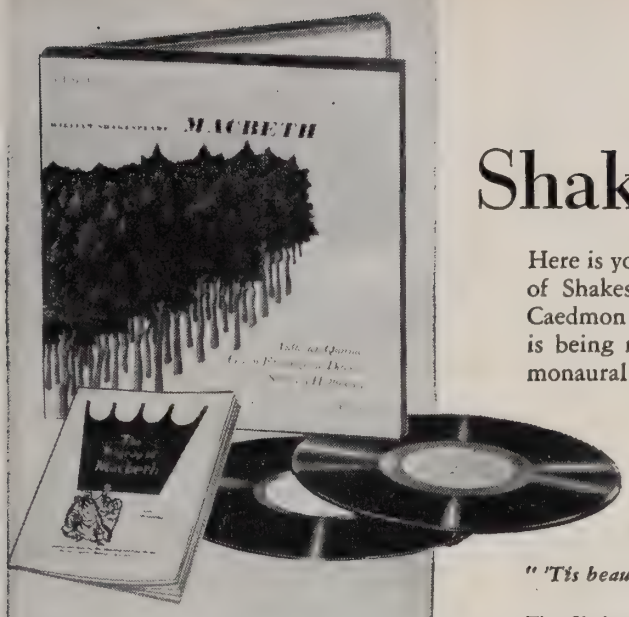
Ralph E. Lapp has done an excellent job in "A Small Atomic Accident" [June] describing the circumstances surrounding the SL-1 nuclear excursion which caused the tragic loss of three lives at the Atomic Energy Commission's National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho. The AFL-CIO has for many years been urging strong standards and regulations dealing with the operation of reactors and the use of other fissionable materials of less than critical mass in medicine, industry, agriculture, and re-

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Trevor Howard	Celia Johnson	Anthony Quayle
	Margaret Leighton	. . . and dozens of others

" 'Tis beauty truly blent"
Twelfth Night, ACT I, SCENE 5

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"The gift doth stretch itself . . ."
All's Well that Ends Well, ACT II, SCENE 1

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"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
Hamlet, ACT I, SCENE 2

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In addition, the Society has prepared a limited supply of 9 x 12 reproductions of a new Lionel Dillon drawing of Shakespeare—a striking black-and-white wood-cut portrait—suitable for framing. *These portraits are not for sale anywhere, at any price, but are free to new members.*

"The affair cries haste . . ."
Othello, ACT I, SCENE 3

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☐ *Othello,* with Frank Silvera, Cyril Cusack, Celia Johnson and Anna Massey. (Three-record album, $12.90)

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search. . . . The experience of organized labor in the nuclear field during the past several years leads to these three general observations:

1. An indispensable element of a progressive peaceful atomic program is confidence of workers and the general public that such progress can be attained with a minimum of risk to their health and safety.

2. The attainment of such a general atmosphere of confidence has been severely hampered because of overemphasis by the AEC on the promotional aspects of peaceful atomic development and underemphasis on sound and uniform safety standards and regulations and their adequate enforcement.

3. The administrative machinery within the AEC for carrying out sound regulatory programs in the field of radiation health and safety is outstandingly inadequate and in need of drastic overhauling.

Andrew J. Biemiller
Dir., Dept. of Legislation
Chmn., AFL-CIO Staff Subcommittee on Atomic Energy & Natural Resources
Washington, D. C.

The Author Explains:

I would like to clarify the formal administrative setup at the AEC's Idaho station mentioned in my article. The AEC has over-all responsibility for the station. It contracts with several private firms for reactor site operations, Combustion Engineering Inc. being the operating contractor for the SL-1 reactor. Military personnel at the SL-1 site were under the general supervision of Combustion Engineering Inc. The SL-1 reactor was part of the program of the Army Reactors Branch of the AEC's Division of Reactor Development. The Department of Defense did not have responsibility for this SL-1 reactor. This is a rather complex relationship which I feel should be spelled out in detail.

The release of the AEC's report on SL-1 on June 11 as well as the thorough public airing of the issue by Representative Chet Holifield (Joint Committee on Atomic Energy) sets forth full details of the SL-1 accident. As a critic of the AEC, I am pleased to state that the Commission has acted promptly and candidly in making information available about this unfortunate accident.

Ralph E. Lapp
Alexandria, Va.

New Look in Comedy

To the Editors:

"The American Negro's New Comedy Act" by Louis E. Lomax [June] is one of the finest "textbooks" a secondary school can hope to locate. Such an article is particularly useful to. me in teaching the second-year American literature course in which we attempt to present *Huck Finn* and Saroyan's *The Human Comedy* as examples of American humor. . . .

Barbara Keith Gelehrter
Thayer Academy
Braintree, Mass.

"Dear Senator" Dilemma

To the Editors:

I thoroughly enjoyed Ellen Davis' article *"Don't* Write Your Congressman, Unless . . ." [Easy Chair, June]—so many good and constructive points made with a sense of humor and perspective. Here's hoping my constituents find it enlightening!

Hubert H. Humphrey
Member of the Senate, Minnesota
Washington, D. C.

I do not doubt the truth of Ellen Davis' article. It is deplorable that so much of our tax money goes into attending to the enormous quantity of mail sent to our Washington representatives. . . . But there is merit in a short letter to the point from an informed constituent.

The Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 2nd Street, Washington 2, D. C., gets out a *Washington Newsletter* which gives one accurate information about measures to be brought up in Congress or legislation concerning them. By subscribing at $3 a year, one can keep informed and write a short communication about the questions on which one feels strongly. I have had my Representatives tell me that they value this sort of rapport and surely it is the duty of the interested citizen to speak out.

Helen S. Eaton
Duxbury, Mass.

I found myself in accord with practically every point Ellen Davis made. I am not sure, however, that the way to remedy the situation is to admonish "Don't Write. . . ." Although most of the letters written to the Congressman aren't read by him, they *are* read by someone on his staff [who] in turn, talks to [him]. It *is* possible to influence the Congressman through persuading a staff member, so it would be a shame to stop writing the Congressman just because he can't read each letter personally.

In fact, sometimes there are not enough letters. We, too, go to Capitol Hill and our experience has been that there is a great deal of mail on the so-called "pocketbook" issues, but on other legislation which may have just as important an effect there seems to be no constituency. Often staff members—or even the Congressmen themselves—will say to us, "We are hearing only from the people who feel they will be hurt by this legislation. We are not hearing from anyone who is talking for the *public* interest. If we vote for this bill we are going to have a hard time justifying our action to our constituents unless we get some mail."

There is also something to be said for the sincere letter from those with backgrounds less impressive than that of George Kennan. Writing a letter has an effect on the writer as well as on the person who receives it. Having committed himself in writing he feels a sort of proprietary interest in the bill; he watches the paper to see how the legislation is faring; he adds to his own knowledge in the field and his experience with government. If he gets a thoughtful reply to his communication, whether it is staff written or not, his next letter may show more concern, more knowledge of the subject. . . .

I hope Mrs. Davis' article will be widely read and lead to an improved quality of correspondence both to and from Capitol Hill.

Mrs. Robert J. Phillips, Pres.
League of Women Voters of the U. S.
Washington, D. C.

Riesman Clarified

To the Editors:

A passage in my article, "Riesman and His Readers" [June], appears to have misinterpreted his views. In my eagerness to abbreviate, I compressed into the final paragraph his own position on reducing Cold War tensions together with that of his few colleagues who espouse unilateral disarmament. He himself does not, as I should have made clear. In an article written with Michael Maccoby for *The New Left Review,* he distinguishes unilateral initiatives—such as dismantling a base, or limiting the rearmament of Western Germany—from unilateral disarmament, which he does not believe to be within the range of possibility for the United States.

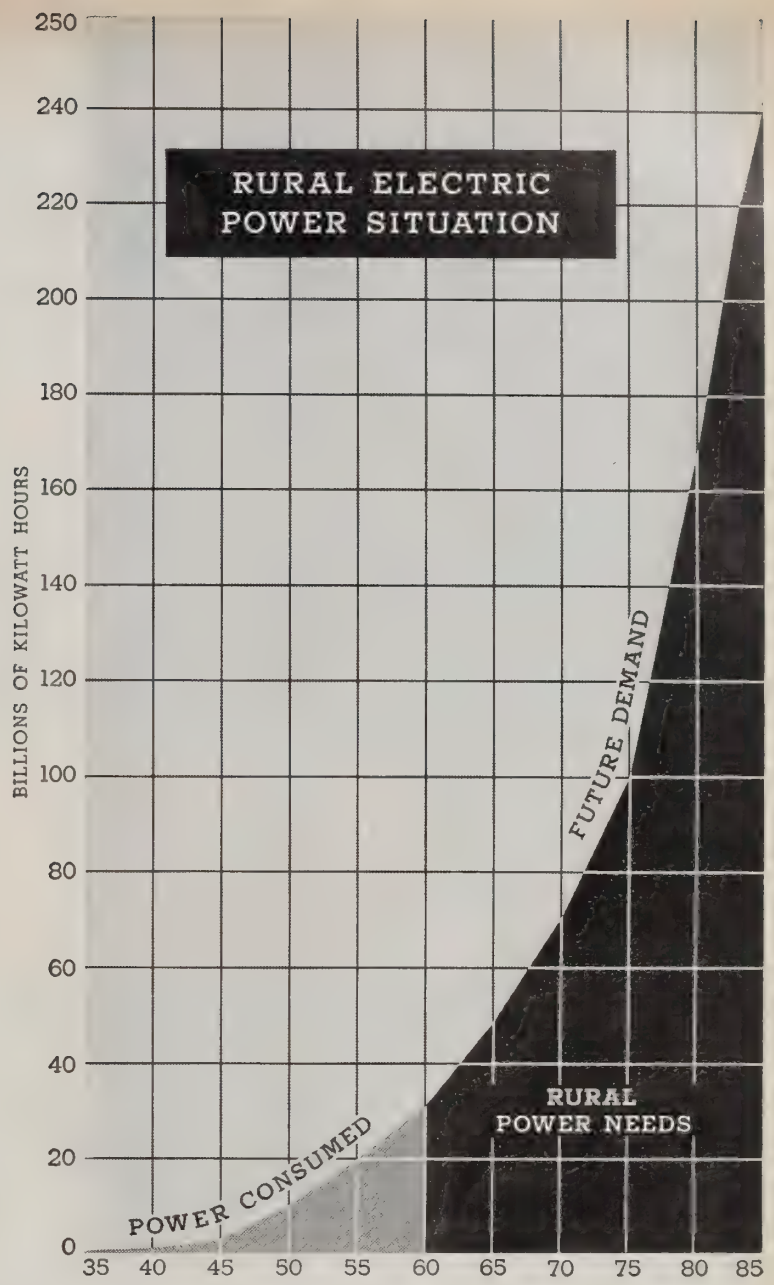
Eric Larrabee
New York N.Y.

Proving Twain

To the Editors:

"A Boston Girl," which appears in your June issue as "For the first time published under the byline of Mark Twain," was identified more than three years ago by Robert J. Lowenherz of New York University and was reprinted in *American Speech* (February 1958)

8 times more rural electric power needed by 1985



Source: NRECA, Washington, D.C.

During the short twenty-five years they've had electric power, consumer-owners of rural electric systems have been increasing their use of electricity 100% every six years.

Independent studies show an ever-increasing demand for rural electric power. The desire for modern conveniences in the home, coupled with farm and rural industry needs for electricity, will multiply present rural electric power consumption 8 times more by 1985.

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Long-range, low-cost financing is necessary for rural electrics to properly serve their sparsely settled areas. They'll continue to supply these areas—all consumers, large or small, near or far—with electricity at the lowest possible cost. And rural electrics will repay every cent of their REA loans, with interest. Already they have repaid nearly $1½ billion in principal and interest on their $3½ billion loans.

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under the title "Mark Twain on Usage." As proof of Mark Twain's authorship, Charles Neider at the end of your reprinting cites the article's general style and its inclusion of an incident which recurs in the *Autobiography;* further proof was discovered by Mr. Lowenherz in an unpublished letter dated April 30, 1890, from Howells to Mark Twain which refers to the article.

ALLAN F. HUBBELL
Editorial Board, *American Speech*
New York, N. Y.

MR. NEIDER REPLIES:

Frederick Anderson, assistant editor of the Mark Twain papers at Berkeley, who brought the item to my attention, also "identified" it as Twain's, but did not feel he had proof. My discovery of the internal evidence clinched the authorship. I bow to Mr. Lowenherz's prior publication, though *American Speech* left out 56 of a total of 245 lines, omitting precisely the nub of the internal proof—the incident of the circular driveway—and relegated the piece to "Miscellany" in the back.

Mr. Lowenherz's "proof" rested on a letter of Howells' to Twain, which Mr. Lowenherz dated April 30, 1890. This may be a misprint; to my knowledge there is no such letter. Presumably, he was referring to a letter of April 30, 1880, which begins: "I want to put the Conversation into the next number, and so I suppose you *can't* simultane. I return the letter, and a proof of a Club." The editors of the definitive *Mark Twain-Howells Letters* suggest this referred to another piece—on obituary eloquence.

CHARLES NEIDER
New York, N. Y.

Spitting Image

TO THE EDITORS:

Concerning Burt Goldblatt's cover on the June issue, my wife and I have a serious bet of fifty smackers. I say it is an infrared photo of the Battery in New York City. She says it is an X-ray of the coronary network of a bull moose after a massive thrombosis. Please settle this argument.

HENRY L. FOOTE
San Jose, Calif.

AN EDITOR'S ANSWER:

I guess you'll have to pay up. The bull moose your observant wife has identified is called (or will be) Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. This, however, is not its coronary network. It has no heart, nor, I doubt, ever will have.

RUSSELL LYNES
New York, N. Y.

JOHN FISCHER

the editor's EASY CHAIR

Yugoslavia's Flirtation with Free Enterprise

Part II of a Puzzled Report on an Ex-Satellite

IN BELGRADE a few weeks ago the financial director of a tobacco factory told me why he was so desperately eager to get to the United States.

"I want to learn how you Americans sell cigarettes," he said, "and I need to learn fast. Ten years ago, selling was no problem in Yugoslavia. All the business was handled by a state monopoly, which had a hard time turning out enough cigarettes to supply the stores—and not very good cigarettes, either.

"Now we have a dozen competing tobacco enterprises, each one trying to put out better brands in more attractive packages. I am advertising my factory's products in magazines and newspapers, on radio and billboards. We've even tried cutting prices. But unsold cigarettes are still piling up in our warehouse. So I have to find out all I can about American distribution methods right away."

This man thinks he is a good Communist. Yet Marxist theory offers him no help with his management problems—problems which would sound as familiar as "Sweet Adeline" to any American executive.

• In Titograd—a brand-new city slowly rising at the foot of the most desolate mountain range in Europe—the Reclame Advertising Agency is trying to introduce Madison Avenue to Montenegro. It is a private (and apparently prosperous) venture, turning out signs, publicity releases, layouts, and copy for all comers.

• Another small businessman—an iron molder who makes castings for garages and factories—recently paid a fine of three million dinars for fudging on his income tax. Apparently it caused him little pain, since he keeps a handsome villa in Belgrade, another on the Dalmatian coast, a pair of gardeners at each place, and two limousines.

• One Sunday morning I strolled past a Zagreb apartment house with an unusually thick cluster of TV aerials on its roof.

"A lot of doctors live there," my companion explained. "They are always rich. In your country too, I think?"

For a supposedly Communist country, Yugoslavia produces a surprising number of "rich" people—not big rich in Texas terms, but comfortably well off by normal standards.* Among those I got to know are an architect, a free-lance

* By far the richest, in terms of real income, is Tito. The splendor of his way of life makes Onassis look like a poor boy—indeed, it outshines any royal family left in Europe. A palace or villa always is ready for him in any city or resort he might want to visit. I saw only five—those in Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana, Lake Bled, and Split—but one government official told me that he thought the total number of Tito's residences was forty-one. Some of these, he added, may now have been converted to other purposes, since the old gentleman no longer travels as much as he once did.

When he goes abroad—he likes to spend his winters in warm, neutral countries; Southeast Asia last year, Africa this, Latin America next—his yacht is accompanied by most of the Yugoslav navy. His uniforms are the most refulgent since Goering's. (According to his friend and biographer, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Tito always was a snappy dresser, from the days when he was a metal worker in a machine shop. During the years while he was an underground organizer for the Party, he posed as a wealthy engineer and escaped the attentions of the police by staying at the best hotels. His first big money—the fee paid by Moscow for his translation of the official Communist party history into Serbo-Croatian—he spent, in most unproletarian fashion, for a big diamond ring which he still wears.)

None of this seems to cause any marked resentment among the Yugoslavs. For example, a man who bitterly criticized Premier Kardelj for driving a Mercedes, a moment later spoke with pride about Tito's three Rolls-Royces and his 1961 Cadillac. Even people who are hostile to the Communist party and the government are likely to refer to Tito reverently and affectionately.

This is not, I think, merely a "cult of personality"—although Tito's portrait did adorn every office and schoolroom that I saw, and the front page of nearly every paper is largely devoted to chronicling his movements and sayings. Because he liberated the country from both the Nazis and the Russians, and then unified it in an unexpectedly successful federation, his people seem quite willing to accord him a unique status—combining the roles of Joan of Arc, George Washington, and a Byzantine monarch. And they are still Balkan enough to enjoy, vicariously, his own taste for panache and finery.

"Vile Concoction"

On June 13 the *Literary Gazette* of Moscow published a two-column article about *Harper's* special supplement, "The Mood of the Russian People," published in May. Among the epithets used to describe the editors, our contributors, and their Soviet sources were: "spiritual and physical trash" and "the morose outpourings" of "contemptible whiners." The article winds up with a reference to a Russian folk tale about a rooster who found a pearl in a pile of manure. *Harper's,* however, "has attempted in vain to emulate the winged rooster. Soiling itself with the manure of petty gossip, it has found only some mournful worms, afraid of the daylight, with which from time to time one can get a nibble from an undiscriminating fish in the fetid pool of the 'Cold War.'"

THE EDITORS

scientist, and a woman sculptor. (Yugoslavs love monuments and pay well for them. Their best known sculptor, Meštrović, long resident in America, is a national hero.)

The scientist had joined with six friends a few years ago to start a research institute. Today it employs some two hundred people, and the managers can fix salaries (including their own) as high as they like. Moreover, they can divide up 85 per cent of the enterprise's earnings as they see fit—for bonuses, new equipment, or promotion expenses. My friend's chief complaint is that he can no longer do as much scientific work as he would like, because he now spends most of his time on the road, drumming up contracts for new industrial-research projects. In all essentials, so far as I could see, his business operates much like similar firms in the United States.

• A paper mill is making so much money that it has built three Olympic-size swimming pools for its staff—all within a stone's throw of the Sava River, where the employees used to swim happily enough in humbler days.

Meanwhile newspapers and publishing houses complain that paper prices are too high. They can't produce really low-priced books, magazines, and newspapers—with the result that even the Party's propaganda programs are hamstrung. Yet nobody in Yugoslavia, including Tito himself, feels able to order the mill to cut its prices. All the government can do, under its peculiar concept of its role, is to bring indirect market pressures to bear. So it is now threatening to lower paper tariffs or maybe to finance the building of a competing factory.

These cases indicate how far Yugoslavia has moved from orthodox Marxism since it broke away from the Soviet camp in 1948. It is now trying, with considerable success, to devise an entirely new kind of economic system, quite different from anything you will find either in America or in Russia.

This system has not yet taken final shape. A group of able young economists and administrators—many of them with some experience in the United States—are tinkering with it constantly. They are surprisingly unhampered by Marxist ideology, and they aren't afraid to admit mistakes; if one experiment doesn't work, they are quick to try another. Unlike the Chinese and the Russians, they do not cling stubbornly to an unworkable scheme simply because it is prescribed in the Holy Writ of St. Marx and St. Lenin.

What will finally emerge, I suspect, will be a unique blend of capitalist and socialist notions—a mixed economy with a good deal of public ownership (at least in theory) but depending heavily on free markets, competition, the profit motive, individual enterprise and a growing flow of trade with the West. In some ways it may even turn out to be less "socialistic" than the different sort of mixed economy which we are developing. Farming, for example, is now less subject to government controls in Yugoslavia than in America.

If this Yugoslav invention works, it may prove an attractive pattern for many of the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

After all, they resemble Yugoslavia much more closely than they do either Russia or the United States—in size, in resources, in the nature of their problems, and in their stage of political development. Most of them are poor soil for democracy* —a delicate and exotic plant, which seems to flourish only under quite special circumstances. A glance at history indicates that stable democratic societies have survived for any considerable time only when they have had: (1) an Anglo-Saxon political tradition; (2) a strong infusion of Protestantism, with its toleration of pluralism; (3) fairly high standards of living and education; (4) a strategic situation which made large standing armies unnecessary—usually because the borders were protected by seas, mountains, or other physical barriers. In the Latin, Catholic countries—Spain, Italy, France, and South America—democracy so far has taken only precarious root. And the new countries which emerged from the two world wars mostly started out with democratic forms, but replaced them fairly quickly with some kind of authoritarian government—as we have seen in Turkey, Egypt, Pakistan, Korea, Iraq, and Ghana, to mention only a few.

* An extraordinary article by Elspeth Huxley in the June issue of *Encounter* explains how unsuitable —how unthinkable—democracy seems to millions of Africans.

Moreover, an authoritarian government of one sort or another seems almost indispensable to most of the underdeveloped countries. It offers the only quick road to their primary goal: industrialization. That demands rapid accumulation of capital. Although foreign aid can provide a small fraction, most of this capital has to come from local savings. And in a poor country there won't be any savings to amount to anything, unless they are forced—by a government strong enough (and free enough from democratic pressures) to hold down consumption and channel a large share of the nation's output into capital goods.

IT seems likely, therefore, that authoritarian governments will become the established pattern, for at least a few generations, throughout much of the world. Often there may not be much we can do to prevent it. (As we could not prevent it in Korea recently for all the men and money we have invested there.)

But we may be able in some cases to influence a country toward the *kind* of authoritarianism which is least harmful. A country bossed by an Ayub or a Bourguiba is plainly better off than one bossed by a Trujillo or a Nasser; a Tito is infinitely preferable to a Castro. Indeed, any *independent* state, however authoritarian, is more hopeful than a satellite of Russia or China—if only because it has a chance to evolve someday toward a greater degree of freedom.

In some parts of the world, the Yugoslav model may prove the most practical alternative to the Soviet system. Both are labeled "socialist"—and, reluctant as we may be to admit it, "socialism" has become a good word (and "capitalism" a bad one) to the ears of millions of people in the more primitive underdeveloped countries. The historic reasons for this include the association of "capitalism" with colonialism, throughout Asia and Africa, plus forty years of Marxist indoctrination, aimed especially at the young politicians and intellectuals of these areas. Consequently, the Yugoslavs are careful to describe their society as "socialist," no matter how much capitalist practice they may pour into the mixture. They know it makes their product more salable to hordes of potential customers.

It might be sensible, then, for us to look beyond the label and try to analyze what actually is going into the bottle. For it may turn out to be the lesser evil in those lands where our possibilities to influence the choice are limited—and where the choice lies not between socialism or democratic capitalism, but between Russian domination and another brand of socialism not quite so distasteful.

BEFORE going to Yugoslavia, I was pretty skeptical about its "independence." Was it real? If so, how long could it last? Until recently a Russian satellite, it is surrounded on three sides by Communist states; its foreign policy usually looks like a pale carbon of the Kremlin's; and periodically Tito reopens his on-and-off flirtation with Khrushchev. So it should surprise no one if he should drift back one of these days into the Soviet harem. Or so it seemed to me.

Not any longer. Anybody who takes a careful, firsthand look will be persuaded, I think, that in fact Yugoslavia is drifting the other way . . . that it probably has already passed the Point of No Return . . . and that nothing short of a military conquest is now likely to bring it back into the Russian camp. Some reasons for this view were mentioned here last month—but the main reason is the peculiar way in which the Yugoslavs are shaping their economy.

During the four years when Yugoslavia was a satellite, from 1944 to 1948, it got a bellyful of Soviet-style economics. Stalin tried to impose his kind of Marxism, in its most rigid and ruthless form—and the results were disastrous.

When the peasants were forced into collective farms, they went on a sit-down strike and the country nearly starved to death. When the local planners sketched out blueprints for a new industry, Stalin said "No"; *his* plan was to keep Yugoslavia as a colony, producing raw materials for Russian factories. When a Serb or Croat plant manager came up with a bright idea, his Russian advisers told him, contemptuously, to forget it; they would do the thinking, and they meant to do

LIKES AND UNLIKES

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.

Madame de Stael's definition of wit might also serve as a definition of successful investing, which is essentially a selective art.

For obviously, all stocks in a particular industry have some characteristics in common—yet they may go their separate ways in the market. And conversely, stocks in industries that appear to be unrelated may tend to move together because of some unseen basic common denominator, as with automobile manufacturing and rubber. Successful investing is a matter of making correct distinctions when faced with choices.

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A people as touchy and proud as the Yugoslavs were bound to rebel against this sort of thing. And they—unlike the Hungarians and East Germans—were able to make their rebellion stick because they had not been "liberated" by the Red Army at the end of World War II. They had liberated themselves; consequently the Kremlin never did get complete control of the Yugoslav army, the police, or the Party machinery.*

Immediately after Tito's Declaration of Independence—in an eight-hour speech on July 21, 1948—the Yugoslavs began to dismantle the Russian-designed economic system.

Their first necessity was to open up trade with the West. Until then they had depended on Russia and its satellites for most of their imports, and these were of course cut off at once by the Kremlin blockade. Only because England and America stepped in promptly with loans and trade deals was Tito able to keep his country afloat.

The next step was to scrap most of the collective farms. Today 92 per cent of the land is again owned and worked by individual peasants—with the result that the country has once more become nearly self-sufficient in food. (By American standards, Yugoslav agriculture is still inefficient, because the peasants' farms are too small; the biggest is only 25 acres. Eventually the planners hope to create enough factory jobs to siphon a lot of surplus manpower off the land, so that little plots can be merged into economic units. Nevertheless, even the present arrangement works far better than Russia's; as this is written, Khrushchev has just proclaimed another crisis in Soviet agriculture—the fourth since he came to power.)

Most scandalous of all, from the Russian point of view, was the way the Yugoslavs began to edge back toward competition, free markets, and the profit motive. They are moving along two paths:

1. Private enterprise

Most small businesses—restaurants, taxis, repair shops, produce markets, the service trades—are now run by individual entrepreneurs. Any Yugoslav is free to go into business for himself—so long as he does not hire more than five employees. Some of them, like the iron molder mentioned earlier, are doing almost too well. Beauty-shop operators, for instance, are reputed to be the wealthiest group in Belgrade; and here, as elsewhere, the most ruthless exploiters of the working class (and everybody else) are the plumbers and TV repairmen.

Much of the housing now going up is also privately owned. You can build your own home, and if you put up a two-family house, you can rent one of the units. Furthermore, if you own a vacation place at the seaside or in the mountains (as a surprising number of Yugoslavs do), you can rent that also—though no landlord is permitted to rent more than three units. If you prefer an apartment, you can buy one in a cooperative, just as New Yorkers do. In either case, the architect and sometimes the contractor will be working as a private businessman.

2. Competing corporations

The Yugoslavs call them "enterprises," but in most respects they operate much like American corporations. Nominal control rests with a workers' council, representing the employees, just as nominal control of our companies rests with the shareholders; in both cases, however, management is largely self-perpetuating. (I did come across a few cases in which the workers' council had dismissed an incompetent or thieving manager—but I gathered that this happens about as rarely as a successful stockholders' revolt in the United States.)

New ones start up all the time, wherever somebody sees an opportunity to make a fast dinar. Any three people can join together to start an enterprise, putting up part of the capital—usually about 10 per cent—from their own savings; the rest they borrow from an investment bank, if they can persuade the bankers that the venture looks promising. Sometimes they are established by a trade union, or a group of farmers who need a new tractor, or by a village that wants a new industry. Occasionally they fail, and go out of business or get taken over by a bigger enterprise.

And they really do compete. The most noticeable competition, to a foreign visitor, is in the tourist-agency business. In the old days, all such services were handled by Putnik, a government monopoly. It still suffers a hangover from the chronic ills of a monopoly—lethargy, indifference, and incompetence. But some of its young competitors, notably Tourist Express, are as alert and efficient as Thomas Cook's or the American Express Company. One young woman executive of Tourist Express told me, with glee, that it is snatching away more of Putnik's business every day. (She is even nursing a plan to persuade Pan American to go into partnership with her firm to build a chain of modern hotels throughout the country.)

Competition in all fields began to speed up a few months ago, when the government (with the help of a $275-million loan from eight West-

* When the break came, only one general and two members of the Politburo tried to desert Tito for Stalin, and they were easily disposed of. Among the rank and file of the Yugoslav Communist party, however, the Kremlin's influence apparently ran deeper. I was told that 60,000 Stalinists were locked up in concentration camps in 1948, and that some of them stayed there for six years.

Although it is obviously impossible to be sure, I am inclined to believe the official statement that today there are no concentration camps, and relatively few political prisoners. At least there is some independent non-Yugoslav testimony to support that claim; and ordinary citizens certainly are far less fearful of the secret police than they are in Russia and its satellites. The most convincing evidence is the freedom with which they talk to foreigners, and the complete lack of restrictions on the movements of foreign visitors.

Although there is no police terror today, the police apparatus still exists—and it still seems to be heartily disliked. When the government arranged a "spontaneous demonstration" to protest the assassination of Lumumba, the crowd got out of hand, sacked the Belgian embassy, broke a lot of store windows—and sent fifty-two policemen to the hospital. What the government had meant to be a nonviolent demonstration against the Belgians and the UN turned into a violent demonstration against the police who were supposed to shepherd the parade. These facts were never published in Yugoslavia—nor, as far as I can learn, anywhere else.

ern countries, including America) made its currency freely convertible at a standard rate of exchange—something no other Communist country has ever dared to try. At the same time controls on foreign trade were drastically relaxed. One immediate result was a sharp rise in pork prices, as the peasants began to ship large numbers of pigs to Austria. Another was heavy pressure on some industries—particularly the inefficient old monopolies, which now have to compete with cheaper goods pouring in from abroad. When their managers screamed, the government told them grimly that the soft days are over; either they modernize, step up productivity, and cut prices—or go out of business.

WHAT happens to "socialist planning" under such a system?

Quite a lot has happened already. The national economic plan is no longer a cast-iron blueprint, which tries to direct the use of every ton of steel and man-hour of labor. Now it is little more than a pious hope—a fairly loose, general statement of economic goals. Decisions have been decentralized so far that Belgrade no longer attempts a detailed day-by-day control. A consequence (as Americans might have predicted) is a startling upsurge of initiative and energy all down the line.

For essential, over-all control, the government now relies mostly on the same levers as we do—fiscal and monetary policy, taxes, tariffs, interest rates, and the banking system. There, as in America, the flow of new capital is channeled into the right places primarily by the investment banks.

But a crucial difference between their economy and ours lies just here. Their banks are arms of the government. They try to make a profit on their investments—indeed they have to, since they pay 5 per cent interest to their depositors—but they also try to invest every dinar where it will help most to develop the country's economy.

As a result, the Yugoslavs argue, they use their resources more rationally than we do, from the viewpoint of the national interest. They like to point out that they do not squander millions on a yearly change of auto models. Neither do they tear down perfectly sound buildings to put up sleazy ones in their place . . . or ruin their most valuable scenic assets with billboards and hot-dog stands . . . or pile up new skyscrapers in areas already congested to the point of strangulation. They grant that they have learned a lot from us in the last twelve years; but they hint (not always very tactfully) that perhaps we could learn something from them too.

Maybe they have a point here. But in fairness it should be noted that even their kind of "socialist planning," managed largely through the banking system, is by no means infallible. They have sometimes poured money into football stadiums and fancy fairgrounds when it could have been used more sensibly for new housing. They too have built eyesores, uneconomic factories, misplaced housing projects, hotels as tasteless as anything in Miami Beach. And at the moment they are seriously worried by inflation.

The only conclusions I would dare to venture, on such brief acquaintance, are:

1. For their particular circumstances—very different from ours—their hybrid economy seems to work pretty well. It has produced a faster rate of growth than either the United States or Russia; it is turning out a larger proportion of consumers' goods than any other "socialist" country; it has, so far, avoided some of the worst mistakes of both capitalism and communism.

2. It is moving, slowly but perceptibly, toward the West. The integration this spring of Yugoslavia's economy into the Western network of international trade is likely to have far-reaching consequences. So is the growing reliance on economic decentralization and individual initiative.

3. In the end, these consequences almost surely will be political as well as economic. For economic freedom tends to bring political freedom in its train. Already the Yugoslav Communist party has changed into something a Russian couldn't recognize. That is too long a story to go into here—but my hunch is that the process is now irreversible. The genie is out; nobody, including Tito, could now stuff it back into a Soviet bottle.

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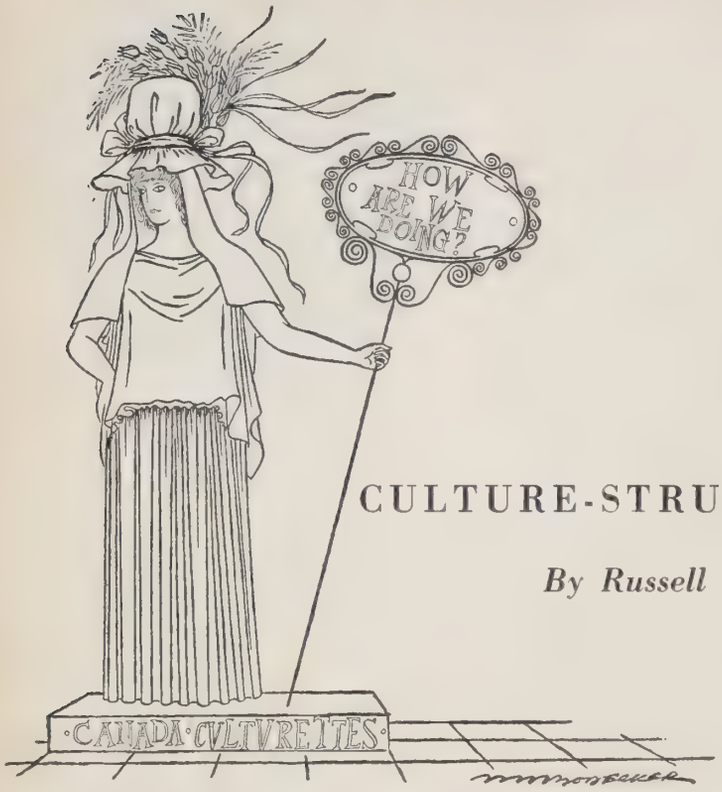
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AFTER HOURS



CULTURE-STRUCK CANADA

By Russell Lynes

A FEW hours after I arrived in Toronto last spring I got into a taxi in front of the O'Keefe Centre, the city's brand-new cultural market basket, and asked the driver to take me to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Studio 6.

"You in the television business?" he asked me. He was a young man in his twenties.

I told him I was not, that I was merely going to appear briefly on an interview show, "Seven-O-One."

"What do you think of Canadian television?" he said.

I admitted that I had never seen any Canadian television, though I had heard that it was good. I asked him what he thought of it. With not the slightest hesitation but with an after-taste of bile, he said: "They keep trying to hit us with culture—and they won't lay off it."

There is almost surely a lesson in this for Mr. Minow, the new Federal Communications Commission chairman, who beats American television about the ears with such gusto for its lack of culture. It was the beginning of a cultural lesson for me.

My reason for being in Toronto was to take part in a three-day meeting of the Canadian Conference of the Arts, a sort of Olympian convention held on the slopes of Parnassus with all of the muses in attendance in their best dresses and hats. It was Canada's first attempt to gather in one place for several days the nation's leading artists, composers, writers, theatrical and dance folk, museum directors, and others directly or indirectly in positions of consequence in the artistic and cultural life of the country. There were also rectors of universities, city planners, government officials, historians, clergymen, art collectors, businessmen, architects, and those ubiquitous handmaidens of the arts whom I like to call the "culturettes."

"If the roof of this building fell in," Mr. Alan Jarvis, the National Director of the Conference of the Arts, said to me, "it would wipe out the arts in Canada. Everybody, almost everybody, who has anything to do with the arts is here."

Canada is enjoying (if that is the correct word, and it seemed to be) a well-publicized and enthusiastically nurtured "cultural boom." The boom got its impetus, I was told, from the establishment in 1953 of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, a venture that has brought international acclaim to the Canadian arts, and has drawn thousands of people across Canada's borders to see one of the liveliest theatre groups in the world. Four years later, in 1957, art became an official responsibility of the government when the Liberals, who were then in power, put up $100 million to establish the Canada Council for the purpose of promoting the arts and of encouraging the talented. Half of this splendid sum came from the death duties levied upon the estate of Sir James Dunn, the overlord of a coal and steel empire. It seemed a splendid amount at the time but of course the meager $3 million annual budget of the Council which the fund makes possible is already said to be too little. The Council is asking for another $280,000 a year for grants and scholarships for artists. The arts, according to the Council, "are beginning to move out of the quadrangle and into the market place."

There was certainly a sense of bustle, confidence, and enthusiasm at the O'Keefe Centre. The battalions of culture were out in full panoply. No one, I suppose, knows how many people turned up for the conference, but six thousand general-admission tickets were sold at a dollar each during the three days; obviously many of the buyers were repeaters. There were a number of "distinguished guests" (as visitors to conferences are always called) from abroad, most notably Sir Julian Huxley and Jane Drew, England's most "distinguished" woman architect; Robert Whitehead, the Broadway producer; Robert Whitney, the director of the Louisville Orchestra; and the American sculptor, Isamu Noguchi.

But the guests were largely ornamental. The reason for the gathering, like the reason for most conventions, was to provide the participants with a chance to parade their wares and their personalities, to get to know each other, and to talk, talk, talk, talk. There was a large exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Canadian artists; there was a program of recently composed Canadian symphonic music performed by the orchestra of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; there was an evening of poetry readings by Canadian poets; and there were panel discussions (which the program called "commissions" for reasons that were obscure even to the people who had planned the program) on the Visual Arts, the Literary Arts, the Dramatic Arts, Music, and, of course, that catchall, Arts in Society. There was something for everybody, a chance to be seen and heard.

The O'Keefe Centre was a suitable place for a convention concerned with giving the arts a leg up. It is

big, new, democratic, luxurious, and cost $12 million of the O'Keefe Brewing Company's money. I was told that, since there are legal restrictions on advertising of beer in the province of Ontario, the Centre was a publicity gesture. But be that as it may, its purpose, according to its president, is to "provide Toronto with a multipurpose entertainment center capable of meeting all tastes with the best facilities available." One Torontonian described it to me as "a cultural rodeo." Its auditorium seats 3,200 people; its stage is almost the size of a small hockey rink; its lobby is big enough to hold a large exhibition of paintings and sculpture. Downstairs there is a lounge in which five hundred people sat down to meals and, having eaten cold meat and potato salad (several meals running) and drunk Canadian wine, listened to speeches. It was in the O'Keefe Centre that "Camelot" opened its out-of-town trial run. (The first performance lasted four hours, and one critic reported: "It was like 'Parsifal' with the jokes left out.") The night on which the CBC orchestra performed the concert of Canadian music was the first time a symphony had played there. A special acoustical "shell" was erected on the stage, and I was told with awe that it had been built in England and weighed twenty tons.

There was a pleasant air of carnival about the convention. Every time the chairman of any one of the dozen or so meetings made an announcement, he always concluded his remarks with a reference to the fact that the bar would be open. (Obviously the committee was counting on the thirst of the participants to help meet the costs.) People milled about with glasses in their hands discussing the state of culture; men and women from the CBC were forever cornering artists and writers and recording their words on tape for broadcast; flash bulbs were popping. A few bitter arguments enlivened a few of the "commissions" but most of them were peaceable talk-fests. (I was involved in the Arts in Society panel, which devoted its attention to the problems of how cities have gone to the dogs and what might be done about them. We concluded cheerfully that "It's never too late.")

So many people turned up for the poetry reading on the first evening that some of them had to stand on the stairs leading down to the room where the performance took place, and some didn't get in at all. The director of the conference used the star's dressing-room (occupied the week before by Sir Laurence Olivier) as a sort of office, private bar, and meeting place for the "distinguished guests," one of whom got locked in the bathroom and had to be extricated by the building engineer.

"Could such a conference as this happen in the States?" a number of people asked me a number of times. I said that I thought it most unlikely; there would be little chance to get so many people in responsible positions in so many of the arts together; we are too big and our arts are too segmented. But they did not ask the question in order to hear my answer. It was merely their way to make me understand that the situation of the arts in Canada is very different from that in the States.

"You see," they said, and the figures of speech kept recurring, "Canada is strung out like a string of beads with great distances between the beads. It's a ribbon three thousand miles long and only about sixty miles wide. There is no real communication between those who are doing things in the arts in, say, Vancouver, and those in Montreal. Our problem is communication."

IT IS true, of course, that if you ask anybody these days what he thinks is at the root of society's troubles, he is likely to say "failure of communication." (Do you remember when it used to be "failure of distribution"?) But failure of communication in the arts in Canada is not just that Canadian artists don't talk to each other; they talk across the border to the south.

"I live in Vancouver," an attractive young woman composer explained to me. "I belong to the West Coast much more than I belong to Canada. If I'm part of a community of artists, it's of artists in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco."

It was obvious that one of the reasons for the conference was to make Canadian artists take artistic Canada seriously, and to promote a national pride in the national product. Behind this was what seemed to be a pervasive concern about being swallowed up artistically as well



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as financially by the United States. As J. B. McGeachy in the *Financial Post* wrote after the conference was over, the visitors from abroad "don't understand that the story of Canada to date has been a persevering and also fascinating effort to create here a national identity distinct from that of the U. S." Since national boundaries mean almost nothing to artists and national styles have all but disappeared from the arts of the Western world, distinct national artistic identity is, of course, almost impossible to come by. Artists are not interested in it; chambers of commerce are, and so are some politicians, patrons, and promoters of the national image. There is no reason why they shouldn't be but it's a losing fight. What I saw in the exhibition at the O'Keefe Centre I might just as well have seen at the Chicago Art Institute or the Museum in St. Louis. Artists know that Regionalism has long produced dead art, and is dead as an aesthetic issue.

"One of our problems in Canada . . ." (I began to think that Canada had more artistic problems than it had artists) "is that our culture is bilingual. We believe in it and want to maintain it, but it isn't helped by the fact that English is abominably taught in the French schools and that French is equally badly taught in the English schools."

Throughout the conference whenever there was a formal session, as opposed to the "commissions," there was a mixture of French and English. When Father Georges-Henri Levesque, the Vice-Chairman of the Canada Council (of the arts), spoke after a lunch, he started in mellifluous French and then after a few minutes shifted to English and then every few paragraphs or so switched back and forth. He discoursed on the importance of the arts, and when he made his utterances in French they sounded not only profound but moving; the same sentiments when he expressed them in English were flat and ridden with clichés. Those who introduced the speakers from French Canada trotted out their schoolboy (or more frequently schoolgirl) French for the occasion. It made me feel as though I were back in the classroom but the audience obviously suffered from self-consciousness at hearing French spoken with the hesitancy and flatness with which most of them obviously spoke it themselves. They laughed uneasily and apologized to me for their compatriots.

INDEED, I have never been apologized to so much in so few days or for so little reason. It was like Texas without the twang—nationally proud but culturally full of misgivings, eager to be part of the world but afraid that the home-grown product was more to be cherished than esteemed. Again and again it was impressed on me that Canada thinks of itself as a "young" nation, and sometimes scarcely a nation at all, but a suburb of the United States. "Do you see any reason why Canada shouldn't be part of the United States?" I was asked more than once, and when I said I didn't see any reason why it should be, I found myself having to defend the benefits of variety against the benefits of bigness. But this question was asked me by artists and not by the promoters of the arts. (McGeachy in the *Financial Post* said, "Nobody ever asks if the Americans want us as members.") In general any joke made at the expense of the United States was good not only for a laugh but for applause. The well of resentment was not surprising but its depth was saddening.

Canada is suffering from many of the same kinds of growing pains that America is, but to theirs is added the unease of knowing that much of their growth is fertilized by American money and not their own. Canada's standard of living is the second highest in the world; its cities are sprawling, just as ours are, in unplanned and unbeautiful suburbs while the centers of cities suffer the common North American blight. There, as here, voices are raised in protest and anguish, but I had the feeling that such voices are more likely to be heard there than here. Canadians have already built model towns and discovered that it is possible to combine idiosyncrasy of taste with a basically sound community plan. It far from satisfies the architect's dream of "total architecture" (and a good thing too) but it gives heart to planners. Toronto has recaptured an island in Lake Ontario from honky-tonk, torn down the shacks that scarred its shores, forbidden automobiles to drive on it, and turned it into a pleasant place for Torontonians to walk. It is only a gesture, perhaps, a small solace for a city that might have faced a beautiful lake, and preferred to turn its back on it long ago; but it is a gesture that American cities can envy.

After the concert of music by Canadian composers, Philip Torno, the treasurer of the conference and a successful Canadian wine grower and distributor, asked me, "How do you think we're doing?"

For me to say, "I think you're doing fine," would have been patronizing. To say I didn't think they were doing fine would have been both untrue and insulting. Mr. Torno was, I think, puzzled when I said, "What do you mean, 'How are *we* doing?' Why *'we'*? Why not, 'How are the artists doing?' or, 'What do you think of the music?' " But he meant, of course, "How is Canada doing?" and this, I'm sure, was the farthest thing from the minds of the composers, of the conductor of the symphony, and of the musicians who performed.

Shortly before the conference took place a debate had raged in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* which made most of the participants at the conference furious, but which I thought was a sign of vitality. In a series of articles called "Cult or Culture," a reporter had attacked the spending of public money on art without any public control of how it is spent; he had complained about the widening gap between artist and public, and the "nihilism" and "obscurity" of art today. Speakers at the conference spluttered about it, laughed at it, derided it. Dr. Northrop Frye, the Principal of Victoria College in Toronto University, referred to it in a speech as "a tedious and foolish harangue," and dismissed it very neatly by saying: "There is, of course, no 'or' about it; culture has always been a cult, in the sense of being a group of specialized and exacting disciplines. It is natural that some people should resent this, just as it is natural that some people should resent the fact that years of hard work in education are necessary to the best life."

But the harangue, though not intended to be, was a tribute to the vitality not the decadence of the arts in Canada. You can't make a fight about a dead issue. The arts in Canada may be self-conscious, but nobody can say they are not lively.

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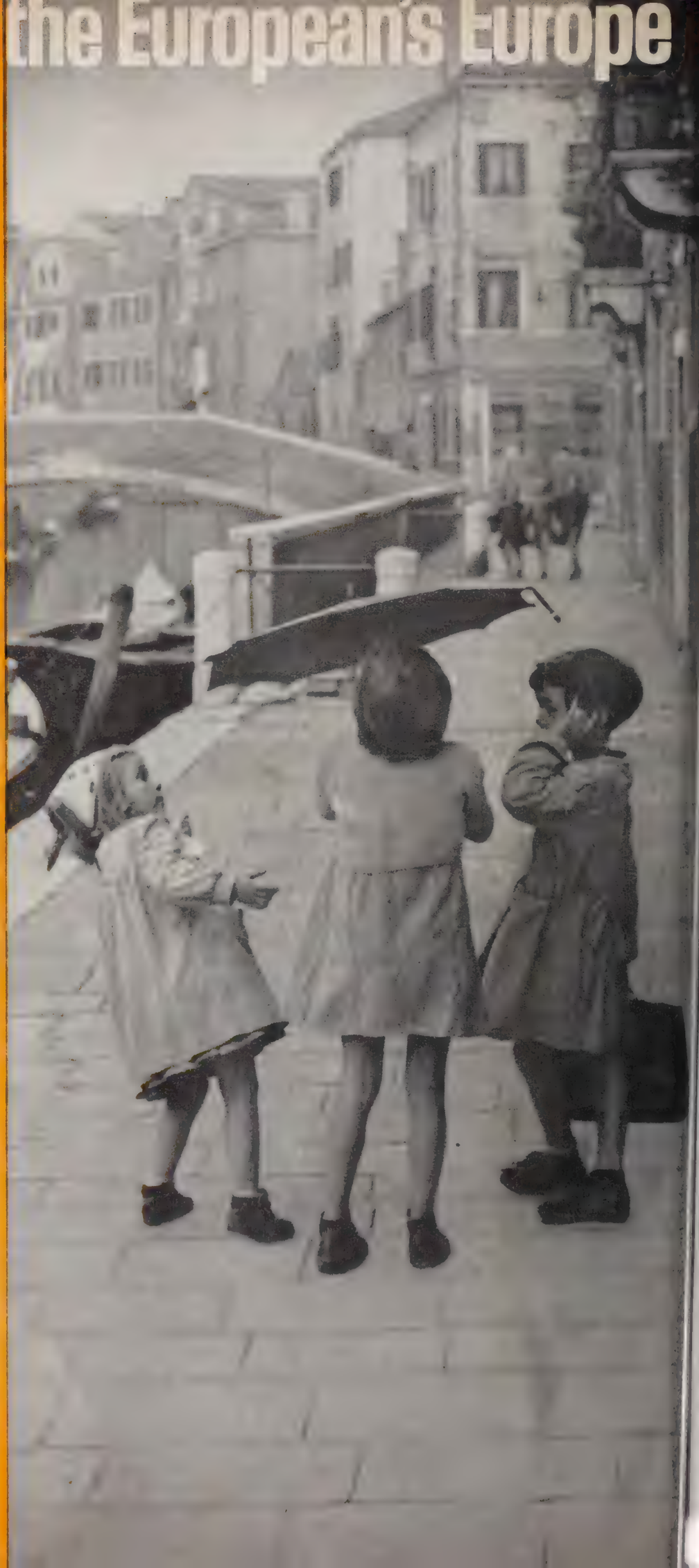
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Harper's MAGAZINE

AMERICA UNDER PRESSURE

A political commentary by Adlai E. Stevenson

Is our society losing its "immense powers of adaptation" because the traditional pressures for change and growth have stopped working?

THE quality of the electorate, the news it will listen to, the leads it will follow, the inconveniences and difficulties it is prepared to face—these are the measure of effective democracy. Even within our system of checks and balances, vigorous and effective government is not impossible. Our republican institutions are now among the oldest continuous political institutions in the world. They could not have survived from a rural, decentralized community to the modern world of cities and industrial concentrations without immense powers of adaptation. These have made it possible for great Presidents to reshape popular thinking and introduce eras of great reform. They have done this by developing a close dialogue with a responsive public opinion and thus imposing political vision and direction on the chaos of separate interests and rival lobbies which make up—inevitably—so much of Congressional politics.

This is as it should be. For interests deserve representation, and the compromises of countervailing power make for healthier social conditions than stifling unity imposed from above by single party rule. But the national purpose is more than a sum of these compromises—just as the citizen is more than a member of his own lobby. He is neighbor, parent, worshiper, and patriot as well. The great social purposes of a community—its security, the quality of its life and education, the beauty of its public monuments, its images of greatness, its communion with past and future—all these must be expressed in the political dialogue—and cannot be if the citizens themselves succumb to what I regard as, historically, the three great distempers of the public mind—reaction, complacency, and mediocrity.

Take first the issue of reaction. America is not in temperament essentially conservative. We have no feudal past such as anchors so many communities in unworkable institutions and outdated ideas. We were born in the morning of popular government and national liberation and some of that fresh light still falls on our faces.

We turn most naturally to the future. We live in hope, not fear. All this is true. But it also is true that the challenge presented by Soviet power is a new challenge. It is that of an apparently implacable power pressing in on us from a steadily widening foreign base and threatening, as we see it, all that is most precious in our way of life. This is new to us.

It is not, however, new to others. Between

the seventeenth and the early twentieth century; this was precisely the type of pressure that Western nationalism, mercantilism, colonialism, and capitalism exercised on Asia, Africa, and in a rather different form on Latin America. Westerners in those days appeared—to Turks or Arabs or Indians or Chinese—to have the characteristics we see in Communists today. They seemed implacable men convinced of their own mission and superiority. Their power was growing. Their influence was spreading—and with their influence went the destruction of ancient and cherished beauties, institutions, and beliefs.

RUNNING AWAY—BACKWARD

UNDER this disturbing pressure—which we in the West are only now beginning to appreciate, from experiencing it ourselves—peoples and societies reacted in opposite ways. In India, for example, a long line of philosophers and reformers—from Sir Ram Mohan Roy in the 1820s to Pandit Nehru in our own day—met the Western encroachment with intelligence, balance, and a readiness to judge their own traditions constructively in the light of its challenge. On these foundations they built a philosophy and then a movement which were able to reverse British pressure, re-create Indian society, and achieve independence in modern terms. But during the same period, other Indian groups took an opposite line. Leaders hankering for old glories and unchanged feudal society brought about the disasters of the Mutiny. Extreme Hindu groups took to terrorism and murder in the name of the traditional gods. On the morrow of independence, such a terrorist killed Gandhi, the father of the nation. From such sterile reaction, no gain came—no nation building, no emancipation, nothing but counter-violence and hate. In short, the way of reaction proved to be the way of destruction.

Now let us look at another instance—this time between nations, not within the same community. When in the nineteenth century, Western pressure in the Far East became irresistible, the Manchu leaders of China refused to recognize the fact. The regime of the Empress Dowager took refuge in an ever deeper conservatism. The modernization of any part of the state was virtually made impossible by the stagnant, backward-looking court. Then rule by eunuchs and assassination—typical of all China's worst periods—continued while the Western powers filched away ports, treaties, territories, customs, concessions, spheres of interest, and turned the proud empire into the sick man of Asia—everyone's butt and everyone's prey.

During the same years, the leaders of Japan looked at Western civilization squarely and in an intense revolutionary effort took over from it what was necessary to keep it out. As a result, while China still drifted on, as storm-tossed and rudderless as a junk in a typhoon, Japan rose to modern power in a generation. Once again, the way of sterile reaction brought disaster, while change and adaptation ensured the power to survive.

Or let us take a more recent instance—the response to Communist pressure given by Hitler's Germany. Allegedly to keep the Communists out, Hitler adopted all communism's most reactionary techniques—the single party, the single ideology, tyranny, total censorship, total police power, government by torture and murder. And the result? After a ruinous war, half Europe fell under Communist control—a warning against those self-styled defenders of freedom against communism who care nothing about killing freedom in the process of conducting their "defense."

These are not remote historical analogies. They are relevant to our experience here and now. The central traditions of our country are liberal, generous, and forward-looking. But, in times of stress our history has continued to throw up groups of irreconcilable reactionaries whose solution to the problems of the age lies in violence, hysteria, distrust, and fear-mongering. The Know-Nothings, the Ku-Klux Klan, the McCarthyites, the White Segregationists—all these are recurrent manifestations of the spirit of irrational reaction. I do not know whether our new tensions are breeding—in the John Birch Society—yet another outburst of this destructive and defeatist spirit. But I do know that history gives us only one verdict on the outcome of looking in times of crisis to a fearful and backward conservatism. The outcome is quite simply defeat. Men do not overcome their crises by running away from them backward. No cosy retreats from a challenging future can be looked

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Adlai E. Stevenson was one of America's best known citizens throughout the world even before his appointment by President Kennedy to be U. S. Representative to the United Nations. In recent months he has had to speak for this country in some of the most complex and dangerous situations of the Cold War. Former Governor of Illinois and twice the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party, he is also the author of "The New America," "What I Think," and other books.

for in an outgrown past. Times of challenge are times for new frontiers, not last ditches.

Yet reaction is not our chief danger. The greater risk in our present crisis is not that public opinion will react with a blind and backward-looking conservatism, but that it may not react at all. Complacency, not frenzied John Birchery, may be our chief weakness, and it is easy to understand why this is so. We are the wealthiest society in depth that the world has ever seen. More people enjoy more comfort than at any previous time. Yet there is no guarantee that whole communities are any more immune than families or classes from the typical temptations of affluence. Inertia, indifference, exaltation of the pleasure principle, a falling away in curiosity and human sympathy—all these afflict so-called "Café Society." They can afflict general society as well.

Three-quarters of mankind still live in a poverty so grinding, in such pitiful conditions of health and livelihood, that the framework of their brief lives is not very distant from Hobbes' definition: "nasty, brutish, and short." But when Hobbes wrote, the rich minority contrived to overlook the spectacle. In France, the Court played at shepherds and shepherdesses while the peasants ate grass. Today we in America are the rich minority of world society. Are we any less prone than they to while away our most precious gift of time in pursuit of distractions fully as trivial as those of Le Trianon or Le Hameau? Indeed, we have in television an instrument of mass entertainment that does not even demand that we dress up as shepherds ourselves. We can watch other people doing it for us and sink to an even greater passivity of mind and spirit. A nation of viewers, gazing at what FCC Chairman Newton Minow calls the "wasteland" of the television screen, is not likely to widen its sympathies or feel its instincts of justice and compassion deeply stirred. Yet no wealthy group in the modern age has finally resisted the inroads of popular misery and revolt while clinging to all the trivia of a self-indulgent existence. History is neither made nor changed by the complacent and the comfortable. On the contrary, it is made against them and at their expense.

This complacency in our society has its bearing on a third weakness in popular opinion today—the risk of mediocrity. Our tradition was founded and constantly renewed by great leaders responding to a popular demand for great action. Washington and Jefferson guided and canalized the general revolt against colonial rule. Lincoln directed the energies of a mighty nation at war with itself over the great principles of human freedom. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson caught the reforming tide set flowing by popular disgust at the raw money-grubbing capitalism of our "Robber Baron" epoch. Franklin Roosevelt mobilized popular despair over the Depression behind his New Deal, and Harry Truman caught up the expectations and hopes of the immediate postwar years into the superb strategy of the Marshall Plan. In every case a ferment among the people enabled leaders of stature to direct that ferment into new, imaginative, and epoch-making acts of policy.

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Against this background, our present predicament is deeply disturbing. The need for great acts of statesmanship is more urgent than ever before. Wherever we look there confronts us a stark crisis, demanding greatness for its resolution. And most of them have nothing directly to do with communism. They would exist in any case. All that communism does is, by its extra pressure, to make their resolution more urgent.

In our domestic economy, we have not been able to reconcile the need for economic growth with the desire for price stability. While Western Europe has achieved rates of growth double and treble ours, we have lagged behind with a 2 per cent rate that does not fully absorb our rising population. This in turn aggravates the problem of our growing level of built-in unemployment. Bold new measures of replacing and retraining, new restraints on wage increases and speculation, more competition for greater efficiency are clearly needed to reverse these trends.

We add to our population a city the size of Philadelphia every year. These millions will swell the millions already crowding into our vast

urban concentrations, there to live with all the discomforts of congestion, commuting, and declining civic services, caught between an urban life without community and a nonurban life without access to natural life and beauty. Only heroic measures of urban renewal, metropolitan planning, and nation-wide conservation can save our national life from foundering in a series of shapeless, soulless urban sprawls.

The challenge abroad is if anything tougher. We have used up the momentum the Marshall Plan gave to bolder Western association. The trade areas we call the Six and the Seven are still divided in Europe. The exchange reserves of the non-Communist countries are inadequate to cover their rising trade. Their capital assistance to developing areas, though considerable, has been undirected and unco-ordinated—and often wasted. Their trade policies, particularly in regard to slumping commodity prices, have often undone the work their aid was supposed to accomplish.

All these facts point toward a unified North Atlantic economy and community, which by freer competition and expanding internal trade would pile up capital for use in the developing world, and by its prosperity attract the trade of other nations. Such a community would also be politically cohesive enough to roll back Soviet pressure in Europe, compete with it successfully in the developing world, and provide within the wider framework of the United Nations a first concrete example of the kind of confederal association under law which the nations of the world must ultimately achieve if they are to avoid the final horrors of atomic war.

ATTUNED TO GREATNESS

THESE are not remote needs. They are immediate necessities. But how are we to rally public opinion for such great tasks? Our complacency threatens to breed mediocrity of aim—"You never had it so good"; mediocrity of response—"I'm all right, Jack"; mediocrity of vision—our monument, in the poet's phrase, "a thousand lost golf balls." In the past, social discontent was the fuel of the engine of progress. Today, we have never needed creative change more urgently. Yet we were never so lacking in divine discontent.

Of course, we must not restore genuine misery in order to restore general momentum. We must somehow find, in alert, educated, responsible public response, an alternative to the old discontented pressures for change. In every soul, I believe, there lies not only the desire to be left in peace but also the desire to feel part of a great adventure. It was the glory of Athens—prototype of all free societies—that by the spontaneous will of the citizens, it could outface the might of Persia and outthink the leaden discipline of the Spartans. We carry in our minds echoes of Pericles' great Funeral Oration:

"We admit anyone to our city and do not expel foreigners for fear that they should see too much, because in war we trust to our bravery and daring rather than stratagems and preparations. Our enemies prepare for war by a laborious training from boyhood; we live at our ease, but are no less confident in facing danger. . . . We love the arts, but without lavish display, and the things of the mind but without becoming soft."

So long as this temper prevailed, Athens proved invulnerable. Its voice remained the voice of confidence, of excellence, of a community attuned to greatness, drawing its reforming energies not from the miseries of past and present, but from a high vision of the future. During its greatest days, it proved once and for all that free societies can show this vitality, that free societies can be the history-making forces in the world.

But today our society is far indeed from a Periclean spontaneity and vitality. Reading further in Thucydides, I found this disturbing comparison of Athenians with Spartans:

"They—the Athenians—are always thinking of new schemes and are quick to make their plans and to carry them out. You—Sparta—are content with what you have and are reluctant to do even what is necessary. They are bold, adventurous, sanguine; you are cautious and trust neither your power nor your judgment."

Today, who is Sparta, who is Athens? Who has the initiative? Who is making the schemes? Who is bold and adventurous? Who is cautious and "reluctant to do even what is necessary"? Have free men become the conservatives and the Communists the adventurers and innovators? Can there be more to Khrushchev's confidence that he will "bury us" than brash self-assertion? Has he captured a sense of history that we in the West have lost?

I hope I know the answer to these questions. I hope that I can say that while free society may have slumbered for a little and rested and drawn breath, it is ready again for great purposes and great tasks, and that its creative imagination, rearoused and refreshed, is equal to all the crisis and challenge of our perilous days.

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

ALLAN TEMKO

HOW NOT TO BUILD A BALL PARK

Ever try to play baseball in a wind scoop? That's what the San Francisco Giants are doing. There are lessons (not all of them architectural, by any means) in Candlestick Park for other cities that are now on a ball-park-building spree.

SUMMER is upon the pleasant land, and this fun-loving nation once more is being taken—out at the ball park. The taking is being done by genial club owners, politicians, contractors, financiers, lawyers, and sports writers—who in this age of *panem et circenses* have convinced several cities that they dearly need not only major-league baseball, but new stadiums to go with it. Although insufficient money is available nowadays for housing, schools, hospitals, and even modest neighborhood playgrounds, there seems to be no shortage of funds for the national pastime, which was described by F. Scott Fitzgerald as "a boy's game with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure."

More than a boy's pocket money is required, however, to stage big-time baseball. In New York for example, $19 million has been appropriated —and such sums have a way of growing—for the construction of a 55,000-seat arena on public parkland in Flushing Meadows. Los Angeles, another metropolis with no lack of slums, is spending $18 million for the Dodgers' stadium in Chavez Ravine, a site once designated for low-cost public housing. Washington, Houston, and other cities also are erecting expensive homes for their teams; and one can hope that in the planning stage, they have considered the experience of balmy San Francisco, which can serve as a model of kindly hospitality to commerical baseball.

This is the Giants' fourth season in San Francisco and their second at Candlestick Park, the controversial stadium beside the Bay which—at a cost of more than $15 million—was rushed to completion by the city when the team was induced to abandon New York in 1958. (At the same time, it will be remembered, the Dodgers moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles.) The first two years in San Francisco the Giants played at old Seals Stadium, near the downtown breweries; and it was there that they nearly won the pennant in 1959. When Candlestick Park opened the following spring, therefore, enthusiastic fans had reason to hope that the 45,000-seat structure would be the scene of the next World Series.

Instead—in a setting worthy of a Greek amphitheatre—the Giants enacted a classical drama of the diamond, starting the 1960 season as heroes, and finishing (if the ambiguous term will be pardoned in Brooklyn and L.A.) as bums.

The team's ignoble fate aroused not only pity in the bosoms of nearly 1,800,000 paying customers (more than the pennant-winning Yankees drew the same season in New York), but, apparently, terror in the mind of owner Horace Stoneham, who promptly conducted purification rites. A devout new manager, Alvin Dark, was put in charge of what had been a notably light-hearted group of ball players. The insouciant outfielder Willie Kirkland was bartered to Cleveland. So was the prideful pitcher Johnny Antonelli. Harvey Kuenn, a worthy batsman, was acquired in exchange. And now, at midsummer, the Giants, led by the incomparable Willie Mays, who hit four home runs in a single game on April 30, once more hope to conquer.

But if the team's fault lies not in its stars, it may reside in the seemingly blameless stadium. For if Candlestick Park, when first sighted from the Bayshore freeway on the southern limits of the city, appears radiantly innocent in the sunlight, it is far from a simple monument to healthy sport. Like professional baseball itself, however, the great, semicircular structure of exposed concrete does make a cheerful show of outward vigor. The top of the grandstand, particularly, is very forceful and clear. Its rounded lid (which is a wind-baffle only, rather than a true roof for the upper tier) is mounted on spectacular sculptural elements, shaped like inverted Y's, which bend

with the shell and then fork downward into the structure below. For this feature alone architect John Bolles and engineers Chin and Hensolt of San Francisco deserve high commendation. It places Candlestick in a category well above the run of major-league parks, which are probably the worst-designed large stadiums in the world.

Yet on closer view Candlestick rapidly loses glory. The tundra of parking lots, which can accommodate eight thousand cars and three hundred buses, contributes to this melancholy effect, for no effort was made to relieve the expanse of blacktop with greenery. At the crest of the steep approach (nicknamed "Cardiac Hill") the uninviting main entrance bears some resemblance to a prison gate; and in the structure which lifts heavily behind it, what had appeared gleaming, strong, and decisive at a distance now seems muddled, unfinished, and somehow cheap.

The raw, unpainted concrete, for example, which would have been perfectly acceptable if carefully surfaced, was left slovenly, as if the workmen had hurried from the job. The ramps leading to the upper deck seem brutally flung about at hazard. In fact, on the exterior, only the tall, steel floodlight pylons—the most elegant in the country, perhaps—fulfill Candlestick's first promise.

A GOOD DEAL?

THE story of the financing and building of the stadium, which would have been complex under any circumstances, has been further complicated by lawsuits, some of which remain unsettled. A Grand Jury investigation of Candlestick in 1958 came to the conclusion: "The city did not get a good deal." (Two jurors dissented, however, and commended the city on "a very efficient and excellent job.") The Grand Jury report led to an angry exchange between Mayor George Christopher and the foreman, Henry North, which culminated in a slander suit against the Mayor, its withdrawal after a public reconciliation, and a mutual pledge to "work toward a greater-than-ever San Francisco."

The Grand Jury's findings related chiefly to land acquisition, financing, and costs.

By failing to use its power of eminent domain at the time when the Candlestick Point site was under consideration in 1956, the Jury said, the city allowed prices to rise and therefore paid from $650,000 to a million dollars over a fair market value for the land. The greater part of the 77 acres purchased was a property of 41 acres owned by Charles L. Harney, some of it under water. Mr. Harney, the contractor for the job, received $2.7 million from the city for the land —approximately $66,000 per acre, though it had been assessed in 1956 for only $26,730 per acre. (Some of this Mr. Harney had purchased in 1953 for about $2,100 per acre.)

As to costs, the Grand Jury pointed out that the voters had authorized $5 million for the land and stadium; but by 1958, estimated costs "may exceed $15 million." To arrange for additional financing, a nonprofit corporation, Stadium, Inc., was formed in 1957, with Mr. Harney and two of his employees as officers and directors.

"It was illogical," said the Grand Jury, "for Stadium, Inc., with its directorate of Harney men, to act for the City and County of San Francisco, and, at the same time, have Harney, the contractor, selling land to the city and constructing a stadium, so on February 28, 1958, it was decided to substitute other officials, and three prominent and influential men [Allan K. Browne, W. P. Fuller Brawner, and Frederic P. Whitman] were asked to serve as directors. . . . The nonprofit corporation is in a very literal sense the alter ego of the city."

Although the Grand Jury said it believed the nonprofit corporation may be a useful financial device, it said that, in this case, if city bonds had been issued instead of those of the corporation, "a very considerable saving of interest would have resulted." The Grand Jury explicitly denied "inferring that we found anything dishonest about this deal," but it stated:

"The end result, therefore, of the establishment of this nonprofit corporation is that the city could avoid securing the voters' approval of an additional expenditure of approximately ten million, could by-pass the Charter provision with regard to bidding, and could and did channel this vast project without competitive bidding, to the contractor of their choice. . . .

"It is our conviction that where so much additional money is involved, a few city officials should not accept responsibility for the investment of millions unauthorized by the voters,

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Allan Temko, who grew up in New York, lived in France for a while after the war and wrote "Notre-Dame of Paris: The Biography of a Cathedral." Now living in Berkeley, he is West Coast associate editor of "Architectural Forum" and writes for the San Francisco "Chronicle" and many magazines. His last article in "Harper's" ("San Francisco Rebuilds Again") won the first prize in the American Institute of Architects Architectural Journalism Competition this spring.



JOHN GORMAN

despite their conviction that major-league baseball would be a fine thing for San Francisco."

Precisely what motives animated the responsible officials during this period—other than frantic haste to bring a major-league ball club to a city which does not possess a decent theatre—will probably never be known. But Supervisor James Leo Halley proposed that the grateful municipality name the ball park Harney Stadium.

This struck a note which vibrated among the citizenry. Many San Franciscans suggested instead that the name Candlestick (taken from the harbor point) be changed to "Candlestink." This is because of the aroma of the nearby tidal flats which is often picked up by the breeze. On many days, of course, the breeze is a wind powerful enough to play havoc with hitting and fielding, and the visitor feels its force soon after he enters the stands.

FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR

YET the visitor forgets the wind momentarily and is oblivious to most of the stadium's tawdry details (such as the poorly joined railing on which I scored my hand upon first entering), as soon as the great sweep of space toward the Bay opens before his eyes.

Here the taxpayers get something like their money's worth. Candlestick commands a magnificent view of harbor, sky, and distant hills. Across a broad cove of the Bay are the giant cranes of the Hunters Point naval station, and, often, standing out to sea is a destroyer or a high-riding tanker. The water is alive with white sails, and on game days some fans arrive by boat, a very San Franciscan touch. The shoreline in the foreground, between the stadium and the water's edge, remains unsightly, to be sure, but it can easily be cleared by some wise municipal government of the future, and then Candlestick Point can become the green, multipurpose recreational grounds it might have been from the start.

So far so good. The remarkable spaciousness of the stadium's interior is enhanced by an extremely open seating plan and generous aisles. The pastel seats, which vary in hue according to price, add charming color (although the concrete remains brutally raw); and the over-all lines of the stands, which do not rise too steeply, are handsome. A mezzanine hung from the upper deck emphasizes the tremendous curve of the structure and provides a superb horizontal line which shows how distinguished the architecture might have been.

Yet, as on the exterior, inspection again reveals serious failings. Although engineering today makes unobstructed space possible even in vast buildings, the architect here relied on columns—the bane of spectators unlucky enough to sit behind them—to support the upper deck. These round steel pillars are well set back in the lower stand (granted, they do not interfere to the same degree as the forest of columns in the Giants' old Polo Grounds in New York), but the architect concedes that they could have been omitted at an additional cost of only $250,000. The figure seems high. Probably a different structural concept could have been column-free at little or no extra cost, if only because these columns are of solid steel and quite expensive.

There are also vexing blind spots in the column-free upper stands, however, and they reveal how complex is the job of designing a large baseball stadium. On paper it must have seemed a good idea to bring the stands rather closer than is usual to the playing field. But the result has

been that, from broad areas of the upper deck, sharply pulled balls are lost from sight, and low-traveling home runs close to the foul line cannot be seen clearing the fence except on the side of the field. . . . That is, *if* drives which normally would go out of the park even reach the fence in the face of the wind.

"TEMPLE OF THE WINDS"

HOME runs—by both the Giants and their opponents last year in Candlestick—were remarkably scarce. The barriers are being brought closer to the plate this year for precisely that reason, and a 45-foot-high backdrop has been installed in center field—at a cost of $45,000—in order to improve visibility for the hitters. But outfielders will probably continue to leap forward for balls which first seem to be flying far over their heads. For perhaps the most appropriate name yet offered for Candlestick is "Temple of the Winds." The air currents, sweeping off the hills and the harbor, move not only with exceptional velocity, but in an unpredictable variety of directions.

Sometimes one flag in the outfield will be rippling toward the Bay, or hanging limp, while another is stiffly directed toward right field. In this corner of the stands the rounded shield of the upper deck apparently acts not as a baffle but as a wind-scoop, funneling great blasts of air around the diamond until they come whirling out over left field again. In their artless, vociferous way the players have complained about these gusts which, they claim, affect even pitched balls.

At night—and of course a good half of the games are now nocturnal—the wind subsides, but the fog rolls in from the Bay. Candlestick is probably the only major-league park where the umpires delayed a game for an hour, although no rain was falling, because a solid bank of fog, worthy of the Labrador shelf, floated into the stadium and stayed there one night last summer. And again like a Labrador fog, this one was cold. Although nearly half of Candlestick's seats are equipped for radiant heating (another unique feature of the stadium), the system thus far has proven remarkably ineffective, and prudent spectators dress for night games as if they were camping out in a Sierra winter.

Such are Candlestick's major failings. Among its minor shortcomings it is enough to mention that the screen behind home plate is crude; the scoreboard resembles, and in fact is, a vulgar advertising sign; and the grass is far from being a lush greensward.

How many of these faults could have been avoided? Surely the wind might have been controlled in so large a structure, since from the earliest stages of the project the severity of the wind problem should have been obvious. When work had scarcely begun, a construction superintendent pointed out to a *Chronicle* reporter that an eight-degree change in alignment might have allowed the upper grandstand to shut off the wind coming into right field. But, he added, "there ain't gonna be nothin' to stop it. And man, does she blow!"

Only now has the city put up $54,925—another of the high figures which have a way of creeping into the history of Candlestick—for meteorological tests which may not even be final. Possibly the only way to correct the wind condition will be, as has been suggested, to cover the entire structure with a geodesic dome or some other kind of roof. R. Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the geodesic dome, estimates the cost of such a translucent covering at $3.5 million.

As the baseball season waxes, so do the law suits, and soon, unless there is an out-of-court settlement, San Franciscans may be treated to a gamy trial. On the basis of a ten-page list of sixty-one disputed items drawn up by Mr. Bolles, Stadium, Inc. is asking for a $2,522,400 indemnity from Mr. Harney for alleged failure to fulfill his contract. Mr. Harney is charged not only with failure to complete the stadium on time, but also with inadequate filling, grading, and paving of the parking area; installation of defective seats, electrical outlets, and plumbing fixtures; and failure to provide proper heating and waterproofing systems.

But this is only a cross-complaint against a larger claim which Harney himself filed last August against the city. The affluent contractor charged that an undue number of changes were made in the original design for which he said the city owed him an additional $2,734,480.

The Giants for their part, although the value of the club's stock has soared since it moved to San Francisco, unsuccessfully tried to claim a refund of $117,487 which they said the city overcharged them for taxes in 1960.

But the Giants in turn are now being sued by a San Francisco lawyer, Mel Belli, who asserts that the failure of the heating system represents "a breach of contract" to him as a ticket holder, and has caused "extreme discomfort" and thereby endangered "the health and well-being of the plaintiff and his guests."

Such, such, are the joys of the national pastime in the most easygoing of American cities.

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

YOUR UNKNOWN HEIRS

how patronage politicians may take a big bite out of your estate

A report on "some of the most widespread, most profitable, and least known evils in our courts" . . . and why the legal profession hesitates about cleaning them up.

IN MOST states of this Union, a man or woman who dies leaving an estate where children inherit may rest uneasy for one reason at least: a big piece of it may go—not to his heirs—but to officers appointed by the probate and surrogate courts. Even if the children (or an "incompetent") are involved only indirectly, the estate may have to pay this cut.

This legal system provides political patronage for thousands of the courts' "special guardians" or "appraisers." Unobserved by the public, they are the last earthly mediators between the solvent dead and their heirs. Every year overtolerant judges, archaic laws, and needy political machines combine to take millions silently out of small and large estates. These persistent pluckings are some of the most widespread, most profitable, and least known evils in our courts.

"Every American family will at some time come in contact with the probate courts," says Professor William J. Pierce, director of the Legislative Research Center at the University of Michigan Law School. "Yet these courts and their operations are least understood by the American public and they have been treated as a stepchild by the legal profession generally. As a result many instances of corrupt practices have arisen."

Depending on the state, these courts are called probate, surrogate, orphans, or chancery courts; in some states, superior or county-court judges do the work of probating estates, a procedure which is generally carried out with integrity. The Estate Recording Company of San Diego estimates that every year about 150,000 estates of $10,000 and over are filed for probate, with a total value of $11 billion. If the bite on these estates averaged one per cent, it would amount to $110 million.

The two commonest exactions are fees for special guardians (or guardians *ad litem*) and state-inheritance-tax appraisers. But there could be, as we shall see later, much simpler and less expensive ways of accomplishing these ends.

Understandably, the cost is greatest in the richer and more populous states such as New York, California, Texas, Ohio, Illinois, and New Jersey; but rural communities in such states as Connecticut and Louisiana are not immune. To see how expensive these wholly legal devices may be, let us look at some of the facts.

Manhattan's surrogate court is unquestionably the richest in the world. The two surrogates handle between $500 million and $700 million in estates every year. When Fiorello La Guardia was New York's brilliant reform mayor, he deliberately starved Tammany Hall of all patronage. Yet the Tammany clubhouse lawyers were able to get along very well on the enormous patronage of the surrogates. La Guardia scathingly called the surrogates court, "the most expensive undertaking establishment in the world."

Of course, not all such appointments are based on political favoritism. Sometimes special guardians—and many of them are conscientious people—are necessary to protect the interests of children and incompetents mentioned in wills. In some complicated cases, the service may require considerable time and experience.

When millionaire sportsman William Woodward, Jr. was killed accidentally in 1955 he left about $10 million equally divided between his wife and two sons. His will was skillfully drawn by some of the most expensive legal talent in New York, but under New York law the surrogates had to appoint special guardians to make certain that the boys' interests would be protected. Surrogate William T. Collins appointed Harold H. Corbin, a New York criminal lawyer with good connections. Mr. Corbin's first task related to the validity of the will. For this he asked a fee of $2,500; it was granted by the surrogate and paid by the Woodward estate. But this was only the beginning.

In 1957, the surrogate again appointed Corbin special guardian for the well-protected Woodward boys. And it appointed another lawyer, Edward V. Loughlin, a former leader of Tammany Hall, as special guardian for the young distant cousins who *might* inherit under certain remote circumstances. Corbin and Loughlin asked the surrogate for fees of $47,500 each. The surrogate cut them, slightly, to $45,000. So on the first round of special guardianships, the Woodward estate was out $92,500.

Sometime in 1961 there will be a final accounting on the estate and again two special guardians will have to be appointed. A lawyer familiar with the estate tells me that the final bite will probably be substantial. But, according to the folklore of the surrogate courts, it would be far from a record-breaking case.

The special guardians in the Woodward case filed affidavits showing they had put in many hours of work. But how much work is done by some others for their great fees? Some bank trust officers I talked to estimated that in similar cases if a special guardian had to put in a full week protecting the interests of the youngsters it was a lot.

"Most special guardians try hard to make it appear they're earning their large fees," the late Professor Thomas Atkinson, an authority on probate law, told me.

An experienced bank-trust officer added: "The special guardian's fee seldom has any relation to the value of the services rendered. In one case, a special guardian—a former city official—came in one Friday at noon. He said, 'Let's see these four securities the estate has. If you have these I assume you have all the rest and besides I want to make the first race at Jamaica.' At the most he was here twenty minutes and he asked for and got a special guardian's fee of $6,000."

Even much smaller estates are not immune. When a good friend of mine died suddenly of a heart attack two years ago, his widow discovered that the county surrogate had appointed a special guardian to protect the interests of her two teen-age sons. The guardian, a minor political figure, visited one Saturday afternoon and asked her to call in her sons.

"Boys," he said, "I know you want to be playing outside, so I won't waste your time. Tell me: when your father made out his will in December 1956, was he sane?"

"Of course, he was," the older boy burst out. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

The special guardian said: "Don't get excited, boys. That's all I have to know."

He later phoned the two witnesses to the will, then filed a brief report, and put in a claim for a special guardian's fee of $380. He got it. He was paid out of the estate which totaled less than $25,000. As far as I can figure it, the lawyer put in two hours on his simple, routine task, at $190 per hour.

MANHATTAN IS REASONABLE

CLEARLY it is smart for lawyers to be friendly with the local surrogates, but friendship is not enough. In 1952, Bert Stand, secretary of Tammany Hall, told the New York State Crime Commission, then probing the ties between the courts and politicians, how the system worked. Each Tammany district leader, he said, "would submit to the county organization a list of his lawyers . . . and we, in turn, would make up a list proportionately as best we knew how and submit it to the judges . . . that might have some patronage to give out."

Stand could only recall one instance in which a judge refused the list and returned it to Tammany. According to the Canons of Judicial Ethics of the American Bar Association, this rare judge did the right thing. When a judge appoints persons to aid him in the administration of justice, says Canon 12, "he should not permit his appointments to be controlled by others than himself. He should also avoid nepotism and undue favoritism in his appointments."

Murray Teigh Bloom has written several hundred magazine articles, a book about counterfeiters ("Money of Their Own"), and television plays. He is a founder and past president of the Society of Magazine Writers. His last article in "Harper's" was "Is It Judge Crater's Body?" which was published in November 1959.

A great favorite of Manhattan's surrogates is Edward V. Loughlin, mentioned above in the Woodward case. In the first few months of 1960 Mr. Loughlin was appointed special guardian in three large estates valued at $21 million. Until recently all special guardianships in Manhattan had to be listed every Monday in the *New York Law Journal*. But in March 1960 a bill was quietly passed by the New York State Legislature that ended this sixty-four-year-old requirement. Now investigators will find it much more difficult to find out which political favorites get heavy patronage.

When I mentioned the high special-guardian fees awarded in Manhattan, Surrogate Joseph A. Cox said: "You think they're high here? Why, we're reasonable in Manhattan. In other boroughs they're outrageous and upstate fees are very high, too." Several trust-company officers confirmed this. "Just don't die in Brooklyn or in Nassau or Suffolk Counties and leave money to children under twenty-one," one of them said. "Those special guardians out there will rip through your estate like a small tornado."

Why don't trust companies and executors protest the exactions of grasping special guardians? "How can we?" one of them asked me. "We have to deal with surrogates, day in, day out. If we antagonize them by protesting the size of these fees, some surrogate will find lots of ways of showing displeasure. We're sitting ducks." He shook his head. "Say one day you finally decide to fight the system. So the special guardian takes you aside and says, 'Look, buster, if you don't pay my fee without a fuss I'll keep this estate tied up with objections for the next ten years.' And he could, too."

In Massachusetts, where many estates are neatly nicked by both guardians and appraisers, several lawyers said the situation was out of hand. But not one would let me use his name or even protest the outsize fees in court. A leading Boston attorney explained: "The judge would look down his nose at me and say, 'What's wrong with the fee?' and I'd be dead. I might just as well get out of the law, because I'd be through here." However, this April, Walter I. Badger, Jr., president of the Boston Bar Association, commented in its *Journal* on "the unfortunate, if not downright unethical situations" developing in many counties: "The public is being deprived of 'the absolute confidence in the integrity and impartiality' in the probate administration to which it is entitled."

Before his death in 1960, I discussed special guardians with Professor Thomas Atkinson of New York University School of Law. "I used to tell probate judges they ought to have a little sign in their chambers: 'Is this special guardianship necessary?' But obviously my suggestion hasn't been heeded," he said. "Most of the special guardians appointed today are unnecessary and serve no useful function. But because there is an enormous amount of patronage involved it is going to be very hard to end this system. An investigation is long overdue on this abuse."

Professor Atkinson suggested that our courts study the Canadian system. There a full-time public official acts as Official Guardian in behalf of minors mentioned in wills. He gets fixed and very nominal fees for his work.

IS IT BETTER TO DIE IN CALIFORNIA?

In California, where the courts seldom find it necessary to appoint fat-fee special guardians, the preferred method is the inheritance-tax-appraiser fee. The man named "appraiser" by the State Controller, gets a percentage of the total estate. The San Francisco *Chronicle* has called this "the last vestige of the spoils system in California."

How impressive the fees are can be judged from a survey made by State Controller Alan Cranston when he took office in 1959. Democrat Cranston wanted to know just how much the Republican-appointed appraisers he inherited had been making at their jobs. He asked all state appraisers to file earnings statements. All of them work at state appraising part-time; their real work is law, insurance, or real estate.

Herman A. Bischoff, a prominent San Diego Republican, reported that his appraiser fees, taken out of estates he valuated for state-inheritance-tax purposes, came to $33,000 for the first six months of 1959. For part-time work he made more than the Governor, who works full-time and gets $40,000 a year. In California only eleven state executives draw $20,000 a year or more. In Alameda County, Hugo P. Correll, another prominent Republican, made $23,040 in his first six months as part-time state appraiser.

When Cranston campaigned for the Controller's job, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, he said he was in favor of putting the appraiser jobs under civil service. After he was elected he found that this would cost too much. And he proceeded to give some of the jobs to good Democrats such as Thomas E. Feeney, who had been active in his campaign, and to A. Brooks Berlin, the San Francisco campaign man-

ager for Governor Brown. Of the 141 state appraisers, 112 are Democrats and 29 Republicans. However, Cranston has reorganized the system so that it is unlikely that an appraiser can make more than $20,000 a year.

What does the appraiser do?

"In most cases," an experienced California judge told me, "it's just a matter of sitting down to check the value of the estate's stocks and bonds in the *Wall Street Journal*. Some of them don't even do that but simply approve the appraisals already made by the bank or trust company handling the estate. But if they have a real problem, they're allowed to bring in professional appraisers on a per-diem basis. To make things sweeter, appraisers can also get a nice little allowance for their 'clerical' help. All this, of course, comes out of the estates being 'appraised.' The whole appraisal business makes no sense here."

As if the appraiser exactions weren't enough, during the 1950s several clerks of the San Francisco probate court thought up another way of taking even more out of estates. Under California probate law, "anyone interested in the estate" could request the appointment of two extra appraisers, each to receive the regular fee. In 1958 a state legislative committee investigation found that:

About fifty court attachés or judges' friends took part in this extra-appraisal system. They had little or no competence in appraising and did little more than sign their names to documents prepared by the state appraisers. And most extra appraisers kicked back half of their fees to the clerk of the judge appointing them. A probate-court clerk admitted getting $30,258 in these kickbacks in a five-year period.

Why should a lawyer for an estate want to add the expense of the unnecessary extra appraisers? Said the committee report: "The suggestion that he [the lawyer] request extra appraisers usually came from the clerk of the probate court. Since the clerk generally has working control over the court calendar, he is in a position to see that attorneys have their cases called soon after court opens . . . or if the clerk were so minded he could keep an attorney cooling his heels all day waiting for his case to be called."

Or as one San Francisco attorney put it: "Either you let him nick the estate for a few hundred bucks or your case gets lost."

The extraordinary power of the probate-court clerk was illustrated in Chicago in 1952. There, a Chicago *Sun Times* exposé disclosed that clerk John W. Tauchen decided the appointments of 691 guardianships in a nine-month period. Of these about 40 per cent went to four of Tauchen's political cronies. One of them got 76 guardianships in that period, or about two a week. The Chicago Bar Association investigated, and although it said that political appointments of guardians was improper and that "certain undesirable practices" had grown up in the probate court, it concluded that Mr. Tauchen had been an "efficient" clerk.

EVEN REFORMERS HAVE DEBTS

EVERY few years movements start up here and there throughout the country to reform the probate system. But somehow they don't get very far. In the state of Washington, for example, three appraisers must be appointed in every estate. A prominent Seattle attorney told me why efforts to replace them with paid state employees fail in the legislature.

"The opposition always comes from politicians who like a convenient way of paying political debts. The party in power, be it Democratic or Republican, likes to supply the Tax Commission with the names of faithful party workers who should be remembered when there are estates to be appraised. The 'outs'? Well, they look forward to the day when they will control the state government and will want to pay off party workers. After all, it's painless. It's a dead man's money. Who's going to raise a fuss?"

In Minnesota I was surprised to find that the appraisal system had not gotten any adverse newspaper publicity. A leading Minneapolis attorney, whose firm handles some of the largest estates in Minnesota, explained: "Why should anyone expose the system? Check out the men and women who get these juicy little appraiser fees for no work and who will you find? State legislators, attorneys with political connections, politicians, *and* newspaper reporters. None of them is likely to be interested in changing a system that gives them this fine extra income every year."

Even ardent reformers who set out to reform the system seem to lose their zeal after a while. In one large city a lawyer running for surrogate based his campaign on the fact that the court, originally set up to protect widows and orphans, was actually milking their estates. He researched court records and in campaign talks he told *which* politicians were milking *which* estates for *how much*. He was not elected.

Not long ago I phoned this man and asked if

he could let me have some of the data he had unearthed during his campaign. He was obviously embarrassed. With a forced laugh he admitted that he had since benefited from some good special-guardian appointments. "The way I look at it now," he said, "is this: here's a lot of money up for grabs. The heirs who are going to get it don't deserve it. Hell, they didn't work for it. So I have no hesitation in asking a large fee as a special guardian. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

His current attitude is rather like that of several Democratic and Republican leaders I spoke to in different cities. They regard probate-court patronage as an important means for rewarding the party faithful. But none of the party leaders would answer a question I asked: What part of the special guardian or appraiser fee finds its way back into the party coffers?

In California a state legislative aide who took part in the San Francisco investigation told me: "Some appraisers have to make generous contributions to their party. No question of that."

In New York a retired lawyer recalled for me the times when he made $5,000 to $6,000 a year as a special guardian. "The Democratic county organization had a complete record of what I got out of patronage because at the end of the year, usually at campaign time, I would get a call and be reminded that I was expected to kick in. It was understood that the contribution to the county committee was 15 per cent of the fees. However, there were additional payments: you had to contribute to your own club, and somehow word got around that your club leader was a regular guy and would be pleased if you handed him $25 now and then, in cash, as a token of your appreciation. So that to keep in good all around you would be handing back anywhere from a third to 40 per cent of what you got. But since you did almost nothing for what you kept, nobody objected too much. I went back to my old neighborhood recently and found that things hadn't changed. The special guardian fees are higher now—a few of them run to as much as 10 per cent of the total estate—but you're still expected to kick back about a third to the party."

CONFUSION, INC.

THE freebooting atmosphere in some probate courts where favored lawyers and clerks are legally permitted to dip with both hands into estates is bound to affect other civil servants in and around these courts. Two scandals early in 1960 illustrate this:

In Illinois, law required a representative of the State Treasurer's office to be present when the safe-deposit box of a dead man was opened. In 1960 it was charged that state examiners stole cash and securities from such boxes by distracting family representatives who were present when the boxes were opened. Over several months, it was said, they had stolen more than $40,000.

In Los Angeles, Philip A. Adkins, chief deputy in the Public Administrator's office was found guilty, with two others, of looting nearly $60,000 in unclaimed estates in the custody of the Public Administrator.

Reforming our probate courts and changing the "anything goes" atmosphere will not be easy. In nearly half the states the probate judge is not even required to be trained in the law. "In many counties," Professor Pierce of the University of Michigan Law School told me, "because of defects in probate court orders by non-lawyers, land titles are in a state of confusion. Future generations will have to engage in considerable litigation in order to clear those titles and make those properties marketable."

In Connecticut, attempts to reorganize and reform the state's 123 probate courts have been stymied by the powerful probate judges' lobby. As the League of Women Voters of Connecticut points out, "the present system provides for a multitude of fees which are paid piecemeal at so many different stages of the probate process that it tends to create a vested interest in complicated procedures."

In New York State, court-reform forces had to agree to exclude the surrogate court before a measure embodying consolidation of the state's 1,500 scattered courts was accepted by the legislature. Politicians of both parties admitted that in a thorough reform the surrogates would have to be deprived of full control over the enormous patronage of their courts.

"The vast majority of lawyers and judges in the United States recognize the need for basic reform in our probate courts," Professor Pierce told me. "But few lawyers and fewer judges are willing or have the courage to speak out.

"That means it is going to be up to the public to make the start. The way to begin is for each community to take a good, long look at what goes on in the local probate court. Sooner or later some of your family's money will be involved. It's time we found out just what part of the billions going through these courts sticks to the fingers of politicians and court appointees. Then we must find a way to put an end to this legal extortion."

Harper's Magazine, August 1961



Robinson Crusoe in Florida

By JAN DE HARTOG

Drawings by Gil Walker

TO GET the true impression of the continent of America, one should not land from boat or plane, nor cross the border by train or automobile, or even on foot.

One should wade ashore, like Robinson Crusoe, through the lazy surf of the Gulf of Mexico and arrive on Florida's prehistoric and eternally youthful beach. The jungle fringe around that big blue water never has time to grow up into maturity—every thirty years or so a hurricane-lashed tidal wave shears all vegetation off the low-lying land except the mangroves; so the human wading out of the sea will not confront a rioting jungle, but the aftermath of a disaster.

This is America: the eternal impermanence of any living being, be it plant, beast, or man, under the lurking menace of cosmic forces about to raze the table of creation once more. And what is newly created after the catastrophe is but the image of what went before: the neutral adolescent growth of green and flesh, living in constant awareness of the clouds of fury gathering again beyond the horizon.

Nowhere on these shores, or even in the plains and the valleys beyond, has man imposed his will with any semblance of permanence. No continent on earth has higher towers, longer bridges, bigger dams; yet they fail to impress man as monuments of his might. For even the firecracker of his atom bomb is put to ridicule by the black vortex of the tornado reaching up into the sky, and by the colossal thunder of the subtropic lowlands, the tidal waves that crumble houses and turn the roofs of churches to flotsam.

America, when approached from the sea, on foot, alone, shows itself in its true nature as the New World. Although it is as old as the rest of the earth, it is unlike any world man has known and conquered so far. It is unconquered, and will remain so until man has found a new relationship, a new humility, and a new might by a total conversion. In this land of hostile nature, of twisters, hurricanes, poison oak and poison ivy, where each holiday may end in death, each boat-ride in disaster, each nature-ramble in poisoned agony, man needs another God than the one he

tamed in the old country, where the Holy Ghost is safely locked up in spired prisons, garlanded with ageless art.

In the heart of Florida is a large, mysterious lake which a hurricane turns into a seething cauldron of destruction, and which between these cosmic spasms lies shimmering in a silver haze. It is now called Lake Okeechobee, Big Water, but the Spaniards when they first arrived gave the unexplored swamp of which the lake was part the name "Lake of the Holy Ghost." Although the name of the lake has changed, the Spirit still moves upon its waters, and nature lies waiting for its liberation from fear in the soul of a new, still uncreated man.

Sounds of a Moonlit Night

A moonlit summer night on Florida's West Coast is different from anywhere else in the world. Full moon in the Far East, when it rises large and green out of the scented profusion of the jungle, is a magical occurrence. It seems there as if the animal kingdom down to the smallest marauders of the night are blessed, during a few fleeting hours, with a human individuality. The moonlit garden sings, warbles, laughs, and patters with feverish joy, and the listener to this Midsummer Night's Dream is overcome by a feeling of elation. The rustling, leaping, laughing, and applauding around him fill him with hope; it seems as if the animals were lifted out of their fearsome darkness by the touch of a magic wand and allowed to perceive, darkly, the light of consciousness at the end of evolution.

The Florida jungle, recently regrown after the last hurricane's destruction, has a different atmosphere. As the moon rises, pale and distant, over the undergrowth without trees or flowers, the young wilderness is heard to awaken. The first sound is a distant bleating, as if a herd of goats came wandering near through the shrubs. But they are not goats dreaming to be men, they are frogs dreaming to be goats, and as the moon rises higher, there rise with it other sounds in the eerie night, sounds that seem elementary, the sound of life awakening in matter. The close-cropped shrubs, the shorn mangroves, the crippled palms are given voice, and what they express is not hope, but terror.

It is not the terror of evil, nor the ancient terror of the hunted prey in the shadowless moonlight. It is basest nature squeaking, squealing, lowing, and bleating in an agony of birth, and what terrifies man in this cauldron of creation is the knowledge of what is to come. For in the Florida jungle on the Gulf of Mexico the Great Flood is still in the future.

After the shutters are closed and the lamp is lit, the spell does not abate. Man stands lonely in his cabin, listening, and he knows with prehistoric intuition that in the darkness of eons to come there is another disaster, waiting for this planet Earth to swing, blindly, into its rising tide.

The Waters of Venice

On my walks along the beach and through the houseless streets of South Venice, I saw many small openings in the jungle which, on close inspection, turned out to be little waterways. In the end, the temptation to explore them became so great that I procured a canoe, which could be strapped on the roof of the second-hand car I had bought, and set out to investigate.

I unstrapped the canoe, carried it down the bank, got in, and after two strokes of the paddle I hesitated. Within a matter of seconds I had slid silently from the familiar reality of the present into a timeless no-man's-land, where past and future were one. The jungle on the banks of the narrow winding stream was not in itself surprising or exciting; there was just the unshakable certainty, which had assailed me from nowhere, that I was the first man ever to visit this corner of the wilderness.

Of course this was nonsense, I thought. Hundreds of people, over the centuries, must have wandered into these narrow backwaters of West Florida, even when it was still called something else. And then I realized what had suddenly thrown its spell over me: the undying awe of those earlier visitors, still hovering between the banks of the little stream, undisturbed by human traffic. As noiselessly I drifted deeper into this miniature maze, I felt as if I were growing bigger, for the shrubs became lower and the little

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Since boyhood, Jan de Hartog, Dutch novelist and playwright, has been fascinated by the sea. He ran away at ten and sailed with a fishing smack on the Zuider Zee; after the war, he bought a venerable sailboat and used her extensively in European waters, then shipped her by freighter to the Gulf Coast of the U. S. A. and explored the coastal waters from Houston to Florida and across the peninsula through the heart of the Everglades. This report is part of his new book, "Waters of the New World," to be published by Atheneum in October. Mr. de Hartog's earlier books include "The Fourposter," a play, and the novels, "The Lost Sea," and "The Inspector."

stream narrower. It began to dawn on me that my predecessors had been young boys; no man in his senses would waste his time worming his way into this rabbit warren of muddy water and overheated shrub, for no animal of any value would hide itself here, and fish could better be caught in the bay where they had room to grow. This was a world of useless newts, inedible coots and tadpoles that fascinate only their equals in the family of man. As the stream became too narrow, even for the canoe, I wanted to get out and wade on, as the boys must have done. But the moment I stood up the charm broke, for I was a giant looking out over a children's jungle, feeling foolish. So I sat down again facing the other way in the canoe which, luckily, was not particular about stem or stern.

As I slowly poled my way back to my age, I felt a strange elation. It had nothing to do with memories of my own boyhood, nor with the future; it had to do with what I had felt the moment I penetrated into this small secret world of childhood, playing at explorer, perhaps for the last time in my life.

Sam Brown's Trading Post

The great wilderness of water, saw grass, and clouds called the Everglades is one of the last really wild territories in the United States. The only way to penetrate into its heart is in a cumbersome vehicle called a swamp-buggy, which is usually constructed by its owner.

The buggy in which my American friend and I set out on our expedition to explore the sea of grass had been built by our guide. It was an old Ford Model-A on airplane tires, with snow-chains to grip the mud; and perched on top of this contraption, lurching and swaying as on an elephant, we bounded down the new road toward the wilderness on the first day of our journey. The Seminole Indian workmen building the road looked incongruous in the American laborer's uniform of khaki pants and khaki shirt, and they were led by a red-faced white supervisor who was very hot. Two Indians lurched about on a couple of gigantic snorting bulldozers, painted yellow, that pushed carloads of sand in front of them into the marsh for the continuation of the road. There was sand everywhere along the track and broken young trees and lethal coils of rusty old barbed wire, last remnants of forgotten claims, now uprooted by the proud Indians on their mechanical monsters.

"We'll stop here," our guide said; "I want to show you the monument." My friend asked, "Monument?" and the guide told us that this was the spot where Sam Brown's Trading Post had been, subject of countless ballads and campfire stories among the Indians and the trappers of the Everglades. It had been a true outpost to progress; here the Indians had brought their wares to barter for guns, alcohol, and patent medicine. Here the first Bibles had been handed out to them free with their month's shopping, and from here the first missionary had set out into the jungle, never to return. Some people said the missionary had settled on a hammock in the heart of the marsh, forgetting about converting other people once he was faced, like Jacob, with God in the wilderness. Others said he had been killed by the Indians, or escaped convicts, but our guide himself thought he had probably crossed the Everglades and come out at the other end, without having met anybody, and gone elsewhere on his search for souls. We were, so the guide said with an odd reverence for so matter-of-fact a man, standing on hallowed ground. Sam Brown's Trading Post had dominated this gateway to the Everglades for over half a century; it had been burned down and rebuilt, besieged and relieved, shots had rung out and hymns had been sung, and from the eucalyptus tree in the shade of which evangelists had healed the sick, many a man had been lynched by ranchers whose cattle had vanished in the wilderness. This had been the dawn of America, and it was fitting that a monument had been erected to mark the site.

We got down and looked around for the monument; there was nothing to be seen but the mangrove shrubs damaged by the bulldozers, the soggy sand of the new road, the coils of old barbed wire and the Indians and their machines, thrusting and rearing in their slow, proud jousting match.

"What are you guys looking for?" the sweating foreman asked as he saw us rummage in the shrubs.

"A monument," we said, with an ingratiating smile because the supervisor looked sorely tried.

"Monument?" he said. "You don't mean the bit of stone with the disk on top?"

We said we didn't know. All we knew was that somewhere around here, there should be a monument to Sam Brown's Trading Post.

"Sam who?" the supervisor asked in an alarming effort to be jocular. Then our guide came back from the shrubs with his machete and he obviously made the same impression on the supervisor that the supervisor had made on us.

"Where is the monument, you lousy sand-pusher?" he asked.



"How would I know?" the supervisor replied, a small helpless cog in the vast machine of bureaucracy. "Nobody's told me anything about a monument. I did find a bit of stone with a metal disk on top but . . . "

"That's it!" the guide said. "Where is it? If you have knocked the thing over . . . "

"Hell, no," the supervisor cried. "I ain't knocked nothing over. It's right there. It . . . "

"Look out!" my friend cried, and just in time, for the supervisor had almost thrown himself in front of one of his bulldozers as he scurried across the road. He darted aside, shook both fists at the Indian high above him, who ignored him and swung his monster round with power and pride.

"Here it is!" the supervisor's voice called across the white sand. "Right here!" We waded toward him, and found him hastily dusting something with his rolled-up shirt.

It was the lowest monument I have ever seen, a milestone with a brass disk riveted on top of it. In the disk had been hammered, with irregular letters, *"This is the site of Sam Brown's famous Trading Post where . . . "* The next few lines were illegible because of a recent scratch made with a very big instrument, and the last line ended with, *". . . bless America."*

While the guide and the supervisor had words, my friend photographed the monument before it became part of the new road into nowhere.

Only much later, in the heart of the wilderness, did we realize what the real monument had been: the white road being born, the Indians on their bulldozers, proudly pushing their way into the haunt of ghosts where their ancestors were waiting. If the monument of Sam Brown's Trading Post had been too small to see, the real one had been too big for three little ants, scrambling across a sand dune in the heart of the river of grass.

Inside the Big Cypress Swamp

We had skirted the fringe of Big Cypress Swamp a week before penetrating into the Everglades. The friend with whom I made the expedition had taken me in his car from Route 41, the Tamiami Trail, to Immokalee, just to give me an idea of what the Everglades would be like.

The road was hot and dusty and quite new, with innumerable little bridges made of concrete, dazzling white in the sun. On the right hand side was a ditch, and beyond that the Big Cypress Swamp.

It was just a forest of dead trees, draped with the torn shrouds of Spanish moss, and seemed endless. As we drove on, past mile after mile of dead marshy forest, dotted here and there with distant colonies of white birds that created the illusion of whitewashed cottages hidden in the woods, the Big Cypress Swamp began by its very monotony to exert a weird fascination. We began to understand why the legends of the Indians describe the big swamp as the home of ghosts and goblins, and why in their symbolic world the dead do not go on hunting in eternal pastures, but, standing in slender canoes, silently drift among the pillars of the great and still cathedral that is Big Cypress Swamp. My friend and I, after driving silently along the new road alongside the great forest, both felt a longing to venture inside.

When we finally did, on top of our guide's

swamp-buggy that snorted and splashed its way pugnaciously through the Indians' Hereafter, it was quite different. There was no atmosphere of goblins and ghosts, nor did the Gothic caverns of the forest seem haunted by old men standing in slender canoes. The reason was, perhaps, that we followed a trail that had been bulldozed a year before by a crew of oil prospectors; if the forest was haunted by anything at all it was by the memory of that first exploration. On the hillocks between which the trail weaved its way erratically, there were the remnants of those first white men's campfires: rusty cans riddled with the holes of pistol practice, beer bottles, and the broken Bakelite casing of a portable radio set. At the sight of that shell inside which only a year ago had croaked the multitongued voice of invisible men in the stillness of the forest, it began to dawn on me why there was not a goblin left in the swamp. For what is the wandering glowworm or a will-o'-the-wisp compared to a shrill little voice shouting "Get regular the natural way!" in Spanish, from Havana?

No ghost haunted by the memory of the living can silently glide nearer to God in the frail canoe of his dreams, if across the twilight path shimmering between the trees there crashes a yellow monster with a horizontal axe, thrusting its way toward man's eternal hope: oil. And the pistol shots, aimed at Libby's Pork and Beans for practice, must have chased not only the laughing bird, the owl, and the roseate ibis, but also the pernicious jewel of Aloka, caught in the giant spider's web, and Treetah, the monkey hiding human children he had stolen to teach his brood the way of men. And now here we were with our little machine, spluttering, slobbering, lunging along the trail made by our big mechanical brother, and looking hopefully about us for the world of myth and mystery.

When, toward nightfall, we came splashing out of the forest into the boundless desert of water that was the Everglades, now blooming with the giant flower of the sunset, the guide said, "Well, that was Big Cypress Swamp! Did you fellows like it?"

We both hastened to say that we had liked it very much; neither of us confessed to our secret nostalgia for the Big Cypress Swamp as we had seen it from the outside that magic afternoon, long ago, last week.

The Eunuchs of the Wilderness

To reach the heart of the River of Grass, you must pass through the outskirts of civilization. Outside the last settlement of Immokalee, there is a shanty town of the Negroes who work on the sugar plantation; then the bleak barracks of the itinerant Mexican laborers; then the wall-less, thatched hovels of the Seminole Indians, brooding morosely among the rusty junk of broken cars. Finally, beyond the barbed wire of the outermost ranch, there is the great plain.

The last ripple of the concentric rings of man's civilization is the straggling herd of steers called scrub cattle, the lowest-grade beef, roaming on the fringe of the wilderness. During the first day of your trek you still spot them occasionally, peering at the lunging swamp-buggy from behind a palmetto shrub or a mangrove bush, with big pointed horns over eyes that are void of all comprehension. At first these steers, grazing in small bands on the shore of emptiness, are anonymous but as you venture deeper into the wilderness, the increasing loneliness turns them into individuals. Then there is the last straggler and the swamp-buggy stops, impulsively, to hail the last living being before the void.

"You'll see they're quite tame," said the guide, who, the day before, had not even deigned to look at them as they fled, tails in the air, through the flooded pastures.

But the gazing steer is not tame. He is not wild either. He is just one mindless body of the great herd of castrated bulls, a eunuch in the wilderness.

The melancholy of this last steer before the great beyond is haunting. There he stands, knee-deep in the mire, staring with the vacant gaze of neuterdom at the big armadillo of the swamp-buggy and its sun-hatted white mice. The birds, the wildcats, even the snakes that sparsely dot the waste of the Everglades, all have an independence that suggests a personality, even from afar. When the limpkin swoops from the mangroves and vanishes, squawking, in the waving grass, you feel that, if you could follow it and alight by its side in the tangled shrub of its secret lair, you could talk with it—if only you knew the language—and hear fascinating tales of water, willows, toad and lizard, of eggs gleaming like ivory in the twilight and the tragedy of the lonely white feather floating on the lake. But no one on earth, not even the most humiliated and down-trodden, could ever talk with an Everglades steer. For here grows a body, and that is all; man has extinguished the spark of eternity within it and, with it, life itself.

As the swamp-buggy splashes on into the wilderness on its lonely journey, you remain conscious of the steer gazing after you, even when you have lost sight of one another at last. There

is in its gaze no sadness or reproach; it is the vacant gaze of irreparable idiocy, an imbecile in the death house. As the buggy splashes along, the dour guide suddenly starts to sing, the impulsive song of relief of all explorers as they finally face the great solitude where no one needs wonder why he should be his brother's keeper.

The Great American Bird

The Pilgrim Fathers hunted the wild turkey, ate it, and gave thanks; it was the beginning of a great joy for the new nation and of a great sorrow for the turkey. In the centuries that followed, as the American population began to number millions, billions of turkeys were raised for slaughter at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and so there is now no American alive who can see a turkey without instantly thinking of roasting it. I can furnish no better measure of the paradisiacal state of Nicodemus Slough than the fact that the wild turkeys are not afraid of man.

We came across a flock of them somewhere in this vast, wild garden, and the guide instantly swerved the swamp-buggy off its course to pursue them. He had no intention of shooting them, it was just an instinctive reaction. At the other birds we had seen he had only pointed, crying, "Look, the limpkin!" or, "There goes the wood ibis!" but at the sight of the turkey, the force of tradition made him splash and bump after the fleet animals that barely increased the speed of their graceful gait to keep their distance.

Watching the wild turkeys turn flight into dignified disapproval was to understand their sad and pensive brother in its cage, waiting for the birthday of Man's Saviour. It must have in its wordless mind this very image: a flock of its gray muscular brothers, running sedately through water and marsh, pursued by a panting, swaying, snorting monster ridiculous in its powerless greed. The guide stood up behind the wheel and shouted, "Boo!" and "Bang!" and "Ratatat!" but these sounds meant as little to the unhurried birds as the frantic cry of "Radiation!" would mean to a Papuan. So he stopped, got out some bread from under the seat, broke off a piece and threw it at the turkeys. This was the moment at which, of one mind, they took to the air.

That night, round the campfire, we talked about the sanctuary of Nicodemus Slough, and how we seemed to have wandered into Paradise. Both the guide and my friend agreed that the American idea of Paradise was best expressed in the painting by the old Quaker, Edward Hicks, "The Peaceable Kingdom," which is the New World's version of the Garden of Eden. It is a primitive painting, showing guileless children playing with a mixed company of panthers, lambs, mountain lions, doves, and fox cubs. In the background is the great Quaker, William Penn, concluding his peace treaty with the Indians. The only thing lacking, so my companions agreed, in that glorious picture of the American Paradise, was a long festive table, decked with flowers and fruit, bread, all kinds of cheese, and cold turkey.

So, even after the peaceable kingdom has materialized, if you see a turkey gazing morosely at the horizon through the bars of its pen, from which it could flee if only it knew where, sidle up to it, look to the left, look to the right, and whisper, "Everglades."

The Lovely Scourge of the South

If you ask the bargees or the tugboat captains to name the scourge of the South, they will answer without hesitation: the water hyacinth. And you cannot help reflecting what a blessed country this is, that even its scourge should be so ravishingly beautiful.

The water hyacinth, so those who have studied the question tell us, was introduced into the United States in the latter half of the last century by a lady who loved gardening and who was presented with a basket of blooms for her pond by a nameless beau in Brazil. She put the small



posy tenderly in her pond and let it float out of her white hands in the silver of the sky; it drifted silently away, among the clouds and the lily pads, and choked the rivers of the South with its silent message of love. If ever there was a romantic flower it surely is the water hyacinth, and no throttled life lines of any overcultured country can boast a sweeter strangulation.

The bloom that floated from the lady's hands multiplied a zillionfold and now the bayous of Louisiana look like meadows, the ditches of Florida flower with delicate mauve blossoms, and even in that hidden fairyland of solitude, Nicodemus Slough, the blooms of love drift down Fish-Eating Creek. The only thing that gives away the sad truth that they are not flowers but weeds is the fact that they have no scent.

The traveler, seated on the bank of this romantic stream, gazing at the silent procession of posies, bouquets, flowerbeds, and triumphant islands of blooms, becomes aware that the water hyacinth's disastrous invasion of the waterways of the South is a quest for an elusive goal.

To sit on a river's bank in the South and watch the hyacinths float by, accompanied by their reflection, first inspires the beholder with philosophic thoughts, then with silence, and in the end with an inexpressible feeling of hope. For whether the hyacinth ever reaches the bliss of scent or whether the traveler will ever behold the dawn of truth, seems, after this glimpse of eternity, immaterial. What counts is the hope itself; rare and precious are the moments when this silent message comes floating down the stream of life.

The Place Called Indian Prairie

The first time I set eyes on Indian Prairie was from the banks of Fish-Eating Creek. There, across the still water in which the hyacinths drifted among the clouds, I saw a silver world, guarded by motionless ibises and a host of snowy egrets that looked like small white angels at play. The boundless waste of water, saw grass, sky, and clouds radiated an exultant promise; the promise of journey's end, the goal of all forgotten pilgrims.

I asked the guide what it was and he said, "Oh, that's Indian Prairie."

I stood gazing at the promised land, trying to put into words what it was that held this great promise, what the secret was of this dazzling radiance of peace and hope. But I turned away without the answer; all I had acquired was the haunting knowledge that, somewhere in the heart of this continent of mountains and rivers, of thundering cataracts and chortling brooks, there was a place called Indian Prairie where the Indian warriors had gone to their eternal bliss and where there was peace.

The next day we penetrated, again by swamp-buggy, into a forest of fallen palm trees, tangled vines, and dead cypress draped with moss. After a struggle of hours the forest suddenly broke open into a great expanse of light and water. As far as the eye could reach there was a silver desert of water and grass, and again this land of promise was guarded by the motionless sentinels of ibises, perched on their watchtowers of oak across the river, and again, in the far distance, there was the fluttering white flock of thousands upon thousands of dancing egrets. The peace across the still water stunned us to silence; after we had stood watching for a long time, overawed by its eerie bliss, my friend asked the guide, "Indian Prairie again?" and the guide nodded.

"Let's go there," I suggested.

But the guide shook his head. "Too far for us," he said.

I have since seen Indian Prairie many times. I have seen it open up beyond small towns, at the turning of a highway, behind a fringe of palms on the coastline, at the far end of the canyons of Manhattan. It is the soul of America that the white man will forever hope to capture, it is the reason why the keynote of the American dream is conquest, and the core of the American doubt a sense of futility. Indian Prairie is everywhere on this continent, yet no white man will ever get there. It is too far for us.



JOSEPH KRAFT

McNAMARA AND HIS ENEMIES

For the first time in years, a Secretary of Defense is really running the Pentagon—with a vigor and decisiveness that have dazzled some military men, infuriated others. He has won the first skirmishes . . . but his battle is far from over.

ONE of the issues in the 1959 Congressional hearings on the defense budget concerned a choice between two nearly identical projects for knocking down enemy planes. Defense Secretary Neil McElroy acknowledged that he had not made up his mind, and indicated some complex technical questions were involved. He told the Congress:

> As far as I am concerned, it would not bother me if you held our feet to the fire and forced us [to make a choice].

One of the issues in the 1961 hearings on the defense budget concerned a decision to strike from the Air Force estimates a project for a nuclear-propelled aircraft. In the midst of a long and highly technical discussion, a Congressman gently implied that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had not been able to give the matter "personal attention." By the time the Secretary got the floor back, the imputation had been muted, and he could have lobbed the ball back or let it go entirely. Instead he gave it the hard, overhead smash. He told the Congress:

> I am not accustomed to making recommendations on matters affecting the life of this nation without personally investigating them to the fullest extent.

The contrast in those two attitudes toward decision—the one passive, not to say reluctant; the other active, not to say eager—exemplifies in little a vast change that has come over the Pentagon. Mr. McNamara, a management-control man from way back, has been moving with systematic determination to impose a coherent, pragmatic logic over the whole defense establishment. Backed by a small group of civilian aides, he has forced the pace relentlessly in matters of personnel, procedure, weapons systems, and general strategic doctrine. To some he has become the hero of the new Administration. "For the first time," a Pentagon civilian claims, "we have a Secretary who takes questions of national defense as a personal responsibility."

Inevitably, however, the Secretary has penetrated deep into fields once reserved for the military. He has barked shins throughout the country's polity and economy. A stream of complaints has flowed from the Armed Services and their friends and clients. Carl Vinson, the powerful chairman of the House Armed Services committee, has semipublicly "warned" the Secretary against abridging the independence of the Services and their Secretaries. Virtually the whole press has joined in criticizing McNamara for what the Washington *Post* has called "The Closed Door Policy of the Defense Department." Blue suits and brown alike have charged that, as the *Army, Navy, Air Force Journal* put it, "the professional military leadership of the nation is being short-circuited in the current decision-making process at the Pentagon." "A Japanese general who got a query like this," one officer has said of one of the Secretary's brisker memos, "would commit suicide."

So far no concerted attack has been mounted on McNamara, and it cannot even be said that a general issue has been squarely joined. He has not lost a major decision, and in the skirmishing he is ahead on points. But in this kind of fight the purpose of the opposition is like the purpose

of the opposition to French premiers in the days before De Gaulle. The aim is not to score a knockout. It is to create a sense of frustration and weakness that ultimately makes compromise and concession inevitable.

KNOWING THE ALTERNATIVES

IN February, March, and April of 1924, the magazine *Management and Administration* carried a series of articles written by Donaldson Brown, a du Pont and General Motors executive, and entitled "Pricing Policy in Relation to Financial Control." They told the story of how central management, that is to say du Pont, had established a tight rein over the far-flung General Motors divisions. They taught the lesson that in the management of huge and complex organizations, the traditional reliance on experience and intuition was not sufficient. Additionally there had to be: deliberate analysis of all functions; formulation of alternate ways of doing the same thing; and an explicit choice made among the alternatives—if possible on the basis of numerical data. Management control, Brown wrote, involves "a manifestation of the principles on which any measure or course of action is based, having regard to both the ends aimed at and the measures used to arrive at them."

Though the articles attracted little public attention, they stirred enduring interest among professional students of administration—notably at the Harvard Business School. There in the late 1930s, the articles became known to a bright young Californian who came to learn and stayed to teach. He was Robert Strange McNamara.

Ever since then, McNamara has been weighing, testing, refining, and applying the doctrine of management control. He has been a company man par excellence, repeatedly coming in from the wings to establish the authority of central management over widely dispersed operations. As an officer in World War II, he helped establish a system of Statistical Control that made it easier for the Air Force to keep track of procurement activities spread out in thousands of plants across the country. As a junior executive, before becoming comptroller and then in 1960 president, he helped the Ford Motor Company develop a cost-accounting system that co-ordinated production, purchasing, and investment with sales.

The emphasis on management control sets McNamara apart from the other successful men of business (the bankers Robert Lovett and James Forrestal, the corporation lawyers Thomas Gates and Louis Johnson, the industrialists Charles Wilson and Neil McElroy) who have preceded him as Defense Secretary. It is the guideline of his career, and he has made it the ruling principle at the Pentagon. As he puts it:

> I see my position here as being that of a leader, not a judge. I'm here to originate and stimulate new ideas and programs, not just to referee arguments and harmonize interests. Using deliberate analysis to force alternative programs to the surface, and then making explicit choices among them is fundamental.

As a walking advertisement for active management, McNamara knows few peers. Youthful (forty-four) and vigorous (a skier and mountain climber), he works from seven to seven, six days a week, and generally puts in a few hours on Sunday. Speed is a special forte: his rule is to make his own decisions within seven days, and he has jolted Pentagon staffs with requests for answers within days on complex issues (the future of the aircraft carrier, for example) that they have been arguing about for years. A bug for figures, he once asked a group trying to analyze the specially messy problem of limited war to put tabular boxes in their report even if they couldn't come up with the numbers to fill them: "That way we'll know what we're looking for and can't find." His search for alternatives, in particular, is systematic. "In the old days," a Pentagon scientific adviser recalls, "we'd sometimes have a recommendation kicked back with a request for alternatives. McNamara won't even look at a thing unless the alternatives are there."

In matters of decision, the Secretary is mindful of the value of hedging and of what he calls putting the decision "ahead of me." "He always wants to know," one assistant says, "what the penalty is for failure." He was barely in office when he decided that he would put off for at least a year a decision on unifying the Services. At about the same time he explicitly concluded that until he got more experience, he would defer

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Joseph Kraft began to catch ideas for this article while working on a report for "Harper's" on the RAND Corporation, published in July 1960, and while flying over the U. S. A. in the Kennedy campaign plane last fall; he did the close-up study this summer at the Pentagon. Mr. Kraft's first book, "The Struggle for Algeria," will be published in October by Doubleday. During World War II, Mr. Kraft interrupted his college course at Columbia to serve in the Army in Washington as a Japanese translator; he has since worked on the "Washington Post" and the "New York Times."

on matters of foreign policy to Dean Rusk and the State Department.

As a nay-sayer, the Secretary can be formidable. Despite pressure from the President, he rejected two political suggestions for appointment: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. as Secretary of the Navy; and Joseph Keenan of the AFL-CIO as Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower. Despite great Administration emphasis on the need to be able to fight limited wars, despite enormous pressure from the Army for more men, despite a green light from the White House and the Congress on appropriations, the Secretary is still not convinced that the appropriate way to use limited-war strength has been found, and he has recommended only slight increases in the forces—and those chiefly in the Marines.

On the yea-saying end of the decision business, he is hardly an enthusiast. But he walks fast toward meetings about a fighter plane that can be used for all three services. A glint comes into his eye when he speaks of an Army plan for speeding up the readiness of Reserve units. Nothing, moreover, seems to dull his interest. "I never seem to be put off by technical problems of law, or finance, or engineering," he once confided to an associate. "He doesn't know much about painting or literature," one of the few Washington hostesses who has been able to bag the Secretary asserts. "But he really cares. He bounces into the room, and you have the impression he wants to talk to everyone about everything."

By good luck or wise choice (McNamara unabashedly claims the latter and shows a thick personnel card file to back the claim), the Secretary has surrounded himself with persons who—while coming from different backgrounds and having different interests—share his immediate purpose. Of particular help have been the various public and private groups which have been bending their backs over defense problems outside the Pentagon. They offered a reservoir of experienced men who in the nature of their jobs had been searching for alternatives to the traditional ways of the Defense Department and the Services. From the group that prepared the Rockefeller Brothers Fund report on defense, McNamara chose his Deputy Secretary, the lawyer Roswell Gilpatric. From the Livermore Laboratory he took his Director of Research and Engineering, the physicist Harold Brown. From the RAND Corporation he took his Comptroller, the economist Charles Hitch. From the Johns Hopkins Foreign Policy Research Center he took his Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, the banker and former government official Paul Nitze. From the Senate Preparedness subcommittee he took his General Counsel, the lawyer Cyrus Vance.

Though some components, notably Nitze's ISA staff—which follows some State Department procedures—have fitted awkwardly, common purpose has worn away individual bias to an astonishing degree. As a former Assistant and Under Secretary, Mr. Gilpatric, for example, had been known as an Air Force man. But despite Air Force reservations, he has been one of the sturdy proponents of the tri-Service fighter plane. In testimony to a Congressional committee last March he could have been McNamara himself: "We don't believe that important decisions . . . can be deferred pending attempts to work out a *modus vivendi* which will be satisfactory to everybody."

McNamara and his band were hardly in place before they began busting open problems for decision. As a first step, the Secretary named task forces, headed by members of his civilian staff and including important Service representation, to study four problems that covered the whole range of Pentagon responsibilities: Nuclear War; Limited War; Research and Development; Installations and Logistics. The task force reports, among other things, identified major subproblems within each area. To tackle these, the Secretary has sent out over a hundred major requests for information and recommendations. The inquiry about the uses of the aircraft carrier is a typical example. Another asked for comments on a plan to merge the Army's Strategic Army Corps with the Air Force's Tactical Air Command in a single limited-war unit. Still a third, of more grandiose proportions, called for "a draft memorandum revising the basic national-security policies and assumptions including the assumptions relating to 'counterforce strikes' (nuclear attack on an enemy's military forces) and the initiation of the use of tactical atomic weapons."

THE PRIME REQUISITE

ON THE basis of the replies, McNamara has been making decisions at a pace unknown in the peacetime annals of the Pentagon. A whole range of actions flowed from the finding of the Nuclear War study that the prime requisite was protection of America's deterrent power against a surprise Soviet attack. In keeping with that emphasis, the Secretary recommended to the Congress: a 50 per cent increase, to be achieved

by 1964, in the Polaris submarine force—which can be dispersed and concealed in the seas; a 100 per cent increase, to be achieved by 1968, in the production capacity for Minuteman missiles—which can be protected and, to some extent, hidden underground; a 50 per cent increase in the number of bombers which can be got off the ground on fifteen minutes' notice; a $50-million increase in the Skybolt missiles to be fired from attacking bombers; a $60-million increase in the Midas warning system. Because of the step-up in Polaris and Minuteman strength, he canceled out orders for two squadrons of a larger and more costly long-range missile, the Titan II, scratching that rather than the more vulnerable Atlas, because the latter was much further along in production and would fill the gap until the Polaris and Minuteman are ready.

Limited War studies are still in the works. One version, several inches thick, was boiled down by the Secretary himself to a list of questions only three-quarters of a page long. Even so, the exercise has already indicated that the problem lies less in the number of troops available, than in getting them to the right place at the right time. To this end the Secretary has already recommended a 75 per cent increase in the airlift capacity of the Military Air Transport Service; an increase of 15,000 men in the Marine Corps and 5,000 in the Army; and a reshaping of the Reserve organization designed to make available two Reserve divisions on three weeks' notice.

The Research and Development report spotlighted several major programs that were either in duplication with other projects or proceeding so slowly as to be of dubious worth when completed. The Secretary canceled entirely the expensive program for a nuclear-powered aircraft. In the expectation of developing a tri-Service fighter, he also canceled out, at an immediate saving of $58 million, a program for a new Navy fighter—the Eagle-Missileer. In what may be his most controversial decision, he hedged on the B-70 long-range, supersonic bomber. He maintained the project at the development stage, thus keeping open the option for eventual production. But he held off on advance toward the production stage on the ground that production costs would run into the billions while even at the earliest production date, missiles might make the plane obsolescent.

The Logistics and Installations report uncovered 73 installations (52 in this country, 21 abroad) that were surplus to the needs of the defense establishment. The Secretary has ordered them closed down. He has also set up, for the first time in the Pentagon, an Office of Economic Adjustment, to ease the impact of the closings on hard-hit communities and, if possible, to find constructive uses for the abandoned facilities.

"A QUICK FIX"

IN addition to these operational decisions, the Secretary has been working out important procedural changes with General Counsel Vance and Comptroller Hitch. Under Vance, there has been set up an Office of Organization and Management Planning. It has a general mission to hunt out organizational changes apt to improve efficiency. For example, it is looking at the idea of placing each major weapon system under a single project boss—the method followed by the Navy in developing the Polaris. It is also considering the possibility of consolidating functions that all three Services perform independently—intelligence, for example.

Hitch has been given the green light for two proposals outlined in his much discussed book, *The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age*. He is putting into effect within the Department the so-called Performance Budget. Gone are the days of only considering Service estimates piecemeal in terms of personnel, procurement, construction, etc. Now the requests are also grouped into major categories that relate to military purposes, or what Hitch calls "end-product missions." Thus there is one major category for the Nuclear Deterrent, followed by a listing of all the different elements, and their costs, that contribute to the deterrent strength. Hitch argues that "officials can make more perceptive judgments about the importance to the nation of these missions than they can make about" such items as personnel which could be used for anything.

He has also established a Programming Office that, among other things, should end the old practice of fitting defense estimates to arbitrary budget ceilings. In the past, the military would make plans—involving billions of dollars spent over many years—without reference to the money that was available. To hold them in bounds, previous Administrations established dollar ceilings, and ordered the military to cut their requests accordingly. The result was stretch-out, cutback, and the punishing annual clash between military men and budgeteers that was so prominent a feature of the Eisenhower years.

Through the Programming Office, Hitch plans to associate budgeteers with the military men early in the planning phase. A rough price tag

will be put on all projects, not only for one year, but for the lifetime of the project and including development, production, and operating expenses. In that way the military planners will be obliged to consider the financial implications of what they do at all times. "We want," Hitch puts it, "to introduce cost considerations at the right time—when the decisions are first made . . . and not later in the cycle during the hectic stages of some annual budget review."

In looking back over what has been done, the Secretary emphasizes that it is only a first installment—"a quick fix," in Pentagon argot. He also acknowledges that "the changes are not minor." On that there is no argument. Only something major could have called forth, as the McNamara program has, the defense establishment's immense, multiform, deep, and abiding capacity to resist.

FRIENDS OF STANDPAT

THREE days before he left the White House, President Eisenhower issued a portentous warning to the nation. His Farewell Address spoke of the "conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry." It said:

> The total influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every State House, every office of the federal government. . . . We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex.

Numerical evidence for that argument is impressive. The Armed Services, at the heart of the "complex," include 2.5 million uniformed personnel. More than a million civilians work directly for the Defense Department. Between three and four million people support their families on earnings from defense contractors. Half the national budget and about a twelfth of the gross national product go into defense expenditures. A hundred of the nation's biggest and most powerful companies, many of them entirely dependent upon defense business, do more than $15-billion worth of annual business with the Defense Department. Dozens of major communities depend on defense business and installations for taxes, local commerce, real-estate values, and employment and union activities. In Los Angeles, for example, more than half the jobs come, directly or indirectly, from defense business.

It is dubious—highly dubious—whether "the complex" as a whole has the cohesion or singleness of purpose to enforce its will on the nation in any major issue. A strong case can be made that the pluralism of the system—the separateness of the Armed Services, the spread of defense business and installations—is an almost absolute surety against undue influence of a positive kind. But the whole "complex" shares, and feels intimately, the experience of life in an age of rapidly changing technology. Each of the constituent elements—and that includes the flyers of the B-70 as much as its makers; the Corps of Engineers as much as the PX manager; the battleship admirals as much as the shipyard workers—lives in the shadow of obsolescence. They are constantly on guard against changes that, rightly or wrongly, they consider a threat. Potentially, they are all Luddites.

The professional military men, moreover, are conspicuous for dedication to the service of the nation. They are familiar with the country's military posture, and with the deadly menace of potential enemies. They believe strongly and sincerely in what they are doing, and in what their units and Services are doing. To fight for these is, to them, a matter of simple, patriotic duty. And they possess, apart from the foot-dragging powers native to all bureaucracies, enormous resources in the press, the Congress, and the general area of public debate.

The press is important because it provides a way for the military to vent their views without the risk of public identification and counterargument entailed in Congressional testimony. A large segment of the press—the professional military journals and the trade magazines catering to defense industry—start off with a friendly bias. More general newspapers tend to line up with the military because the leaks staff officers can supply are usually more intriguing (to reporters, editors, and readers alike) than the official handouts of the Defense Department. A clampdown on leaks, moreover, is especially perilous. It bands the reporters and the military together in embattled defense of the freedom of information—a subject as dear to the press as theoretical argument is to Talmudic scholars, and often with about the same relevance to reality.

The Congress, of course, is heavy with members who are quite properly concerned to look after the interests of their constituents. Thousands of people in the Fort Worth area represented by Congressman James Wright of Texas work in the Convair plant that produces the B-58. If he wants to be re-elected it is a good thing for Mr. Wright to be known—as he is—as the "Congressman from Convair." The North American plants which produce the B-70 affect

the whole Los Angeles area. Representatives Edgar Hiestand and Clyde Doyle from California are not exactly skeptical about the B-70. The electrical workers' union in Brooklyn is concerned lest members be thrown out of work by the closing of the Navy Yard there. So, unsurprisingly, is Representative Emanuel Celler. The Griffis Air Base and Army Arsenal in Rome, New York, are important sources of jobs in a depressed area. Sam Stratton, the Congressman from that district, is one of the most intelligent young men in the Congress. But he is at a little less than his best when it comes to authorizing Titan missiles that might swell the work force at Griffis. And so it goes, up and down the length and breadth of the country.

In addition, there are the private ties of Congressmen and Senators with one or another of the Services. Two score legislators hold reserve commissions—six of them as generals—while hundreds served in wartime. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, a veteran of Peleliu and Okinawa gets misty-eyed when the Marines come into question. Representative James G. Fulton of Pennsylvania is pushing the comedy of understatement to extremes when he says: "I have been a Navy man so I may be a little prejudiced." When he is not asking that Polaris submarines be named after vessels in the Confederate navy, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, a Brigadier in the Army Reserve, can be found fighting the Army's legislative battles—notably on behalf of the Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile.

Even more important are the vested interests of senior legislators holding strategic committee posts. Mr. Carl Vinson of Georgia, the chairman of the House Armed Services committee, was elected to the House in 1914. He has been chairman of the committee since its inception back in 1947—and of the House Naval Affairs committee for fifteen years before that. He knows the inside and outside of military budgeteering as few men. But he also has a host of friends in the Services. His post affords him immense patronage. It is not an accident that Georgia is so heavily laden with bases that, as an Air Force officer once put it, "one more would sink the state."* Neither is it an accident that no one has ever accused Mr. Vinson of being a wild-eyed advocate of change. He likes things pretty much as they are.

What lends special force to the standpatters is that they have available for use a collection of talking points, half truths, empty generalities, and red herrings that would fill any arsenal in the country. The so-called Great Debates of the past have not turned on square, or even soluble issues. On the contrary they have raised such questions as Security *vs.* Freedom of the Press; Military Discipline *vs.* the Right of the Congress to Know; Civilian *vs.* Military Authority; Military *vs.* Budgetary Needs. These are precisely the kind of questions that effective, free societies have traditionally declined to settle—for the very good reason that they cannot be finally settled. The predictable result of such general debates as the Admirals' revolt of 1949 is all that their promoters could wish for: a heating up of tempers, ending in a confirmation of things as they were. The Great Debate on matters of principle, in short, is the ultimate weapon of those who would stand pat with the old system.

*Georgia has eight Air bases, five Army forts, including the huge infantry camp of Fort Benning, and six other installations.

A WHIFF OF THE GRAPESHOT

THE McNamara program, of course, poses a severe challenge to the old system. By its explicit choices on weapons systems and on bases, it runs athwart a wide variety of constituency, contractors, and Service interests. In the Congressional hearings, the expected resistance came from the expected sources. Senator Thurmond, with encouragement from Army spokesmen, proposed a larger appropriation for the Nike-Zeus system. Congressman Stratton, arguing that the Titan was an "invulnerable missile," moved for "an increase of $25 million to provide for the restoration of the two Titan II missile squadrons that were dropped out by the Department." Congressman Wright, in a special appearance as a witness before the House Armed Services committee pressed for two more wings of the B-58—"the best bomber we have." On the nuclear plane, one of its prime Congressional advocates served up to General Thomas White, Chief of Air Staff, a soft ball, obviously meant to be batted out of the park. This was the exchange:

> Q. In other words, General, you don't think of a nuclear powered plane as a "gimmick" . . . ?
> A. No sir.

Still all matters of weapon choice posed square issues, and Secretary McNamara could argue to the facts. The great body of the Congress was obviously impressed by his presentations. Senator Richard Russell, veteran chairman of the Senate Armed Services committee, told the Secretary:

> I have been listening to statements from officials of the Department of Defense now for almost thirty years . . . and I have never heard one that was clearer, more definitive, and yet more comprehensive than the statement that you have given to this committee.

In committee, the Secretary won every trick but one. The Congress was not convinced by his arguments that by 1970 it would be safe to rely entirely on missile strength, and it has voted $500 million more than the Secretary sought for B-52 bombers. Even that loss can be erased. The Administration can, and probably will, refuse to use the money.

What the Secretary does, however, has not been put into question nearly so much as the way he does it. In particular, though the military personnel cannot voice the feeling openly, it is clear that they resent the intrusion of the Secretary and his staff deep into the field of military plans. One general, speaking with obvious sarcasm, told a House committee:

> We read every day about how fortunate we are to have the civilian competency which is being brought into the government, and as a simple military man I accept these profound decisions as being made in great wisdom.

In similar vein another general declared he was speaking "from the relatively limited point of view of . . . an aviator of more than thirty-five years' service in flying." The *Army, Navy, Air Force Journal,* obviously sniping at the academic background of McNamara's staff, has run a fable demonstrating what would happen if a general took over a university and began meddling in the curriculum. According to one very well-informed Pentagon correspondent, Lloyd Norman of *Newsweek,* the brass has been meeting outside the building to keep clear of the civilian leadership. "I wish," one philosophic general, speaking privately of bygone civilian bosses, candidly acknowledges, "we had those dumb bastards back again."

Such feelings provide the stuff of Great Debates, and preliminary maneuvers have already given Secretary McNamara more than a whiff of the grapeshot. Two cases in point are the affair of the Rusk memo and the affair of the Lemnitzer protest.

The affair of the Rusk memo began on February 15, when Secretary of State Rusk sent to Secretary McNamara a memo setting out general foreign-policy requirements for American military power. Among other things, he reiterated the need to have a strong nuclear force available for deterrent purposes, notably in Europe. Some circles of the Air Force, however, sensed in the Administration emphasis on limited warfare a trend that might have the effect of favoring the Army and clipping Air Force wings. In the Rusk memo they saw a chance to publicize these fears, and win for their position the backing of the European allies. On February 27, a leaked but badly distorted version of the Rusk memo appeared in the Washington *Star.* Among other things, it implied that Secretary Rusk favored abandonment of the nuclear deterrent in Europe. The European allies immediately questioned the State Department which denied the story, saying it exemplified "an irresponsible and reckless attitude." Secretary McNamara instituted an investigation of the leak.

A great mass of circumstantial evidence—though not clear proof—pointed to an Air Force officer. He was relieved of his Pentagon duties and posted to the field. "The military," as the London *Economist* put it, "reacted with an old tactic—overzealousness in carrying out orders." Even on innocuous stories, news sources all over the Pentagon began clamming up. The press immediately went to work on Secretary McNamara. Stories critical of his information policies appeared on the wire services and all the major dailies. An Associated Press story of May 13, for example, acknowledged the need to stop security leaks, and then hauled out one of the press's oldest and most sophistical generalizations:

> There are many people who insist that not enough information has been published. This argument goes that if the American public had been informed of the nation's true military posture, we would not now be short of airlift and sealift, missiles and military manpower.

A grudging truce was called only when Secretary McNamara, at a press conference on May 26, issued a statement of information policy. This was how the New York *Herald Tribune* reported the event:

> Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara shows signs of coming out of his cocoon. . . . After nearly four months of isolation and silence, the emerging chrysalis displayed itself at a press conference yesterday.

At the same time there occurred, or, more accurately, there was dragged out, the Lemnitzer affair. It turned on a decision by the Secretary to vest primary responsibility for research and development in Space with the Air Force. The directive was an extension of a previous order giving the Air Force responsibility for space boosters. It was worked up by a study group under General Counsel Vance, which included

three uniformed representatives of the Services, and which consulted extensively over a period of seventeen days with Service and technical personnel in the Pentagon. A draft was sent to Secretary McNamara on February 23. Next day he sent it out for comment by March 2 to the Service secretaries and chiefs, and to General Lyman Lemnitzer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. On the basis of the comments, notably General Lemnitzer's, the Secretary revised the directive, to assure that the Army and Navy would keep the space projects presently in the works, and that they would have the right to a hearing on any future space projects they felt fitted specially into their bailiwick. On March 8, the directive was issued.

Four days later, on the basis of what was apparently a Navy leak, the Chicago *Sun-Times* carried an account of General Lemnitzer's comments on the draft directive. It indicated correctly that he had voiced misgivings about the content of the draft and about having to comment so swiftly, and that he had indicated a preference for consultation of the Joint Chiefs as a body, rather than individually by Service. But it did not indicate that his comments pertained to the draft, and that some had been acted upon in the final directive. On the contrary, the story gave the impression that the comments applied to the directive, and that General Lemnitzer was questioning the authority of the Secretary. The lead of the story said:

> The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff has protested officially that the nation's leading military men are being edged out of crucial military decisions in the Kennedy Administration.

The Defense Department immediately issued a corrective on the story. But the stir attracted the attention of Overton Brooks, chairman of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, who is worried and rightly, that the Air Force may gobble up the civilian space agency. Mr. Brooks called hearings.

That the directive in itself harbored no threat to the civilian space agency was speedily made clear. For the rest, the five days of hearings were a forum of discontent. The Service Secretaries were brought under pressure to show that they were doing their stuff for their respective Services. This, for example was one of the exchanges with Navy Secretary John Connally:

> Q. Am I correct in assuming the Navy resisted this directive?
>
> A. I would not use the word "resist," but we resisted it.

One uniformed research chief had a chance to stake the claim that, without Space, the scientific talent in his Service would "atrophy on the vine." The committee chairman noted "the difficulty in obtaining the attendance at these hearings . . . of the Secretary of Defense," as well as "a certain foot-dragging in making available the military witnesses. . . ." Besides finding an entree for Congressional wit ("You should change the name of the Air Force because there is no air in space"), Congressman James Fulton opened up a fetching blind alley of infinite length. "You must define to me where space begins," he told Deputy Secretary Gilpatric. "Where does it begin?"

Only with the appearance of General Lemnitzer did the cackling cease—and then speedily. He could not ask, he said, for "better working relationships" with his civilian superiors in the Department: "I am constantly consulted. I see them on a daily basis and many times a day on some occasions."

The issue of the directive, he settled in two words. This was the exchange:

> Q. Then I understand from what you say that you are supporting the directive?
>
> A. I am.

UNDULY SURPRISED?

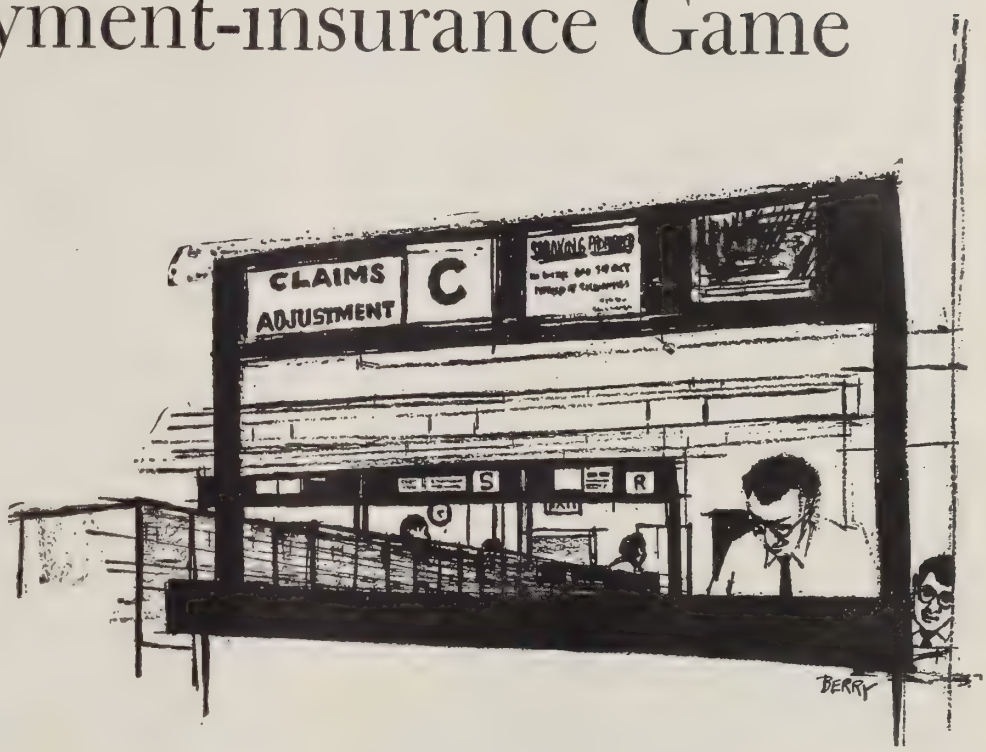
ON balance it is clear that the Secretary has come off reasonably well. He has gained a good grasp of his subject. He has demonstrated a rare strength in dealing with the military. He has emerged virtually unscathed from direct challenges to specific recommendations. On the larger political issues, he has at least held his own.

At the same time, important weaknesses are apparent. McNamara has been slow to consult Congressional leaders before, rather than after decisions are made known. He has been unduly surprised by the political storms kicked up by issues barren of real content. In dealing with the press, he has not learned how to Hagertyize: the technique of pouring out a flood of innocuous information to the dual end of first keeping reporters busy and next rendering them grateful to the source of such abundant news. An artless belief in the powers of persuasion seems to affect at least some of his staff. "If I know more than anybody else," one aide has said, "then I'll be able to impose my views."

All these problems may seem minor. But while they remain unmastered, the Secretary will be vulnerable. For the story of McNamara and his enemies is only beginning.

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

How to Play the Unemployment-insurance Game



SETH LEVINE

Countless workers are now using legal loopholes to cheat the taxpayer—by phony retirements, "off-the-record" wages, and vacations at the government's expense.

IT IS a few minutes before eight on a bleak winter morning in the New York shoe factory of which I am part-owner and general manager. The place is abnormally quiet, except for the occasional clank of massive steel elevator doors opening and shutting. Men shuffle to the dressing-rooms to change their clothes, exchange perfunctory greetings with fellow workers, and move on to their machines. At eight o'clock when the power switches are thrown, the production line will start up with a roar.

Suddenly a phone rings in the shoe-lasting room. The foreman takes the call from Joe Minati's wife. "He's got a hundred and one fever," she says, "and won't be in today."

Joe is a roughing machine operator who works midway on the production line. His job is to buff the shoes' bottom surfaces, to which soles are then cemented. He alone handles this job on the eight hundred pairs the factory produces daily. Feeding shoes to Joe on the production line are twenty-five lasters and a dozen other workers. They can keep going without him, but by quitting time the racks will pile up from Joe's machine to the lasters' benches. If he is out for more than a day, the lasters will have to be laid off. On the other side of Joe's station, the operators are already hit by the log jam. Unfinished work may keep them busy for an hour or two. But with nothing funneling through Joe's machine, they will be through at ten o'clock.

A fellow employee cannot be shifted over to Joe's skilled job, for an inexperienced man or one who is out of practice can ruin too many shoes. However, the plant superintendent must somehow keep our highly seasonal product moving to the retail stores on time. So he implores the workers down the line to co-operate and hang around until the union office opens and a replacement can be found.

Shortly after ten o'clock a substitute roughier —Henry Smith—appears bearing a union pass. But he is not ready to start work until two hurdles are crossed—first, the matter of pay. As a piece worker, Joe was getting 2.5 cents a pair which amounts to about $2.50 an hour. Henry wants to be paid on a time basis—a reasonable request, since a new man is bound to be slow until he "works into" the particular machine, product, and factory conditions. But the figure

he names—$3 an hour—seems a slight case of extortion. The going rate in the industry is $2.50. Since the superintendent is in a box he agrees to pay $3 and hopes that Henry will not be on the job long.

The second hurdle is more vexatious. Henry is collecting unemployment insurance and wants the factory to pay him "off the record," that is, in cash. If the superintendent insists on putting him on the payroll, he won't work. To Henry it is a simple matter of arithmetic. As a skilled worker, his normal weekly wage is a hundred dollars or more. He is now collecting $50 a week in unemployment insurance. For each day that he works he loses a quarter of his weekly benefits—$12.50. A six-hour stint at our roughing machine will give him a wage of $18, but his net will be only about $14 after deductions for federal and state income taxes, Social Security and disability taxes, and the cost of carfare, lunch, and coffee breaks. Subtracting the $12.50 lost from his unemployment benefit, he figures he will make only $1.50 by working for a day.

What is the plant superintendent to do? If he threatens to report the matter to the unemployment-insurance office, Henry will know this is an empty bluff. Few employers will take the trouble to lodge a complaint which may well involve a hearing and a wasted day away from the factory. Ninety times out of a hundred, the "help-out's" terms are accepted.

To collect unemployment-insurance benefits while working is illegal, a plain case of fraud; but very few workers see it this way. For example, many who are hired as permanent factory employees expect to work the first week or two "off the record." Thus they continue to collect benefits until they decide if they like the job and qualify for it. Similarly, many workers who retire collect both Social Security payments and company or union-management pensions, as well as unemployment-insurance benefits for the full period allowed under law.

When production is low in seasonal industries, workers who are employed for only a few hours a day commonly expect either to be paid off the record or at some future time when full production resumes. Thus they can continue to collect their unemployment benefits during the slack season.

A really shocking loophole was provided in 1958 by a New York state law which was a statutory restatement of earlier administrative practice. This permits workers to collect unemployment benefits while on paid vacation if—for the week preceding or following it—they are "less than substantially fully employed." ("Fully employed" is defined as four days or more of work in a given week.) Thus a worker who is laid off for two days, either before or after his vacation, is eligible for tax-free unemployment benefits for the two-week vacation period, amounting possibly to $100.

News of this windfall ran through our factory like wildfire early in June last year. We were scheduled to close for vacation during the first two weeks in July. Except for a handful of newcomers, nearly all our workers were entitled to two weeks' paid vacation. Yet there was scarcely one who did not spend the month of June devising ways to be laid off for a few days before or after vacation. As they figured it out, there seemed to be no point in working the week before or after vacation for a mere $100, when, if they were laid off, they could get three weeks of unemployment benefits amounting to $135. (At that time the maximum benefit in New York was $45 per week. It has since been raised to $50.) Figuring in the taxes and costs of going to work, they made a profit of $50 with a third week of vacation thrown in.

"READY, WILLING, AND ABLE"?

THIS kind of morality is no different than what is euphemistically called "tax avoidance" in the upper income brackets. It is a product of the ethical climate in which the businessman seeks to profit from a fire loss and the car owner tries to make money out of a collision. The worker too comes to think that he is "entitled" to "his check."

Although I am writing now as an employer, I believe I can claim to have more than a one-sided view of the problem. I spent ten years of my life as a labor economist and editor and was, in fact, an active labor lobbyist for the unemployment-insurance laws that are now on our statute books. I am keenly and personally aware

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Seth Levine is treasurer and production head of a shoe manufacturing firm in New York and chairman of the Union-Management Welfare Plan in his industry. He was educated as an engineer and economist at MIT and as a lawyer at George Washington University Law School, worked in the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, and became Research Director of the CIO Maritime Committee. He has also been a registered CIO lobbyist, adviser to the U. S. Worker Delegate to the ILO, and an economic consultant to industry and unions.

of the value of unemployment insurance both in alleviating the hardships of the man out of work and sparing him the indignity of "relief."

I also believe that business—particularly the small concern like mine—has been one of the chief beneficiaries of unemployment insurance. Without this economic stabilizer, our company, for example, would no longer have flourishing accounts in cities where many workers are unemployed. It also insures a steady labor supply for seasonal industries. My quarrel is not with the system but with the distortion of its purpose.

The basic trouble is that workers and their unions, government officials, and many businessmen have forgotten that this is an *"insurance"* system. "It is not 'relief'," says the Claimant's Booklet of Information issued in New York. "You do not have to prove you need it. It is yours as a matter of right provided you meet the conditions fixed by the law."

The key condition is this: "It is for people who are unemployed, who regularly work for a living, who are ready, willing, and able to take new jobs and who are actively looking for jobs." All states have similar provisions. In my experience, however, most workers collecting benefits are "ready, willing, and able" only if the jobs they find are permanent, steady, and at optimum rates of pay. I have yet to meet a man who would rather work part-time for $50 a week at his regular hourly pay than collect $50 in benefits.

I have been amazed by the skill of unschooled and non-English-speaking workers in calculating gross potential earnings minus taxes, traveling, and other working costs, as compared with available unemployment benefits. Their prowess would do credit to a junior accountant.

"You are expected to look for a job on your own and keep a record of all your job-finding efforts, including names and addresses of employers to whom you have applied, dates of application, and results; and a record of other efforts such as response to advertisements, visits to union halls, etc., and results," says the Claimant's Booklet. This all-important "search for work" requirement is, in practice, a dead letter. Dozens of claimants have told me that the unemployment office makes only the most perfunctory inquiries about their job-finding efforts. Usually, a mere visit to the union hall suffices. It is a curious fact that our company, which is well known for steady employment and growth, rarely receives a call from the many unemployed at the union hall. The only job seekers who appear at our door are newcomers—usually immigrants from Italy or the West Indies or refugees from Central and Eastern Europe.

In New Jersey, the law now provides that an unemployed worker need not actively seek work in order to collect benefits if he is temporarily laid off for a period of four weeks or less. Another proviso of the New Jersey law permits the State Director to modify the active "search for work" requirement if in his judgment economic conditions warrant it. In effect, this encourages an unemployed worker to subsist on his benefit checks rather than seek temporary employment, and to bide his time when recession strikes rather than press his search for work.

The dismal truth seems to be that no one today believes it is better to earn a dollar than to collect one. Work is only preferable if it pays twice as well.



In a recent case, for instance, a referee ruled that our trimming cutters could refuse work which they had often performed in the past at their regular rate of $3.31 an hour and still collect unemployment insurance because "the taking of inventory was not a function within the scope of the duties of the trimming cutters. They were not hired with the understanding that they would be required to execute such work. The collective-bargaining agreement did not impose upon them the duty to perform this task."

Then, there was the matter of a telephone-operator-receptionist with whom our company decided to part. We were notified that she was collecting unemployment insurance but we assumed it would last only a week or two. However, the weeks dragged on and to our surprise she still had no job. This was strange, as she was adept at the board, pretty, sociable—an alto-

gether employable receptionist. Later her friends told me that she "had fixed up her apartment" while on benefits by listing herself as a receptionist-shoe-model. She had, it is true, on rare occasions displayed a new shoe in our showroom, though this was hardly her job. She put it this way herself: "I've been working for several years. Why shouldn't I collect?"

This is a familiar kind of reasoning. One hears it among businessmen, workers, professional people, or housewives. But the fact is that unemployment insurance is intended as compensation for a real loss according to the terms of a prior bargain. It is not a bonus for years of steady work. Nor—as some workers seem to think—was unemployment insurance conceived as an income supplement. This notion unfortunately has become widespread.

For example, we normally employ three stitchers at a wage of about $130 each or a total of $390. When business is slack, we have only an aggregate of $260 worth of stitching work per week. There is a share-the-work clause in our union-management contract. But our stitchers are not willing to continue work for $86.67 each. Instead, they expect to rotate, with one of the three out on unemployment insurance each week. By this arrangement, a man works two weeks at $130 per week, and then collects $50 unemployment insurance which is tax-free. His take for three weeks is the equivalent of about $320 in wages as compared to only $260 under a share-the-work plan.

What harm has been done? Eventually, of course, someone must pay the bill. When unwarranted unemployment-insurance benefits are collected, the extra tax burden falls solely on the employer.

Except for Alaska, every state in the Union ties the individual employer's tax rate to the recent level of unemployment among his workers. In New York, which is typical, the rate varies in relation to such factors as benefits paid to former workers, the employer's total payroll, and the adequacy of reserves in the state fund. An individual company's tax rate may range from nothing to 3.2 per cent of the payroll.

To be specific, last year our business paid $20,660 in unemployment-insurance taxes. We have two hundred employees and thus our rate was just over $100 per man. To meet the current unemployment crisis, the Congress promptly approved President Kennedy's proposal to extend unemployment benefits for as long as an additional thirteen weeks. These benefits will be financed by an additional tax of 0.4 per cent.

As a result, my company's unemployment-insurance tax bill will rise to $23,000 this year, which for us is a substantial sum, amounting to an added cost of over 6.5 cents per man-hour. Half of my own working year is spent in trying to save a quarter of a cent here and there in labor costs.

Across the country during the past months unemployment covered by state insurance has varied between 3.2 million and 3.4 million. This is one million above the 1960 figure. Even more disturbing is the fact that long-term unemployment is up 65 per cent. The action taken by Congress was designed to help workers in depressed areas, and those in industries severely curtailed by automation and technological change. There can be no doubt that work is being desperately sought by millions of breadwinners—auto workers in Detroit, steelworkers in Pittsburgh, ore miners in Minnesota, coal miners in West Virginia, textile workers in New England and the South.

It is to safeguard the rights of these victims of recession and automation, to protect the solvency of state funds, and to give business a chance to survive the ever-increasing costs of production that the widespread abuses of the unemployment-insurance systems must be stopped.

JOBS INSTEAD OF BENEFITS

THIS problem is difficult to attack, for the lax practices I have described are commonplace across the country. The following ideas might well be explored:

1. Joint Tax Liability. The unemployment-insurance tax is now paid solely by the employer, unlike Social Security and in some states disability insurance, to which both employers and workers contribute. Should workers participate in the financing, not of past, but at least of future improvements in unemployment-insurance benefits? Would this make the worker more aware of the cost of financing benefits and of the fact that it is an insurance system?

2. Revitalized State Employment Services. In the last analysis, jobs and not benefits are what most workers want, and what the economy needs. Yet far too little money and effort are spent in job finding. State Employment Services should have more placement officers canvassing local factories and offices. They should survey the types of workers needed by different establishments, build a reference file of possible job openings for the unemployed, and educate employers. Most businessmen regard the State Employment

Service merely as a source of unskilled labor.

I have never been visited by a representative of the State Employment Service seeking to place unemployed workers. However, I have been visited by a representative from the New York City Welfare Department, asking us to hire workers from the relief rolls. Why not an active, proselytizing State Employment Service?

3. Assistance for Small Business. A big corporation can afford a full-time expert to minimize its unemployment-insurance tax burden and to police the erroneous or dishonest collection of benefits. But a small employer is a babe in the woods. I, for instance, have worked for the U.S. Department of Labor and the national CIO. Yet I have committed costly blunders as, for example, a needless charge amounting to hundreds of dollars because we gave oral rather than written instructions for a two-day shutdown to take inventory. The state is willing to answer inquiries but does not proffer help.

In contrast, our workmen's-compensation-insurance carrier regularly sends a safety engineer to visit our plant. He reviews the nature and cause of accidents and gives valuable advice on prevention. The State Employment Service should likewise help small companies to hold their unemployment-insurance costs in check.

4. Retraining and Relocation for the Chronically Unemployed. One hears much about relief for the chronically unemployed, but little talk of cures. The fact is that when a worker is unemployed for as long as twenty-six weeks, he will probably never again find a job in his customary trade or industry, or in the same occupation in his home locality.

What is being done to retrain or relocate such workers? Virtually nothing. Indeed, the policy of the typical State Employment Service encourages the worker to refuse all employment that is not fully equivalent to his last job. This is a "good cause" for refusing a job; as is "an unreasonable distance from home; or if travel to and from the place of employment costs substantially more than travel to your last job, unless the expense is provided for."



Such restrictions against forced employment were born of a legitimate desire to prevent the unemployment-insurance system from destroying labor standards and from undermining the vitality of the economy. But has their validity been checked against present-day circumstances? Are we paying enough attention to the re-employment of the unemployed, or is our attention exclusively focused on compensation for the losses resulting from unemployment?

An immediate example which might be widely studied is the path blazed by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In 1958, its unemployment-insurance law was amended to provide eighteen weeks of benefits to unemployed workers attending vocational schools "as a means of realizing employment." The cost is charged against the general fund. This plan might well serve as a model for all state legislatures and I would like to see it widely copied.

The Massachusetts plan was given national recognition in President Kennedy's June 13th message to Congress proposing extensions in unemployment-insurance coverage and benefits. Among other things the President recommended that benefits be made available to workers retraining for new occupations. This is a sensible and practical idea and I hope this phase of the President's recommendation will be adopted promptly by the Congress.

Other parts of the program would make permanent the current temporary extension of unemployment benefits to as much as thirty-nine weeks, would induce states to raise the level of unemployment benefits, and would bring three million new workers under coverage.

Financing the President's program would require a substantial increase in payroll taxes. For example, I estimate that, under his draft bill, my company's unemployment-insurance tax would rise over the next decade from its current level of $20,660 per annum to over $35,000. This is no small burden for the average employer.

To prevent our unemployment-insurance system from becoming an intolerable economic burden, and to maintain its social usefulness, surely it is imperative that we attack the corrosive and wasteful practices which now undermine its high purpose.



The Man Who Doubted

A Story by JACK COPE

Drawings by Frederick E. Banbery

HE CAME up out of the mist at dusk toward the veranda steps. The farmer was scraping the mud off his boots on a sharp iron scraper and he turned slowly hearing the soft footsteps on the wet ground. As their eyes met, the Zulu raised his arm in a grand and gaunt salute. "Inkosana!"

His greatcoat was an ancient military khaki darkened with grease and ending in tatters around his bare calves, and in his left hand he trailed a knobkerrie and a stick, as well as a small branch of wild olive with faded dull-green leaves. At his side, carrying a small blanket bundle was a barefooted boy who looked enough like him to be unmistakably his son. He did not speak again but waited in a courteous silence until the white man should either recognize him or ask who he was.

He was so striking in all the singleness of his dignity, stripped down by illness and poverty and anxiety to the last degree, that the farmer felt a keen pang of sympathy, searching the ravaged face for recognition. They were of the same age and height, both tall graceful men, but the black one looked doubly aged beside the ruddy weathered features of the other.

Glancing between father and son the farmer found his clue suddenly, and out of the shadow of thirty years a face came back to him of a handsome youth. "Ha, it is you, Matan, I see!"

The Zulu raised his head and a quick and grateful smile bloomed on him. His white teeth shone and the heavy lines were loosened for a moment. "Inkosana, you are one who seldom makes a mistake."

"I wouldn't say that."

"You have grown more like your father, and his voice speaks again in you. But I see that you carry a scar."

The white man ran his fingers over a deep scar from the corner of his eye and disappearing in his hair. "The iron of a cannon hit me, in the war. They nearly buried me."

"Instead, you buried your enemies," Matan said. No greater mark of honor could a man bear than the wound of battle on his face.

"I wouldn't say that," the farmer repeated. "No, but you are ill and cold. Go and warm yourself and get some food. Then we can speak together."

"First I will tell you, Inkosana, that I have come to fetch home my father."

"How's that?" the farmer asked quietly, hiding his surprise. "Your father has lain buried here for thirty years."

"I have come for his spirit."

They both were aware that this opened up between them such imponderable questions that they said nothing for a few moments until with another grave salute Matan went off, with his son, to the compound of the farm laborers.

After the evening meal the farmer's wife was in the kitchen storeroom packing eggs for market. She worked quickly filling the cardboard cartons while a young black woman in a scarlet headcloth and blue pinny deftly washed and dried any that were marked. Two incandescent lamps hissed steadily and shed a strong white light. The storeroom beams were hung with hams and sides of smoked bacon, and phalanxes of jams and bottled preserves were ranged along the shelves. The women talked softly while they worked and sometimes laughed.

The farmer came in to ask about some accounts and at the same time Matan appeared at the kitchen door. He had left his sticks but still held the branch of wild olive. In the strong light his face was like a deeply carved rock and the feverish black eyes alone betrayed him. The small boy came behind him, peering round the skirts of his ragged coat.

"Come inside, Matan," the farmer said, and turning to his wife: "This is the man."

The Zulu greeted her in the same majestic way and she answered, "San'bona."

"San'bona," said the black maid and went on with her work.

Matan came closer into the lamplight and squatted down on his hams in a ceremonial manner. The farmer asked where he lived and how were his family and at this he looked troubled, several times passing his hand over his eyes. He had lived in many places since he had left the Thorn Country. Now he had found a place again in the umSuluzi valley and had a garden to cultivate but no oxen yet and no plow.

"And your family?" the farmer repeated, thinking of his own three children tucked safe in their beds and his eldest son away for the first term at boarding school. When he glanced again at Matan he sensed a quiver on the rigid lips and he was appalled to see that tears had come to the sunken, burning eyes.

"This is my family," the Zulu said, reaching out and touching his son with a bony finger. "All the others I have lost. Two sons and a daughter I lost. My wife I lost. But this one is left to me and now I have a place again and across the umSuluzi stream I can see where my father's kraal stood."

"Oh, so you are on Dunc's?"

"I am on Dunc's."

"Why did you not come to me? I would give you a place. You may build again where your father's huts were and plow his old lands. All those you gave up when you left."

Matan thought over his answer and after clearing his throat he said: "I am not ready. Now it is this that my heart tells me to say. When I had come to manhood and we were of an age my father worked for yours."

"I remember Makofin well. I remember the accident. I went to call the doctor and we rode out on our horses in the night."

"Inkosana, it was the long red wagon that cut him nearly in two. I was walking behind and my father carried the whip. He slipped as he put one foot on the wagon pole and he fell under the wheels. The oxen pulled the wagon over him with a load of corn and I dragged him out from under the wheels—my father. He was dying. I could see."

"He did not cry out."

"In the night he died. Our people buried him here. Inkosana, child of your father, think of

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mine too. He has been lying here for thirty years under the cold trees of the forest, in this cold country. He has been alone. Where this red wagon called Satan is working and its trek-cattle that killed my father, I cannot stay. I went off and I have been everywhere. I have been to the Gold Mines, I worked in the sugar cane. I married and found a place with the Ntulis but wherever I have gone evil followed.

"Evil has followed me," he said again hollowly after a long pause.

"A son was born and I was glad. Then again, another son. I did not believe it. I thought the evil had left me. My first-born withered and shriveled to a stick and he died. Then I believed it again. I took up my goods and drove my cattle away and always the evil has followed me. . . . No, why tell you all that happened? Now I am left with this stripling—"

He looked round for the boy and at last caught sight of him through the kitchen door doing a lively little dance in front of the stove. He was a mischievous boy, sprightly and difficult to handle. Often he had to be given a cuff on the head and then tears burst from his eyes. But a moment later he was dancing and singing again.

The father turned away with a shrug and then, as if by an afterthought, he said: "So then I have come to bring my father home."

The two white people waited in a strained way but the black girl gazed at him goggle-eyed. He had expected it, but now it devoured his insides. He went on, stumbling somewhat over his words, to say he had been to one who knew of these things. The man had him beat the ground, and he had thrown bones. He was a witch doctor—isangoma. He said the evil had been sent by Makofin, father of Matan, because he lay two days' journey away, alone in the cold drizzling trees; two days from his home which was in the Thorn Country. There he had owned cattle and grown corn and the sun was hot on his body. The witch doctor had cooked medicine and dipped the leaves of a branch into his medicine pot. He had said: "Watch one night by the grave." Makofin's ghost would climb out of the grave, he had said, and settle in the leaves of the branch. The son must then carry the ghost home to the Thorn Country in silence, unbroken silence, and bury it there. Peace would come at last to him. One word spoken by him during this journey home would send the ghost crying back to its cold grave.

He drew out the branch of wild olive from under his coat and raising it he said: "On this I will take my father home."

The farmer and his wife glanced at each other but the maid flung up her hands with a cry of fear and darted out of the room. He took this sign from her without emotion and scarcely moved his head. Perhaps in his blood this sign of absolute belief worked profoundly, but it was with the other two that he was concerned as he put down the branch and tried to compose himself.

He did not look up at them, not because they might despise the witch doctors or that he feared their disbelief. His great terror lay in his own doubt. He took out his snuffbox and his hands shook as he uncorked it and put in his hand a small heap of snuff. Then, clearing his throat and swallowing, he found the calm he needed to state the point of his visit:

Perhaps it was beyond a man to make a long journey without uttering a word. His lips could open in his sleep, or without thinking he might say something to a passer-by or to his son who would not remember always to speak correctly. If a truck were driving to the Thorn Country . . . in short, if the farmer could take him home with his father's shadow and his son, the three of them, it would be well with them.

He waited for the reply, greatly perturbed, and took his time with another pinch of snuff. He could hear his boy in the other room, singing to himself, while the two spoke low in their own language. Then the woman asked: "Matan, did you pay the isangoma?"

"It is the custom," he mumbled as if angry at such a question.

"What did you pay him?"

"A cow," he said shortly, and then added: "It was my last cow."

"And do you really believe in this?"

It was the question that crawled under his skin, that pestered and devoured him, and with a sound like a groan he threw back his head.

"Inkosazana, what else can I do?"

"I don't know. I did not know your father as my husband did, but would his soul follow you



with evil? Would you wish evil on your own son?"

"Let it be!" he said wildly.

She was on the point of saying more, so cool in her knowledge and good will that she would drive a hole into his heart if only to enlighten him. But the man put a hand on her arm to quiet her. "Matan, I am not going to the Thorn Country. My truck is broken down; it's at the garage to be repaired. But you can go with the wagon in the morning and from the crossroads the milk truck will take you to the railway. And so you can ride in the train down to the Thorns and get home in one day."

The Zulu averted his face without a word. He had only a few shillings knotted in a cloth and the rail fare would leave him penniless. His son had come to the door and heard what the plan was, and he skipped delightedly at the thought of a ride in the milk truck and in a train, marvels he had never enjoyed. The father stood up stiffly and saluted the white people. He went out leaning one hand on the child's shoulder and with the other carrying the bough from which he had not parted since he left home.

"What can you do with them?" the woman said. "Good heavens—the idea!"

"You know, I had an eerie feeling always at Makofin's grave. I can remember them burying him sewn all crouched up in a blanket, and they put in some food and pots and a knobkerrie and assagai to see him on his way. Makofin was a hell-fire fighting man and the others were scared enough of him alive but ten times more scared of him dead. The boys are going to be glad about Matan taking the old man's ghost home. They never liked the grave down in the forest."

"He looks so ill," she said. "Fierce but somehow tortured, eh? Worried to death."

He merely glanced at her and shrugged. His way with the Zulus was to get along as well as he could without bumping headlong into them on dangerous ground, and he did not push things down their throats. It had been silly of her, he thought, to ask that question. How could you ask a man whether he really believed in a thing that went to the center of his life? "About this account with the vet . . ." he began.

MATAN walked down in the dark from the house of the white people and he still leaned one hand on his child. A moon was sliding in and out of the clouds and the wind blew cold and damp. Passing the open shed, he saw the wagon. The farm used tractors and motor vehicles now, but they kept the old trek-wagon standing there with its heavy iron-ringed pole slung up as if ready to roll out again on its fatal way. Ever since it had cut his father almost in two it had been called Satan and the men had a kind of awe for it. He went past, looking fearfully into the dark mouth of the shed, and he said nothing but listened to the chatter of the boy about the tasty food he had been given in the kitchen.

In the compound Matan joined the ring of men sitting around the fire. He was of their clan and they were all tied by ancient blood bonds one to another, yet he had noticed how his entry had put a hush on them. They offered him food and went on dipping their clean fingers in the black iron cooking pots, but they were like chickens when a hawk has flown over. The little boy edged close to a pot and soon he was eating ravenously, scooping out hot lumps of tasty steamed corn and potatoes and sweet pumpkin.

Matan ate nothing and he did not speak. Seated on a polished wood block he leaned toward the leaping flames of the fire. He had tried to conceal as much as possible the wild-olive branch and had it under the folds of his coat tails. Presently he opened his coat and bared his bony chest to the heat. He had a skin amulet hanging at his throat by a blackened string and a medicine horn from some small antelope stuck as an earring through the lobe of one ear, and with his forbidding, deep-furrowed face shining like oiled wood, he looked to the others hardly a man at all, but a shadowing of death itself. Some of the men got up and went out, and from under his heavy brow he shot them wild, desperate glances.

He waited a little longer, reluctant to go down into the night and the forest, and occasionally he looked at his son still busy at the cooking pot. When the boy could no longer force another mouthful down his throat but sat back with his stomach drum-tight, Matan told him sharply to find a place among the boys and go to sleep. He went outside and came back with his hands and small shining face wet from a good rinsing at the tap. He was thrown a few clean grain bags with which he made himself a bed on the clay floor and soon lay rolled from head to foot like a small mummy in his blanket.

Suppressing a sigh, Matan got up and buttoned his greatcoat close about him. He armed himself with his stick and knobkerrie. The others pretended not to notice his going. By beaten footpaths he picked a way past cornlands and large fields standing in young kale and tur-

HILARY CORKE

A PSYCHIATRIST'S SONG

I HELP them out, I help them out,
All those whose exits are in doubt
From the self-extruded spirals
Of their own ingrowing morals—

Those whose paths are set with shadows
And the snakes breed in their meadows
And the thoughtweed binds the gate,
I de-infest their whole estate:

And those whose skiffs capsize at sea
And cannot swim, their legs not free,
But in confusion look to drown,
I hook them out and rub them down.

Old gentlemen who can't stop pinching
Whatever bottom looks like flinching,
I teach them how to slow that car
And put a handbrake on desire:

And couples whose sex is in the head
And therefore will not go to bed
From a mistaken sense of sin,
I help them in, I help them in.

A fig for imaginary evils:
I fight against the real devils
Of hashed-up circuits, jammed-down switches
And telegraph poles in the ditches.

These bolt the doors and windows; then
The creeping damps and rots begin,
The worm grows wily in the wall
And down the family portraits fall;

I am the hero with the axe
Who thrusts the fresh air through the cracks;
I sweep the flues, I scour the drains
And free the gutters to the rains:

While those who stumble in the wide
Without-door tempest, void of pride,
Untroused, why, I fetch galoshes
And plastic hats, and mackintoshes.

* * *

All their ills away I take:
Then why does my own sore head ache?
Look how the fish leap in the lake!
Then why does my own sore head ache?

nips for winter cattle feed, the ground falling all the while toward the fringe of trees. The moon gave a vague sense of light in the sky, but once inside the trees the darkness became so close that it seemed he had to push his way through it. Often he missed the path, groping a pace at a time and stumbling on roots or feeling suddenly the rasp of a creeper round his neck.

He knew where the grave was and approaching it he crept even slower. His eyes were strained open to catch the least hint of light. A rustle went faintly through the upper foliage and from the occasional touches of cold on his face he knew a fine rain had started. Big drops fell with a lone splash from the trees on his head or down his neck. Then he was at the grave, sensing the hollowness of the dark clearing around him. He was confused at hearing loud noises, only they were in his head and the forest was quiet save for the slow shudder of drops on the leaves.

He put his sticks and the olive branch under one arm and, with some difficulty over the trembling of his hands, he managed to strike a match. For a moment the flare of light chased away shadows into the thicket, and fell on the pyramid of earth and stones under which his father lay buried. Before the match flickered out he saw the green moss and grass on the grave mound and the long trailing beards of lichen drooping from the trees; the ring of stones surrounding the base of the mound was half-buried in green mold. A wet and dreary and silent place, and any spirit lying drowned and bitter under the tree roots would writhe in its suffocation. If it were true! It was starting in him again; at the foot of his father's grave itself the doubt came at him and a cold band pressed round his forehead and temples.

He stood for a while and took hold on himself. He must not dare think such thoughts. He must follow the witch doctor to the letter—it was his last resort. What else could he do? Ai! With a start he remembered he had used those same words to the white woman. She had asked if he believed. Womanlike, she had put her finger in the eye of his sore. What if he did doubt? He must keep to the finest hair of the isangoma's instructions and, provided the truth lay there, then all must be well. He would regain his health, cattle again would stand in his kraal, and his child grow up like a cornstalk to the sun. And if the white people were right? Could there be two truths?

He tried to heave himself up out of the clawing blackness, straightened his back, and raised his head. "Father, I am here," he said. His breast

at once felt calmer, and he began to make preparations for the watch through the night. He edged forward until his sandal touched the stones of the grave; then he struck one more match and, keeping it alight in his cupped hand, made his way to the nearest tree. There he settled himself with his back to the moss-covered roots and, tucking his coat as well as possible around his knees, he took the olive branch in one hand. A cold drop coursed down his forehead and nose. It was no longer raining and he found to his dread that he was in a heavy sweat.

He sighed and muttered to himself. He would feel better if something came to share his watch, a bushbuck or perhaps an ox or even a hare. But it was a lonely place and a little-used path. Cattle kept the track open and maybe at night the small denizens of the trees would dart along it frightened by the coughing of a leopard. He would welcome a leopard.

The air seemed to become warmer and then the clouds opened and moonlight came filtering down through the treetops into the clearing. He could make out the shape of the grave mound and at a distance the pale streaks against the black which he knew, though they seemed to be moving, were tree trunks. He had to close his eyes to escape the appearance that the trees were moving about. After some time had passed he heard the growl of thunder and he thought he understood that strange wave of warmth and closeness that was hammering against his chest as if with soft fists.

Cold, rain—rain and cold, did it never stop here in the thin high veld? "My father, I have left you a long while," he said, with his voice croaking. An answer came in another rumble of thunder. He waited, thinking of his father, and he began speaking to him. "My father, Makofin, son of Poli, why have you come as a thief and taken everything from me? It was not so before. You were a fighting man and born of great blood and your word was respected. Did they leave you too little food for your journey and have you eaten grasshoppers on the bare hill? My father, if you kill me and my last son, who will be left to pray and comfort you—what home will you return to when you journey up from there below to see the sun again?"

He spoke in the form of the old prayers but in his blood was the feeling that he should be given some sign, and because no sign came he was left hollow and beaten. Flashes of lightning were flickering palely among the trees and the thunder groaned nearer, thudding on the ground as if some great beast were on the trail.

The wind came tearing down with a great roar into the forest and thunder ripped and boomed in the sky striking trees and hilltops while the rain fell in huge dark waves. Gullies of water poured and washed against him and he crouched more into himself, wet and shivering and almost unconscious of his purpose in being there.

THE rain passed and the wind died and silence and darkness came back over the forest. He thought of his father's ghost in the underworld shivering at an empty pot and a dead fire while the water from the cold earth dripped muddily over him. Alone he was too, and malignant, and his eyes glaring red like those of a man wild with death or sorrow.

The vision was so clear and striking to his inner mind that he thought it a dream and he had been asleep or was still sleeping. The branch of wild olive seemed to be moving in his hand and with a thrill of horror he dropped it, then grabbed at it, feeling about in the dark in case it should be snatched away. When he had seized it again with a shaking hand he was sure that it moved of its own and so great a desire filled him to run for his life that his legs began twitching like a dog in its hunting dreams. Closing his eyes, he forced his head and back against the tree until his muscles stopped jerking and he could no longer feel any movement, not in his legs nor in the twig nor the hand that held it.

He opened his eyes vaguely and was staring upwards. There was light, faint light. The moon had come through and was dropping a dim ray among the still treetops. Here and there was the mere phantom of a tree trunk. Slowly he searched into the cave of the clearing and then fixed on a place above the grave. He stared for a long time, not believing his senses, blinked slowly and looked again. Over the grave stood a large white shape, there was no mistake. And as the moon ran out of the clouds and its light seeped down to the earth the shape took clearer form and he could see two dark hollows where it would have eyes.

"Makofin, son of Poli," he grated out, though his lips and tongue were almost paralyzed. "Ha! do you come to turn your son's bones to water! Come with me home to the umSuluzi."

He could now see two strange shapes like great horns rising above it and in a swaying movement the head shook. A cry came from Matan's throat. He tried to struggle to his feet, rolled to one side and fell. His body shivered all over and a foam hissed from his mouth and nostrils.

The moon was covered by a dark cloud bank

and complete darkness crept over the veld and into every crevice of the dripping forest. Far down at the foot of a tall tree the black man lay fighting for breath and oblivious of everything. The owls flew down from their roost in a hammerkop's nest, a leopard made its coughing grunt as it padded along the trail. A rustling and crashing sounded among the trees, heavy beating of hooves, and then the return of silence.

Still the man lay on his side and ants began to crawl on him. At the first lightening of the sky he stirred and tried to open his eyes. He felt blinded, scratched and clawed at his face and then screamed out. His face was covered with ants. He rolled and whipped over on the grass like an eel and by brushing and beating at his face with his coat sleeves he cleaned himself and then began to kill off and shake the ants out of his coat. His limbs felt weak and he was unnerved in every fiber of his body. But in spite of his dread of the place he raised his hand as steadily as he could and said: "Makofin, son of Poli, I came in peace. Now you too, be no thief. To me, your son, give back peace." He gathered up his sticks and, with one fearful glance at it, took up also the wild-olive branch.

Then he set off to return to the compound, but walked slowly like an old man. Passing beyond the grave, he noticed in the turf the hoofprints of an ox. He leaned heavily on his stick, pausing there for some moments, deeply shocked, and all his doubts came back with a new agony. When had the ox stood there—during the night, or before? There was water in one of the hoofmarks. His head was nodding as with an illness when he started again, and at sunrise he arrived back at the compound.

MATAN crouched like some old tree trunk among the milk cans on the wagon. It seemed that in contrast to his gloom and silence and the awe he inspired in the other farm workers, the small boy had become all the more sprightly. He danced and skipped alongside the cart, threw stones at a flock of starlings, whistled gaily or sang to himself at every step. The farm workers kept wide of the man whom they believed to be carrying the ghost of his father but the boy had almost taken command now that he had the task of guiding him home. At the crossroads, Matan transferred in silence to the heavy milk truck while loud explanations were made and shouts of amazement exchanged with the loading crew. Then the truck started off; the boy shrilled and laughed and opened his mouth to feel the roar of wind in his cheeks.

At the railhead the child made all the explanations while his father fumbled open his damp cloth and handed over one by one the shillings and florins to pay the fare. Then, aboard the train, the boy dashed up and down the corridors, hung out on the balcony rails, and scrambled over people's feet in the crowded compartment where his father sat, stony and silent with lips sewn together in a terrible bitterness. In a shrill voice the boy explained that the olive branch had been doctored and on it was roosting none other than the ghost of his grandfather.

With one accord the passengers yelled out and made a concerted dash to get out at the door, struggling and cursing and knocking the child over in their hurry to escape. When the last of them had disappeared, there, lying in the middle of the floor, was a silver sixpence. The boy picked it up with a chirp of pleasure and ran after the gabbling passengers. He tossed it in the air and caught it, shouting: "Who lost this? Who lost this?" They were too angry or scared to notice him and so he tied it into a ragged corner of his vest.

The passengers complained about the ghost and some minutes later the ticket examiner came to restore order. "You can't travel with a ghost," he said to Matan and was answered by a glimmer of anger from eyes so sunken and reddened that even he was taken aback.

"I'm not sure, you may need another ticket for the spook," he said. And Matan, seeing the smile of contempt, turned away his face to hide his rage and dismay. "Why don't you answer?"

"He is my father and he has lost his voice," the boy said.

"Well, he'll have to chuck the ghost out of the window or ride on the balcony. I can't have the corridor blocked with passengers."

Matan rose unsteadily and made his way out along the corridor and to the balcony, still gripping his sticks and bundle and his olive bough. The other passengers hurried past or pretended not to see the thin and haggard man keeping his balance precariously as the train jolted and swayed on the curves and gradients.

There he stayed until the train pulled in at the station of Colenso alongside the broad muddy Tugela River with the great water towers and smokestacks of the central power station rising like a giant out of the bush-dotted and almost empty plain. Matan climbed down to the platform, made his way across to a bench, and, sinking down exhausted, watched the train pull out. He had not eaten for two days and a fever ran in his veins.

The boy raced up and down in a daze of happiness. He loved the machines and heavy electric engines, the maze of power lines, the intricate transformer plant where black men in smart uniforms were at work, the hiss and whirr of strange things, and, high above all, the great plumes of smoke going up in the blue sky. He would one day work in the power station, he thought. His father sat on the bench recovering his strength while the boy played, dodging among passengers and porters. He untied the sixpence to play with and threw it in the air.

Matan watched the boy and thought of continuing his journey, this time on foot over the ridge and into the umSuluzi valley. He saw the coin make a bright arc, land on the platform, and roll over the edge. His son looked down at the track where his sixpence had fallen. A train drawn by a green electric locomotive was coming quietly and swiftly into the platform and the boy, without seeing it, was on the point of leaping down to the track.

From the bench Matan could not reach him in time. *"Bheka!"* he yelled. *"Iyez' isitimela!"* ("Watch out—the train's coming!") The child turned and, seeing the locomotive, flinched back as if struck. The passenger train glided through the station without halting and after the last coach and the van had passed by he looked down and there was his coin still lying in the ballast. He jumped lightly over to recover it.

Quickly he climbed up again, clutching the sixpenny piece in his fist, and ran to his father. With shining eyes, he said: "Father, you spoke!"

Matan had the branch across his knees and with lips half drawn back from his teeth in an expression like a snarl he watched it intently. He did not hear or see his son. But nothing happened to the smallest leaf on the branch. He did not quite know what he had expected. Perhaps, if the long shadow of his father had indeed been riding on the bough, it would have made some sign of its departure, withering the leaves or setting them on fire. Yet nothing happened and the terrible suspicion swelled again in him that there was no bringing home of his ancestors, there was no averting the evil following him, no way of controlling his destiny. What must be must be.

"Come," he said mildly to the boy. "Let us go." He walked now with an effort and his tall straight back was slightly stooped. A fierce energy drove him on and the boy frequently ran a few paces or jogged at his father's side, clinging to the ragged and flapping greatcoat.

They kept for some miles to the dusty district road. The sun's heat danced from the hard clay and shale and in the bush the sun beetles droned and shrilled. The man kept his eyes fixed ahead and passing any stranger he merely raised his free hand in a silent gesture. "My father cannot speak," the boy explained, and they hurried on. Down through the thorn scrub they turned on an ancient footpath, and they did not slacken pace. Sweat dripped from Matan's chin and the boy trotting behind gasped for breath, his bare feet burning.

A few times they stopped at a stream to drink a little water and rinse their faces, and they crossed the slow-running umSuluzi at a drift. At last they came to their home, two thatch beehive huts set at the foot of a rocky hill, and an old woman, who was a relative of Matan's mother, stopped grinding corn and fetched him a drink in a calabash. She regarded him with intense alarm and had noticed how he had changed for the worse, but she tried to keep her face turned aside and did not speak except in greeting.

He left the boy with her and from the blackened thatch inside his hut drew out a long-bladed fighting assagai. He placed the branch at the back of the hut with a bowl of milk and went out again into the afternoon sun, now carrying his assagai as well as his sticks. At the drift across the umSuluzi he stopped to polish the blade of his spear, taking fine sand and a piece of pumice to hone off the spots of rust. He washed it down in the clear water and dried the glittering blade on his sleeve. It was illegal and dangerous to carry such a weapon but he now cared little for that.



A quick walk through the bush brought him at sunset to a wealthy kraal where many cattle and goats were being penned by small boys for the night. The huts were built of stone with stout thatch roofs out of which thrust poles and sticks surmounted by various skulls and horns of animals and blown-up gall bladders. One hut alone was of the traditional all-thatch pattern and was even weathered

and dilapidated in a kind of mock humility, and here he found the isangoma expecting him.

"You have spoken, you opened your mouth!" the man accused him without any ceremony.

"I have spoken—what matter?"

"Did you remember what I said?"

"I remembered." Matan turned on him ferociously and glared almost maddened at the crafty and intelligent face obscure in the growing darkness.

"Why have you come here armed?"

"I came to hear what you will say. I want to know if my father has returned. I want to know if I will be given peace, I and my son."

"How can I say? You have broken the command of the spirits."

"I paid you my last cow to do this—and you will do it, son of Noqomfela."

"Have you come to threaten me, one who can destroy you with his little finger?"

"I must have an answer. Come with me now and attend to the burial of my father's shadow. The grave is ready. And if you say he has not come home then I swear to you, evildoer, I will send your ghost to fetch him."

He laid his palm along the shining blade of the spear to make himself clear to the doctor and then stooping under the low door he came out. In single file they returned on the path through the bush. The isangoma walked ahead, a slight old man wearing a monkey-fur cap and carrying a thin blackened wand. It was dusk.

The grave was in a hollow near the river and over it rose the pale-dusty ominous trunk of a fever tree. Matan had dug it himself before leaving. He brought the branch of wild olive and some pots of beer and corn and he led a goat on a thong for the sacrifice. He quickly cut the goat's throat with the sharp edge of his assagai blade and disemboweled it. While he struck a match the witch doctor studied the fat on the entrails and slit out the gall bladder. The match went out and now the moon shone down on them from a clear black sky. By its light Matan climbed down into the grave and carefully placed the pots of food and beer. When he raised himself he saw the other had scratched together some twigs and lit a small fire. On it he sprinkled powder from a horn and a thick, acrid smoke hissed out, flowing like a liquid down the lip of the new grave. Matan coughed heavily.

"Leave your weapon too," the doctor said. But he gripped the gleaming, bloodstained spear all the tighter and began slowly to climb out. He was weak and heavy in his limbs, fighting tenaciously to keep his balance. The fever raced in his veins and his head was ringing. Now he was out and the isangoma stood to face him.

"Has my father's long shadow returned?" he demanded.

"He has returned."

"Then you lied to me. Words escaped my mouth and still you say he is here. This way or that way you are lying."

"It was too far for him to fly back to the umLambongwenya so he continued the journey with you. He is here, he is satisfied."

"This is another lie. I have not heard his voice."

"You do not hear and see because your life is nearing an end. Son of Makofin, you are dying."

"That is at least the truth," he said slowly and bitterly, leaning on the haft of his assagai. "I feel it . . . I will not live many days."

"You have given your life for your father, and for your son."

"Then let us die together," Matan cried out, raising the spear in a sudden whirl of his thin but powerful arm. The witch doctor shrieked as he stepped back.

AT sunrise the boy came to search for his father and found him lying calm and serene on his back with his head propped on the roots of the fever tree and his feet toward the open grave. Stuck fast inches deep into the bole of the tree was his stabbing assagai.

"How is it with my father?" he asked with a beating heart.

The man looked up gauntly and seeing his son his eyes softened. "It goes well with me. Is the other here, the son of Noqomfela?"

"No."

"Look about—is he not lying stabbed?"

"No, he is nowhere."

"Look for my spear then."

"It's here, in the tree."

He raised his burning eyes and saw the haft and blade of his assagai standing out from the tree trunk. At that he sighed as if greatly relieved.

"When you are old enough," he said with difficulty, "get back the place of your fathers and live there in peace. Let them bury me in the same grave which I dug for Makofin. Now we are home. One day you may have cattle again, and men children and girl children. I cannot give you anything."

The boy twisted out of a knot in his vest the coin he had picked up. "Look, I have a sixpence. I will grow big and have boots to wear and work at the power station."

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

Our National Talent for Offending People



Marlene Rothkin

By D. H. RADLER

I drive carefully down a narrow street in Honduras, eyes squinting against the tropical sun. My old sedan, mud-splashed from fording the rivers, rattles over the bumps. A group of small children standing in the street watch me pass. One finds a stone at his feet and hurls it against the battered car.

"Vaya gringo!" he shouts. "Yanqui go home."

The other children take up the cry, running gleefully on their bare, dusty feet.

"Yanqui, go home."

An American newspaper says that U. S.—Latin American relations are based only on money—if we gave more foreign aid we would be better liked. The writer, who is described as "no stranger to Latin America," spent just three weeks in San José, Costa Rica, covering the Organization of American States conference, and he visited Havana "to analyze the Castro phenomenon." He is convinced that Uncle Sam "is bound to be unpopular" merely because he is "a rich uncle."

Did the little boy who threw the rock read my newspaper? Would more foreign aid make him throw orchids instead?

July 4: Independence Day in the United States. Here in Honduras, my friend Don Fausto insists that I go with him to the party at the American consulate. There is a new consular official and he wants to meet him.

"I should think the last one was enough for you," I rib him.

Don Fausto is a large landowner and employs many workers. The former official was a dedicated unionist. While he was here, the counter of the consulate was covered with AFL-CIO pamphlets, in Spanish, touting the benefits of unionism. Leaflets explained how to organize and bargain, even how to stage a strike. Don Fausto had been nearly apoplectic over this, but, Stateside-educated and a baseball fan, he's forgiving. (The official was transferred, finally, to Havana.)

"The new one's bound to be better," Don Fausto laughs. His English carries a Hoosier drawl—he took his engineering degree at Rose Poly in Terre Haute.

Reluctantly I go with him, although I find the party in questionable taste. Why advertise it, in English, in the local Spanish-language paper?

Why invite "the American community and transient Americans?" We stand near the drink table, chatting with the Costa Rican consul. One of the local Company executives who can't speak Spanish joins us and we switch to English. The Costa Rican speaks it even better than Don Fausto, without a trace of accent. I hope that my Spanish is as good, but I doubt that it is.

A man I haven't seen before drifts toward us. Flabby and pale, he's obviously new to the tropics. He joins us, shakes hands all around, introduces himself as the new official. He doesn't listen for our names or ask about our connections. Instead, Don Fausto asks him where he went to school and he names one of the Ivy League colleges.

"Rose Poly," Don Fausto offers proudly.

"Oh," the official replies.

A group of newcomers arrives, talking excitedly in Spanish about the size of the party, the probable cost of the new, modern building, and where are the drinks. Making a face, the official excuses himself.

"Got to go talk with the natives in their barbarous language," he says.

The Costa Rican, a true diplomat, asks if I'd like another drink, I mumble an embarrassed thank-you-but-no, and Don Fausto and I leave the party.

"Goddamn gringo," Don Fausto mutters.

September 15: Independence Day in Honduras. All around me, the stir of celebration—firecrackers popping, bands playing, parades in the street, horns beeping, people shouting. On this day 139 years ago, Honduras fought free of Spanish rule. Since then, it has moved from the grip of one dictator to another—the scene of 135 revolutions, almost one year. Now, under a freely elected democratic regime, the people really celebrate this day.

In front of me, a pair of American tourists. Each holds a camera; each carries, slung from his shoulder, a loaded gadget bag. But neither shoots a picture.

"Pretty crummy," one says.

"Yeah," replies the other. "Mexico puts on a helluva lot better show."

Several bystanders who understand English turn to look at them; then, with the ineffable raised-eyebrow Latin shrug, go back to watching the parade. The tourists shoulder their way through the crowd, looking petulant.

It is quiet in the nearby Company town. In compliance with the law, the Company has released its thousands of workers for the day. Beyond this, and a congratulatory ad in the local paper, it does not participate in the festivities. The Hondurans, short on money but long on enthusiasm, have squeezed into Microbuses or have walked the ten miles to San Pedro to celebrate. Their stilt-legged barracks are quiet, hammocks swinging empty in the afternoon breeze. The Americans in "The Zone" are inside their houses, their maids gone for the day.

The contrast between the Zone and the workers' barracones springs out at you now. On the one hand, wooden multiple-family barracks, unpainted and unscreened, rising on stilts over a patch of sand or concrete; in The Zone, one- and two-story houses with large, screened porches, set in the middle of spacious landscaped yards maintained by native gardeners. Housing is assigned by position, not by nationality. But most of the "first-class employees" are American. It is, after all, an American company. Only its land and its labor are Honduran.

I leave the north coast and drive into the interior. By suppertime I am in Siguatepeque, where a boy once threw a stone at my car. This is cooler country, well located halfway between Honduras' two most important cities, right on the main highway, up nearly 4,000 feet. There are many tourists and other transients, many retired people. Quite a few are Americans. There are also a mission school and hospital and several small businesses run by Americans.

The diners in the pension look up and nod as I enter, then resume their heated conversation.

"And, did you hear what those two U. S. Senators said last week?"

"About what?"

"About that goddamn Trujillo. They said he's 'the ideal leader' for 'those countries' and that he's made more progress without American aid than any of us have with it."

"I thought the U.S. went along with the San José resolution condemning the *cabrón*."

"They did, but you can see what they really think from what those Senators said. Imagine, one is chairman of the Agriculture Committee and the other of the Judicial Committee."

"Carajo! Goddamn gringos!"

"Didn't the House of Representatives refuse to cut Trujillo's sugar quota? They cut Castro's but not Trujillo's. That shows you where they stand."

"Sure. Trujillo owns most of the sugar—and he's forever entertaining gringo politicians or giving 'em medals."

In the morning, I awaken again in La Esperanza, the lovely mountain town where I live. High in the southwestern hills, we are some three hours' drive off the main road. Few Americans come here; we have no consulate; the Company has no operations here. As I stroll down the street past the park, a bunch of little boys pass on their way to school.

"Hola, gringo," they call. "Que le vaya bien. May all go well with you."

ALL of these incidents have taken place here in Honduras within the past couple of years. I've seen similar occurrences in Mexico, Cuba, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia. I have no reason to believe that anything different is going on anywhere in Latin America. But I am convinced that until something quite different starts happening, the United States will continue to fail here, as it is assuredly failing now—no matter how many millions we pour into this area.

Despite what the hit-and-run newspaper pundits write after a one- or two-week flying visit, we *are* in trouble in Latin America and all of our money isn't helping our cause here. And odd as it may seem to the nation that gave birth to Madison Avenue, one strong reason we aren't liked in Latin America is simply that we aren't very likable. In fact, it almost seems that Americans here are intent upon—and eminently successful at—losing friends and alienating people.

Since I live in Honduras and know it better than the other Latin American countries, I'll use Honduras as my main example. What happens here, however, is not very different from what happens elsewhere south of the border.

Here we are known primarily through two banana companies (Standard Fruit Company and the larger United Fruit Company), a handful of State Department personnel, and the American publications that are read here—chiefly, *Time* magazine's Latin American edition, in English. Many, many Latin Americans know English—a fact we tend to forget when we talk about them in their presence. English is taught in the schools here and is spoken, or at least understood, by many ordinary citizens, not just by the Stateside-educated business and professional men and politicians. When I first came to La Esperanza, one of the most remote towns in the country, the tax collector greeted me: "Good! Now I've got a chance to practice my English." He had never been to the States, didn't plan to go, but wanted to improve his English "because it's an important language." How many Americans feel that way about Spanish, spoken by well over two hundred million people?

To Hondurans and other Central Americans, the banana companies represent American capitalism; the Embassy and Consulate stand for American government; the press, notably *Time*, says what the American people think about their neighbors to the South. All have failed to present our country effectively. It is worth examining why.

The Companies

Initially, the banana companies came here under concessions from local governments granting them huge acreages in return for their investments, especially the construction of much-needed railroads.

Honduras, perennially the leader in efforts toward Central American federation, hoped for an east-west rail link to encourage union. By 1924 it had awarded nearly 200,000 acres of rich banana land to United Fruit alone, as compensation for future railroad construction. Today, Honduras possesses 900 miles of railroad—but they are all within the banana zone and Tegucigalpa remains one of the few national capitals in the world without rail communication.

On the other hand, the banana companies have turned useless jungles and swamps into productive farms. They have built homes, hospitals, schools, and clubs; have maintained vast health and sanitation programs, virtually eradicating malaria in their own areas; have consistently paid their men more than any other rural workers in the country. In addition, the taxes and wages they pay are larger by far than those of any other industry in the country—United Fruit alone contributes almost one-sixth of Honduras' gross national product.

UF has also endowed and helped support the Central American School of Agriculture at Zamorano, near Tegucigalpa; maintains a vast collection of economic tropical crops at Lancetilla, near the port of Tela; has sent out, free, millions of seedlings to spread new and better fruits, vegetables, and timber trees throughout the American tropics.

Why, then, is there such feeling against the Company? Part of the answer is sheer size—UF is the dominant factor in the national economy. Operating throughout Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, and the Dominican Republic, it is known as *el pulpo*, "The Octopus." Another reason lies in its special contracts

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D. H. Radler fell in love with Latin America when he went there in 1958 to establish a research information project for United Fruit. Now a freelance writer in Honduras, he explores the country and meets the people, often riding on horseback remote from the highways. He has written many articles and is a contributing editor of "Industrial Research." Formerly on the staff of Purdue University as a science writer, he collaborated on two books ("The American Teen-ager" and "Success Through Play").

with the government. Hondurans charge that these agreements have subjected their national resources to foreign control and their local politics to foreign interference.

It is conceivable that different policies could have made UF, which has done much for Honduras, a welcome partner. Instead, the Company seems consistently to have pursued a course calculated to make it—and American industry in general—warmly disliked.

No attempt has been made to let Hondurans purchase stock in the local Companies, thus allowing them participation in ownership if not control; no director or top executive of the present Company is a Latin American, few even have much tropical experience. Local managers are all Americans, as are most department heads and other executives. For years, executive trainees have been shipped in from the States rather than recruited locally. (This year, at last, some graduates of the UF-endowed Zamorano agricultural school are being trained by the Company for senior agricultural positions. But all "dollar employees"—those hired in the States—are paid on a higher wage scale than those hired locally.)

Instead of integrating its American personnel into the local community, United Fruit maintains Company towns. Housing and other facilities, including, for example, use of Company vehicles, are a function of position—which means that the American *jefes* conspicuously have the best. As a direct result of this segregation, many Company people, and even more of their wives, speak Spanish poorly or not at all, even after years of residence here. Their parties and leisure activities might well take place back home: the Latin hosts feel shut out on their own home ground.

The Company does nothing to discourage this effective *apartheid*—it maintains no orientation program for American employees, doesn't demand Spanish language ability or teach the language (except in a few essential cases of men who will supervise farm workers speaking only Spanish), in no way rewards employees who adapt to the local environment and make friends for the Company. Instead, UF runs an American school for all U. S. children as well as some Latins—who are chastised for speaking even a word of Spanish, "because we're teaching English here!"

Recently, UF has given much proud publicity to a plan for transferring the ownership of its land to local farmers if they agree to raise bananas on it. UF will buy their product, ship and market it, thereby "going into partnership" with the nationals in the countries where it operates. However, labor leaders point out that the Company will thus avoid most of its current legal obligations to maintain schools and hospitals, provide labor benefits such as vacation with pay, terminal leave, etc. Government agronomists note that most of the land in question is now unsuitable for production of the market-favorite Gros Michel banana because of a soil fungus imported by UF on planting material in years past. Other critics wonder why the company is not extending its "partnership plan" to its highly productive, low-cost producing zone on Panama's west coast.

The irony of such close-fisted policies is that they are not paying off. Toward the end of 1958 the Company's stock sold at $52 and was considered an eminently blue chip. In May of this year, it was selling at less than half that price. The pessimism of investors is matched by the hostility of Central Americans to North American industry in general.

The Diplomats

If anything, our diplomats do worse. Our Embassy in Tegucigalpa occupies a huge, luxurious, high-walled modern fortress. In sharp contrast to most of the other embassies of the old capital, it reeks of money and power.

One former Ambassador made a policy of accompanying President Ramón Villeda Morales on his frequent trips around the country, apparently intending to create an image of American-Honduran solidarity. Instead, sensitive local people predictably interpreted this as U. S. domination over their government. As one Honduran put it, "Uncle Sam gives us money with no strings attached—then he attaches 'the tick' to the President's back to see that we spend it right!"

Recently, a Tegucigalpa university student told me that he and his fellow students are "tired of having every government decision checked with your Embassy." Whether this actually happens or not is unimportant—the significant thing is that the students *think* it happens, and resent it. Remember that in Latin America, the students are both active and potent politically—their weight has often swung revolutions one way or another. (In 1959, for example, Colonel Armando Velásquez Cerrato led a rebellion against the Honduran government. The police defected to him; the army wavered; the revolution failed when the students took up arms in support of the government.)

No U. S. group in Honduras addresses itself to student opinion. The Communists do—all the time. Is it any wonder that the students are influenced by them?

"We have few real Communists in our group," a student friend told me, "but annoyance with American meddling and patronizing American attitudes causes many of us to accept the Communist vocabulary: Yankee Imperialism, Dollar Diplomacy, and the rest. And remember—we are the real future leaders here. Anyone with a university education is still so rare that he is automatically on top of the heap in the professions, in business, or in politics."

Our consulate in San Pedro Sula, second city and economic capital of the country, is also big and expensive by local standards. Awaiting retirement, the consul is fairly inactive, but several vice-consuls have left their mark on the community. There was one, for example who

(1) replaced without notice the popular director of the U. S. cultural center because she was a German, not an American, causing vigorous student protest;

(2) demanded that students at the center, for course credit, must listen to the Voice of America;

(3) established a conversational English course based on readings from *Time* (whose negative attitude toward Latin America we will examine shortly);

(4) called a popular local businessman "a dog-thief and an ex-Nazi" when a watchdog lent him by this man doggishly ran home;

(5) earned the local name of "The Ugly American"—and a promotion to a major European capital as senior information officer.

It would appear that a great many of our diplomats here are neither selected for nor trained in diplomacy—or in the language and customs—or in an acceptable attitude toward the people whose friendship they are supposed to win. The rare effective U. S. spokesman—such as a political officer I met in Mexico City who had married a Latin, brought his children up to be bilingual, and settled into the life of the country—is shortly transferred elsewhere on the State Department's rigid rotation schedule.

The Russians, who lack official representation here, have been represented by Cuban emissaries —tall, handsome, bearded, and uniformed Latins who are obviously "brothers" of the Hondurans and whose friendship missions take them into the *cantinas* and football stadia of the people rather than the loftier confines of diplomatic circles. This approach is reflected in the very language of the Russians as compared with ours: *e.g.*, in an early exchange over Cuba, Khrushchev said, "We will help our Cuban brothers . . ."; Eisenhower declared, "The U. S. will not permit . . ."

The Voice of Time, Inc.

If American business and government are failing to make friends for us in Latin America, their impact is no greater than that of *Time* magazine, which, on the record, has made us a host of enemies. One high-ranking Honduran government official told me that America would be much better liked "if *Time* printed no Latin American edition at all."

It's easy to see why. Here in Honduras, after a stormy history of dictatorship, revolution, and more dictatorship, the people finally have a freely elected, genuinely democratic government. President Ramón Villeda Morales, a leading physician and ardent humanist, took office in December 1957. Consider *Time's* coverage of the events leading up to the election, beginning with its issue of September 23, 1957:

> "Three years ago Honduras' Liberal Party Chief Dr. Ramón Villeda Morales, 48, nicknamed 'Little Bird,' had a badly busted wing. . . . Last week he was riding high. . . .
>
> "For the last eight months Villeda has been serving as Honduras' Ambassador to Washington. *The stay in the U. S. apparently had done him good* [italics mine]. Washington received him warily, largely because of his leftist campaign oratory in '54, *e.g.*, promising *campesinos* an eight-hour day at double and triple pay."

U. S. workers have long had an eight-hour day —and triple the 1954 Honduran average is still only $1.50 a day, which many Hondurans are now getting, thanks to Villeda's having fulfilled the promise *Time* called "leftist." The article concluded: "But Villeda Morales proved himself a much sobered man." The implication that the Honduran presidential candidate was a wild-eyed left-winger, but saw the light after eight months in Washington, is not a pretty compliment to a probable chief of state.

Then, on October 7, 1957, *Time* reported:

> "Villeda had won the [Honduran presidential] election in 1954 on a wild-eyed program promising double and triple wages to farmhands. . . . But eight months in Washington . . . had a steadying effect. . . . He announced that he was categorically opposed to Communism."

Here we go one step further, to the clear implications that Villeda had been pro-Communist (there is no record that he ever was); and that

his stay in Washington had set him straight.

Time continued: "The Assembly . . . can either name Villeda President or schedule elections, which he claims to prefer. . . ." Why "claims"? This implies that Villeda is no democrat, really wants the presidency any way he can get it. But in Honduras in 1957, Villeda could have won any election—why *not* prefer it?

Despite *Time,* Villeda became president. He went to work on health, welfare, education, and transportation for his country's nearly two million people. He built schools, health centers, roads, and bridges, gave workers a realistic labor code. *Time* reported not a word of this. Then Villeda announced plans for a hydroelectric plant on the turbulent Rio Lindo. *Time* declared, October 20, 1958:

> "The [World] Bank argued that roads are more important than a big dose of power for a primitive country, gave Honduras a $5,000,000 highway loan, hoping to encourage a big road-building program. The effect was just the opposite."

As a matter of fact, in that first year in office, Villeda built or started building more miles of road than Honduras had previously had in its entire 139-year history. He is now building the Rio Lindo hydroelectric plant as well, with $16 million loaned by the Export-Import Bank and other banks which agree that power is essential to Honduras' further development.

On January 11 of last year, *Time* continued its curious brand of "reporting" from Honduras. Under the heading of "Letdown," its story began with a pat on the back for President Morales, saying that two years after he took office, "Honduras is free and politically stable—no small merit in a country whose history counts 135 revolutions." But *Time* swung immediately into: "Nonetheless, Honduras is a troubled land, suffering, as Tegucigalpa's *El Cronista* put it last week, with 'spiritual helplessness and a chronic economic depression'." And, it added, "Communists are beginning to elbow their way into the nation's press." *Time* failed to note that *El Cronista,* the authority it quoted a few lines earlier, is the principal Communist-dominated newspaper in the country. It has been frantically and unpopularly supporting—and receiving substantial financial aid from—Fidel Castro's Cuban revolutionary government. Concluding the same story, *Time* declared: "The longer he flutters, the less Little Bird looks like the stormy petrel he seemed before taking office."

But Villeda, in addition to his clear record of social accomplishment, has meanwhile successfully handled a half-dozen armed rebellions from the extreme right; replaced an entire recalcitrant national police force with a loyal civil guard; effectively countered constant Communist agitation throughout the country—without declaring a "state of siege" such as neighboring Guatemala, Nicaragua, and El Salvador have found necessary. Furthermore, he has avoided major strikes in the ailing banana industry, the mainstay of the nation's economy, and he has attracted substantial capital investment from abroad in a period when such investment has been on the decline throughout most of Latin America because of political instability.

Were *Time's* needless flippancy aimed only at Villeda, one might see it as an isolated prejudice but the magazine—which is read throughout Latin America as the voice of the U. S.—maintains the same smug, belittling attitude toward virtually everything Latin American, except, perhaps, its dictators. Items:

> BRAZIL (January 16, 1956): ". . . Foregoing his gimpy English, the President-elect talked to Ike in Portuguese, translated by . . ." [*For that matter, what of Ike's non-existent Portuguese?*]

> COSTA RICA (June 23, 1958): *Ex-President José Figueres, one of Latin America's most respected democrats and a firm friend of the U. S., was asked to tell our House of Representatives why the U. S. is disliked south of the border. He did.* Time *reported:* ". . . outspoken Pepe so exaggerated and overstated his case that great pieces of his statement ended up sounding sadly like the *Yanqui*-baiting he deplores. . . ." *Don Pepe is and was outspoken—that's why he was asked to give the talk in the first place—but there was little in his statement that is exaggerated or overstated, unless any criticism of the U. S., even by invitation, must necessarily be so characterized.*

> VENEZUELA (July 21, 1958): Time's *first reference to Presidential Candidate Rómulo Betancourt, another leading liberal with pro-U. S. leanings:* "Key to the political puzzle was beefy Rómulo Betancourt, 50, top man of the leftist Democratic Action. . . . Betancourt now takes a carefully statesmanlike line."

> BOLIVIA (March 2, 1959): "Last week a U. S. Embassy official added up the results [of U. S. aid to Bolivia] and made a wry face. 'We don't have a damn thing to show for it,' he said. 'We're wasting money. The only solution to Bolivia's problems,' he went on to wisecrack, 'is to abolish Bolivia. Let her neighbors divide up the country and the problems'."

Time's story not only enraged Bolivians but set off anti-American riots in which several people were hurt, significant property damage was done, and U. S. prestige was badly deflated. On March 16, calling the story "The Fanned Spark," *Time* reported: "This rueful jest, repeated by a U. S. official in La Paz and quoted in *Time's* March 2 issue, was turned last week into the

spark for three days of anti-U. S. violence. . . . The U. S. position [was] that there was 'no evidence' that the statement was ever made. . . ."

These examples could easily be multiplied. Surveying the Latin American edition of *Time* over the past four years, one finds a consistent tone of smug superiority, a persistent flow of ridicule for virtually everything Latin American. Of course, there are occasional favorable stories in *Time*. Its longer "cover stories" on Latin America—for example, the one on Betancourt of Venezuela in February 1960—sometimes show signs of more responsible editing and writing than do its week-to-week reports. But *Time's* favors are rarely bestowed on any performance south of the border that doesn't neatly mirror *Time's* version of life in the U. S.

Even then the *Time* style intrudes. For instance, in a story commending Brazil, *Time* couldn't resist discussion of the country's "Johnny-come-lately industries." In general, towns smaller than Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires are described as "sleepy"; nations less developed industrially than Mexico or Colombia as "backward" or "primitive"; plans for local development as "starry-eyed"; appeals to the U. S. as "dollar-hungry"; dealings with governments *Time* does not approve of as "Red-lining."

So much for our major press representation in Latin America. Along with the often greedy, thoughtless behavior of American business here and the weirdly "Ugly American" performances of so many of our government people, *Time* must bear responsibility for jeopardizing our relations with Latin America.

Guilty Gringos

Meanwhile, the average Americans who come here make matters worse. In general, they are badly informed before they come and they make a bad impression when they arrive. Then, while they are here, they send more misinformation back home. Talking in New York recently with a director of a large, world-wide U. S. corporation, I was shocked to hear that his men had reported that anti-Yankee feeling is dead in Latin America, except for Cuba. "We don't have a thing to worry about," he smilingly told me. But his men, dressed in business suits, arriving by plane and traveling by car in the big cities, see only the glitter—and talk only with their Latin American counterparts. Educated, traveled, and wealthy, these Latins know what side their imported melba toast is buttered on. If they know of anti-gringo sentiments, they're altogether too smart to talk about it.

But on the walls of the millions of thatch-roofed shacks of the peasants, Fidel's picture hangs alongside that of Christ and the Virgin, replacing such former local heroes as Francisco Morazán, martyr to Central American unity. (In San Pedro, Morazán's statue recently sported the red-paint legend, "Viva Castro! Yanquis go home!") And in the field commissaries of the banana companies and in the candlelit *cantinas* of the poor, a word against Castro is still tantamount to suicide. (I know this because I've been there. Unfortunately, most of our pulse-takers haven't.)

There are obvious historical, political, and economic reasons for anti-gringo feelings, chief among them the size, wealth, and good fortune of the United States. But the hostility toward us could be diminished if the Americans who come here were the sort of people Latins could like and respect. With few exceptions, they usually manage to make enemies instead of friends.

We do this by acting as if we are better than anyone else. We know little of Latin American history, geography, politics, or economics, apparently because we don't think it's worth learning; we speak Spanish poorly or not at all because "they'll understand English if I holler loud enough." We describe ourselves as democratic and ask Latin Americans to emulate us—yet Americans here usually stick to the big cities and ride the best and most private transportation. If they enter a Latin home, it is a high-class home, comfortably reminiscent of upper-middle-class homes in the States. We seem unable to tolerate the natural smell of a man who never heard of deodorants.

During and after World War II, the British criticized us for brashness, forwardness, loudness. But today in Latin America we make enemies by seeming to be too reserved, too preciously withdrawn. An ex-European, now a Honduran citizen, told me: "You Americans have had it too good. You're starting to act like the Germans before they set out to take over the world. You really believe you're better than anyone else. But the day of the superman is over—that's why nobody likes you."

But I don't think most Americans down here are irrevocably arrogant, even if they appear to be. I think they're afraid. They seem to be frightened and embarrassed by people who use warm *abrazos* in place of cold handshakes, who express their emotions frankly instead of rationalizing around every bush. Weaned on canned "self-help" and "popularity" formulas, and babied along on condensed, homogenized food,

clothing, and culture, they are repelled and even terrified by people who eat food as it comes from the ground, wipe their fingers on their rough denim pants, and make music and poetry with their own mouths and hands instead of by proxy.

I know a big, strapping American woman who has lived peaceably in the tropics for three or four years who—in broad daylight—left a friend's house by the back door to avoid passing four or five Latin workers, employees of the same company as her husband. She was afraid even to walk past them (although, husky as she is, she might well have whipped the whole crowd had the need arisen). I know another woman who has always done her own cooking "because if that Indian got mad at me some day, she might poison the food."

I know several American managers, foremen, etc., who refuse to discipline their crews or express disapproval of poor work "because I don't want to wind up with a machete in my back." This, despite the countless managers and foremen who have got on with the job for years without becoming emergency clinic statistics. Anyone who has lived here and used his eyes could cite dozens of similar cases of imagined fears.

It sometimes seems to me that fear, not arrogance, is what makes some American companies abroad exclude local people from stock ownership or executive responsibility. And perhaps it is a kind of fear that causes our diplomats to be woefully undiplomatic, and publications such as *Time* to adopt an attitude of smugness about everything American (the known) and of flippancy toward everything Latin (the unknown).

Discomfort and Democracy

In the first half of this century, we were supremely unafraid—in Latin America, the dictators owned the people, and, as often as not, we owned the dictators. (For example, the old Cuyamel Fruit Company, which later merged with United Fruit, openly supported the Bonilla coup in Honduras, and received notoriously preferential treatment in return.)

Today, Latin America has only three dictators —after centuries of oppression, the people have, in the last dozen years, effected a series of social and political revolutions in this half of the hemisphere. In 1948, Costa Rica put down a would-be dictator, Calderón Guardia; in 1952, Bolivia overthrew its ancient oligarchy; Argentina rid itself of Juan Perón in 1955; in 1956, Peruvian Dictator Manuel Odría quit; Honduras installed Villeda Morales in 1957; in 1958, Colombia replaced Dictator Rojas Pinilla with Alberto Lleras Camargo, one of the world's most distinguished and effective democrats; that same year, Venezuelan Dictator Pérez Jiménez fled, was replaced by freely-elected Rómulo Betancourt; in 1959, Castro swept Batista out of Cuba; having betrayed the revolution, he may soon suffer the same fate himself.

Sadly enough Americans often seem less comfortable in the new rather rough-and-ready atmosphere of emerging democracy than they were before Latin Americans began gaining control of their own destinies. A fruit company executive who travels constantly told me that he likes the Dominican Republic best of all: "The people there don't dare steal anything from an American or give him a hard time or they'll end up in jail for life. It may be tough on them but it's sure good for us!" Our Ambassadors still seem to get on famously with such people as Nicaraguan Dictator Luis Somoza, son of the infamous, assassinated "Tacho."

Of course Americans back home approve in principle when brutal dictators are overthrown; but those on the spot too often find their neat and privileged world shattered—and they are unwilling or unable to come to terms with the more demanding one that replaces it.

Certainly it would be naïve to argue that all the problems of the United States in Latin America spring from defective personal relations. No matter how sympathetic or concerned Americans in Latin America may be, our relations will still founder if obtuse and greedy policies are pursued by our government and our corporations. But until the Americans now in Latin America overcome their provincial fear of the new and different, they will seem arrogant—and they will be fondly hated. And even the most enlightened policies designed in Washington or New York will be undermined.

Hypocritical calculations by Madison Avenue public relations experts won't work. Nor will the patent absurdity of "going native." Instead we must look upon our Latin American neighbors simply as people like ourselves—less fortunate geographically and historically perhaps, and for the moment in need of our financial and technical aid. But they are becoming equal partners in the Western Hemisphere, and they demand to be treated as such.

Have we become so affluent and pampered a people, so lacking in adventure and warmth, that we will be unable to meet this direct human challenge? I do not think so, but if we are to succeed in Latin America, we must shuck off the habits of the past; and we must do it soon.

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

JOHN D. ROSENBERG



A Matter of Motive

The events here recounted—although perhaps not typical—occurred precisely as they are described; only the names of the Treasury Department agents are fictitious.

LAST spring I was summoned to the Treasury Department Building on West Houston Street in lower Manhattan. Three years earlier I had read a *New York Times* article headed:

TEACHERS WIN FIGHT

U. S. Permits Cost Deduction
On Courses Since 1954

Promotion No Factor

The *Times* was wrong. Our fight, to judge from my own bizarre experience, has scarcely begun.

After reading the article, I decided to file claims for my educational expenses since 1954. A colleague suggested that since I am also a literary critic, I ought as well to deduct for that corner of my apartment I use when writing. The government, I calculated, owed me $517.04 for overpayment of taxes.

For nearly three years the claims were shuffled back and forth among the various New York offices of the Internal Revenue Service until, at last, I was directed to appear before Mr. Santini, Assistant Adjuster for Educational Claims.

"You know, Mr. Rosenberg," he announced as I seated myself opposite him, "we've had to disallow 90 per cent of all educational claims. Especially those of teachers. I suppose you took the courses because you need a Ph.D. And you need a Ph.D. to get tenure?"

"Exactly."

"I'm afraid that's why we can't allow it," he said with pained solicitude. "You see, if you don't have tenure, we must consider you a temporary employee taking courses in order to get a job you don't yet have. And expenses incurred in order to obtain a *new* position are not allowable."

"But I've already *got* the job. I've had it for years. Some of my colleagues have withered and died in the same 'temporary' status. What you're saying is that if I had the degree, the government would allow me to deduct for courses I would have no reason to take; but since I took them because I needed them, they are disallowed."

"You might put it that way, if you like."

"Now suppose," I continued, "we forget the degree altogether. I have a statement from the chairman of my department certifying that if I had not taken those courses, I would long ago have lost my job."

"I'm afraid it sounds odd, Mr. Rosenberg, but you can't claim that, for in the eyes of this Department you are not yet employed."

After a stunned moment I confessed it was rather paradoxical, and then recalled the exactly analogous case of a colleague. "Perhaps you maintain that Marlor wasn't employed either—you disallowed his claim. He appealed to the Tax Court and lost there, too. But the U. S. Court of Appeals reversed the decision and upheld him."

"You're right, the decision went against us. But the Treasury Department does not acquiesce in the case of Marlor."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The Treasury Department refuses to acquiesce."

"One doesn't choose to acquiesce, or disdain from acquiescing, in a court decision. One *complies.*"

"The Treasury Department refuses . . ."

"Then, Mr. Santini, the Treasury Department sets itself above the law. You are tyrannizing over the taxpayer, subverting the judicial process, inviting anarchy."

"The Treasury Department . . ."

"Look," I interrupted, trying to avoid a complete impasse, "why don't you go over the rest of my claim and see if we can still come to a settlement?"

He agreed; and to assure me of his fairness, summoned his colleague Mr. Vine, a soft-spoken, soft-shoed agent of about forty. Together they scrutinized the only other item of moment: the rent deduction which I had claimed as a writer.

"I see that you have not declared your income from writing," Mr. Vine noted in a grave whisper.

"I have none."

"You mean all your stories are rejected?"

"No—my essays have been published, but I do not get paid."

"Surely you don't expect the Treasury Department," he asked shaking his head, "to grant a deduction when there's no income from which to deduct?"

I slumped in my chair. Mr. Santini turned to Mr. Vine; Mr. Vine, standing directly in front of me, said softly, "A weak case . . . a *very* weak case." I felt that Mr. Vine was passing judgment not merely upon my claim but upon my person. He returned to his desk across the aisle. My spirit was desolate, my hopes drained dry.

MR. SANTINI figured the claims without my deductions as writer or teacher. I owed the government $137.13. I glanced desperately around the office. The other claimants had long since departed, and a small cluster of agents were chatting away the remaining minutes until five o'clock. One agent—portly, balding, but youngish—walked over to the desk. Mr. Santini introduced us and I felt at once in the presence of a superior spirit who looked upon the petty goings-on in that vast room as a kind of legalistic gymnastic, a game dedicated to the agile exercise of statutes and precedents. He had been studying tax law at New York University for nine years and assured me that my ordeal paled before those he had been through or was about to face.

"In fact, Mr. Rosenberg," he said, "I myself, Treasury Agent Bronstein, just disallowed my own claim as Taxpayer Bronstein. And do you know what I'm doing? I'm fighting it in Tax Court. *Bronstein vs. The Treasury Department* comes up in two months. That's how fair we are. We've got to see it from the other fellow's point of view, from your point of view, Mr. Rosenberg. And to show you how just we are, I'm getting time off from this Department in order to fight this Department. Do you know of anything like it?"

I confessed that I didn't, indeed, that my awe waxed as my hopes waned. Appealing both to his sense of justice and to the Talmudic logicalities of his mind, I explained, "Had you allowed my tuition and disallowed my rent, I would have signed; had you allowed my rent and not my tuition, I would . . ."

"Ah!" he interrupted with a palms-up shrug in his voice, "had He fed us on manna, and not given us the Sabbath, it would suffice us. Had He given us the Sabbath, and not brought us near Him at Sinai, it would suffice us. Had He brought us . . ."

"Precisely! The Lord granted *all* to His Chosen People, and you allow nothing."

He seemed touched by the disparity and, in a conciliatory gesture, picked up the topmost of the periodicals on Mr. Santini's desk. "What does 'Jay Ee Gee Pee' mean?"

"It's an abbreviation for *Journal of English and Germanic Philology,* a scholarly periodical of modest circulation."

"You write it?"

"One of the articles is mine."

Helpfully but mistakenly, Mr. Santini pointed to "Zur Textgestaltung des *West-östlichen Divans:* Orthographie und Interpunktion." Mr. Bronstein thumbed incredulously through another entitled "The Structure of Eyrbyggja Saga," and I sat back thinking it didn't much matter anyway. Then he began to recite, as if in some bizarre foreign tongue, " 'Thus Auden, who conceives of Tennyson as a kind of disembodied ear, mindless and melancholy . . .' " I was pleased that he had at last found my article.

"Why do you write these things?"

"Because I am a literary critic and this is what literary critics write."

"Is it a business, trade, or profession?"

"Well, it's certainly not a business. And the exchange value of six complimentary copies hardly makes it a trade. Call it a profession; in my case a nonremunerative one, a charity you might say."

"No good. If it's a charity, you've got to be

John D. Rosenberg recently received his doctorate from Columbia and he also holds degrees from Cambridge University. He is an English instructor at the City College of New York and has published critical articles in a number of literary journals. His book on Ruskin—"The Darkening Glass"—won the Ansley Award and will appear this fall.

certified and incorporated. You see, it's all a question of motive. Say a man's out to make a profit—even if he doesn't, that's still his motive, and we let him deduct expenses incurred while trying to make the money he didn't make. That's fine. Now have any of these things ever earned you anything, or did you ever write them *thinking* they might, even pennies?"

It dawned on me that perhaps Mr. Bronstein had taken it upon himself to act as my advocate, as he was about to do for himself in *Bronstein vs. The Treasury Department.* Still, in deference to his own disinterestedness, I refused to lie: "No, the profit motive doesn't fit. It is the nature of such journals to lack funds, as it is the nature of their contributors not to seek them. But suppose my motive was recognition, status, getting ahead in my profession. We have a slogan where I work—publish or perish. Why not call it an obligatory expense, necessary to my professional survival?"

I believed I had at last scored a point, but Mr. Bronstein looked glumly at Mr. Santini and spoke for them both: "You don't get tenure till you have your Ph.D.?"

I recognized the old sophistry and tried to squelch it at once: "True, but totally irrelevant."

"True, but terribly relevant, Mr. Rosenberg. As a *temporary* employee, you can't claim that you write in order to hold a job you haven't yet secured. And if the motive is tenure, then you are seeking a new position and that, you know, the government doesn't allow."

"All right, then, let's forget the whole business. Refund *all* my taxes, since the government can't collect on the earnings of a job which it insists I do not have."

Mr. Bronstein was pleased by the paradox, Mr. Santini perplexed. I answered their silence with a riddle: "Gentlemen, I write but am not a writer; teach but am not a teacher, study but am not a student. What am I?"

"A taxpayer, even such as I," Mr. Bronstein replied. With that I began to pick up the exhibits which littered Mr. Santini's desk—bursar's receipts, transcripts, rent checks, journals. A stack of letters from various editors was beyond my reach. Mr. Bronstein passed them to me and, to my embarrassment, started to read one from John Crowe Ransom. It was a lovely letter, full of generous praise, but it concluded with an even more generous apology for rejecting one of my essays. For the first time during the long afternoon—now early evening—I felt something like outrage. His face alight in incomprehensible triumph, his finger pointing to the final paragraph, he thrust the letter across the desk. The two men were suddenly transfixed. "Do they pay?" Mr. Bronstein asked insistently.

"What's the difference? They never printed the piece."

"The matter of motive, Mr. Rosenberg, the matter of motive! Do they pay?"

"A few dollars a page, perhaps. But this is a rejection."

"A rejection, Santini, he says it's a *rejection!* You hoped to make some money when you wrote it? You submitted it *knowing* they pay?"

"My motive was in part remunerative."

"You have more of the same?"

"More than I care to acknowledge."

"Mr. Rosenberg, the riddle is solved. You are not an unincorporated charity; you are a professional writer." Mr. Santini nodded vigorously.

THE riddle only deepened in my own eyes, for I could not comprehend why my rejection slips and not my published articles proved that I was a professional. I sorted out the other paying rejections from the pile of nonremunerative acceptances and handed them to Mr. Bronstein. "Can we keep them on file?"

"All except the one from John Crowe Ransom. I have a certain fondness for it." Mr. Bronstein, too, had become attached to it, for he suddenly left the room letter in hand, while Mr. Santini began to refigure my claims, pausing only to wonder aloud why I had so long concealed the rejections.

"One hundred sixty dollars thirteen cents for 1956; one hundred fourteen twenty for 1955; total of two hundred seventy-four dollars thirty-three cents; allow eight weeks for the check to arrive."

While I signed in triplicate, Mr. Bronstein returned with three Verifax copies of the Ransom letter, which Mr. Santini stapled to my claims. They scrutinized the completed dossier and Mr. Bronstein assured me it would pass the supervisor. "But," he added, "if you had brought rejections from real magazines, like *Harper's* or the *Saturday Evening Post,* nobody in the whole Internal Revenue Service could bat an eyelash."

I thanked him for his advice, Mr. Santini for his patience and, as I walked out onto West Houston Street, had an inspiration. I would write word for word what had transpired, submit it yearly to *Harper's,* and every April append my rejection slip to the relevant portion of Form 1040. And I would be free for as long as I cared to write for *JEGP, PMLA, ASLHM, MLQ, QJS,* and *ZfRPh.*

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

KENNETH CLARK

ART AND SOCIETY

One of the few truly distinguished art critics of our time considers the thorniest of the controversies that harass the world of art —the relation of the artist to his audience.

ART is an extensive word. In this essay I limit it to the branch of art that I know best, the visual arts: and I take this term to cover everything made in response to the feeling that certain events or objects of contemplation, seen or imagined, are so important that they must be recorded; and that certain objects of use are so important that they must be enriched. These two aspects of visual art I refer to as image and ornament. They used to be called "fine art" and "applied art," and in the nineteenth century were severely distinguished from one another. Today we tend to minimize this distinction. We believe that the form-creating instinct can express itself in both ornament and image; all ornament, however abstract, suggests some visual experience; all images, however factual, reveal some sense of design. Both are forms of order. And both are sacramental. "What is this sacrament?" as the catechism says. "The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Both image and ornament are revelations of a state of mind and social temper.

Having accepted this basic unity, however, these two branches of visual art show very great differences, especially in their relationship to society, and I shall consider them separately. I think it true to say that all image art of any value has been made by, or on behalf of, a small minority: not necessarily a governing class in a political sense, but a governing class in an intellectual and spiritual sense. Since I shall often refer to this minority, I must decide what to call it. Plato's "governors" is too narrow a term, Rousseau's *volonté générale* is too wide and too mysterious. For the sake of brevity I have referred to it as an *élite;* although in fact it is not elected, and may be drawn from any class of society.

Images are not made for fun. In fact it is almost true to say that all image art of value illustrates or confirms a system of belief held by an elite, and very often is employed consciously as a means of maintaining that system. Obvious examples are the theocratic art of Egypt, the Parthenon with its Olympian embodiment of Greek philosophy, the stained glass of Chartres and Bourges illustrating not only Christian legend but the whole superstructure of patristic theology, the temples of Angkor and Borobudur, the Basilica of Assisi and its Buddhist equivalent Ajanta, the Stanze of Raphael, and so forth, down to David's picture of the Oath of the Horatii. The list could be expanded till in the end it would include most of the greatest visible feats of human imagination and all of those which are in any way related to society and do not depend solely on the genius of an individual artist. It seems that an image achieves the concentration, clarity, and rhythmic energy which make it memorable only when it illustrates or confirms what a minority believes to be an important truth.

The images provided for the majority by the elite may be more, or less, popular. Franciscan art in the thirteenth century and Baroque art in the seventeenth century were two attempts to create a new repertoire of images which should be more popular than that which preceded it. Both consciously exploited emotionalism. But the artists who gave the finest expression of those styles—let us say Cimabue and Bernini—were working for a small group of patrons, and were deeply receptive of their ideas. Bernini's Saint Theresa became a popular image; it revealed to the majority a hidden need. But it was Bernini's own invention and in its origin it owed nothing to popular demands. Even the images which we first believe to have a popular origin—for ex-

ample those charming woodcuts known as *images d' Epinal*—are for the most part naïve and imperfect memories of images already invented for the elite by such an artist as Philippe de Champagne. The only exceptions I can think of are those anecdotal strips which simply tell a story, often with the help of balloons of text. Such were the illustrations of late antique manuscripts, the painting of popular artists like Pacino di Bonaguida, the *Biblia Pauperum* and its derivatives, and a number of Japanese scrolls, like the comic animals attributed to Toba Sojo. These, I believe, are the only forms of autochthonous popular image art before the nineteenth century, and I mention them now because they reveal a fundamental characteristic of all popular art: that it is concerned with narration.

At first sight ornament would seem to be a more popular form of expression than image. Ornament has the character of a language—nineteenth-century writers used, quite properly, to speak of the grammar of ornament—and in so far as it is a living language it is accepted almost unconsciously by the majority. However there is this difference, that whereas language seems to have evolved unconsciously from mass needs, a system of ornament has seldom been invented by "the people." In fact I can think of only one exception: the pottery of the Mexican Indians, which is outstandingly beautiful and does seem to be a genuine popular creation. In Europe good folk ornament turns out almost always to be a cruder rendering of a minority style; and I think the same is true of China, India, Persia, and the whole Moslem culture. I would even extend this to the most vital and expressive of all ornament styles—that produced by the so-called folk-wandering peoples. I believe that the finest Scythian ornaments were by a great artist working for a chief, and that most of what has been discovered in Scandinavia or Scotland is a half-understood imitation of these aristocratic adornments.

In ornament the ulterior motive is less strong than in the image. It does not openly recommend a system. But no one maintains that it exists solely to please the eye, and lacks ulterior motive altogether. It is an assertion of status—whether in a cope or crown or crosier or *portail royal* or precious reliquary. This fact, which has been worked out in detail by Marxist historians, is taken by them as a condemnation of art; and, as everyone knows, Veblen coined for it the expression "conspicuous waste." This expression is apt, but I do not find it at all damaging. All art is waste in a material sense; and the idea that things should be made more precious-looking in accordance with the status of the user seems to me entirely fitting. I think that a bishop should have finer vestments than a deacon and that the portal of a cathedral should be more richly ornamented than the door of a warehouse. I would go further, and say that ornament is inseparable from hierarchy. It is not only the result, but the cause of status. The carving on the corner capitals of the Doge's Palace and the central window of the Palazzo Farnese confer a kind of kingship on those points of the buildings. In a democratic building, where all windows are equal, no ornament is permissible; although I understand that the higher executives may have more windows.

THE FIRST AND SECOND LAWS

So I would deduce from history this first law (in the Ruskinian sense) of the relationship of art and society: that visual art, whether it takes the form of images or ornament, is made by a minority for a minority, and would add this rider, that the image-making part is usually controlled in the interests of a system, and that the ornamental part is usually the index of status.

Created by a minority: yes, but accepted by the majority unquestionably, eagerly, and with a sense of participation. The degree of physical participation in the great popular works of art is hard to assess. We know that in the building of the Gothic cathedrals—Chartres is the most familiar example—whole villages moved to be nearer the work, and men were prepared to learn subsidiary crafts in order to help the professional masons. We can assume that the same was true of Borobudur or Ellora, although the economic status of the workers may have been different. A parallel in modern life would be the building of a great liner in Clydebank, where the whole life of the town depends on the work. But apart from this active participation, one has only to read the accounts of how in the great ages of artistic creation works of art were brought into existence

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Sir Kenneth Clark, eminent art historian, was formerly Director of the National Gallery in London, Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, and Chairman of the Independent Television Authority of Great Britain. His books include "The Gothic Revival," "Moments of Vision," and "The Nude." This essay is adapted from his address at the Cooper Union Centennial in New York in late 1959 and the Lloyd-Roberts lecture given to the Royal College of Physicians.

—the long and serious thought which preceded the commission, the public anxiety about its progress, the joy when it was at last accomplished, and the procession in which it was carried to its destination, to the sound of bells and singing of a Te Deum—one has only to come upon such documents, common enough in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and applicable, surely, to Olympia and the Acropolis of Athens, to recognize that the society of those times needed art, believed without question in the value of art, and participated imaginatively in its making. So this would be my second law: that a healthy and vital relationship between art and society exists when the majority feel that art is absolutely necessary to them, to confirm their beliefs, to inform them about matters of lasting importance, and to make the invisible visible.

Now in saying that this is the *healthiest* relationship between art and society, I must not be understood as saying that these are the *only* circumstances under which good works of art can be produced. Even before 1870 great pictures were painted by individuals who had no relationship with society at all and whose work was distasteful or incomprehensible to the majority. Rembrandt and Turner, in their later phases, are obvious examples. In the history of art, as in all history, nothing poses a more delicate problem of interpretation than the relationship between individual genius and the general will. But even if we believe, as I am inclined to do, that inspiration is more likely to illuminate an individual than a mass and that all the memorable forms of art were originally invented by individuals of genius, we must agree that at certain periods these individuals are isolated, at others they enlist behind them a whole army of assent and participation.

Nor is this direct relationship of need and unquestioning belief certain to produce good art. Artistic faculties are somewhat unequally—we may think unfairly—distributed among the peoples of the globe; and although the relationship may be sound, not all needs have the same validity. However, I am sufficiently a Ruskinian to believe that when a society, over a long period, produces an art which is lacking in vitality and imaginative power, but which nevertheless seems to be accepted by the majority, there is something wrong with that society.

This brings me back to the part of my opening definition, where I said that art was a sacrament; and I must now consider how an inward and spiritual grace can be given outward and visible form. The answer is, through symbols. A symbol is a sort of analogy in the physical sphere for some spiritual or intellectual experience. Usually it is the concentration of several related experiences so complex that they cannot be expressed in any rational form, and so intense that a physical symbol suggests itself unconsciously. We know from the saints of every religion that the most poignant spiritual experiences demand expression by physical analogies, and, in spite of Pascal and Spinoza, we may infer that spiritual experiences which remain abstract are not usually very intense. Symbols may start as a result of private revelations, but their value in art depends on the degree to which they can be felt and accepted by others. In fact nearly all intensely felt symbols have some universal quality, which makes them comprehensible even when their maker believes them to be peculiar to himself. But it is also true that the sacramental character of art is far more easily achieved when the principal objects of belief have already been given a symbolic form which is generally recognized and accepted: in other words, when there is an established mythology and iconography.

WHY AN EMPTY CHAIR WILL NOT DO

IN THIS question of art and society the importance of an accepted iconography cannot be overstated. Without it the network of beliefs and customs which holds a society together may never take shape as art. If an iconography contains a number of sufficiently powerful symbols, it can positively alter a philosophic system. The points of dogma for which no satisfactory image can be created tend to be dropped from popular religious exposition, and episodes which have scarcely occupied the attention of theologians tend to grow in importance if they produce a compelling image. I would go so far as to say that the failure to discover a satisfactory symbol for the Holy Ghost has seriously impaired our concept of the Trinity.

Let me give an example of iconographic triumph and disaster from one painter in one place: Titian in Venice. In the Frari his sublime image of the Assumption of the Virgin is so corporeally convincing that it provided a point of departure for Baroque painting, and this image was to float in the background of Catholic imagination down to our own day. In the "Salute" is Titian's painting of Pentecost, a work over which he took great pains, but without success. It was the final blow to a subject which had never found an impressive

iconographical form, and which in spite of its theological importance, gradually faded from the consciousness of popular Catholicism. Let me take another example from Buddhism. It had been categorically laid down that the Buddha must not be portrayed, and in the earliest scenes of his life, such as those on the stupa at Sanchi, the central point of each episode is left a blank —an empty chair or a deserted boat. This insult to the image-making faculty was not to be borne, and a representation of the Buddha was finally accepted. But where did it come from? From the imitation, in the fringes of the Buddhist world, of some Praxitelian Apollo. Thus the most extreme example of spirituality was embodied by the most concrete expression of physical beauty. Conversely, dogma may triumph over the popular love of imagery in a theocratic society, and produce an iconography, like that of later Buddhism, with its 10,000 Buddhas, which deprives images of all artistic quality.

Lest it should be thought that this question of iconography does not apply to modern life, let me add that it is not confined to dogmatic religion. For example, the iconography of the Romantic Movement from 1790 to 1830 was almost as compulsive as if it had been laid down by the Council of Trent. The tiger—in Blake, Stubbs, Géricault, Delacroix, Barye, and a dozen lesser artists; the cloud—in Wordsworth and Byron, Shelley, Turner, and Constable; the shipwreck—in Byron, Turner, Goya, Géricault, Delacroix, and Victor Hugo: these are symbols of Romanticism, used and accepted unconsciously because they expressed the new worship of nature and power, and a new sense of destiny. I think it would be a mistake to call this state of mind a religion. That word should be reserved for beliefs which are based on a book of holy writ and involve certain formal observances. But at least we can say that the belief in nature, which expressed itself in the landscape painting of the nineteenth century and has remained the most productive source of popular art to this day, is a non-material belief. It is something which cannot be justified by reason alone and seems to lift the life of the senses onto a higher plane.

This suggests another "law" in the relationship of art and society: that it is valuable only when the spiritual life is strong enough to insist on some sort of expression through symbols. No great social arts can be based on material values or physical sensations alone.

This "law" leads me to consider the problem of luxury art. Now, it would be dishonest for me to take a puritanical or Veblenist view of luxury art. Moreover there is a point—Watteau's "Enseigne de Gersaint" is an example—at which the sensuous quality of luxury art is so fine that it offers a spiritual experience. We are playing with words and concepts which, as we breathe on them, become alive and flutter from our hands. Still, the fact remains that, in the long run, luxury art implies the reverse of what I have called a healthy relationship between art and society and so has a deadening effect. The most obvious example is the art of eighteenth-century France, where, however, the arrogant elaboration demanded by powerful patrons is sometimes sweetened, and given lasting value, by a reasonable belief in the *douceur de vivre*. But the predominance of luxury art in the eighteenth century is a short and harmless episode compared to that long slumber of the creative imagination which lasted from the end of the second century B.C. to the third century A.D. For almost five hundred years not a single new form of any value was invented except, perhaps, in architecture. Works from the preceding centuries were reproduced interminably —made smoother and sweeter for private collectors, bigger and coarser for the public.

What can we say of the relations of this art to the society which produced and accepted it? That no one believed in its symbols; that no one looked to it for confirmation or enlightenment. In short that no one wanted it, except as a conventional form of display. The Romans did not want art and they did not make it; but they collected it.

The problem of luxury art is complicated by the fact that the periods in which it predominates are usually periods when the art of the past is collected and esteemed. This was obviously the case in Hellenized Rome and in eighteenth-century England; conversely the idea of collecting and displaying works of an earlier period was

VOYAGE

SAMUEL MENASHE

Water opens without end
At the prow of a ship
Rising to descend
Away from it

Days become one
I am who I was

hardly known in those cultures where the need for art was strong and widely diffused. One must distinguish, of course, between the fruitful use by artists of earlier works, which took place in thirteenth-century Rheims no less than in fifteenth-century Florence, and the competitive accumulation of collectors. The feeling for the art of the past in Donatello or Ghiberti is entirely different from that of the eighteenth-century connoisseurs—at once more passionate and more practical. "How can I use these admirable inventions to give my own message?" "How can I surpass them in truth or expressive power?" These are the questions aroused by the work of the past in the great ages of art. In periods of luxury art, on the other hand, works of the past are collected at worst for reasons of prestige and at best in order to establish a standard of taste. The concept of good taste is the virtuous profession of luxury art. But one cannot imagine it existing in the twelfth century, or even in the Renaissance; and without going into the complex question of what the words can mean, I am inclined to doubt if a completely healthy relationship between art and society is possible while the concept of good taste exists.

WHAT COUNTS IS THE COUNT

SUCH, then, are the deductions that I would make from studying the history of art; and I have ventured, in the nineteenth-century manner, to call them laws. It is arguable that this word should never be applied to the historical process: we see too little. But at least we can say that these are strong probabilities which should be our first criteria when we come to examine the relations of art to society at the present day. In doing so I may be allowed one assumption: that fundamentally human beings have not changed. The picture of human nature which we derive from the Book of Kings or the Fourth Dynasty Egyptian portrait heads in Cairo and Boston is much the same as what we know today, and I think we may safely assume that it will take more than television and the internal combustion engine to change us. In fact, I would suppose that we have more in common with the Middle Ages than our fathers had, because to us universal destruction is an actual possibility, whereas to our fathers it was only a pious fiction. However, if human nature has not changed, human society has; and changed as the result of a basic shift of mental outlook.

This change can be described in one word: materialism. The word has taken on a pejorative sense, but materialism has been the source of achievements which have added immeasurably to the well-being and happiness of mankind. Whether as the dialectical materialism of the East or the liberal materialism of the West, it has given to masses of men a new standard of living, a new sense of status, and a new hope. These benefits have been achieved because materialism has been the philosophical basis of two outstanding human activities, one in the moral and one in the intellectual sphere: humanitarianism and science. These are the integrating forces of our culture, and they are as powerful, and as all-pervasive, as was Christianity in the Middle Ages.

Now, how does this underlying philosophy of materialism relate to art? One cannot help being aware of one very serious obstacle. Materialism and all its children are dedicated to measurement. Bentham's philosophy was based on the greatest good for the greatest *number*. Democracy depends on counting the *number* of votes. All social studies are based on statistics. Science, although it claims to have outgrown that phase, reached its present position by an unprecedented accuracy of measurement.

In its century of triumph, measurement has even become an article of faith. The potential of faith in the human mind is probably fairly constant, but it attaches itself to different ideas or manifestations at different periods. The bones of the Saints, the Rights of Man, psychoanalysis —all these have been the means of precipitating a quantity of faith which is always in solution. People probably believe as much nonsense today as they did in the Middle Ages; but we demand of our precipitant that it *look* as if it could be proved—that it appear to be measurable. People might have believed in art during the last fifty years if its effects could have been stated in an immense table of figures or a very complicated graph; of course they would not have checked the figures or understood the graph, but the existence of these symbols of measurement would have sustained their faith.

But we cannot measure the amount of satisfaction which we derive from a song. We cannot even measure the relative greatness of artists, and attempts to do so by giving marks, popular in the eighteenth century, produced ridiculous results; Giulio Romano always came out top of the poll, which as we all know, by some unanalyzable form of knowledge, is incorrect. The more honest philosophers of materialism have recognized that art cannot be measured in material terms. Bentham invented the unforgettable

comparison between pushpin and poetry, coming down on the side of pushpin because more people wanted it. Poetry he defined as "misrepresentation," which is the liberal counterpart to Veblen's "conspicuous waste." The philosophers of dialectical materialism have accepted art only in so far as its magical properties have conceded the right to enjoy and even to produce art among the rights of minorities. Art is the opiate of the few.

How are the philosophic assumptions of materialism reflected in the actual status of art in modern society? It is incontrovertible that fine art, as the word is usually understood, is the preserve of a very small minority. We must not be bamboozled by the claim that more people listen to "good" music or visit picture galleries; nor even by the fact that a few of us have tricked the unsuspecting viewer into looking at old pictures on television. Similar claims could be made for the nineteenth century—for example, during the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, special trains ran from all over England, and whole factories closed down in order that the workers could enjoy the experience of art; and yet the next fifty years saw the consolidation of a Philistinism unequaled since the Roman Republic.

Anyone who has been concerned with those "arts" which really depend on the support of a majority—the cinema, television, or wholesale furnishing—knows that the minority which is interested in art is so small as to be irrelevant in any serious calculation. In England, the majority is not merely apathetic, but hostile to art. A recent example was the film of *The Horse's Mouth,* which the exhibitors would not show (in spite of brilliant acting and hilarious comedy) simply because the leading character was an artist. If only, they said, he had been a schoolmaster or a doctor! This is perfectly understandable. The existence of these freakish members of society whose usefulness cannot be demonstrated, but who often seem to be enjoying themselves and sometimes even to be making money, is an affront to the ordinary hard-working man. It is fair to say that in spite of this feeling, artists are treated tolerantly in democratic countries.

We should be grateful for this tolerance, but does it not fall far short of my second condition for a healthy relationship between art and society: that the majority feel art to be absolutely necessary to them; that they are not merely consumers, but participants; and that they receive works of art as the expression of their own deepest feelings?

Before answering this question, I must look back at my original definition of the word "art." Do the majority still feel that material things must be made more precious? Do they still feel that certain images are so important that they must be preserved? In a sense the answer is "yes." The majority still want ornament on their clothes, their furnishing fabrics, their wallpapers, and many objects of daily use. More than this, they still mind very much how things look, independent of their utility. Whether it be dress or automobile design, they are still in the grip of style. They and the designers are swept along by a blind destiny, a mysterious force which they cannot analyze, but of which they are acutely conscious when they look back at the fashions of twenty years ago.

A NECESSARY PURGE

BUT no one pretends that, in the last fifty years, the use of ornament has revealed a satisfactory relationship between art and society. Ruskin and William Morris supposed that this was due to the intervention of the machine. But this theory turns out to be applicable only to the Gothic style. In almost every other style the machine is an extended tool that can be used with confidence; and for that matter a great deal of the ornament of the past, from the Viking goldsmith work of Sutton Hoo to the inlaid panels of the Taj Mahal, is entirely devoid of manual sensibility and might just as well have been made by a machine.

From a technical point of view, the premises on which ornamental art is produced have not greatly changed. When we examine it in the light of my other laws, however, the change is considerable. With a single exception, the ornament favored by the majority is no longer made for an elite; and it no longer has any underlying sense of symbolic meaning. In one branch of art —in architecture—it has almost ceased to exist; and although we have now grown used to buildings without ornament, the historian must record that this is a unique event in the history of art, and one which would certainly have shocked those famous architects of the past who gave so much thought to the character of their ornament, and counted upon it at all points of focus and transition. The great refusal of modern architecture was perhaps a necessary purge and had certain health-giving consequences. But often it is simply an impoverishment, an excuse for meanness and a triumph for the spirit that denies. That it is not the expression of a popular

will we learn when we look down the blank face of a modern building into the shop windows at its base; and this leads me to the exception I mentioned just now: it is women's dress. There, it seems to me, the compulsion is so strong that a healthy relationship between art and society is never lost. I am not suggesting that all fashions are equally good—of course there are moments of failing invention and false direction. But they always right themselves because there is an indestructible *volonté générale*—an interaction between the elite and the masses, a sense of status and an unconscious feeling for symbolism.

If the position of ornament in modern society is uneasy and incomplete, the position of image art has suffered a far more drastic change, owing to the invention of the camera. The public hunger for memorable and credible images has in no way declined, but it is satisfied every day by illustrated papers; and the love of landscape which, as I said, was one of the chief spiritual conquests of the nineteenth century, is fed by colored postcards. I am not denying that there is an element of art in press photography; I will also admit that I derive a pleasure from colored postcards which must, I suppose, be called aesthetic. I prefer a good colored postcard to a bad landscape painting. But in both these projections of the image, much of what we believe gives art its value is necessarily omitted. There is selection, but no order, and no extension of the imaginative faculty.

To realize how destructive has been the effect of the camera on image art, consider the art of portraiture. The desire to hand down one's likeness to posterity produced one of the chief social arts of the postmedieval world. It did so because the portrait painters of the time had behind them an immense weight of *volonté générale*. The sitters participated because they knew that their desire to perpetuate their likenesses could not be achieved in any other way. Now, no one supposes that a photograph, however skillful, is comparable with a Goya as a work of art, or even as a likeness. But the fact that photography exists, and can tell us far more accurately than a mediocre painting what people looked like, has knocked away the foundation upon which portraiture rested. There is no longer a feeling of participation in the sitters. The portrait painter no longer feels that he is really needed, any more than ornament is needed on a building; and so he, too, has become an anachronism.

The portrait is typical of the decline of confidence in art which is felt unconsciously by the mass of people as a result of the camera. There is however one form of popular imagery which is not entirely dependent on photography, and that is the poster. Here, a number of my conditions for a healthy relationship between art and society obtain. Posters are made on behalf of a minority and aim at supporting some belief; they appeal to a majority, and millions of people derive from them what they take to be information about matters which they believe to be important. Moreover, posters achieve their effects through the use of symbols, and it is a curious fact that the ordinary man will accept in posters a symbolic treatment, a freedom from realism, which he would not accept in a picture framed in a gallery, simply because a poster does not exist for its own sake, but is concerned with something he needs. All this is true, and yet we know that in spite of many effective and memorable posters, advertising has not produced an art comparable to the windows of Chartres Cathedral; and never can. The reason is, of course, that it lacks what I have called the sacramental element in art. I said earlier that the nearest equivalent in modern life to the building of a medieval cathedral was the construction of a giant liner. But the liner is built for the convenience of passengers and the benefit of shareholders. The cathedral was built to the glory of God. One might add that advertising art is concerned with lies, of a relatively harmless and acceptable kind; but one must remember that the great art of the past was also concerned with lies, often of a much more dangerous kind. The difference is not one of truth, but of the different realms to which these two forms of art belong—the realm of matter and the realm of spirit.

CAPTURE YOUR BIRD ALIVE

I NEED not press any further the point that the philosophy of materialism is hostile to art. But what about its two noble kinsmen, humanitarianism and science? Although they are to a great extent committed to measurement, they are not wholly materialistic. They recognize values which we may call moral, intellectual, and even aesthetic. They are the integrating beliefs of the last 150 years. How are they connected with art?

The more enlightened supporters of humanitarianism have often bewailed the fact that art seems to have flourished in societies which were quite the reverse of humane. Yet we feel instinctively that this is natural; that kindness, mildness, decency, are not as likely to produce art as violence, passion, and ruthlessness. One of

the most ancient and persistent images in art is the lion devouring a horse or deer; and it must puzzle the humanitarian mind that this bloodthirsty episode came to be accepted as a suitable decoration for pagan sarcophagi; then entered Christian iconography as a symbol of the spiritual life; and finally became the dominating motif of the only great religious painter of the nineteenth century, Delacroix. The answer is given in Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell,* and I will not be so foolish as to elaborate it. But I may quote the words of a great living painter: "It isn't enough to have the eyes of a gazelle; you also need the claws of a cat in order to capture your bird alive and play with it before you eat it and so join its life to yours." To put it less picturesquely, art depends on a condition of spiritual energy, which must devour and transform all that is passive and phlegmatic in life, and no amount of good will can take the place of this creative hunger.

I am not saying that violence and brutality *beget* art, or that there is not still far too much violence and brutality left in the world. The bright new towns in our welfare state are an achievement of which humanity may be proud. But do not let us suppose that this peaceful, humdrum, hell-free, de-Christianized life has been achieved without loss. And apart from the unlikeliness of art being forged at such a low temperature, the doctrine of equality and the drift toward equality, on which such a society depends, run counter to one of my first laws. We have many reliable indications of what Mr. and Mrs. Honest Everyman really want. We don't need surveys and questionnaires—only a glance at suburban or provincial furniture stores and television advertisements. There we see the art of a prosperous democracy—the art that is easily unwrapped—the art of least resistance. This would not matter much, were it not that Gresham's law—that bad money drives out good—is equally true of spiritual currency; and we are all surrounded by far more bad art than we are aware of. I observed during the war, when the amount of conspicuous waste was cut down in the interest of economy, and objects of daily use, like teacups, were made without even a curve, let alone a pattern, that the appetite for real works of art was much keener and more discriminating than it was before.

With science the position is rather different. It is not so much a soil in which art will not grow as it is a rival crop. The development of physical science in the last hundred years has been one of the most colossal efforts the human intellect has ever made. Now, I think it is arguable that human beings can produce, in a given epoch, only a certain amount of creative power, and that this is directed to different ends at different times; and I believe that the dazzling achievements of science during the last seventy years have deflected many of those skills and endowments which go to the making of a work of art. To begin with, there is the sheer energy. In every molding of a Florentine palace we are conscious of an immense intellectual energy, and it is the absence of this energy in the nineteenth-century copies of Renaissance buildings which makes them seem so dead. To find a form with the same vitality as the window moldings of the Palazzo Strozzi, I must wait till I get back into an airplane, and look at the relation of the engine to the wing. That form is alive, not (as used to be said) because it is functional—many functional shapes are entirely uninteresting—but because it is animated by the breath of modern science.

WARM BLOOD IN SCIENCE

THE deflections from art to science are the more serious because these are not, as used to be supposed, two contrary activities, but draw on many of the same capacities of the human mind. In the last resort each depends on the imagination. Artist and scientist alike are trying to give concrete form to dimly apprehended ideas. Both, in the words of Aristotle's famous definition of poetry, are hoping "to see similars in dissimilars." "All science," says Dr. Bronowski, "is the search for unity in hidden likenesses, and the starting point is an image, because then the unity is before our mind's eye." He gives the example of how Copernicus' notion of the solar system was inspired by the old astrological image of man with the signs of the Zodiac distributed about his body, and notices how Copernicus uses warm-blooded expressions to describe the chilly operations of outer space. "The earth conceives from the sun" or "The sun rules a family of stars." Our scientists are no longer as anthropomorphic as that; but they still depend on humanly comprehensible images, and the valid symbols of our time, invented to embody some scientific truth, have taken root in the popular imagination. Do those red and blue balls connected by rods really resemble a type of atomic structure? I am too ignorant to say, but I accept the symbol just as an early Christian accepted the Fish or the Lamb, and I find it echoed or even (it would seem) antici-

pated in the work of modern artists like Kandinsky and Miró.

Finally there is the question of popular interest and approval. The position of science in the modern world illustrates clearly what I meant by a vital relationship with society. Science is front-page news; every child has a scientific toy; small boys dream of space ships; big boys know how to make a radio set. What does a compulsory visit to an art museum mean compared to this? An opportunity to fool about and hide behind the showcases? And, at the other end of the scale, the research scientist has universities competing for his favors with millions of dollars' worth of plant and equipment, while principalities and powers wait breathless for his conclusions. So he goes to work, as Titian once did, confident that he will succeed, because he knows that everybody needs him.

ELITE OR PRIESTHOOD?

SUCH are the conclusions which force themselves upon me when I examine, in the light of history, the present relations of art and society. Those who care for art and feel a sense of loyalty to their own times may feel it their duty to refute these conclusions, but I think they will find it difficult to do so without straining the evidence. Does this mean that a broadly based social art is unlikely to appear for a long time? I am inclined to think so. This is not as catastrophic as it sounds. At least 90 per cent of our fellow countrymen get on very well without art, and I don't quite know why we should bother about them or try to persuade them to take an interest. No one tries to persuade me to take an interest in racing. And yet some instinct I can neither define nor defend makes me believe that people without art are incomplete and that posterity will have a poor opinion of them; and so I peer anxiously into the dark scene I have described. This is what I find.

The fact that art is not only tolerated, but actually supported by government and municipal funds, although it is hardly worth a single vote and practically no politician has the faintest belief or interest in it, shows that it has retained some of its magic power. The unbelieving majority still recognize that the believing minority, in picture galleries and concert halls, achieve a state of mind of peculiar value. There are very few people who have never had an aesthetic experience, either from the sound of a band or the sight of a sunset or the action of a horse. The words "beauty" and "beautiful" often pass the lips of those who have never looked at a work of art—oftener, perhaps, than they pass the lips of museum curators—and some meaning must be attached to them.

I believe that the majority of people really long to experience that moment of pure, disinterested, nonmaterial satisfaction which causes them to ejaculate the word "beautiful"; and since this experience can be obtained more reliably through works of art than through any other means, I believe that those of us who try to make works of art more accessible are not wasting our time. But how little we know of what we are doing. I am not even sure that museum art and its modern derivatives, however extended and skillfully contrived, will ever bring about a healthy relationship between art and society. It is too deeply rooted in cultural values which only a small minority can acquire.

Here we reach the crux of the problem: the nature of the elite. It was my first conclusion that art cannot exist without one, my second that the elite must inspire confidence in the majority. During the last hundred years values in art have been established by a minority so small and so cut off from the sources of life, that it cannot be called an elite in my sense of the word. Let us call it a priesthood, and add that in preserving its mysteries from the profanation of all-conquering materialism, it has made them rather too mysterious. There is something admirable in all forms of bigotry, but I do not believe that we can return to a healthy relationship between art and society over so narrow a bridge. On the contrary, I believe that our hope lies in an expanding elite, an elite drawn from every class, and with varying degrees of education, but united in a belief that nonmaterial values can be discovered in visible things.

Is it fatuous to interpret the large sale of books on art and the relative success of certain television programs as a sign that such an elite is forming? But even if these are genuine snowdrops, and not paper flowers stuck in the woods by hopeful highbrows, many obstacles will remain. There is a lack of an iconography. There is the glut of false art which blunts our appetites. There is even the danger that true art may be degraded through the media of mass communications. But I believe that all these obstacles can be overcome if only the *need* for art, which lies dormant and unperceived in the spirit of every man, yet is manifested by him unconsciously every day, can be united with the *will* to art which must remain the endowment, and the responsibility, of the happy few.

Harper's Magazine, August 1961

UBLIC & PERSONAL



WILLIAM S. WHITE

The Good Old Summertime

o what extent is the President ned by circumstance? . . . And t can the American people do to in the freedom of choice—and the ients of relaxation—that can make present lives worth living?

SHINGTON—There is no e "good old Summertime." Per- s there never will be again for us ericans of the twentieth century— ipt, just possibly, for those who now very young.

he old-time Summer, even in ods of overhanging national crisis listress, had in it some uncon- able occasional quality of re- tion and of rest. The phrase "in good old Summertime" had real ning, for example, in August of when the revolution known as New Deal was taking identifiable e in this country. Much that urgent was going on, to be sure, there was cruel economic suffer- All the same, a certain lazy rfulness and fecklessness kept king through, if only now and . To come forward a decade, the August of 1943, when the sh Isles were the focal point of hopes and fears of all the West, be seen in retrospect as still a when tension sometimes took a holiday and it was possible times to walk casually in Hyde in London in the sun.

Here was a time when in a house in London, an Allied military organism called Cossack was making plans for history's greatest and bloodiest cross-channel invasion. These, God knows, were no calm days. But they had a quality which the Western World knows no more. This was the quality of rational hope and confidence that while the present was frightful, it would pass. The nightmare would at length be lifted and the lights would go on again, all over the world.

But now our Summertime, while it offers no such violence and suffering, also offers no such hope. For the Cold War is in its way a more accursed thing than was the Hot War. From this latter a soldier could take, a civilian in most lands of the earth could take, somehow and sometime, a leave and respite, however slight.

As a war correspondent accredited to both American and British forces, I was able to see something, now and again, of the leaders of both countries. And in my recollection, I never saw them so totally, so unsleepingly driven by the problems of the world as are our present leaders.

Lately I have had opportunities to see these leaders simultaneously as functioning officials and also simply as men whom I have long known and for whom I have personal affection and a reasonably sympathetic apperception of what they intend to do officially, and how they feel as human beings.

If I am any judge at all, President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson are driven more compulsively and more pitilessly than were those predecessors who held our destinies in their hands two decades ago.

True, Mr. Kennedy does not now have to exercise active personal responsibility for directing great armies and fleets of sea and air in mortal military operations about the globe. But now he has many nights, and days, which put an actually heavier, if much more complex and subtle, pressure upon his head covered by that familiar mop of heavy hair. To direct a Hot War puts cruel demands indeed, upon the commander. But for him there is always the inner consciousness that at one point or another *action* will come and so, with a kind of purgative force, end the intense, febrile inner dialogue: What *am* I to do? For Kennedy, and for all the others engaged upon the Cold War, there is no way, ever, to relieve the fever.

I will long remember seeing Mr. Kennedy at Glen Ora, his country place in Virginia, on the Sunday after the anti-Castro invasion of Cuba had come to its ineffectual end on the dreary beaches of an island now lost to the West. Now, too, the island has become a distant small appendage to the Soviet bloc, a shrill Communist megaphone hanging on a jerry-built pole a long way from the main prison camp.

The President had gone to Glen Ora not to get away from it all, but only for a weekend change of scene. Probably he had gone as much because this was the expected thing to do as from any desire to transfer the burdens which lay on his mind from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington to Middleburg, Virginia.

The President wore the "loafing" uniform of our time, the symbols which he puts on, as does many another, in unconsciously wistful determination to convince himself that there *are*, in our time, still days of rest. That is, he wore a sweat shirt and chino pants and, as I remember, a pair of GI walking shoes. He was all dressed up for leisure and relaxation; but there was no place to go to attain these precious boons. He had only brought, intact, to Glen Ora the pressures that pervade the White

House night and day; pressures, moreover, which are new to the human condition.

For these pressures cannot be met with any real capacity of choice, any genuine freedom to select objectively between even reasonably clear alternatives. The imperatives of the last Hot War were restrictive and difficult enough. But the imperatives of the Cold War (and these imperatives harden more and more, the longer the Cold War persists) really leave nothing open at all. They require this President—as they would have required Nixon had he won the election and as they required Eisenhower in his time—to make every kind of policy, foreign or domestic, without true freedom of choice.

Talking that day at Glen Ora in a laconic, colloquial way as characteristic of his private conversation as a rather literary style is characteristic of his public addresses, Mr. Kennedy himself, as it seemed to me, strongly illustrated this point.

The lost Cuban invasion was, of course, his theme. (And this man, so often presented as "cool" and "contained," had unshed tears in his eyes when he spoke of those Cuban patriots who had died or been taken prisoner by Castro.) But his concern was larger than his anxious recollection of the mistakes that had been made in this ill-fated enterprise. It was larger, too, than his bitter recognition that Castroism was now far stronger than before. His ultimate concern, it seemed as I listened to him, lay in his sudden, jarring, and half-paralyzing awareness that the Presidency of the United States itself was fettered by circumstances it never ordered in a world it never made.

He was not merely looking back in sorrow (even in anguish) at what might have been. He was not simply shaken by massive errors in calculation. What bothered him most was that he, the President, had no real choice—in the light of the information available to him at the time.

He could not in good conscience halt the rebel movement. They were keen, well trained, and ready. To have strangled their plan at this point would have meant the destruction and dispersal of a magnificent, if small, fighting force with fighting *élan*.

He could not postpone the landings—or anyhow not for long. Cuban pilots were then training behind the Iron Curtain, Soviet planes and other heavy armaments were streaming into the island, and before long Castro might well be strong enough to beat off anything short of a full-scale invasion by American forces.

Moreover, the rebels were the only fighting force in existence anywhere against Castroism, which Mr. Kennedy felt (and rightly) to be a clear and present danger to peace and order in this hemisphere, and in the world beyond. And the information he had to go on, from the rebel leaders and his own intelligence people, indicated that the movement had a better-than-even chance of success.

But he could not, on the other hand, permit the Armed Services of the United States to give that support—sea, air, and logistical—which could alone give any security to the invading Cuban forces. This he could not do because our Allies would not have stood for it. Nor would our "friends"—to use that term loosely—in Latin America. So he was, at the end, a man imprisoned, a leader in gossamer but unbreakable chains. He could neither forbid the adventure nor yet give to it that assistance which it must have.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE INVOLVED

NOW, parenthetically, I am well aware that many will reject this reasoning, on the ground that the President actually had an overmastering first freedom of choice: the choice "not to become involved in the thing at all." With this argument I personally disagree; but whether or not I do is not important in the context of the realities. These realities are that it is Mr. Kennedy who is President of the United States, not his critics and not I; that it is Mr. Kennedy who is responsible for the security and well-being of this country and of this hemisphere; that Mr. Kennedy had reached the conviction, as President of the United States, that Castroism was just such a menace as I have described; that Mr. Kennedy, as President, bore the terrible onus of taking this terrible risk because on *his* judgment (which in this matter was the only relevant judgment) it had to be taken. Given *his* convictions, and *his* singular responsibility, wherein was he really free to make a free choice? (Mr. Roosevelt twenty years before was far more nearly free—to order, for illustration, a bland but tough occupation of Iceland; to "lease" destroyers to Britain and thus to commit American naval forces to a war we had not then entered.)

When I told a colleague about my notion for this article he suggested that my view of a vanished freedom of choice and will was extreme. What was happening, he believed, was simply that this country was at last becoming subject to those external factors which had always inhibited the policies of most other countries. While I see the force of this point, I think it does not repudiate my thesis. For this thesis is not simply that freedom of choice has been reduced in degree; I submit that it has been effectively destroyed in *principle*.

I do not assert, of course, that President and Congress and country cannot make policy anymore; I assert that they can make no policy of any importance on the old bases of reasonably free will, judgment, and choice between rational alternatives. This state of affairs cannot be explained sufficiently by our loss of geographic and political isolation. So I assert that for the President, the Congress, and the country, there is *no* rest, any time, as there used to be *some* possibility to rest, even at the worst of times.

It is, of course, entirely correct to say that all Allies have always had to submit partially to the wishes and notions of other Allies. But what is new in kind, and not merely in degree, about the present position is this: Never before has a single country held so great a responsibility for so large a part of the common defense of so many countries—and at the same time held so little command authority. Without authority to command, responsibility becomes a capricious and undischargeable burden. And there is yet more to it.

For now we must approach all issues, perforce, not on their intrinsic merits, but only in automatic reaction to the Cold War. We ponder

l to education not because educa-
on is good and necessary; but
ther because we must not let the
ussians "get ahead" of us. We de-
te Civil Rights not simply because
the ethical and legal implications;
t rather because we fear the Rus-
ns will make propaganda capital
our racial unfairness. We try to
to the moon not because this
ould be one of the most splendid
ventures in all the story of man-
nd; but rather because we must
at the Russians there. The United
ates government would not now be
empting the moon if there were
Soviet Union; we would not be
ing to hurl every lad of fourteen
to a physics class if there were no
viet Union.

BOY AND GIRL COMMANDOS

INDEED, with the loss of free
dgment (and to some unhappy ex-
nt even of free debate), there is
other loss, the loss of innocence,
e final end of the good old Sum-
ertime, as it were. For our small
ildren talk familiarly, with a kind
jaded horror, of what might come
any moment from the skies; and
en they are thrown into the race
th the Russians.

Boys and even girls in their early
ens are being given scholastic bur-
ns which men of my college gener-
on—in our twenties—would have
arded as oppressive. They grind
ee and four hours a night. The
ool principal constantly tells
m that if they don't watch out
y won't get into "a good college"
d so will never, never be able to
ch up with the Russians. They
being made middle-aged before
y reach the age to vote.

I see no point in claiming that
re is any discernible way out of
s state of affairs. There isn't; we
st go on with the thing as it is
til—by Providence or by mad, un-
eseeable circumstance—some rest,
ne ease, some true freedom of
oice may somehow return to this
rld. But it does seem to me that,
s being the situation, we might
at least to ameliorate it.

Ever since I have had any capacity
atever for serious thought, I have
en a convinced, a total, an indoc-
nated internationalist. Even as a small boy, I remember my father fuming at the pusillanimous refusal of his own country to enter the first world war in 1915 rather than wait to be dragged into it in 1917. But I, for one, am tired now of our national habit of worrying overmuch about what "they" will think of us if we do so and so. I believe we should act with candor and honor to preserve at least our own nation and society, if we can preserve no other. I think we should begin to consider first what we really think of *ourselves*. We should tell our children to do a decent day's work at school, to do a decent amount of homework at night, and then to say to hell with it—Radcliffe or no Radcliffe.

I think we should make our public policies on what *we* believe to be right, and not on what we think right-thinking people elsewhere will believe right—nor even on what the Russians are driving themselves to do. We should make up our minds for good and all that, though we face the distinct possibility of annihilation, there is in the meantime some living to do. I think we should try to recapture some part of at least one more good old Summertime—even if the Russians land on the blasted moon with Hammer and Sickle in one hand and seven books on advanced chemistry in the other.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not urging teen-agers or college students or their teachers to take it easy. I mean to say that we shouldn't let the Russians push us into doing things against our own judgment; that we should set our own goals, and live our own lives, not simply react to what they do. I believe we should give more consideration to the *means* of our lives and less toward their putative ends. For I believe we can still have a humane, a tolerant, a decent, way of life—if only we will restore it. I think it is better to die on our feet if it is to come to that, as unterrified heirs of a great tradition that believed in freedom and gaiety as well as in safety, than to live always scrabbling worriedly about on our confounded knees. I think we can reclaim free will, free choice, free judgment, if only we will; and that these are worth saving even if in the process we lose a race that we might lose anyhow.

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the new BOOKS

STANLEY KUNITZ

Some Poets of the Year

And Their Language of Transformation

Our reviewer this month is the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1959.

ONE of my nuclear friends recently confessed to me that he had never really been moved by a poem, that he had only the vaguest conception of the nature and function of poetry, and that in fact he had often wondered how any man of intelligence—at which point he smiled enigmatically—could find adequate nourishment in the stuff. My brilliant friend is by no means a cultural barbarian. His taste in music and in the visual arts is quite sophisticated, and during his younger years he had been an assiduous reader of fiction.

On this occasion the extent of his candor led me to suspect that he was looking for information, possibly even for help, so that I was happy to be able to lend him the book that I had just been reading, Elizabeth Sewell's **The Orphic Voice,** subtitled **Poetry and Natural History** (Yale, $7.50), which seemed made to order for his specific inquiry. My optimism turned out to be ill-founded. On returning the volume a fortnight later, he remarked somewhat acidulously, "What I need now is a poem to explain the book, if I could understand the poem."

No doubt, Miss Sewell's work must be classified as esoteric, but I found it engrossing reading just the same. A British philosopher and critic, who has written admirable studies of Valéry and of the literature of nonsense, Miss Sewell contends that poetry is our most inclusive form of thought, the best instrument yet devised for dealing with wholes, for unifying all the forms in nature, whether they pertain to inner or outer landscape. She approaches myth and poetry—the two are interlocked—as a hieroglyphic art interpretive of the mysteries of nature. "An art going back to the dawn of language and rooted in it." What is poetry? "Language is poetry, and a poem is only the resources of language used to the full."

Miss Sewell traces the Orphic myth as it appears and reappears in the works of several major Western writers in order to demonstrate her theme that for the last four hundred years poetry has been struggling to evolve and perfect its biological function in the natural history of mankind, that is, its unique capacity for thinking about change, process, organisms, and life. The countertendency in the modern world has been a progress from imaginative and mythological and poetic turns of speech toward the logical, precise, nonfigurative. Even such luminaries as Mallarmé and Valéry have followed the lead of science into an impasse, marked by "a substitution of mathematics for poetry as the gauge of exactitude and reliability in research." The special responsibility of Orphic minds in our time is "to begin the task of extending the range of biology so that it shall include thinking man, and to see how poetry can function as methodology in such a study."

Even the most ambitious of poets might well be paralyzed by so formidable an assignment, but Miss Sewell concludes her high enterprise on a rather reassuring note: "There is no need to think that only superlative poetry has any right to survive or that lesser work is not good and useful in our common explorations. It lies to everyone's hand and we have to return to it, not as a vague ornament of life but as one of the great living disciplines of the mind, friendly to all other disciplines, and offering them and accepting from them new resources of power."

This is not the place for an extended commentary on the Orphic myth, which is only one of the faces of the Dionysian archetype, or for a detailed analysis of the ambiguities of Miss Sewell's own Orphic voice, by which her argument is not always advanced. I can only say that the book impresses me despite my reservations, and that I have had it much in mind in my recent reading.

For a general introduction to the subject of poetry, most readers will find Archibald MacLeish's **Poetry and Experience** (Houghton Mifflin, $4) more than ordinarily helpful. Mr.

MacLeish has a gift for clear exposition and a disarming way of discussing abstruse topics, including words as sounds, words as signs, images, and metaphor, as though they were simple counters in a familiar discourse. I like the story he tells of the day when the Nobel Prize physicist, Professor Paul Dirac, walked into his laboratory and spotted young Robert Oppenheimer, recently graduated from Harvard, among the apprentices.

"Ah," said he, "I understand you combine the writing of poetry with the study of physics."

Oppenheimer pleaded guilty.

"I simply don't understand it," sighed the great man. "In science you try to say what nobody has known before in such a way that everybody will understand it, whereas in *poetry* . . ."

And he stalked out to a chorus of applauding laughter. This is not, as it would seem, the end of the parable, for MacLeish, whose words I have been following, supplies an addendum:

"But when Ivor Richards heard the tale he turned its author's triumph inside out with a single word: 'Precisely!' And of course he was right. In poetry you *do* try to say what everybody has 'known before' in such a way that nobody will 'understand' it, and when you succeed you say something at least as significant as that famous Second Law of Thermodynamics which C. P. Snow has now established as the brain test of the new literacy."

In the above passage MacLeish is at one with Miss Sewell. On the other hand, he is impatient with the prophetic claims of the inspired voice, on which she lays so much stress. "For poetry," he asserts, in his chapter on Rimbaud, "is not revelation and has no need to pretend it is. Poetry is art and does what art can do—which is as Lu Chi said, to trap heaven *and* earth in the cage of form." And he quotes Maritain's chilling admonition to those Prometheans who would try to steal the divine fire in *spite* of God: "It is madness to wish to have poetry alone in the soul," for if poetry is alone in a soul "which is claimed by nothing else and which offers no opposition, it will develop a terrible appetite for knowledge, a vampire's appetite, which will drain all that is metaphysical and moral from the man and even all his flesh."

Perhaps the contradiction here is largely one of emphasis. "We shall be lost," writes Miss Sewell, "if we let ourselves be persuaded . . . that poetry is unconcerned about what is going on in the world and in ordinary life, or that the poet's life is wholly separated from what he has to say. Poetry is a discipline of full involvement in life, not of withdrawal from it." Most poets bear with remarkable grace their inability to attract mobs of readers; what infuriates them is the ignorant assumption that their unpopularity is to be attributed to the irrelevance or frivolity of what they have to say.

We tend not to concede that poets have a wisdom to share with us until they have grown old and venerable, although in fact the wisdom of poetry has nothing to do with age. The current apotheosis of Robert Frost is a case in point. And in England Robert Graves, after producing poems for more than forty-five years, is elected to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, succeeding W. H. Auden, and suddenly finds himself acclaimed at sixty-six as the darling of the younger poets. Freshness, candor, and idiosyncrasy have always been his hallmarks, but for most of his career these qualities have only served to prevent him from being accepted as an official poet, a member of the Establishment. His first-rate, independent mind has been replenished by an astonishing curiosity, often unabashedly erotic, and reinforced by courage. Even his wealth of mythic lore has been put to impudent, though none the less serious, uses. As Walter Allen recently observed, "He is, one feels, as much a moral as a poetic example."

What makes Graves particularly attractive to the young, into whose generation he has escaped, is his invincible élan, his non-rhetoric corresponding with his non-conformity, his refusal to strike imposing attitudes. One can learn from him what Rilke learned from Goethe: "I need to realize that greatness is not superhuman exertion but naturalness." The new edition of Graves' **Collected Poems** (Doubleday, $5.95) contains approximately 270 poems, of which some 50 are subsequent to the 1955 collection. "The Face in the Mirror" is a good example of Graves' direct later style:

Grey haunted eyes, absent-mindedly glaring
From wide, uneven orbits; one brow drooping
Somewhat over the eye
Because of a missile fragment still inhering,
Skin deep, as a foolish record of old-world fighting.

Crookedly broken nose—low tackling caused it;
Cheeks, furrowed; coarse grey hair, flying frenetic;
Forehead, wrinkled and high;
Jowls, prominent; ears, large; jaw, pugilistic;
Teeth, few; lips, full and ruddy; mouth, ascetic.

I pause with razor poised, scowling derision
At the mirrored man whose beard needs my attention,
And once more ask him why
He still stands ready, with a boy's presumption,
To court the queen in her high silk pavilion.

THROUGH all the divagations of his career, since he appeared on the scene in the early 'thirties as one of the Oxford galaxy, Louis MacNeice has never forfeited his position as a poet of first rank. Like Graves, though without his audacity, he has striven for a voice at once casual and lyric, of sufficient energy to deal with topical and dialectical materials, but at the same time responsive to his more traditional moods of nostalgia and loss. Perhaps because of this uncertainty of direction, the voice has not wholly

succeeded in clarifying itself or in individuating its temper, though the inevitable anthology pieces, mostly of earlier vintage, remain to be cherished, as do the later and longer excursions into moving confessional narrative. The poems that stand up best are those that deal with his North Ireland boyhood, his creative source—"I was the rector's son, born to the anglican order,/ Banned forever from the candles of the Irish poor"—or that reflect a political passion, or that rock spontaneously into a strong beat:

It's no go the merrygoround, it's no go the rickshaw,
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.

But "Bagpipe Music," which never stops skirling from beginning to end, is one of those "found" poems, the lucky strike of a world and of a time, that cannot be found again even in the unlikely event that the poet would go looking for it. From the body of his work MacNeice has selected **Eighty-Five Poems** (Oxford, $3.50), of which the earliest is dated 1927, and the latest 1958.

JOHN BETJEMAN'S autobiography in verse, **Summoned by Bells** (Houghton Mifflin, $5), was a smashing success in England. This account, carried through the Oxford years, "of some moments in the sheltered life of a middle-class youth" is written in a smooth-flowing blank verse that blends family anecdotes, bicycle trips, first loves And teas, Cornish holidays, schoolboy pranks, antiquarian and literary pursuits, and tributes to old friends and teachers into a mixture that is sometimes poignant, frequently comic, and always readable. It is a Wordsworthian *Prelude* without the philosophic weight or the Orphic intensity. What American poet, one wonders, might produce a work of this competence and scale out of such bland materials? Or, to pose the question differently, why is it that the least likely of conditions for the emergence of a poet in this country would seem to be a protected childhood, a decorous background

IF I had had anything to do with the award of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry this year, I should have been torn between several choices, not including the one that eventuated, but I think that my considered vote would have gone to Richard Eberhart for his **Collected Poems 1930-1960** (Oxford, $6), including fifty-one new poems. In an autobiographical sketch published a few years ago, Eberhart revealed the kind of circumstance and vision that is most likely to disturb a twentieth-century American into art:

> What probably made me a poet was the death of my mother at forty-eight, of cancer of the lung, when I was eighteen. I witnessed intimately her nine-month birth of death through utmost pain. I lived the allegory of life in that time.
>
> My father was the son of a Methodist minister. He became the vice president of George A. Hormel & Co. He was betrayed by the notorious Cy Thompson, who embezzled over a million dollars from the company. My father lost his fortune, but not his spirit, his vast recuperative powers, his sense of humor, or his powerful love of life. He was formidable: large, epical, inviolable, a masterful man.
>
> The violent changes in my early world subsequently drove me around the world and to Cambridge University in search of truth. The spirit of poetry is the nearest I have ever come to its profound but subtle evanescences.

Eberhart is a prolific and uneven poet, but he has written at least a handful of poems—sufficient for a lifetime—that are incomparably pure and radiant. Even in the midst of the flawed and sometimes banal verses, one can never be quite sure when the spirit will strike and the sparks begin to fly. To him the natural world is full of wonders and delights, and language is yet another nature. The transport that he feels in the midst of life is a spontaneous breath, which he cannot exhaust or grow tired of. His unique position among us is to be the poet of the unjaded eye, the unsullen heart. Who else could title one of his poems "A Ship Burning and a Comet All in One Day"?

He is usually at his best when he fuses, into an essential harmony, inner and outer landscape, the visual and the visionary, the particular and the universal. "Equivalence of Gnats and Mice," one of his new poems, provides an example:

As a pillar of gnats, moving up and down
In June air, toward opulent sunset,
Weaving themselves in and out, up and down,

As diaphanous as visual belief,
In scintillant imagination, is slightest dancing,
Weaves a major harmony of nature:

As tiny field mice are saved from the sickle
By a lean seventy-year-old scyther in Maine
Who brings them in, saying, "They have enemies enough":

Who are hand-fed by a dropper on milk and water,
Hoping the small creatures will survive and thrive,
Slight event against the history of justice.

It is necessary to hail delicacy
Whenever encountered in nature or man:
No disharmony come near this poem.

RANDALL JARRELL'S fifth volume of verse, **The Woman at the Washington Zoo** (Atheneum, $3.75), winner of the National Book Award for Poetry, contains nineteen new poems and twelve translations. In the title-piece, with a dramatic single stroke in the opening line—"The saris go by me from the embassies"—a colorful and cosmopolitan world is evoked. The next movement is toward the dark, for the speaker who stands before the cages, this government clerk in her "dull null navy," knows that the colors and the possibility of colors have been washed out of her life. She senses her kinship with and yet her difference from the animals.

. . . these beings trapped
As I am trapped but not, themselves, the trap.
Aging, but without knowledge of their age.
Kept safe here, knowing not of death or death—
Oh, bars of my own body, open, open!

Trapped in her lonely and defeated flesh, she is worse off than the captive beasts, for "the world goes by my cage and never sees me." Nor is she visited, as are the beasts, by those who feed on their leavings: sparrows, pigeons, buzzards. Her life is to be starved for leavings. What a grasping world! What a bleakness! And just when we are ready to turn away

Jarrell does something magical and triumphant with his woman at the zoo. He has her cry out, addressing the predatory bird who is the figure of lover-death, such words of shameless agony that the despair is transformed into a kind of tragic exaltation, and the true colors of the world, terrible though they may be, pour back into the poem:

Vulture,
When you come for the white rat that
the foxes left,
Take off the red helmet of your head,
the black
Wings that have shadowed me, and step
to me as man:
The wild brother at whose feet the white
wolves fawn,
To whose hand of power the great
lioness
Stalks, purring. . . .
You know what I was,
You see what I am: change me,
change me!

In a sense all the voices in all of Jarrell's poems are crying, "Change me!" The young yearn to be old in order to escape from their nocturnal fears; the old long for the time of their youth, no matter how poor and miserable it was, for "in those days everything was better"; life is moving toward the death; the dead are moving back into life, and wherever they come, they come in disguises. It is a world of shifts and changes, as in a fairy tale, and the only reason you suspect it is more is that Cinderella and the Dwarfs and the Frog Prince are just as real and as troubled as the zoo woman or your Aunt Nan. Karl Shapiro once acutely observed that Jarrell's "almost obsessive return to the great childhood myths is sometimes as painful as psychoanalysis," and that the subtitle of his work might well be "Hansel and Gretel in America." What Hansel and Gretel tell us is that the woods are dark and that the creatures who inhabit them change their skins. In the mythic imagination, as defined by Elizabeth Sewell, metamorphosis is the great theme underlying all others. "Self-transformation," commented Rilke, whom Jarrell translates nine times in this volume, "is precisely what life is."

MY remarks on the poets that follow must, of necessity, be brief, but the brevity is not to be taken in itself as a form of judgment:

SAUL BELLOW

in Esquire . . . on Khrushchev

He lives under an iron necessity to be right. What he perhaps remembers best about men who were not right is their funerals.

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

in Esquire . . . on DeGaulle

If he were to die, to depart or to be deposed by force before bringing about an honorable end to the Algerian war, then France would become another Spain, subjected to a Franco-like dictatorship.

BURT GLINN

in Esquire . . . on Otto Preminger

In an industry whose poet laureate is Louella Parsons, whose foreign policy spokesman is Spyros Skouras, and whose red badge of courage is a small seal indicating compliance with a moral code laid down by Warren Harding's Postmaster General, a Preminger can become a giant by default.

GORE VIDAL

in Esquire . . . on social climbing

Although it is possible to live a successful life in the United States without ever noticing class differences, for those so-minded our social structure is actually every bit as complex and hieretic as the ancient Byzantine court . . . "Inequality," observed William Dean Howells somewhat unexpectedly, "is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself."

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on historical novels

I wish people would either write history, or write novels, or go out and sell nylons.

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

in Esquire . . . on D. H. Lawrence

He could not stand to be touched. He evidently was not homosexual but anti-sexual, repelled by intimacy of any kind and exceedingly uncomfortable with women, perhaps because he grew up in a family of males and spent his life in male occupations.

JOHN CROSBY

in The New York Herald-Tribune . . . on Esquire

Esquire assumes you're a part of the avant garde, or otherwise what are you doing reading the magazine? This is marvelously flattering, and it seems to be working with a vast number of readers.

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Howard Nemerov, **New and Selected Poems** (University of Chicago, $3.50). . . . The adjective for this collection of some sixty poems is *fine*, applicable to craft, intelligence, sympathy, and wit. It would be difficult to imagine so consummate an artificer writing a wholly bad poem—is that a weakness? The urbanity of the tone is often a mask for the depth of the feeling. Syntax, like mind, is supple. Occasionally the diction turns stiff or literary: "And yet there is the horror of the fact,/ Though we knew not the man." On the whole, the new poems are Nemerov's best.

Charles Olson, **The Distances** (Grove, $1.75). . . . The themes are sex, civilization, and art, mostly the last, for nearly all of Olson's work is a form of Poetics, though not of the dismal school, being full of beans. For years Olson has been a hero of the *avant-garde* and the private presses, though unknown to the common reader. He will no longer have the pleasure of working underground. His object: "to cut this new instant open." How? By declaring war on iambics and rhyme ("the dross of verse"); by striving for an open organic form ("no line must sleep"); by producing a live look on the page, with benefit of typography; by insisting, sometimes in Latin, that the idiom must be colloquial; by professing inside information about history and women; by attacking fools and enemies and false ancestors; by sounding direct and walking tangential; by paying homage to Confucius-Pound:

> Words, form
> but the extension of
> content
>
> Style, est verbum
>
> The word
> is image, and the reverend reverse is
> Eliot
>
> Pound
> is verse

POETS are the first to concede that the translation of poetry is an impossibility, but the knowledge does not deter them from the effort. In fact, most poets are used to living with impossibility, since it is forever implicit in the threat of their next poem. To regard translation as primarily an educative task is to underestimate its significance. The change of a poem from one language into another is, at bottom, an act of transformation, a living metaphor for the whole mythic process that is the root of poetry. The best translations are born of love, and both parties to the contract must be expected to yield a portion of their identity. The great activity in translation that marks our age is a process of unification at the deepest level that may well outweigh in the end the failures of diplomacy. For a demonstration of the problems inherent in this activity, no more illuminating text can be recommended than **The Poem Itself** (Holt, $6.50), edited by Stanley Burnshaw, in association with Dudley Fitts, Henri Peyre, and John F. Nims. Forty-five poets of the last hundred years, writing in French, Spanish, German, Italian, and Portuguese are here presented, not in verse translations, but in the original language, accompanied by a literal rendering and a detailed prose commentary on the word-stuff of each poem. The design of this elaborate project, as opposed to re-creation in verse, is frankly pedagogic, but no student of foreign literature can afford to miss this book.

Robert Fitzgerald's translation of **The Odyssey** (Doubleday, $4.95) is destined to become the standard one for this generation. Poet and classical scholar, he has turned the great Homeric hexameter into a blank-verse line that is at once strong and easy, eloquent and relaxed, capable of rendering the domestic scenes without flatness and of rising to heroic levels without strain. Parenthetically, the Greeks, above all the modern Greeks, are very much with us this year. Rae Dalven has given us, for the first time in English, **The Complete Poems of Cavafy** (Harcourt, Brace, $6.75), 187 poems of the Alexandrian sybarite who died in 1933, explorer of the corrupt alleys of the heart, glittering witness to the sickness unto death, in whose art the rituals of purification are dispassionately performed. A poet of comparable stature, though of a different order, is George Seferis, Greek ambassador to London—where are *our* poet-ambassadors?—whose collection of **Poems** (Little, Brown, $3.75), translated by Rex Warner, makes evident why he is acknowledged to be one of the three or four most important living European poets. Seferis' work is mythic and cosmic, but saved from grandiosity by the beautiful rigor of his style. He is quoted as saying, "In my poverty is my strength." Though they speak of and to contemporary man, his poems draw sustenance from the ancient world and Seferis himself as protagonist is often metamorphosed into a sea captain who is the ghost of Odysseus. Both Cavafy and Seferis appear, among others, in **Six Poets of Modern Greece** (Knopf, $5), translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard, editors of infallible taste, whose introduction and notes are exceedingly informative.

From the French we have at last in Robert Lowell's pellucid heroic couplets a translation of Racine's **Phaedra** (Farrar, Straus, $5) that is worthy of its source. Lowell has tried, as he says, for "an idiomatic and ageless style," adapted from the meter of Dryden and Pope. The English-speaking theatre will be richer for the redemption of a masterpiece that has previously lost its glory in translation. The same volume contains an energetic prose translation, by Jacques Barzun, of Beaumarchais' **Figaro's Marriage.**

With his left hand, so to speak, Robert Fitzgerald has translated **Chronique** (Pantheon, $3) by the Nobel Prize-winner St.-John Perse, who has been fortunate in his translators ever since T. S. Eliot introduced his *Anabasis* more than thirty years ago. *Chronique* may be read as the valedictory of a poet in his mid-seventies. In his characteristically high, resonant, and multi-layered style, with which Fitzgerald's more Apollonian voice has occasional difficulties, St.-John Perse addresses "the great age" here and to come from the height of his own "great age." In some respects the most personal and poignant of his works, folded in memories of his tropic childhood, heavy with the thought of tasks done and tasks uncompleted, *Chronique* nevertheless bespeaks the poet's dignity and faith as he breathes the air of a grand destiny:

> Listen, O night, in the deserted courtyards and under the solitary arches amid the holy ruins and the crumbling of old termite hills, hear the great

sovereign footfalls of the soul without a lair,

Like a wild beast prowling a pavement of bronze.

*

Great age, behold us. Take the measure of man's heart.

N the vein of valedictory I cannot esist the temptation to quote an unorgettable quatrain by Paul Dehn n his **Quake, Quake, Quake, A Leaden Treasury of English Verse** Simon & Schuster, $3.50), aptly described by the publisher as "hair-aising parodies of familiar verses," vith equally fiendish illustrations by Edward Gorey:

O nuclear wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I had my arms again.

BOOKS *in brief*

ATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Delights of Detection, edited nd with an introduction by Jacques arzun.

To read Mr. Barzun's introduction o these seventeen stories is to be ost pleasurably cued into the seets of the art of literary detection. nd pleasure is, as he points out, the ery heart of the matter. For Mr. arzun (as opposed to W. H. Auden, ho prefers them long) detective fiction reaches the height of its perfection in the short story (though he oints out the pitfalls here too) and makes a brilliant case for his oint of view. For him the literature detection deals, strictly speaking, *nly* with detection. The "psychogical novels of suspense" (though admires some) are not of the nre. Perhaps the best way to give e flavor of his argument is in a ries of quotes:

> What is required is that the main interest of the story should consist in finding out, from circumstances largely physical, the true order and meaning of events that have been part disclosed and part concealed. Crime is attractive but incidental.

Mr. Barzun doesn't read detective stories to discover "real characters," or to "appreciate the moral burdens of the times," or to explore "some unfamiliar region of the world":

> The tale may teach nothing but its own neatness, and its effect then is to bring a smile to the lips rather than a commotion to the soul. . . .
>
> What do we gain from the details of detection? An understanding, first, of the silent life of things, and next, of the spectacle of the mind at work. This is no doubt why detective feats have been, since Voltaire and Poe, the delight of intellectuals. The emotion called forth is that of seeing order grow out of confusion. . . .

To sum it all up without going into the refinements of his argument or into his discussion of style which is a delight in itself:

> The detective story is a *tale*. The pleasure it affords is that of any narrative in which the ancient riddle of who is who unravels itself to an accompaniment of worldly wisdom. In the detective tale proper there is a double satisfaction answering a double curiosity—what can the solution be? and how was the solution arrived at? But to recapture this innocent pleasure one must be sophisticated enough to abdicate other sophistications.

The book includes seven "classic tales," seven "modern tales," and three "historic tales." A "hostess" present that the donor can be the first to enjoy. Criterion, $5.95

Best Detective Stories of the Year, edited by Brett Halliday.

This annual collection of twenty short stories is chosen by a man who has no complicated method of selection. "I don't know what my own standards are for judging a story," he says. "Above all else, I think, I demand that the writer have a *story* to tell. [See Mr. Barzun's italicized *'tale.'*] Then he must tell it well. Catching my interest with the opening paragraph, and keeping me reading eagerly to the final word. Each of these stories does exactly that." If this isn't recommendation enough, may I remind all mystery buffs that Mr. Halliday is the creater of Mike Shayne. Dutton, $3.95

The Wycherly Woman, by Ross Macdonald.

Since I don't often have time to

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read detective fiction and am in no way knowledgeable about its fine points, I find myself easily persuaded to try to apply Mr. Barzun's criteria to those stories I've read this month. Of course the books noted below are none of them short stories and so by very size at once escape the bounds of his fairly rigid definitions of what the detective story is and what it is not. Yet they are, as books go, shorter than most and manage to keep pretty hard on the trail of whatever mystery they pursue even when the classic unities are quite ignored and the chase covers rather large areas and, in at least one case, considerable time. . . . In *The Wycherly Woman* the solution of a mysterious disappearance and violent death in and around San Francisco is master-minded by Lee Asher in suave and charming fashion. Humor and sophistication are in the writing as well as in the plot. (Mr. Barzun says, "The true tone of the genre springs from the alliance of murder and mirth. The laughter is a touch sardonic and must never degenerate into hilarity. The joke of death is on us.") The pursuit is physically and intellectually exciting, the lost lady is a young girl, the death—well, see for yourself and enjoy it all the way. Ross Macdonald is the author of *The Ferguson Affair* and *The Galton Case*. Knopf, $3.50

One for My Dame, by Jack Webb.

Here, in the background experience of our "hero," the narrator and self-appointed sleuth in this story, we have at once what Mr. Barzun calls one of the "moral burdens" of our time, and not as a minor factor either. Rick Jackson spent more than two years in a POW camp on the Yalu River where he learned all there was to know about brain-washing, violence, and death, so that his reactions as he meets these terrors in the story, are pretty well conditioned. But it is all very much an integral part of the plot. From the time of Rick's release from prison and his return home till the night the story begins, he has in a sense retired from the human race. He owns a pet shop where tropical fish are his passion and lives alone in a small apartment above the shop with Wolf, a great Dane, a squirrel monkey called Ima, and a myna bird whose language he is trying to clean up. How did such a recluse get involved with a beautiful girl, numberless murders in, of all places, a mortuary, and a West Coast branch of political underground? Those are the questions which are unraveled in this mad and romantic tale. With all these elements it surely is not one of Mr. Barzun's classic tales but it is written with enough speed and flair to make the distractions seem not red herrings but the very stuff of his plot. Mr. Webb's former heroes, I'm told, have been Father Shanley and Sammy Golden. I've never read of an amateur detective who took more of a physical beating than his new hero, Rick Jackson, does in this book, but as he's survived it with such humorous bounce there's no reason why he shouldn't have a big future. Rinehart, $2.95

Barbarian's Country, by Jean Hougran, translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury.

Although this novel follows the definition of good detective fiction in starting with a murder whose solution leads on to the end, it strays from the classic since before we are through we have certainly explored an "unfamiliar region of the world" (contemporary Indochina) and the narrator, a young Frenchman, is much more concerned with discovering his own identity and the true character of his hated—and murdered—father than he is in finding the murderer. To Mr. Barzun I think this would be unbearable distraction, but it is the very essence of this novel. Philippe Couvray, son of a rich coffee planter and mine owner, has been born and brought up in Southeast Asia in a conservative colonial atmosphere. Even as a child and ever after, Philippe has disagreed with his father on social and political attitudes and they have treated each other with open hostility. So it is a great surprise to everybody when, after the murder, it is discovered that the whole fortune and property have been left not to an adored sister but to Philippe. He determines to return to the plantation in North Indochina where he grew up to search for the secret of his father's life and his own. There is much of modern politics here; the Communists are waging constant guerrilla warfare; the native groups struggle among themselves; and a sense of imminent change hangs over all. The characters are "real" all right, and so is the political and geographical atmosphere. It is well written and well translated and for those who like their murders mixed with honest soul-searching, this is it. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.9

NON-FICTION

Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story by Edward D. Radin.

This is not fiction. It is deduction based on real facts, real clues, real records, of murders that happened more than half a century ago in Fall River, Massachusetts, yet in its brilliant pursuit of a solution to an unsolved crime and in its literary grace one must certainly include it among books which furnish "delights of detection." Indeed on the jacket Mr. Barzun himself says: "Anyone who thinks he knows the Borden case from earlier accounts finds here novelty on every page and cannot help recasting his conclusions." . . . In 1924 Edmund Pearson wrote his book about Lizzie Borden and since then nearly everything that has been written about the famous hatchet murders has been based on what he wrote. In his view Miss Borden was guilty of the double murder of her father and step-mother in 1892. And this in spite of her acquittal at the trial.

Mr. Radin, a veteran newspaper reporter of murder trials, has twice won "Edgars" from the Mystery Writers of America for fact-crime reporting. He read Mr. Pearson's book and was struck by what seemed to him to be inconsistencies in the report of the testimony. He became interested in the case; he talked to everyone still alive who remembered the trial and Lizzie Borden; he consulted the only known copy of the official minutes of the Fall River court hearing; compared what he found in the original court record with Mr. Pearson's book; and came up with an extraordinary and most convincing document. The characters are better drawn than in many novels as Mr. Radin reveals the facts about them, and he recreates the atmosphere of Fall River in the summer of the murders so that

ems as breathless and ready for olence as it must have been. The cture of daily life, habits, clothes, od, plumbing, etc., the very stuff of tection, should delight histor- ns; and the story as he tells it is ll of relentless excitement though itten with quiet understatement cked up with well-established fact. is book is a strong defense of Lizzie rden; he demolishes Pearson in a illiant chapter which still manages be deferential and polite; and he s another remarkable chapter sug- sting who the real murderer might The book is full of all sorts of uthing satisfactions and one ishes it feeling utterly identified h an era and a place as well as h the cast of characters in two of most baffling murders in police tory. Simon & Schuster, $4.50

Another examination of a more ent trial and murder will be pub- ed by McKay in mid-August. *The ppard Murder Case* is by Paul lmes and has a foreword by Erle nley Gardner ($4).]

t of My League, by George Plimp-

his brief account of an amateur's ment of dubious glory on the hing mound of the Yankee Sta- m is far more than just a night- e or another book about base- ; it is high comedy of the most nizing and gripping sort. The nor, consumed with a desire to w what it feels like to pitch un- major-league conditions, ar- ged with the help of $1,000 put by *Sports Illustrated,* to face a er of National and American gue batters before an all-star e. He is, obviously, a better than age athlete, but he keeps train- no better than most authors, and moment of truth on the mound the days and hours that precede nove with the awful (but con- tly entertaining) inevitability of reek tragedy. Anyone who has played baseball in a sand lot or has sat on the bench half hop- and half fearing that he may be in a game will find that there is rt of him that is Mr. Plimpton. Harper, $3.50

n, the Red-eyed Vireo, by Mil- White. With an introductory poem by Ogden Nash. Illustrated by F. B. Modell.

This little book is not only funny as any good spoof on bird watchers is bound to be; it is gracefully written and oddly and surprisingly touching as well. So don't just read Ogden Nash's introductory poem and let it go at that. Not that reading "Up from the Egg: The Confessions of a Nuthatch Avoider" isn't an experience in itself. Any poem that begins . . .

> Bird watchers top my honors list.
> I aimed to be one but I missed.

and ends . . .

> But I sometimes visualize in my gin
> The Audubon that I audubin.

is bound to be equally rewarding through its middle, as this one most surely is. Just don't stop there. The whole book is a real pleasure.

Doubleday, $2.75

FORECAST

Series of Series

I find it impossible myself to keep up with names and subject matter of the new groupings of paperbacks and other publications, but I am always glad to be exposed to them at least once. Lippincott has just launched a series called Keystone Short Stories at $1.65. (They also come in hard covers at $3.50.) The first three publications are *The Dignity of Night* by Klaus Roehler, *Color of Darkness,* by James Purdy, and *The Games of Night,* by Stig Dagerman. The Purdy is a reprint; the others are originals. There will be four more titles in the fall.

In September, Doubleday's Anchor Books are sponsoring the first books in a new series called The Natural History Library in co-operation with the American Museum of Natural History.

In the same month Houghton Mifflin will launch twelve "paperbacks" in what they call "permanent inexpensive format" of Sentry Editions to be devoted to the literary and historical heritage of America. Among the first publications are two Pulitzer Prize winners and such authors as Bernard DeVoto, Thoreau, Henry Adams, Willa Cather, Dorothy Baker *(Young Man With a Horn),* and Margaret Coit. The prices range from $1.20 to $2.45.

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MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

COMPOSERS CONDUCTING

Stravinsky and Poulenc stand up to play their music as they see fit—and, ignoring the critics, as conductors they make musical history.

The Russians would probably call it cult of the personality. In his newest album, Igor Stravinsky conducts the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in two of his most popular pieces—**Petrouchka** and **Le Sacre du Printemps.** He also narrates, on one complete side of a disc, something about *Sacre*—its inception, its orchestration, anecdotes about Diaghileff and others. He also writes an essay or two in the accompanying booklet. He even draws a sketch of the St. Petersburg he knew as a child and as a young man.

All this, to be sure, is most interesting, and the album is of undoubted historic importance (Columbia D3L 300, mono, 5 sides; D3S 614, stereo, 5 sides). Stravinsky is one of the major musical forces of the century, with a secure place in the history books of the future. Thus his remarks are oral history. To hear him chatting, in his Russian-French-flavored voice, about the *scandale* of the *Sacre* première, to listen to his frequently amusing and sometimes malicious remarks about this or that, is to have an inevitable train of hackneyed thoughts ensue. Something like: why wasn't recording invented in the days of Bach and Mozart; and other such useful reflections.

Stravinsky may or may not be a good conductor. Opinions vary on the point. Some professionals call him inept and awkward—a composer-conductor who has never learned to balance one choir against another. But another segment of critical opinion has it that Stravinsky is the greatest of all conductors of his own music—that he knows how it should sound and manages somehow to get his ideas across.

I myself incline toward the latter view. It may be that his detractors are reading bad things into his conducting because he *looks* so helpless and awkward on the podium. The fact remains that he brings to his own music an approach that nobody else has been able to duplicate. Stravinsky scored *Petrouchka* and *Sacre* violently, with surges of barbaric color that out-Rimskied Rimsky seven ways from Sunday. What naturally happens is that virtuoso conductors have a field day with the scoring. (It is an open secret around New York that Stravinsky was very unhappy with Leonard Bernstein's approach to the score; and one of the reasons he wanted to make this recording was that he was very anxious to leave a permanent record of how he thought the music really should sound.)

Stravinsky does not make nearly as much of the coloristic elements in these two scores as nearly all other conductors do. For many years—since early in his career, indeed—he has been declaiming against over-interpretation. Time and time again, he has said that his music needs no "interpretation." Just follow the notes. And that is what he does here. His concepts are completely, and even startlingly, antiromantic. It is not that color is missing, for plenty is present. But color is not the important thing. Much more important are the clear, *sec* sound he gets; the jauntiness of the phrasing, the almost classical primness. To ears attuned to the orthodox way of conducting *Sacre* and *Petrouchka* Stravinsky's own performance might sound uninteresting. But that is the way he wants it. And, as the composer, presumably his ideas are definitive. The chances are that few conductors will fall in line. The chances also are that future conductors, studying these recordings, will use them as a guide. In short, Stravinsky is in the fortunate position of being able to make his own tradition.

The same, of course, goes for any composer active today. Francis Poulenc is one. Ever since the 1930s he has been active in recordings, generally as a pianist in his own music. Unlike Stravinsky, he has done little conducting. But naturally he has worked closely with the conductors and musicians of his recordings. The new recording of his most recent work, the **Gloria** for soprano, chorus and orchestra, was made under his supervision. Rosanna Carteri is the soprano, and Georges Prêtre leads the French Radio and Television Orchestra and Chorus. The disc also contains the Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani, with Maurice Duruflé at the organ (Angel 35951, mono; S 35953, stereo).

AND ALSO . . .

Chopin: Piano Concerto in E minor. Maurizio Pollini and Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki (Capitol G 7241, mono; SG 7241, stereo).

Pollini is the winner of the 1960 Chopin Competition in Warsaw. He plays the Chopin E minor with an unusually finished style, technique to spare, and a good deal of strength. Tonally he is a little bleak, but he is always a fine musician and a brilliant pianist.

Liszt: Piano Music. Ivan Davis, piano (Columbia ML 5622, mono; MS 6222, stereo).

In addition to the *Mephisto Waltz, Funérailles,* and *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6,* Davis plays a group of shorter works. He handles the music with flair, sweep, and a fine understanding of its extroverted style. The young American is a convincing Liszt pianist.

Fauré: La Bonne Chanson; Poème d'un jour; Eight songs. Gérard Souzay, baritone, accompanied by Danton Baldwin (Epic LC 3764, mono; BC 1122, stereo).

Some of the most beautiful songs in the literature are on this disc. Souzay handles this exquisite music with taste and knowledge. A fine artist, and a fine disc.

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Poulenc's *Gloria* had its world première in Boston earlier this year. It is a lovely work in the distinctive Poulenc idiom, which means that it is conservative, melodic, yet in some indescribable way up-to-date. Poulenc manages to work in traditional harmony and somehow sound modern. The *Gloria* consists of six sections, two of which are soprano solos (and the soprano also makes a brief entry in the final chorus). Many elements appear throughout the work: a renaissance type of writing at the opening; some Stravinsky (notably in the *Laudamus te*), some almost jazzy musical-hall recollections that relate to the Poulenc of the 'twenties, and some pure Poulenc, especially in the two solos. Those solos are as lovely and songful as any of his songs, which is saying a great deal. For Poulenc probably is the greatest song writer since Fauré.

As always, the score is the work of a thorough professional. Construction, choral writing, solo work, orchestration—all are the work of a master. The *Gloria* is a hard work to resist, and one suspects that it will be a permanent addition to the repertory. It receives what must be an authoritative performance, with the composer in charge of the sessions. Carteri sings her arias beautifully, though without the haunting purity that Adele Addison presented when she sang the work in New York last season.

The Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani is one of Poulenc's neo-classic works, with Bach-like flourishes and a suggestion of eighteenth-century techniques. But as in all neo-classic music, this is the eighteenth century seen through very modern eyes. Poulenc goes in for an *ostinato* type of writing, and the main theme of the work (it recurs throughout the score) is a repetitive subject that is hypnotic and hard to get out of the memory once the work is over. This is one of Poulenc's best pieces of music, polished and urbane, sophisticated and fluent. The performance on this disc is hampered by the organ that Duruflé uses. It is a heavy-sounding, over-resonant instrument, and it tends to swamp the strings in a wallow of thick tone. Surely Poulenc must have had a lighter, baroque-like instrument in mind.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

FOR LAFFS

Surely it is a sign of adulthood in an art form when it begins to develop the ability to laugh at itself. The very existence of parody presupposes a number of styles so different as to be recognizable by the lay public, and of competence so widespread that the young and disrespectful may be found who have the capacity—as well as the inclination—to taunt the Masters.

In jazz such talents have long existed, but not often for public consumption. They have been among the few remaining private pleasures of the musicians, for delectation among themselves, so that—for example—it may still be a matter of dispute whether in the Charlie Parker recording session of November 26, 1945, the trumpet is Miles Davis, or Dizzy Gillespie imitating Miles. These delights are now publicly available.

Argo has recently brought out a record called "Morris Grants Presents J.U.N.K." —Jazz University's New Kicks—in which a handful of anonymous musicians and a supply of canned applause are used to simulate an entire jazz festival. The artists being parodied appear mostly under the name of Morris, and they include Morris Brewbeck, Morris Garner, Ornette Morris, and Miles Morris as well as Merry Julligan and Theloneliest Plunk. The humor of the liner notes is on about the same level, but that of the record inside is far more sophisticated.

Perhaps I am unduly sympathetic, but to me this sort of legitimate fun in jazz comes as a great relief. The normal emotional atmosphere of the jazz world is one of ferocity slightly tempered by paranoia, with the result that the impulse to satirize seems by comparison to be essentially kindly. I cannot help feeling that the musicians who made the Argo record were having a good time doing it, and that only out of some affection and respect for one of the Greats can he be successfully mimicked.

Not to prolong their anonymity, the men involved are as follows: trumpet, Doc Sevirinsen; drums, Don Lamond; bass, Trigger Altert; piano, Bernie Leighton; saxes and some piano solos, Jordan Ramin, who also had the original idea and saw it through to production. Mr. Ramin reports that the reaction he has so far had from the trade has not been generous, so that the answer to the question, "Is jazz ready for satire?" is still—not yet.

Morris Grants Presents J.U.N.K. Argo LP 4006.

NEXT MONTH IN HARPER'S



JULES FEIFFER AND THE ALMOST-IN GROUP

Profile of the young cartoonist who has made nonconformity a popular product for the mass market.

By Julius Novick

KENNEDY'S ECONOMISTS

What they want, where they disagree, where the power lies, and what they are likely to do.

By Hobart Rowen

THE INVISIBLE ABORIGINE

The co-author of "The Ugly American" reports on the strange —and horrifying—nature of primitive man in the Australian bush.

By Eugene Burdick

VIOLENCE IN THE CITY STREETS

How our "housing experts" unwittingly encourage crime.

By Jane Jacobs

MR. FUTURE

A new story by Leo Rosten.

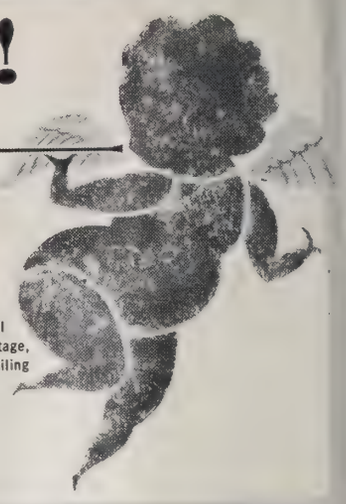
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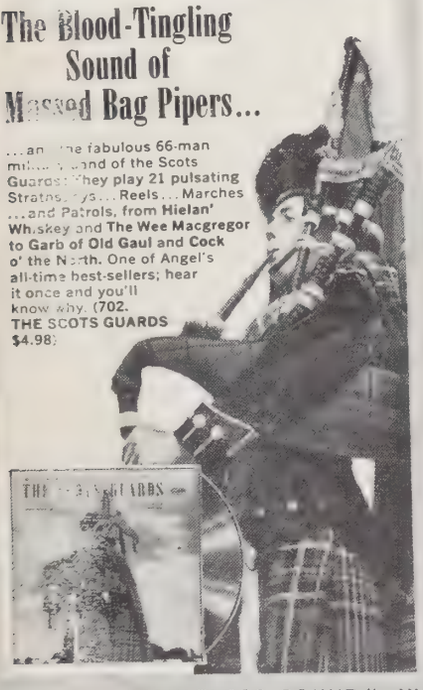


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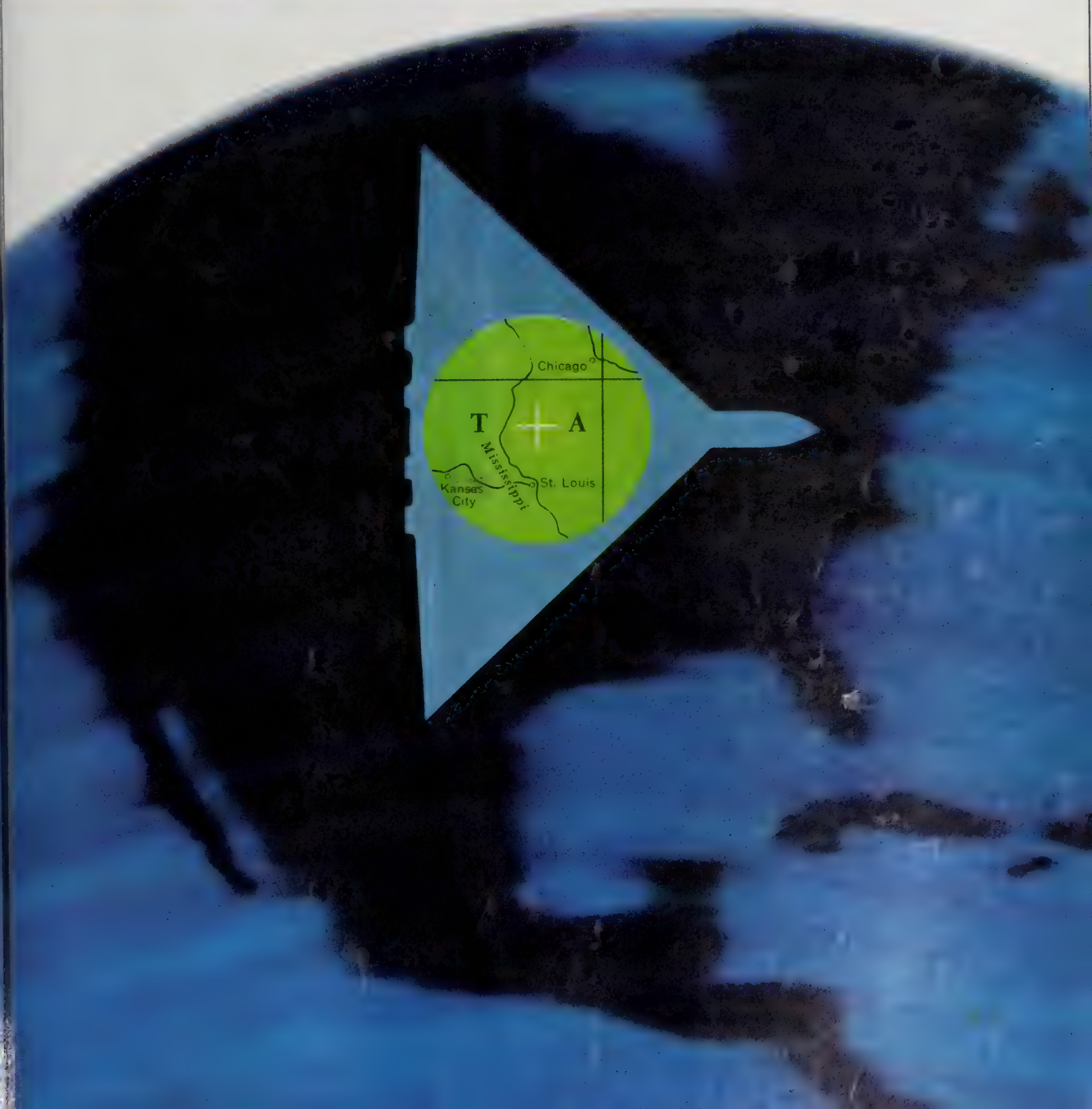
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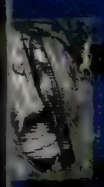
JULES FEIFFER AND THE ALMOST-IN-GROUP

by JULIUS NOVICK

Also: BORIS PASTERNAK, ROBERT LOWELL, LEO ROSTEN, EUGENE BURDICK, and SYLVIA WRIGHT

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ARTICLES

25 **Kennedy's Economists,** *Hobart Rowen*
33 **On Both Your Houses,** *Sylvia Wright*
37 **Violence in the City Streets,** *Jane Jacobs*
58 **Jules Feiffer and the Almost-In-Group,** *Julius Novick*
63 **The Peace Corps' Secret Mission,** *Benjamin DeMott*
69 **The Invisible Aborigine,** *Eugene Burdick*
77 **Why We Don't Wipe Out Polio,** *Leonard Engel*
81 **Canada's Luxury Ghost Town,** *Fred Bodsworth*

FICTION

48 **Mr. Future,** *Leo Rosten*

VERSE

44 **Seven Poems by Boris Pasternak,** *Robert Lowell*
67 **The Husking,** *Dilys Laing*
80 **The Thread,** *Denise Levertov*

DEPARTMENTS

4 **Letters**
10 **The Editor's Easy Chair**—MONEY BAIT, *John Fischer*
21 **After Hours**—MONK TALK, *Robert Kotlowitz*
92 **Public & Personal**—TWELVE AT THE TABLE, *William S. White*
96 **The New Books,** *Irving Kristol*
101 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
104 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*
105 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Janet Halverson; 21, N. M. Bodecker; 33 Burmah Burris; 41, Joseph Papin; 48, Norma-Jean Koplin.

This issue is published in national and special editions.

25 OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF THE LAST 12 MONTHS

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National Book Award For Non-Fiction



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Pulitzer Prize For Poetry

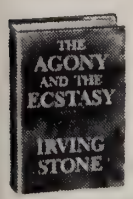


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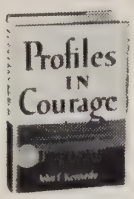
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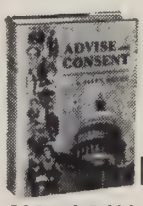
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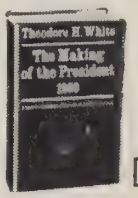
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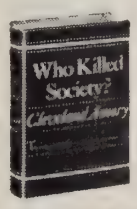
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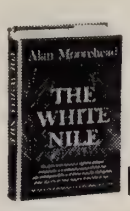
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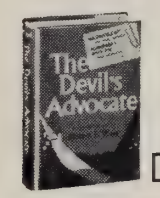
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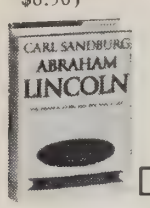
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LETTERS

Volcano Erupts

To the Editors:

Miriam Borgenicht's explosion ["Teachers College: An Extinct Volcano?" July] makes only one valid point about the institution: not all of TC's students measure up to the highest standards of scholarship.

Mrs. Borgenicht contends that the emphasis and preponderance of courses at TC are in the area of methods. A quick glance at the College's Catalogue demolishes this statement. The Department of the Teaching of Social Studies, in which I myself am enrolled as a graduate student, offers nine methods courses and about thirty content courses. . . .

Mrs. Borgenicht is almost audacious when she writes "one book per semester" as being indicative of the general standards at TC. I have recently completed two courses in which no less than three texts were required reading in each course. Furthermore, there were "suggested" reading lists and reading for term papers. . . . There are students here at Teachers College who are very much convinced that it is still the citadel of what is best in American teachers and teaching.

Irving J. Sloan
New York, N. Y.

Miriam Borgenicht's article surely reached many sympathetic ears. I earned a teaching certificate at a southwestern university. . . . During my eight weeks of practice teaching . . . I learned more than in all my Education courses put together. Yet, this teaching was done under only one teacher who had already structured the class and established discipline in a university school with selective admission. On my first day of teaching in a public school, I was faced with illiterate students and honor students, unruly ones and civilized ones, a dictatorial administration, and an indolent janitor!

No course could have presolved these problems. Much depends on the initiative and creativity of the individual teacher. Perhaps, however, a system of graduated apprenticeship under different teachers would have armed me with more of a fortified and mature preparedness than shallow discussions of amateur psychoanalysis usually led by inexperienced professors with a vested interest in an entrenched and empty system.

Anne Russell Callen
Houston, Tex.

As the author of the oft-quoted Teachers College doctoral dissertation, "Your Pencil Sharpener, Its Care, Location and Use," I would like to request that you correct several minor errors by Miriam Borgenicht: (1) Miriam doesn't have the title correct. (2) It wasn't a doctoral dissertation. (3) It wasn't done at TC. This was a commercial brochure which I wrote in 1952 for the C. Howard Hunt Pen Company of Camden, N. J. The publication had no connection with TC. . . .

I would appreciate your correction of this error, as a number of my students are clamoring to do a follow-up study entitled "The Care, Location, and Use of Your Pencil Sharpener—During a Space Age Economy."

Prof. Donald J. Leu
College of Education
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

Harper's is always glad to rescue an author from anonymity.—*The Editors*

Religious Revolt

To the Editors:

Miriam Chapin introduces her article, "Quebec's Revolt against the Catholic Schools" [July], by describing her "worldly friend" Martine, who separates herself from God and Church by birth control and bad confessions. Then Mrs. Chapin appears to include this young woman among those anti-clericals who are "Catholics of good standing who are trying to put the laymen in control." I doubt that Mrs. Chapin is so naïve as to believe that any knowledgeable Catholic, Canadian or otherwise, will swallow that bit of double talk; but I want to point out to my non-Catholic friends the misleading nature of what she writes.

Hasn't anyone suggested working with and through the clergy instead of against them?

Dorothy S. Brown
Winooski, Vt

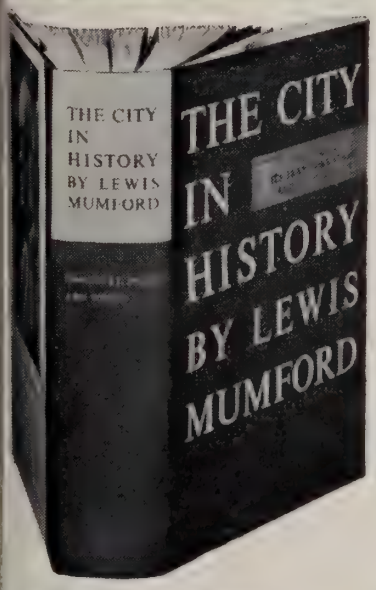
Gloomy Playwrights

To the Editors:

Mary McCarthy is a splendid writer and I always enjoy reading her. I thought her piece "'Realism' in the

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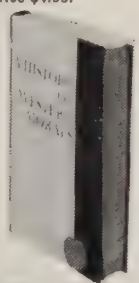
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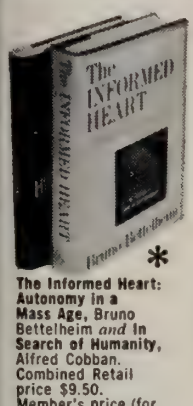
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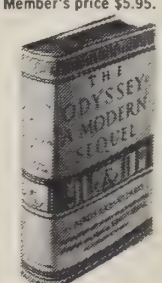
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LETTERS

American Theatre" [July] a very good one indeed, but Miss McCarthy seems curiously disappointed with our realistic drama. I quite agree that there is little magnitude to American realism, but I'm not sure that is anything to be unhappy about. Realism isn't a very noble dramatic style since it defies good language and disavows really dimensional thought. I think the ineffectiveness of our realistic drama might even speak well of us. Whatever the case, it was a first-rate article.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY
New York, N. Y.

I found Miss McCarthy's criticism interesting and provocative. It seems to me, however, that she had to torture fact and logic a bit in order to nail our present theatre in the coffin she constructs. Indeed Miss McCarthy displays a general bias against the drama. This is demonstrated in her attempt to belittle the drama by showing how it "feeds on the novel." Certainly she is aware that the drama was already long mature before the upstart novel appeared on the literary scene. Did the theatre go hungry all those centuries before?

IVAN B. GLUCKMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Benefactor

TO THE EDITORS:

I wonder if government subsidies and government-sponsored scholarships will ever be able to replace the type of help and inspiration provided by such men as William E. Hinds ["The Search for William E. Hinds," by Walter Prescott Webb, July]. I wonder if the supply of country boys waiting to be inspired is becoming exhausted. If it is, our country is doomed. It is hoped that Professor Webb finds a lot of others who have been helped by Mr. Hinds and that *Harper's* will give us a report on the results.

HAROLD E. SIMON, M.D.
Birmingham, Ala.

Unwelcome Old Junior

TO THE EDITORS:

The description of the majority of America's young adults by William S. White ["Old Junior's Progress," Public & Personal, July] is so accurate that the picture of our future is frightening. . . . What has happened to our education system that we have produced a generation of rude "know-alls" who display contempt and disrespect for the intelligentsia? As Mr. White points out, a boy should be a man at twenty-one but this is a characteristic most American males have lost. Why are European countries successful in distilling this desired quality when America is failing so miserably? Is there an answer? Or will this dilemma result in the few individuals slowly joining ranks with the Parent-State-Federal-supported Juniors?

D. CARSON
New Orleans, La.

I finished reading William S. White's article on the new American male and hoo boy—he described our son exactly! . . .

I can hardly wait for Daddy to come home from the office. After he reads Mr. White's article we are going to sit down and say to our big, strong, hairy-chested, lazy, handsome, mannerly apprentice bum of a son, "Sonny," (we still call him that—he's just a babe of twenty) "now that you are going into the Air Force we have a message for you. You are exiting from the lollipop express; you are being evicted from the gravy train. If you marry that wonderfully sweet woman you've been leaning on for two years you'd better make sure you can get a job at the filling station—*she* is a disciplined person and can always teach school—because Daddy is going to have a vacation, selfish as it sounds, and Mommy is going along."

I hope to God he's too young to have a stroke.

NAME WITHHELD

Latin Plan

TO THE EDITORS:

In the light of this country's recent *faux pas* in Cuba, Peter F. Drucker's "A Plan for Revolution in Latin America" [July] seemed sensible and rational. I hope that President Kennedy will read it carefully before green-lighting any more idiotic *Putsches*. . . .

LLOYD WILKIE
Canoga Park, Calif.

Peter F. Drucker's piece on Latin America is an excellent treatment of the problem, in that it helps to clarify what we can and cannot reasonably do with regard to the situation in that region.

MIKE MANSFIELD
U. S. Senate, Montana
Washington, D. C.

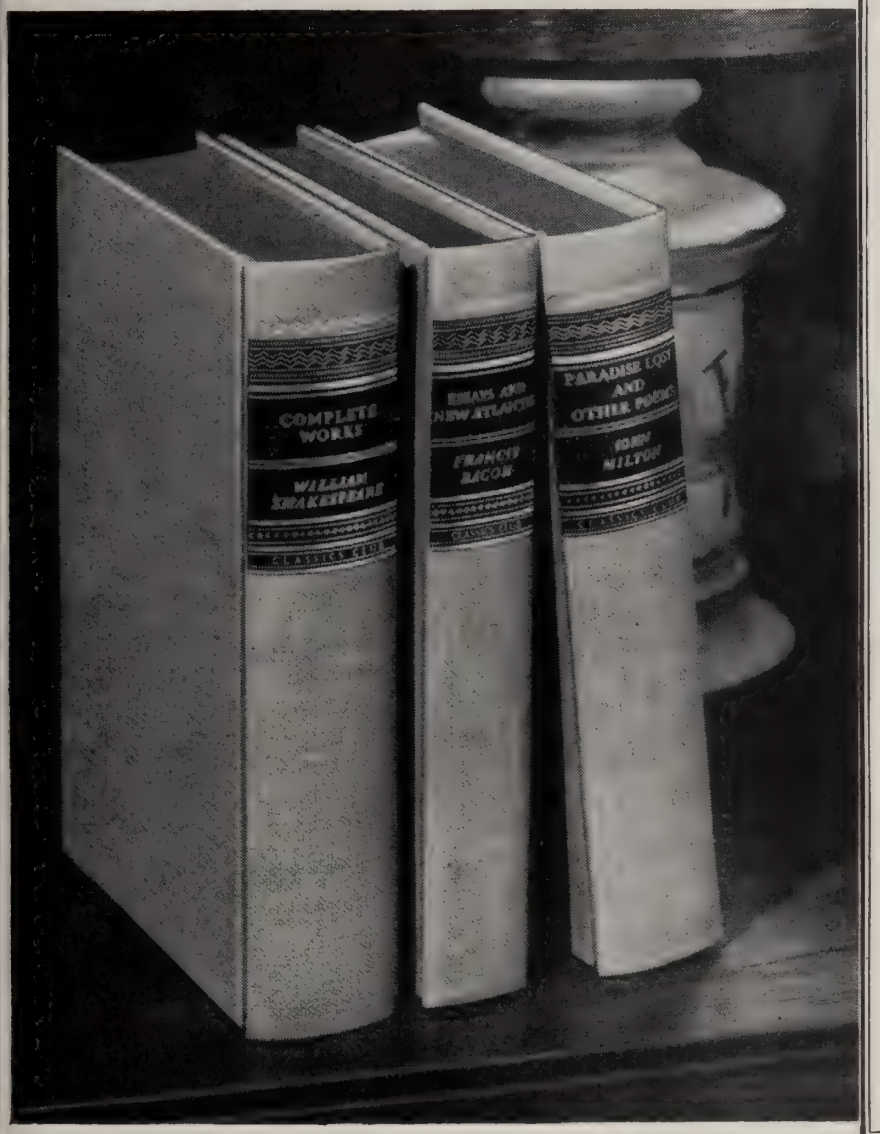
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TO THE EDITORS:

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but I feel the college is making some good friends in your country. On be half of the students I do thank you with all my heart.

C. M. DRURY, Principa
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Who's on First

TO THE EDITORS:

That was an excellent article Marion K. Sanders ["New York Is D ferent," July]. It describes eloquent the amazing confusion which permeat Democratic politics in New York Ci this year. Unfortunately, this confusi among highly respected Democra leaders concentrating on their domes house cleaning made it impossible to e list any of the best among them in fusion movement to restore honest a effective administration of our C affairs. This, to me, represents confusi worse confounded.

STANLEY M. ISA
Minority Lead
The City Coun
New York, N

Marion K. Sanders has an acute for political syntax and a Leica-eye the stylistic nuances of urban politi Her witty piece will surely find its w into the anthologies for political-scie students, to their edification as well amusement. I can only rue the fact t fate (or Mrs. Sanders) made of the cat candidate, Hal Dinsmore, a politi science major. I entertain the hope t he was low man in his class or that was really an English major travel under false colors.

V. O. KEY,
Prof. of Governm
Harvard Univer
Cambridge, M



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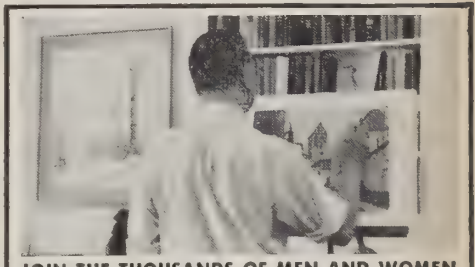
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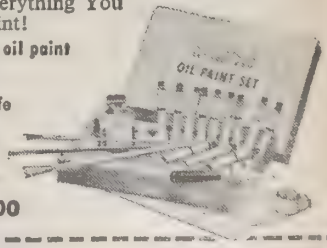
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JOHN FISCHER

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Money Bait

ALMOST by accident, a new method has been discovered for attracting wealth. It has never been publicly reported, so far as I can find—although one group of financiers is now quietly using it in an operation which promises to be highly profitable. Apparently they are the first to fully understand the formula, and to put it to deliberate use.

Earlier it had been tested successfully in two states—Massachusetts and California—but these demonstrations were inadvertent. Most of the people concerned did not quite grasp what was happening, or why. This isn't surprising, because the demonstrations occurred piecemeal, over a period of about fifteen years, without any conscious plan.

Once the formula is widely known, however, it should be possible to apply it more quickly in at least a dozen other places. The South, Puerto Rico, and the Pacific Northwest look like the best bets. All of them have one of the two vital ingredients, and probably can create the other if they really try. The result might well be a surprisingly rapid rise in new factories, skilled employment, and per capita income. In certain other states, however, it is never likely to work, for reasons to be noted in a moment.

Our poorer communities have, of course, been looking for just such a recipe for generations. They have tried many kinds of lures to attract new industries. The favorite has been tax concessions—sometimes, as in the case of Puerto Rico, complete tax exemption for as long as twenty years. Often they have put up new buildings and offered them at low rent (or none) to any factory that would move in. In addition they usually have promised cheap labor, and some Southern states have hinted loudly that newcomers wouldn't have to worry about trouble with labor unions.

All too frequently the catch has proved disappointing. For the kind of industry that will snap at such bait is hardly worth having. The South, for example, succeeded in enticing a good many textile mills away from New England—but the industry already was in decline, and its low wages certainly have bestowed no crescendo of prosperity on the Carolinas or Georgia.

On the other hand, the exciting growth industries—electronics, for instance—aren't interested in cheap labor. They need highly skilled men and are willing to pay almost any price to get them—as anyone can see by glancing at the help-wanted ads in *Scientific American* or the Sunday *New York Times*. Neither are they much interested in low taxes, because low taxes mean poor schools. Such schools can't turn out the kind of brains these industries need; moreover, the men they seek aren't willing to settle in communities where their children will be doomed to a second-rate education.

In fact, the major growth industries of the postwar era—the prizes any ambitious community would love to get—differ in six important characteristics from the old-fashioned industries such as steel, textiles, and automobiles:

1. They mostly produce items of small size but great value: transistors, magnetic tape, automation-control instruments, micro-bearings, computers, missile-fuel pumps, pharmaceuticals, inertial-guidance systems, to mention a few.

2. They do not use huge tonnages of raw material and fuel.

3. Consequently they don't have to locate near ore bodies or coal mines. Nor are they dependent on river transport or rail lines. Indeed so far as physical requirements are concerned, they can locate practically anywhere they please.

4. Their plants usually operate without noise, smoke, or smell. Therefore they don't blight the surrounding neighborhoods as a steel mill or paper factory does. On the contrary, these new-type factories are often an enhancement to the community. The cluster of Johnson & Johnson plants near New Brunswick, New Jersey—each a handsome specimen of architecture in a campus-like setting—is a noteworthy example.

5. They aren't greatly concerned about unions. For one thing, their scientific and other white-collar workers are almost impossible to organize. For another, wage costs aren't decisive. What is decisive is the quality of the product—plus constant innovation of improved or entirely new

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6. Their one critical requirement, therefore, is brain power. If they hope to stay ahead of the competition, they must at all costs attract (and hold) really first-rate scientists, technicians, and executives.

IT is interesting to note the places where such industries have, in fact, chosen to locate. Although some are scattered in many parts of the country, they have tended to gravitate toward two great concentrations: one in Southern California, the other in the Boston area. In the latter, they have sprouted thickest along Route 128—the semicircular expressway built a few years ago through what was then open countryside to by-pass the traffic-choked metropolitan area of Boston. According to Dr. F. Leroy Foster, director of the Division of Sponsored Research for Massachusetts Institute of Technology, more than four hundred plants are now turning out electronic components or associated products within a twenty-mile radius of the Charles River Basin, the center of the area. Virtually all of them have been established since the war, and most within the last ten years.

The comparable concentration in Southern California covers a wider area, and has been even more spectacular in its rate of growth. San Diego, for instance, increased its factory employment by 54 per cent between 1954 and 1959, while Los Angeles reported a 21 per cent gain.

Why have such plants sprung up in these two places—rather than in, say, Arkansas, Mississippi, or upstate New York, which need new industry much more desperately? Certainly not because California and Massachusetts did a better promotion job or offered bigger tax and wage incentives; their promotion has been negligible and their tax incentives nil.

By happenstance, however, both areas did offer two powerful attractions:

1. A pleasant environment to live in.
2. Great universities.

These often turned out to be the decisive considerations for a management which was worrying about the recruitment of key personnel.

To begin with, many of the people they wanted already had their roots down in these communities. They were faculty members or graduate students at MIT, Harvard, Boston University, Brandeis, or at Caltech, Stanford, or one of the many campuses of the University of California. (Indeed such people frequently start a factory themselves. MIT alumni have organized seventy-five new companies in the Boston area since the war. And the firm which eventually grew into the Raytheon Company was originally founded by Dr. Vannevar Bush—wartime director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development—and two friends, who wanted to make a special kind of thermostat. Raytheon now employs 40,000 people—the great majority in twenty-five plants near Boston.)

Moreover, other scientists can easily be persuaded to move to an area which has a complex of good universities. There they can keep in touch with the research under way in the best laboratories. They can consult whenever necessary with the leading minds in their fields.*

Above all, they have company. In the evenings they can visit with friends who share their interests and talk their language. And not merely with other scientists. These people frequently are true intellectuals, with a wide range of interests. They like to live in a community of scholars —historians, writers, sociologists, even an occasional artist—and they enjoy being near good libraries, good orchestras, good art galleries. If you plunked them down in Spearfish, South Dakota, they would go out of their minds with boredom; no amount of money could persuade them to stay there.

Robert S. McNamara is a case in point. A Phi Beta Kappa and once an assistant professor at Harvard, he is typical of the new breed of corporate executive. And it is significant that even after he became president of the Ford Motor Company he continued to live in Ann Arbor—thirty-eight miles from his office—because, as *Time* reported, "it is a university town" and he had "a liking for the academic life." (Or, to put it less tactfully, no intellectual is likely to live in Detroit if he can avoid it.) Dr. Bush provides another object lesson. After his retirement as president of the Carnegie Institution, he returned to MIT because he enjoyed "the excitement of its intellectual ferment."

By coincidence, both Southern California and the Boston area offered not only intellectual ferment but also pleasant places to live. The charms of Southern California (for some people, anyhow) are well known. And the construction of Route 128 made it possible for a man to live in the Boston suburbs, or in the rolling, wooded hills beyond, and still drive to his plant in a few minutes.

It is no coincidence, of course, that these localities also had good schools. Any area that abounds in first-rate universities is almost sure to have better-than-average primary and secondary schools, both public and private. For almost

* Dr. Wernher von Braun, the rocket scientist, recently made the same point in asking the Alabama legislature for money to expand a small research center near the state university. "It's not water, or real estate, or labor, or power, or cheap taxes which brings industry," he said. "It's brainpower. . . . What do you think attracted the aircraft industry to the Los Angeles area? The desert and smog? No, it was UCLA [and the other great universities there]."

The passions that move men to create history...

The 1934 assassination (pictured) of Alexander I of Yugoslavia and French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou removed two opponents of Axis ambitions in Europe—helping to open the way for encroachments by Hitler, and hastening the advent of World War II.

For although passions that move men to create history may be peculiar to the time and place, their consequences are the legacy of us all. Just as our lives today are shaped in part by Sir Francis Drake's defeat of the Spanish Armada—so is our future now being perceptibly altered by the seething aspirations of people in Rhodesia, Havana, Laos and Peiping.

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DEATH OF A KING ... *Marseilles, October 9, 1934 (World Wide Photo).*

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by definition, intellectuals are passionate about education, and insist on getting the best they can for their children.

Finally, such people are apt to be sensitive to their physical surroundings. Because they detest ugliness, they can sometimes muster enough public opinion to fight back the tide of billboards, juke joints, used-car lots, and Tastee-Freez stands which has overwhelmed so much of the American landscape. (Witness the civic uproar which saved Walden Pond.) Both Los Angeles and downtown Boston are hideous enough, God knows, but their outlying academic communities generally have managed to preserve little islands of green and ordered serenity.

Since the key men in a space-age factory also are likely to value these things, it is only sensible to locate the plant where they are already available. Provided, of course, that the universities are there too.

THE business firm which first spotted this pattern of behavior, and tried to make a profit out of it, apparently was the City Investing Company of New York City.

It discovered one-half of the formula about eight years ago. Its original idea was to buy up a twenty-thousand-acre tract of woodland on the west side of the Hudson River, thirty miles from Manhattan, and to develop there a cluster of modern research establishments. Each plant could be set in its own tree-shaded campus, a comfortable distance away from any other. Each employee could have his own country estate—within walking distance of his work.

On paper, this idyllic planned community sounded irresistible to the new type of science-based industries and their egghead personnel. Moreover, the company spared nothing to make its Sterling Forest development into a sylvan paradise. It found a choice site—close to Tuxedo Park and West Point, within easy reach of the New York Thruway, endowed with a brook and three lakes—and it spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on landscaping, flowers, and shrubs.

But, alas, the scientists didn't swarm in with the expected alacrity. In 1957 the Union Carbide Nuclear Company did begin to do some research there, and has since opened a new center, while the Sterling Forest management put up an International Research Building of its own. But there was no stampede like the one Boston and California had enjoyed.

The trouble, it seems, was that the scientists were afraid they would be lonesome. Who could they talk to out there in those woods? Chipmunks? Gardeners? Their wives?

So in 1960 the City Investing people hit upon the missing half of the formula. What they needed, obviously, was a university.

Last December they got it. The company gave a thousand acres of land to New York University, on condition that it would establish there a major campus for its science departments. The school's president promptly announced plans for setting up an atomic-reactor laboratory, classrooms and quarters for graduate students, adult education programs, and housing for faculty and research personnel. The development may take twenty years to complete, he explained, but eventually the new campus will be fit company for the six campuses which NYU already operates.

That evidently turned the trick. Four corporations made plans to install research units in the Sterling Forest area, before the university got around to laying its first brick.

Few private financiers are likely to command the resources (or the foresight) to carry through similar schemes. But the technique seems made to order for states that are eager to attract modern industry. Some already have a good start, even though they don't realize it.

In North Carolina, for example, the area between Chapel Hill and Durham looks like a natural for such an enterprise. Both are pleasant towns. They are surrounded by unspoiled (well, all right, not *hopelessly* spoiled) countryside; it could be handsomely developed—at a profit—by public purchase and zoning. The Blue Ridge Mountains are an easy drive to the west, the Cape Hatteras beach about the same distance east. In sum, a potential for The Good Life as promising as anything Massachusetts or California can offer.

And here are two of the best edu-

cational institutions in the South: the University of North Carolina and Duke. Around this nucleus the state could—if it made a determined effort—build up a truly great intellectual center. It might become not just the best in its region, but one of the best in America. Inevitably it would give North Carolina the educational leadership of the South—and as a consequence, leadership in modern industry as well.

It would cost money of course. A doubling of teachers' salaries, new buildings, urban renewal, parks and landscaping, a long-range, well-thought-out regional plan: all of these would have to be financed somehow. (The big national foundations and the tobacco industry might both be eager to help.) But in the end the investment ought to pay off bountifully. In New England the factory sales of electronic equipment alone amounted to $749 million in 1959, and are expected to pass $2 billion by 1970. Already these factories have created jobs for nearly a hundred thousand people—almost as many as the payroll of the region's entire textile industry.

COMPARABLE opportunities would seem to be open to Puerto Rico, with its climatic advantages and a university already growing rapidly in stature; to the Puget Sound region; to Wisconsin, Michigan, and a few other areas which already have some of the basic ingredients.

For certain states, however, this sort of development seems out of the question. How could anybody create either a great university or an enticing environment in Kansas or North Dakota? The Deep South will continue to lose, rather than attract, educated people so long as it threatens to destroy its public-school system over the integration issue. (The North Carolinians, notoriously more commonsensical than most Southerners, seem likely to solve this problem without much uproar.) Texas, Arizona, Colorado, and Nevada—plus some others—have not yet demonstrated that respect for intellect and education which is necessary to the growth of great universities. Maine and Idaho probably couldn't raise the money.

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The College Sex Problem	Milton I. Levine, M.D. and Maya Pines

For the contents of the regular October issue, see page 94.

trialization will not work everywhere—but it does look too good to remain indefinitely the secret weapon of Massachusetts, California, and the City Investing Company. It will be entertaining to see what community first shows enough enterprise to try to break their monopoly.

The People-Machine

IN January 1961, *Harper's* published "The People-Machine" by Thomas B. Morgan, a report on a computing device used to forecast some aspects of voters' behavior in the last Presidential election. In May 1961, the Simulmatics Corporation, which had developed the machine, offered 150,000 shares of its common stock for public sale. A number of readers have called to our attention the fact that in its offering circular the company lists Mr. Morgan as a stockholder and Information Manager.

In response to an inquiry from the editors, Mr. Morgan writes: "At the time I wrote the article I had no relationship, real or implied, present or promised, with the Simulmatics Corporation or any of its officers. I was employed by the corporation as a free-lance writer in August 1960, to assist Dr. Ithiel de Sola Pool in editing three reports for the Democratic campaign. . . . On February 8, 1961, I negotiated a one-year contract as Manager of Information of the corporation. . . . I believed then as I do now that computer simulation could be a major factor in the development of our society."

He added that his contract included $1,000 compensation for services rendered in the last two weeks of January—about two months after the delivery of the article.

Like any reputable magazine, *Harper's* always tries to make sure that its reportorial articles are written objectively, by reporters who have no personal stake in the subject matter. Consequently we feel we ought to inform our readers of the facts in this case, and of Mr. Morgan's assurance that no conflict of interest was involved.

—THE EDITORS

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It was the emblem of Holland's Order of St. James. Of the Knights of St. Michael in France. Of medieval pilgrims in solemn processions to the shrine of Spain's patron saint. Of men rallying around England's King Richard in the Crusades. All knew the scallop to be the badge of the quest.

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SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU



WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM *Nikita Khrushchev*

"A Communist," he said in his report to the Central Committee on February 14, 1956, "has no right to be a mere onlooker."

The free world may deplore the methods used in the U.S.S.R. to insure the participation of its citizens in the plans of the Kremlin. But no one can deny that Khrushchev, after all, has put his finger on one of the strengths of dictatorship — and one of the weaknesses of democracy.

In our democratic society, you have the freedom of choice to be either active or passive, a doer or an onlooker, as you please. You may choose simply to stand and watch the world go by. That is your privilege, and no one can penalize you.

But if there is no law compelling you to be active, no dictator telling you that you must take your place in the ranks — and sending you to Siberia if you don't — is there not at least an implied moral obligation to be a participant rather than simply a spectator — a moral obligation with a force far greater than a dictator's rule? By definition, democracy is the rule of the people, and there is no rule when the people shirk their responsibilities.

Remember the sense of common purpose that we all shared in World War II, whether we were fighting or doing defense work or helping the Red Cross or planting a victory garden? In wartime, most of us accept the necessity for action — and act. But when the necessity grows less urgent, we tend to forget how stimulating it is to be active in a worthwhile cause, how satisfying the resulting sense of fulfillment. Instead, we fall back into the old habit of letting George do it.

Occasionally, a Presidential election stirs us out of our apathy, and we work for the party and the candidates we favor — or at least take the trouble to vote. But after it's over, too many of us slip back into the complacent role of the onlooker.

There are many Americans who regard citizenship as a sinecure, reluctantly paying taxes but making no attempt to influence what is happening in the government and the community. Others are too fastidious or too phlegmatic to espouse a cause and work for it. Still others fear involvement and prefer to stay on the surface of things, shunning commitment but reserving the right to criticize. They are living phantom lives, wasting both the unique opportunities for action afforded by our democracy and their own potentialities as human beings.

They willingly pay lip service to the two principles of conduct that motivated our founding fathers — *do your part* and *do your best*—forgetting that the operative word in each case is *do*. Intention, resolution, decision, determination—these are not enough. No one will take the thought for the deed. There is no credit — and very little satisfaction — in standing on the sidelines. Participation is what counts — participation in the service of whatever cause is closest to your heart, whatever purpose appeals most strongly to your intelligence.

Work to improve your local school or library or hospital. Collect to help conquer the diseases that now conquer men. Teach English to newcomers, read to the blind, join a church project. Run for public office — or work for someone else who is running. Further a cause you believe in by organizing a group to support it — or at least by taking pen in hand. As Ecclesiastes put it: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."
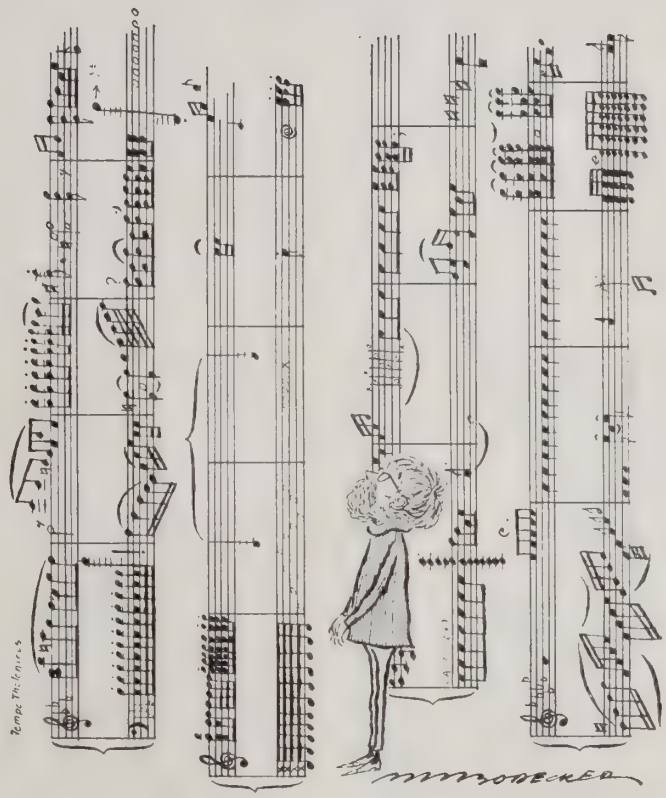
We citizens of this democracy cannot allow ourselves simply to stand by in a world where no Communist has the right to be a mere onlooker. We must bestir ourselves, accept both the responsibility and the opportunity for service to community and country, find our respective causes and serve them with a will.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said back in 1884:

> *As life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time, at the peril of being judged not to have lived.*

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AFTER HOURS



MONK TALK by Robert Kotlowitz

Thelonious Monk—the jazz pianist who has been variously described as "an unpredictable sideshow" and "a pure, individual artist"—lives in a slum neighborhood in Manhattan bordered by the New York Central freight yards. This has been his home since 1924, when, at the age of four, he forsook his native North Carolina. One of the signs of his permanency is a metal-framed calling card on his front door; it bears the inscription "T. Monk" in turn-of-the-century type and may well be the only one of its kind in the area. Over the years, Monk has acquired a wife, now the highly competent executive of his household, and a couple of children.

He has also, and much more recently, acquired an impressive and enthusiastic following. Only the past few years have provided him with anything like steady employment, although, for as long as he can remember, he has wanted to play his special kind of music. Starting his career as a teen-age pianist in the neighborhood community center, Monk went on to work wherever he could—for saloons, depression rent parties, a traveling evangelist, and, briefly, for Lucky Millinder's band.

In the early 'forties, together with Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, and Dizzy Gillespie, among others, Monk began to join the after-hours jam sessions at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem. Critics and chroniclers, often eager to establish a firm tradition in print where one may not exist in reality, had it that Minton's produced a carefully planned school of new jazz deliberately designed to overthrow everything that preceded it. This is dramatic, sentimental, and not very truthful. If the Minton sessions were important to jazz, it was because dissatisfied musicians came together and discovered they were dissatisfied with much the same thing—in simplest terms, the old ways of jazz. There was little talk about it; to the best of Monk's recollection, "we just played."

Parker, Powell, and Gillespie, although popular artists long before Monk, shared his desire to return to impulse and instinct as the twin sources of music. Bop was wonderful to listen to, dull to talk about. It was music to be played and heard; it was not, as most of music is not, the subject for exegesis.

Since Minton's, Monk has put in two full decades of bone-wearying persistence to maintain his personal outpost in the avant-garde of jazz. The problem of where to appear still plagues him today. There are more festivals and more concert dates, but the first are generally potluck affairs, mixing a stew of ill-assorted musicians for a few performances, and the second are sporadic. There are probably more night clubs too, but Monk guesses there are four in the country in which a jazz musician can enjoy playing—two of them in New York.

"Most club owners," he has said, "think you're a traveling vaudeville routine, with a clear-cut act twenty minutes long that's ready to go on four times a night. They want every jazz musician to get a line six blocks long outside the place every night."

Nevertheless, his records sell and his price is high for public appearances. Today, Monk appears a lonely but not separated artist to his fellow jazzmen, and a dedicated but not intransigent artist to the critics, who see in him the *sine qua non* of artistic acceptance in America: personal integrity. In recent years, he has been characterized as "one of the most unmistakably original talents on the jazz scene," by composer Gunther Schuller, and as "a major formative influence on jazzmen—not only pianists and writers, but players on all instruments," by critic Nat Hentoff. "Monk stands out," says drummer Max Roach. He is "the main reason I came to New York from Chicago," says arranger-composer George Russell, who goes on to explain that "the first time I heard Monk in the 'forties, he reached me faster and more deeply than either Gillespie or Parker."

What Monk's audience thinks of him depends on which audience is being talked about. There are three.

One is in attendance because it has gathered that it is the hip thing to do. Its unstated premise is simple: it is better to appear "in" than "out" in any context that is fashionable, even if it also turns out to be totally incomprehensible. For this audience, jazz is in and Monk is in, although what he plays makes little musical difference. Jazz offers swollen legends of narcotics, of drink, race guilt, and violence, bearing a strangely attractive aura of sadness and pain. For the "hippies," it means an eve-

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ning's brush with emotional anarchy for the price of a beer.

A second audience comes because it has heard that Monk is a character. Monk *is* a character, in that his natural differences from other people are clearly defined and insisted upon. He speaks, eats, and sleeps only when he feels like it. He sometimes arrives late for performances, almost always wears a hat when playing; a goatee covers his chin; and his baritone voice, often liquid and soft in conversation, can be hoarse beyond imitation. Moreover, he is almost as big as his piano, and he tends to get up in the middle of a set and dance around the platform while the members of his group solo. For this audience, he is a spectacle; it is sheerest coincidence that a little music is thrown in.

The third audience, young, ardent, and often bearded without being beat, will come to a night club for a Monk performance, but it won't drink very much. It is loyal, intense, and responsive to the music, which is what it comes to hear.

Monk's music—"*My* music," he always calls it—is dark, like mahogany, but not gloomy, staccato but not nervous. It is old chords, new chords, and more chords, almost all mass and density exploding in chunks of sound between which carefully composed silences fall. It is vertical rather than horizontal music, it has only a tenuous line. When Monk serves up a melody, it usually stays in a corner, where he hoards it with miserly care; he gets from one corner to the next riding bizarre harmonies and thrusting rhythms, jabbing and rocking like a boxer making rights, lefts, rights, and sometimes both simultaneously, straight out and far.

In the past ten years the "sound" of Monk's music has not changed dramatically, although it has intensified, pared down of all waste motion. It cannot be imitated with any success. When another musician picks up a Monk melody, it crumbles without the Monk harmonies; on the other hand, the harmonies are so individualistic that only suggestions of them work in another's playing and even then they must be incorporated carefully. Like Debussy's work, and for the same reasons, Monk's music remains a self-sufficient island.

It is not easy for Monk's kind of music to hold the listener's attention. With only the barest linear quality, it sometimes loses suspense, and, like much other contemporary jazz, the range of its emotional variation often barely extends from thumb to forefinger, fully outstretched. What compels the listener is surprise—the next note coming where it should not, the chords, one after the other, apparently never heard before, the silences, which fill up before a vacuum can set in, and rhythmic propulsion and the beat, immediately reaching into the very center of the listener's nervous energy and taking hold. Like almost all of jazz, it is very much here-and-now music.

Although he often "re-composes" and improves on standard popular tunes, Monk usually plays his own compositions with three or four other instrumentalists.

The actual composing is done at a Steinway grand at one end of the kitchen in Monk's apartment. Since Monk is inclined to sit down at the piano at any time, day or night, the kitchen ceiling is soundproofed, while all four walls, as well as the front door which leads right into the room, are paneled in walnut. When Monk composes, he is virtually hermetically sealed from the outside world. He may work alone or with a member of his group, the noise in the rest of the apartment may exceed his piano's volume; he continues to work. "I find something almost every time I sit down at the piano," he says. "No matter what's going on around me."

WITH their minimal formal training, Monk's hands at work would be the despair of every good piano teacher in the land. The fingers, almost never curved, lie nearly flat on the keys, like ten miniature spatulas. The hands themselves are small for such an oversized body (Monk stands taller than six feet and, like his work, he has the mass and density to go with it). He is not noted for a fabulous technique, but he can do exactly what he needs to do. Arpeggios and runs, for example, are managed safely enough, although they have no great speed or cleanness of line. Sometimes he gives up using his hands entirely, aiming an elbow at a tonal cluster with surprising accuracy. Monk's dazzle lies in his

compositions. As a performer, he tends to treat the piano for what it is—a percussion instrument—instead of trying to disguise its limitations.

Rehearsing with a colleague, he rarely uses a score. "I've got it all written down," he says, "but we do just as well without reading notes. That way nothing distracts." A rehearsal may go on for two hours or longer. Monk feeds his tenor sax man, Charlie Rouse, a note or phrase at a time. Rouse takes it bite by bite, each note or phrase a mouthful digested to bewildered shakings of the head. It can take the entire two hours to get one full minute of music set between the two.

Monk and Rouse say their notes, as though music were the simplest, most direct language available to man, and, even more, as though B-C sharp, played on an instrument, means something as precise and unmistakable as C-A-T. Throughout the rehearsal, Monk directs with short comments. "You're not making it," he says placidly after the seventh repetition of an octave jump. "*Dig* it." Well into the next phrase, Monk says, "Don't touch the note, hit it. And when you hit it, augment it."

To visitors, he is as terse. "This dragging you?" he asks politely as the repetitions continue. When satisfied, Monk utters his favorite comment, the word "Solid," pronounced slowly and with geometric firmness.

Once the rehearsal is over, Monk likes to relax by listening to jazz records. He may start to dance, a glass of orange juice in his hand. "Jazz is America musically. It's all jazz, everywhere," he says, rocking loosely to the music. "When I was a kid, I felt something had to be done about all that jazz. So I've been doing it for twenty years. Maybe I've turned jazz another way. Maybe I'm a major influence. I don't know. Anyway, my music is my music, on my piano, too. That's a criterion of something. Jazz is my adventure. I'm after new chords, new ways of syncopating, new figurations, new runs. How to use notes differently. That's it. Just using notes differently." So Monk walks, creating little dances in his kitchen, swinging away under a black beanie from Chinatown, keeping a telescopic eye out for the moving frontiers of jazz.



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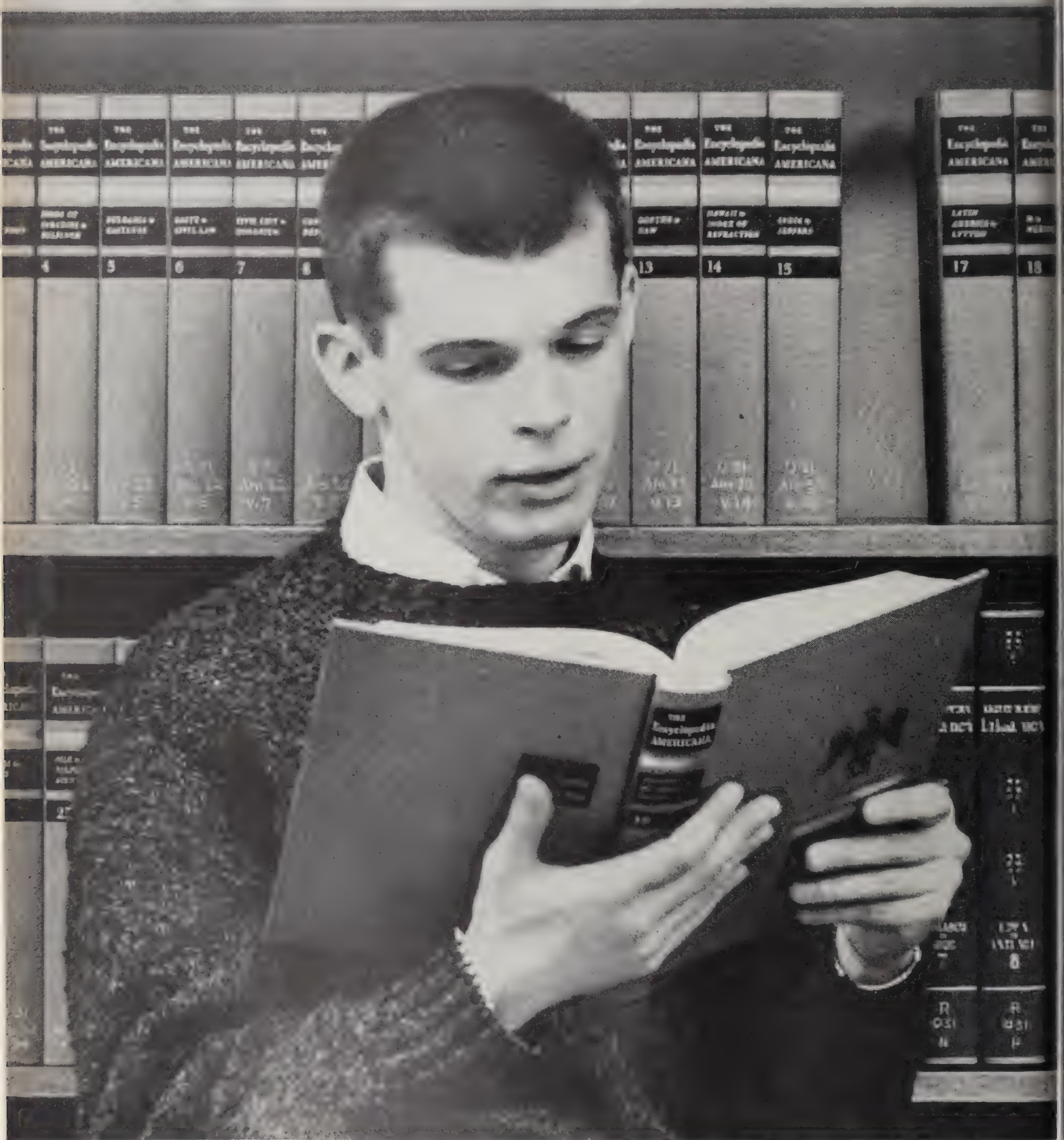
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Harper's MAGAZINE

KENNEDY'S ECONOMISTS

What they want . . . Where they disagree . . . Where the power lies . . . What they are likely to do

HOBART ROWEN

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY came to the Presidency committed to "get this country moving again." With an urgent appeal that may have accounted for the difference between his vote and Nixon's, Kennedy crusaded for a faster rate of economic growth, for instilling new hope in depressed areas, and for broad health, education, and welfare programs. Fearlessly, he attacked Eisenhower's tight money policies and acknowledged the need for a larger governmental role in the nation's economic life. Accurately, he diagnosed the symptoms and causes of the recession, and promised swift steps to correct it.

All this suggested that Kennedy would initiate a new economic era in which the neurotic Republican fear of deficits would be replaced by a modern fiscal policy devised by the best brains available. It would be an exciting period, dominated by men of great intellect who would be encouraged to test new ideas.

With half of the first Kennedy year gone, how much progress has been made toward fulfilling this program? On the plus side, the Administration proposed, and Congress has approved, a number of measures to counter recession—a temporary extension of unemployment compensation, aid to depressed areas and to dependent children, a boost in minimum wages, and a housing bill. There has been a speed-up of tax refunds, veterans' life-insurance dividends, and scheduled government construction. A package of key tax-reform proposals—with more promised for next year—was sent to Congress, as were bills for permanent improvements in unemployment compensation and social security, federal aid to education, and a medical-care program. On all these measures, except for medical care and education, partial or full Congressional action is hoped for during the 1961 session.

And surely, not the least of Kennedy's achievements has been his ability to attract talented economic advisers who have breathed new life into the Council of Economic Advisers, the Budget Bureau, and the Treasury.

Yet all this falls far short of the bright promise; the nation has had to settle for a limited program which is unlikely to result in full employment or a significant rise in our economic growth rate. Especially discouraging is the specter of continuing heavy unemployment, an

ugly and costly anachronism in an affluent land.

The hard fact of the matter is that President Kennedy has been somewhat timid in his approach to business and finance. In retrospect it seems clear that his instincts are more conservative than the tone of his campaign speeches. Furthermore, his acute sense of political realities has persuaded him to dilute some of his economic goals. Indeed the political "constraints" dovetail neatly with his own middle-of-the-road views. For example, he opposed a tax cut as an anti-recession device because—as he frankly told his key advisers before his inauguration—he felt it conflicted with the "posture of sacrifice" he intended to ask of the country. In subsequent discussions he also made clear his view that a tax cut would throw the federal budget too far out of balance, and that Congress would not "buy" the idea, anyway.

Temporarily, the cautious approach was acceptable to liberals. The President had inherited a seriously adverse balance of payments situation; an image of the new Democratic President as a careful, prudent custodian of the dollar had to be cultivated. Moreover, as Professor Paul A. Samuelson of Massachusetts Institute of Technology pointed out in January, in his task force report on the economy, "one cannot realistically expect to undo in 1961 the inadequacies of several years. It is not realistic to aim for the restoration of high employment within a single calendar year."

These words set the pace for the Kennedy program, which consisted of some mild immediate measures to attack recession to be followed by a second look at the situation in the spring. And Kennedy's Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Walter W. Heller of the University of Minnesota, concurred.

By April there was some evidence of a business upturn. Meantime European speculators who bid up the world price of gold in the hope that Kennedy would devalue the dollar gave up their costly game. The price of gold settled back to $35 an ounce. As Per Jacobsson, Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund, put it, "The stock market went up and the price of gold went down."

Kennedy thus cleared his first hurdles. At the same time he turned aside the warnings of his Council which argued along with Samuelson that, apart from recession, there was a basic weakness in the economy. "We were sluggish and tired," Samuelson said, and must take steps to make sure that recovery won't "peter out" in a year or two, well below the nation's capacity.

This thesis was developed in detail before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress on March 6 by Heller with his fellow Council members, the quietly brilliant Professor James Tobin of Yale* and Professor Kermit Gordon of Williams College. "An economic upturn would be only the beginning, not the end of the solution to our economic problems," Heller said. He demonstrated that our fabled productive machine was limping along at least 8 per cent under capacity, wasting resources at a rate not even the richest nation could afford. He estimated the gap between actual and potential output as about $50 billion, roughly equivalent to $500 per household. And this calculation was based on a growth rate of only 3.5 per cent—the sum of a normal 2 per cent productivity gain, plus a 1.5 per cent rise in the labor force. Heller thus steered away from talk of high rates of growth, although the Democratic platform had set 5 per cent as a goal, and many independent groups believe a 4.5 per cent growth rate is necessary and attainable. And certainly, 3.5 per cent looks modest when set against the recent gains on both sides of the Iron Curtain in Europe.

Heller outlined the "expansionary policies required by the serious economic problems we face." Among the possibilities were a temporary consumer tax cut, stimulation of investment in physical and human resources, more housing programs, and a strong effort to lower interest rates. There was so much slack in the economy, he argued, that government spending could be increased with little fear of a delayed inflationary

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Hobart Rowen is on the Washington staff of "Newsweek" and is the author of "America's Most Powerful Private Club," the influential article on the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council which appeared in "Harper's" a year ago. It received the Sigma Delta Chi award and was cited for helping to "crack the secrecy barrier surrounding the activities of the BAC." Mr. Rowen formerly worked for the "Journal of Commerce" and the War Production Board.

* When Tobin was invited early in January to take a Council post, he was a bit reluctant. Kennedy called him directly at Heller's suggestion, but Tobin warned him that an article he had written for a university publication, scheduled to appear shortly, was highly critical of the Federal Reserve. Tobin thought this might be embarrassing, but Kennedy was unperturbed. Finally, Tobin said: "Senator, you don't want me in the Council. I'm an ivory tower economist." Answered Kennedy: "That's the best kind. I'm an ivory tower President."

impact. "We do not accept the gloomy doctrine," Heller told Congress, "that economic expansion is inherently inconsistent with reasonable price stability and balance in our international accounts."

ECONOMIC SUGAR PILLS

THERE, in the public records of the Joint Committee of Congress, a basic program for action was laid out for Mr. Kennedy—if he wanted it. But the President, bit by bit, showed himself more wary than Mr. Heller. His cautious attitude was encouraged by another top-ranking adviser, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, who felt that the nation might recover more quickly than Heller and Samuelson had predicted. If so, there would be less reason for new stimuli.

But the chief reason for Kennedy's hesitancy is that he doesn't want to be tagged as a "big spender." Conscious of the political expediency of "fiscal integrity"—a phrase Eisenhower made famous—he also has a surprisingly orthodox concern of his own about a big federal deficit. Furthermore, the concept of "public works," for him, smacks of boondoggling, or spending just for spending's sake.

One of his important advisers observes: "The President sets great store by the business of being considered fiscally sound—and he is extremely sensitive to criticism from the right."* Thus, he was stung when Eisenhower, at a Republican dinner in June criticized his policies and denounced all budget deficits as "immoral." Kennedy's instinct is to prove his critics wrong, which in this case implies limitations on his policies that his liberal advisers find oppressive.

Criticism of Kennedy from the left, on the other hand, has been gentle—at least in public. Walter Reuther bitterly assailed the Administration in the privacy of the Labor Management Advisory Committee for losing a sense of urgency. But his and other labor leaders' public speeches have been fairly mild. Democratic liberals in Congress, like Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois and Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin have pulled their punches, too, although both feel that Kennedy has been fearful of running up a big deficit. Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, who expected Kennedy to back a public-works bill he introduced, and then was left alone, out on a limb, hasn't even been petulant.

"We feel somewhat restrained in the use of rhetoric when it comes to one of our own," says a lawmaker who is a Democrat, a liberal—and a politician.

The major liberal critique of the Administration program was made in May in an excellent majority report of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. It praised Kennedy's initial efforts, but called them "small as compared to the gap between the nation's expected economic performance and its economic potential."

Liberals have held their fire in part because a good deal of the Kennedy legislative program has reached long-desired but hitherto unobtainable goals. Under Eisenhower, for instance, a special program for depressed areas was just talk. Now it is a reality. And if the new minimum-wage law is a compromise, it is nevertheless a step forward. As Arthur Goldberg says with a smile: "It's hard to get outraged at a President just because he doesn't agree with everything that everybody proposes."

But while labor and the liberals have muted their complaints, conservatives have had no reason to be inarticulate. So the pressures on Kennedy have been chiefly from the right, and he appears to have concluded that neither the country nor Congress can be pushed too fast.

After Kennedy's first few weeks in office, Professor Samuelson observed: "You might say we are in the midst of a 'placebo program for recovery.'" Because of his narrow margin over Nixon, and some "popular misconceptions" in Congress about a budget-balance every year, "Kennedy has put forward what is a rather modest program for recovery and growth" instead of urging "whatever ought to have been done."

"It is well," Samuelson said, "to have no illusions about the magnitudes of the proposed measures. Even if the American economy begins to turn up by the middle of 1961, there is little reason to think that the end of the year will find us with unemployment much better than at the

*This is evident also in areas not directly associated with spending or public works. For example, the Administration dropped like a hot potato its own plan to remove the 25 per cent gold backing of the dollar as soon as it became clear that there would be a fight on the Hill. Representative Abraham J. Multer introduced a bill which would have abandoned this archaic requirement, thus helping assure the world that in any future dollar crisis, the entire stock of U.S. gold would be available for sale. Most modern experts, including some of the best minds in Wall Street, have long favored this step. Dillon was ready to testify for the legislation until Multer received an avalanche of protests from arch-conservatives. Multer postponed the hearings—and the Administration retreated, presumably unwilling to do or die on this issue.

present time. A genuine quickening of economic growth, . . . even to the 3½ to 4 per cent annual rates the economy should be again capable of, will have to wait until the second and third years of President Kennedy's term of office."

Thus, in effect, Kennedy has decided that the U. S. will be allowed to limp along this year, and perhaps next, while unemployment ranges somewhere close to (or even above) 6 per cent of the labor force, with a good share of the U. S. plant capacity lying tragically idle.*

JOBS OR MOON SHOTS?

THIS policy is the outcome of a long behind-the-scenes struggle between the "expansionists" and the more conservative of Kennedy's advisers. The former might well have come out on top had it not been for Soviet spaceman Gagarin, our tragic intervention in Cuba, and the floundering in Laos. These events precluded a vast civilian spending program when the time came for the "second look" this spring. Kennedy still encourages the avant-garde wing of his Administration—Heller and Labor Secretary Goldberg—to speak their pieces in public as well as in closed session. He is quite willing for them to goad public opinion toward more decisive action—not, however, to be undertaken this year.

What happened was this: Heller at one time had a preliminary go-ahead from the President on a program keyed to Senator Clark's bill, which proposed federal grants of up to a billion dollars for local public works. Still other federal money would have been ticketed for parks, forests, stream-pollution control, and for retraining jobless workers.

Then on April 12 Gagarin took off, and the misadventure in Cuba followed just a week later. Earlier setbacks in Southeast Asia had already convinced Kennedy and the National Security Council that spending for conventional armed forces and on guerrilla tactical operations would have to be raised. The civilian spending program, which had already been whittled down, went out the window altogether, when Kennedy decided that our national prestige required a massive effort to land a man on the moon and return him safely to earth.

Heller and the Economic Council conceded that the accelerated military and space program would stimulate the economy, especially in future years. But for the immediate period ahead, the Council still thought some works spending was warranted. To reassure those who feared an inflationary impact, Heller proposed adding a "trigger" to the Clark bill, which would start up public works spending *only* if the jobless total remained about 6.5 per cent. (From December through July, unemployment hovered between 6.5 and 6.9 per cent of the labor force.)

But the job-retraining program was the only civilian program to survive the "second look" in May; the President decided that $800 million for military and space programs, which would bring the fiscal 1962 deficit to $3.7 billion, was enough. Moreover, he fretted over the prospect that space projects alone will soon cost $3 billion a year. By the end of July, the Berlin crisis forced him to propose even more red ink. He asked Congress for preparedness spending that would hoist the deficit to at least $5.3 billion. Thus (although it was guns instead of butter) Khrushchev was partially successful where Goldberg and Heller had failed.

The most influential figure opposing the Goldberg and Heller arguments was Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon. His appointment—at a time when it was vital to establish "fiscal integrity"—was one of Kennedy's most adroit moves. Dillon's name is much respected in the financial community—and he is a Republican to boot, plucked right out of the Eisenhower sub-Cabinet.

The more moderate view appealed also to Theodore Sorensen, Kennedy's remarkable young Special Counsel, speech-writer, message-drafter, and confidant. And—although he is not part of the Administration team—Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin also exerted a restraining influence during a regular series of White House meetings with the President and officials of the Treasury, Economic Council, and the Budget Bureau.

For Chairman Heller, the results of the accelerated military and space program were disappointing except for one small victory: In the "re-State of the Union" message on May 26, the President stressed that the "full financial influence" of the government had to be exerted to maintain easy money. If Heller (who is fond

*Studies made by Joint Committee economist James Knowles suggest that official government figures understate the unemployment problem. For one thing, the Census sample includes the self-employed, who rarely suffer unemployment in the usual sense. Moreover, the commonly used figures don't include those who can find only part-time jobs. Making these and other allowances, Knowles finds that the Labor Department unemployment figure of nearly 7 per cent at midsummer equates to about 10 per cent of the labor force available for hire to others.

of calling himself a "pragmatic" liberal*) had his way, the government would not only follow an easy-money policy, but would use its powers in all directions to influence economic growth, which, he says, "is both an end in itself and an instrumentality, both the pot of gold and the rainbow." Heller and other like-minded advisers take some measure of comfort from the President's midyear statement that a 4.5 per cent growth rate "is well within our capability." This, however, was more in the nature of a propaganda retort to Khrushchev's boasting than a statement of economic policy.

What are the sources of growth? Heller emphasizes investment in what are called "human resources"—education and physical and mental health. He attaches great importance to the recent evidence that only about half of the nation's vastly expanded output since 1900 can be traced to better factories and machines. The other half is the result of education—that is, more skilled labor, technological gains, and mastery of the economics of large-scale production. "We would do well," says Heller, "to broaden our concept of social 'capital' beyond bricks and mortar."

Heller is a Midwestern intellectual who grew up in Milwaukee and was educated at Oberlin and Wisconsin. He agrees with John Kenneth Galbraith that "much of our affluence is being frittered away in indulgences, luxuries, and frivolities." But he disputes Galbraith's major thesis that the United States is "saturated" with production, and needs only to divide the economic pie more sensibly. Heller puts a greater value on high production and employment, and on the private sector of the economy, than does Galbraith. Heller has a sophisticated grasp of the facts of life in Washington. (He served four years in the Treasury during World War II.) He knew from the start that not all of his advice would always be taken and is well aware that it is one thing for the academic purist to state a theory or a goal, and another to get a program through Congress.

An economist who knows this distinction would naturally appeal to Kennedy, who is a politician above all else. The two met for the first time last October—during the campaign—when Senator Hubert Humphrey introduced them in a Minneapolis hotel room. As he dressed for a speech, Kennedy cross-examined Heller and liked his answers. When Samuelson later made it clear that he wouldn't leave his MIT teaching job, Kennedy called Heller to Georgetown and offered him the Council post.

He promised Heller that he would revitalize the Council and that he would let him nominate his own associates.* The Heller-Tobin-Gordon team is generally rated the best assembled since the agency was created by the 1946 Employment Act. All have direct access to Kennedy, and all have made painstakingly long appearances on Capitol Hill to explain the President's economic strategy.

Kennedy at the outset told Heller that he was to develop, not short-range tactics, but a broad economic program, "in terms appropriate to the optimum development of the human and natural resources of this country." Under this charter, Heller has tried to make the council a sort of "catalytic agency" which draws on the talents of other government departments and also prods them regularly. In building his empire, Heller relies on his own drive and ability and that of his staff and a close rapport with Kennedy. His influence is not diluted by a personal White House economic aide (such as Dr. Gabriel Hauge in the Eisenhower Administration).

"WHY?" OR "WHY NOT?"

BUT Heller's Council is not the only advisory mechanism in the Kennedy Administration. The President also seeks economic guidance from the Treasury, the Bureau of the Budget, the Federal Reserve System, and the "Kitchen Cabinet" headed by Sorensen. Commerce Secretary Luther H. Hodges is consulted on specific problems such as tariffs and textile quotas.

The Bureau of the Budget is directed by David Bell, an economist who had been teaching at Harvard's Littauer School. He took on the job

* In Washington jargon, a "pragmatic" liberal is pretty much the same as a "responsible" liberal, which is Sorensen's favorite description of Kennedy. During the campaign, Sorensen took pains to distinguish between "responsible" liberals like Kennedy, and others like Leon Keyserling (President Truman's second Economic Council Chairman). Sorensen, who did much of the scouting for economists whose brains could be picked by Kennedy, regards Keyserling as a "spender." This is somewhat unfair to Keyserling, who did much of the trail-blazing on the need for faster economic growth.

* Under Eisenhower's two Council Chairmen, Arthur Burns and Raymond Saulnier, the Council was largely a one-man operation. It struggled along on a very small budget, which is scheduled to be increased. Moreover, the Council came in for sharp criticism toward the end of the Eisenhower era when Saulnier, during the campaign, persistently refused to recognize the existence of the recession.

of Budget Director with Kennedy's assurance that the Bureau would be restored to the eminence it enjoyed during the Roosevelt-Truman era (when Bell had a staff job in the Bureau). This, in fact, has happened. Eisenhower's Budget Director was no more than an adviser to Sherman Adams. But Bell is truly an adviser to the President.* Bell sees himself as a participant in shaping programs, rather than as a glorified accountant who tries to balance the government's books. The Bureau of the Budget is not, however, in the business of originating policy. Bell's role therefore is that of a consultant who carries out the orders of the President, once decisions are made. In almost a literal sense, he is an extension of the President. Where Heller or Goldberg might publicly urge Kennedy onward and upward, Bell could not and does not.

Within the Budget Bureau, there is a new outlook on life. Bell has told his staff that concern with costs doesn't mean that all energy should be devoted to "exterminating waste." Instead he wants the Bureau to be concerned with the successful development of Kennedy's program. Maurice Stans, Eisenhower's last Budget Director, had the single word "Why?" framed in his office. Bell's attitude is "Why Not?" A calm, strong personality, Bell meets Kennedy's rigorous intellectual standards, and his influence, like Heller's, is on the liberal side. By an accident of bureaucratic geography, the like-minded Economic Council and the Budget Bureau are both housed in an office building just across the street from the White House.

BRAINS IN THE TREASURY

A VERY different kind of influence flows from the ancient edifice flanking the White House grounds to the east. This is the United States Treasury, presided over by the chief Republican warrior on the New Frontier, Douglas Dillon. Debonair, a keen student of politics, anxious to carve out his own niche, Dillon has marched exactly in step with Kennedy. Although more conservative than some of the President's advisers, he has confounded those who feared he would throw a Republican roadblock across key Democratic programs, especially pet Democratic monetary ideas. By any impartial standard, Dillon must be ranked as one of our best Treasury Secretaries. As manager of the huge national debt, he has moved with precision, skill, and imagination (with the aid, of course, of a first-rate group of technicians, notably Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, Robert V. Roosa*).

It is true that Dillon played a leading role in beating back Heller's and Samuelson's anti-recession, temporary-tax-cut idea. But he has also done much to develop and then defend the Administration's 1961 tax-reform program. On tax matters he has accepted most of the ideas of another Kennedy Harvard expert, Assistant Secretary Stanley S. Surrey. Surrey had confirmation troubles on Capitol Hill because of his well-known enthusiasm for plugging tax loopholes. But he's hard at work on an even broader tax-reform bill for next year. If any of his theories are sacrificed to political necessity, the blame will more properly fall on the Lyndon Johnson–Sam Rayburn axis of the Democratic party than on the Republican Secretary of the Treasury.

On the touchy problem of interest rates, Dillon has so far gone along with Heller. This is noteworthy because Democrats and Republicans are historically divided by the Democrats' insistence on the virtues of easy money for the lubrication of the business machine and the GOP bias in favor of tight money as a device to control inflation. Dillon was an investment banker as recently as 1953 (when he left Dillon, Read & Co. to become Ambassador to France). Eventually he may cross swords with Heller on credit policy. But so far he has supported his Democratic colleagues, who keep an eagle eye on the Federal Reserve, fearful that Mr. Martin's central bank will cut short the recovery (as it did in 1959) by turning the credit screws too tight too soon.

At a press conference in April, Dillon showed some concern: "There should be no worry that this recovery is going to get out of hand. We aren't looking forward to any very tremendous budgetary deficit such as we had in 1959. Therefore, we think a monetary policy . . . promoting ease should continue for quite some time in the future. In fact, we don't foresee yet the time at which that would have to be changed. . . . Our main point is that we look forward—and I think the country can look forward—to a considerable

* Professor Richard Neustadt of Columbia, author of *Presidential Power*, which is a sort of Bible of Kennedy's, agrees with this assessment. Until leaving for a year's sabbatical at Oxford, Neustadt acted as a part-time consultant to Bell in the Budget Bureau.

* When Samuelson recommended Roosa to Kennedy, he absent-mindedly said: "Of course, he's only forty-two." To which J. F. K. responded: "Let's not knock that age!" Roosa, who had been Vice President of the New York Federal Reserve System, is considered the foremost authority on the operation of the securities market. His name is often mentioned as a successor to Martin as Chairman of the Federal Reserve System.

period of monetary ease now, even though business conditions seem to be better. . . ."

But what stunned some of his old Wall Street friends was Dillon's declaration that a modest federal deficit was prudent and necessary to help lift the country out of recession. This was too much for the *Wall Street Journal,* and it took a whole editorial to say so. During the lengthy White House conferences on how to meet the Berlin crisis, Dillon at one time favored raising taxes to cover part of the increased cost for troops and armaments. But Heller, supported by Samuelson, argued against it, and in the end Dillon came around to their view.

Thus, Dillon may be distinguished from his more liberal colleagues only in degree, not in kind. He took an active hand in the Administration effort to push down home-mortgage rates, and he has supported all of Kennedy's legislative proposals. True, he has been more optimistic than others about recovery. But so has the Secretary of Commerce, Luther Hodges. Dillon has opposed a tax cut as a counter-cyclical device and wondered whether Congress would accept some of the more ambitious spending programs. But so have Ted Sorensen and Kennedy's Congressional leaders.

The Dillon influence at the White House has grown steadily. There is a close relationship between the President and the Cabinet officer, two men of enormous personal wealth. That Dillon was able to switch loyalties from Eisenhower to Kennedy so readily says something for his flexibility. It also supplies a basic clue to Kennedy's closely held views. "Mr. Dillon would not have accepted this position if he had not been in agreement, in general agreement, with me," Kennedy said in Palm Beach, "and I would not have asked him to accept the position if I had not been in general agreement with him."

Dillon put it much the same way to me during a conversation in his office: "When you talk about fiscal soundness," he said, "I don't think there's much difference between this Administration and the last one. Certainly there's not as much difference between the two of them as each makes out."

Some weeks ago, Dillon casually announced that he was setting up a consulting board of thirty economists and professors to meet periodically with high Treasury officials. In charge of the group—and responsible for picking them—is Dr. Seymour Harris of Harvard, an outstanding liberal economist. This threatens an overlap with the Council of Economic Advisers, and Heller is ever so slightly miffed. But Dillon wants access to "new ideas" to help solve the problems confronting the Treasury, which is certainly a laudable motive. He is anxious, it seems, to expose himself to the workings of the academic mind, as well as to the clink-clink of the banking fraternity's brains. The liberal persuasion of the Harris group is also a badge that Dillon can display to doubting Democrats on Capitol Hill. It's all quite a change from the days when Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, strong man of the first Eisenhower Cabinet, told a visitor that Arthur F. Burns, then Eisenhower's chief economist, "had never met a payroll."

Of course, Treasury Secretaries before Dillon have had outside economic consultants. But when Harris and his confreres trooped into the Treasury for a two-day meeting, Dillon did not make a *pro-forma* appearance, then disappear. He stayed for hours on end, soaking up information, cross-examining even for minutiae.

DILUTED IDEALISM

IT WILL not take very long to find out whether Mr. Kennedy was wise in following the Dillon rather than the Heller lead or whether—as the Joint Committee and others have warned—he should have called for a more massive effort. Heller and his fellow Council members have told the President that in order to get full recovery—which they define as unemployment reduced to 4 per cent—we will have to spend more money, run a bigger deficit, keep interest rates low, and cut taxes. One reason he his rejected this advice is his fear of a big deficit. But another influence has also made itself felt—that of William McChesney Martin. The Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board insists that interest rates can be pushed just so far, and that the level of spending needed to cut deep into unemployment will bring on a riotous inflation. The Federal Reserve System has a mystique all its own. From its marble headquarters on Constitution Avenue it conveys a sense of knowing all, and Martin himself has long been a revered symbol of integrity as unassailable as the gold standard or J. Edgar Hoover. Views from such an authority are not lightly brushed aside and Kennedy has weighed them seriously in planning his fiscal policy for the coming year. Indeed, he vetoed a proposal to appoint Representative Reuss to a Reserve Board vacancy, instead named another Democrat—George Mitchell of Chicago—who would be considered by Martin to be less doctrinaire.

What, then, is the prospect? The Council, in

my view, reached a high point of service and influence when it convinced the President that raising taxes, as part of the Berlin crisis program, would be bad economics; it would slow down growth and recovery. But Mr. Kennedy promised, at the same time, that next year's budget would be "strictly in balance." This will be satisfactory only if unemployment has been cut sharply, and if the balance is not achieved by eliminating key social programs. The aid-to-education program, for example, is already considered the first casualty of the preparedness build-up. And surely this nation ought not have a balanced budget at the expense of heavy unemployment.

It is argued in some quarters that we will simply have to get used to larger numbers of unemployed. This is a defeatist point of view. It is dangerous and must be challenged. (It is worth noting that economists used to talk of 3 per cent unemployed as the tolerable, expectable rate in a "fully" employed society, but the figure has now been moved up to 4 per cent.) As Kennedy said in his message to Congress last May:

"Large-scale unemployment during a recession is bad enough. Large-scale unemployment during recovery is intolerable to a free economy. It is a major social evil. It is a source of national weakness."

There is always the chance, of course, that Heller and the expansionists have painted too bleak a picture. Arthur Burns believes they have and predicts a rapid recovery to full employment soon after mid-1962. But even if true, this would not mean that the nation could stop striving for better education, housing, health, and all else Heller defines as "social" capital. The next "round" for critical decisions in this area will come toward the end of this year, as Kennedy develops his first full Budget and Economic Messages.

If there is little prospect for full employment, or if legitimate civilian programs are shunted aside, liberal Democrats, educators, and others who believe in an expanded economy will have to start fighting in earnest. It's time now, however, for economists to give economic advice, unmoderated by calculated political considerations. The political strategy can be left to the politicians—there are plenty of good ones in Washington. In the first year of this Administration too much obeisance has been paid to political feasibility. If economists do not argue cogently and forcefully for their programs, the goals they want to achieve may never become politically feasible.

As for Mr. Kennedy himself, he has shown that he has a conservative streak and is more "deficit conscious" than was thought before. But he is not an intractable person. (One of his closest aides says: "Jack rarely buys an idea the first time around." And Kennedy himself noted at a press conference that, as a Senator in 1958, he voted against a tax cut when it was brought up as an anti-recession measure in March of that year, but for it in June.) His liberal advisers hope that he will want a place in the history books more significant than being a better budget balancer than Eisenhower. If so, he would do well to recall the inspiring words of his Inaugural Address. At least, "Let us begin."

A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES?

GIVEN two countries with equal natural resources, one a dictatorship and the other allowing individual liberty, the one allowing liberty is almost certain to become superior to the other in war technique in no very long time. As we have seen in Germany and Russia, freedom in scientific research is incompatible with dictatorship. Germany might well have won the war if Hitler could have endured Jewish physicists. Russia will have less grain than if Stalin had not insisted upon the adoption of Lysenko's theories. It is highly probable that there will soon be, in Russia, a similar governmental incursion into the domain of nuclear physics. I do not doubt that, if there is no war during the next fifteen years, Russian scientific war technique will, at the end of that time, be very markedly inferior to that of the West, and that inferiority will be directly traceable to dictatorship. I think, therefore, that, so long as powerful democracies exist, democracy will in the long run be victorious. And on this basis I allow myself a moderate optimism as to the future. Scientific dictatorships will perish through not being sufficiently scientific.—Bertrand Russell, *The Impact of Science on Society,* 1953.

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On Both Your Houses



By SYLVIA WRIGHT

I USED to travel between the city place and the country place by train, and I traveled light. There are very few things in this world that one needs badly enough to carry them with one on the Shore Line Train to Boston: on that railroad one must keep one's hands free and one's powder dry. Often I traveled with only my checkbook, my powder, and my powder puff in a shoulder strap bag. Everything else I had stayed put.

Then a station wagon entered my life, providing, between the two places, a connection (by marriage). Things changed. Things that never needed to travel before began to crowd into the station wagon. Every weekend, it is full of them.

Is it possible that a station wagon causes you to eat more? When I first acquired a washing machine, I promulgated the washing-machine principle, according to which possessing it makes you wash things which previously did not need to be washed. Acquiring a station wagon makes you transport things that previously did not need to be transported. Some are edible, which means you cook things which previously, etc., and eat things, etc. Metrecal may be an end product of station wagons.

There are the enormous overflowing cartons from the supermarket, whose symbol is a long white ribbon of figures ending at $24.16, with a block of 241 green stamps. But these appear to come with the station wagon and to represent an accessory, like the car radio. (Subclause One of the washing-machine or station-wagon principle says: Any opportunity presented by the appliance to make economies by larger-scale operation must be taken advantage of, or adjustment to the appliance will be unsatisfactory.) What worries me is a further proliferation of provender, which represents not simple increase, but also increase in complexity of operation.

I have a freezer, too, or rather two refrigerators with freezers, and according to the station-wagon or freezer principle, acquiring a freezer means that you cook many things that previously did

not need to be preserved. There used to be two separate freezers in two separate places, sixty-odd miles apart. Now they flow together into one larder, one treasure trove of comestible possibilities. Because of the station wagon, my mind automatically picks up the plastic container in the country place's freezer labeled (with all these appliances to keep busy, I forget what things are) "left-over mussel juice" and combines it with another container from the city freezer, which contains left-over scalloped flounder, and a very good soup it was, though I can't remember now exactly where we ate it. The point is, one of them made a trip. (Depending on the season, the trip is just long enough to partly unfreeze soup, which can be inconvenient, so we have acquired another appliance, a shapeless, red, zipper bag, made of layers of stuff which crackle, to keep frozen things frozen in. Although the bag is named "Thermokeep Product," it constitutes, in a sense, a third freezer. Subclause Two of the freezer or proliferation principle states that possessing two similar appliances in different places necessitates the purchase of a third object, or subappliance, to bridge the gap.)

At one time, I had quite different sets of icebox dishes in the city and the country places, which gave a certain delightful regional individuality to each kitchen, and I could establish the provenance of any concoction by whether it was in a white plastic icebox dish with a blue cover, or a glass icebox dish with a glass cover incised with abstracted tomatoes. But now I begin to feel the effects of the proliferation principle: icebox dishes scuttle back and forth almost without my planning it, and have become all mixed up, including a number of old peanut-butter jars. Each place has a similar motley collection, which shows how conformity creeps around these United States.

BEFORE we acquired the station wagon, it would never have occurred to me to start making *vitello tonnato* in one place and to finish it in another. This is a matter of marinating, which takes time. Before, we never ate marinated things in the country, because a weekend is not long enough. We had simple country fare, like mussels and roast ham, in the country, and marinaderie in the city, which gave a regional culinary character to each place. Now we can eat *vitello tonnato* in any place, even transit. This, of course, makes for a fuller life, which one knows is desirable, but like all fuller lives and many desirable things, it increases complications.

There are several different ways of making *vitello tonnato,* but roughly it involves having a piece of leg of veal cook and sit for a while in a delicious mixture of tuna fish, anchovies, capers—and white wine, if you wish. (I got that "if you wish" from the women's magazines, who—I mean which—don't want readers to get mad at them for encouraging alcoholism.) I establish the *vitello* in a mixture in the city. Then I wonder if I have another can of tuna fish and a bottle of capers, which I will need to add to the sauce later. I must pack the *vitello* in its casserole in something, so that it will not distribute itself all over the back of the station wagon, so I find a box which the casserole just fits, and on top I put a can of tuna fish and my city bottle of capers, deciding not to take chances.

You have guessed what happens. When I arrive in the country place, I find that I have a city bottle of capers, a country bottle of capers, and five cans of tuna fish, so at the end of the weekend, I return with the box (which I need in the city because I keep left-over knitting wool in it), and, in the box, a bottle of capers and two cans of tuna fish, in order to maintain parity in tuna fish.

And some empty club-soda bottles originally bought in the city of a brand which the country place won't give me a deposit back on. This, in modern American life, is one of those areas where conformity is at a standstill—not a creep out of it—and it is a nuisance to all of us. Another example is liquor being cheaper in the state of the city place than in the state of the country place. I have said that transporting things back and forth produces conformity. Lack of conformity seems to produce transport. This is so fascinating a parallel that I feel it must prove something else equally interesting, but I cannot decide what—perhaps that the economy is full of safeguards.

The osmosis of the two freezers has another effect. In my mind's eye, I see, in the country freezer, a container of frozen Swedish meat balls, and two loaves of half-baked bread. A meal! Practically a readidinner! There they are side by side. But when I arrive, I discover that while the Swedish meat balls are there all right, the half-baked bread is in the city freezer, miles away.

Sylvia Wright is the author of "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts"—a book containing many of her articles on problems of domestic economy, of art, advertising, and manners. She lives in New Haven, where her husband is an architect, and has been scuttling back and forth to Fishers Island since her childhood.

What it is next to is the split pea soup, which was made from the country ham bone.

If I were Mrs. Exeter, Mrs. More-Taste-Than-Money, or B.F.'s wife, or even one of those young men who *know* the value of wool, I would be able to cope with this problem in a gay elegant way, like making an exact list of what is in each freezer and editing the list on each arrival and departure. The list is certainly indicated, and not to make it is to resist the principle of proliferation and purchase, which might be restated as follows: The value of an appliance is determined by the ratio between the things it can make you do that you never thought you needed to do before, and the things you never needed to do before (another *e.g.*, blender—hollandaise).

And, now that I think of it, it would be fun to have a special little book, dark-blue leather with a gold-stained top, thin, elegant, and looking as if it knew the value of wool, in which to keep all sorts of lists of what is here and what is there. In the country, I happen to have a little gold pencil which I found in a desk, and which would justify the purchase of such a notebook. So I will now make a note to remember to buy the blue notebook, and also to get the gold pencil next time I go to the country. When I get the notebook, I can transfer the second note to it.



List number one will be objects one has two of, because of Christmas, inheritance, or marriage. Who needs two chess sets, two long-handled thin brushes for cleaning the spouts of tea pots, two stamp boxes, and two copies of Stendhal *On Love,* one in English and one in French, in one place? These certainly should be redistributed. There is only one difficult decision: which place gets French? Is one more likely to read French in the city or the country? Should this be decided on the basis of which place does not get the Sunday *New York Times?* It would be most artistic to keep the French books together, and this will involve some carting back and forth, for they are scattered. (Why did my grandfather keep a bound volume of *La Vie Parisienne* in the country?) But even nicer would be to reorganize the libraries completely and have a distinctly city and a distinctly country library. *La Vie Parisienne* is a city book. *Love in a Cold Climate* is a summer-place book. So obviously is *Antic Hay.* But *Those Barren Leaves* should be in the city, and this means separating Huxley. But why not separate Huxley? In a way, it combats conformity.

By now you should be picturing me in the station wagon with books, *vitello tonnato* in a casserole in a box, left-over scalloped fish, bottles, a dark-blue notebook, a chess set, a long-handled the other sorts of things which are also surthin brush, a stamp box, and Stendhal's *De l'Amour* (since I have decided French is for traveling). To fill you in further, I will outline rounding me. There are a couple of blankets, because one of the things I don't have two of is a washing machine. The machine is in the country, but it has also imposed its nasty immaculate standards on my city life as well, so I take things to it for treatment. There is a large yellow vase, which looks awful with lilacs in it, but which I may be able to use for goldenrod. There are some coat hangers, which are still perfectly good, but the velvet covering has come off one side, and one can always use more coat hangers in the country. There are two cushions, which I shall sit in a good sunny place and make new covers for, so I am also taking the sewing machine, since I don't have two sewing machines either. There is a paper shopping bag, since I have two others in the city, and I am going to need it on the way back to carry the country meat grinder in. The city meat grinder is very small and hard to operate, but it is only in the city that I can find pork liver and pork fat for a *pâté.* I am also taking the large Chemex coffeepot and its box of filter papers, and the electric frying pan, since we are having some guests (who I hope will help put things away), and both of these come in handy with guests. And one or two more empty peanut-butter jars, because somehow I don't seem to have as many icebox dishes as I used to, and these jars also come in handy for nails. And the round drum table, which looks awful in the city, and I may be able to find

a place for in the country. And the paint roller, with its slanting tray. The paint roller belongs to the country place; I had a little painting to do in the city; and I am now returning it. One is rich enough, I suppose, to have two paint rollers, but that would commit one to be painting in two places which is too much for anyone, even someone with more money than taste.

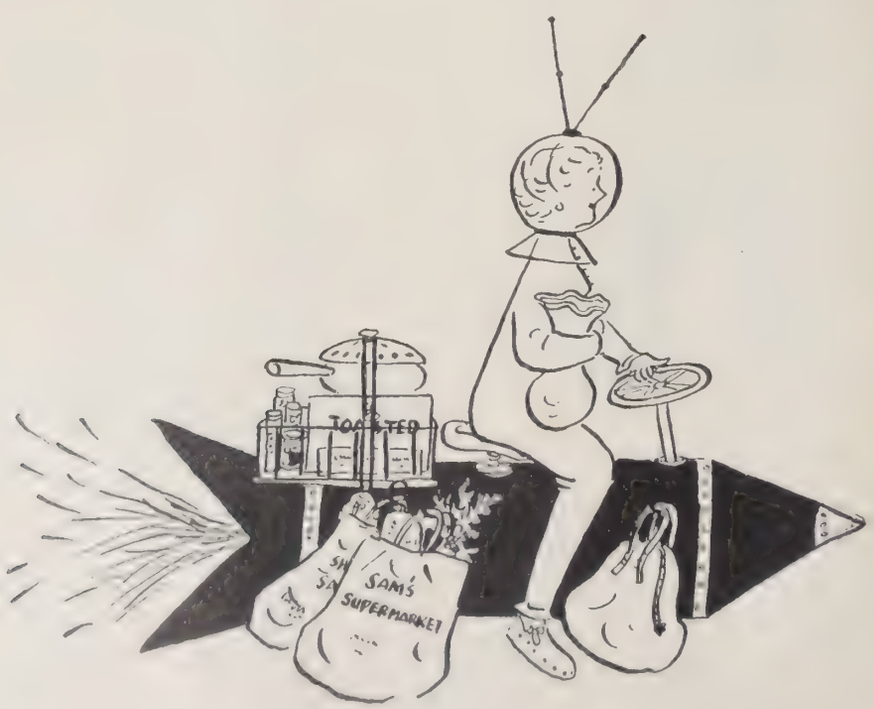
THE trip back and forth is no longer a trip. It is a safari. The two places have also changed. They are becoming more alike, and the back of the station wagon is getting like both of them. Formerly they were separate, with distinct identities. Now they jostle each other and jockey for position. What is more, one of them is in danger of becoming the dump, or second-class, house. The drum table is a perfectly good table, and the yellow vase a perfectly good vase, but somehow taking them outdoors and looking at them while they sit in bright sun beside the open maw of the station wagon makes them look tired, and as if they didn't belong anywhere, except to the Goodwill Industries. They will never be quite the same, even inside, again. With conformity, one place conforms more than the other, and begins to creep downhill, which is like George Orwell's people who are equal, but some are more equal than others.

What is wrong with all this is that it does not belong in the space age. It seems inefficient and dowdy to travel into the visionary and clean-cut space age with a drum table, a yellow vase, and peanut-butter jars. (Stendhal and the dark-blue notebook seem okay, even chic.)

How, I asked myself, could I space-age gracefully? How could I make these safaris so that they felt modern and purposeful? One day, I decided to see how I ought to feel. Driving along with my load, I began imagining myself in a capsule headed for another planet. I drove along for a while dodging various sorts of rays, and then looked around. How cool and clean! How deathly quiet! Then I noticed something further.

I was surrounded by things: things measuring, lighting, blipping; things to listen to and talk into; things producing oxygen and unproducing germs; things doing something to weightlessness, things doing something to me, things growing plankton, and I don't know what else, including space shoes to wear on arrival.

Thus I realized that I had been taking an overromantic view of the space age. It may be more visionary than peanut-butter jars, but it is also the original—or is it the final?—age of clutter. In the space age, the principle of proliferation and purchase comes to its full realization. Here are not merely things, but things doing things. By comparison my weekend load is trivial—a primitive pioneering little lot, comparable to a bow and arrow, doing nothing but marinating quietly. Yet, in their quaintly coordinated clutter, my things are a hint, an adumbration of what is to come. Unwittingly all along I have been driving into the future. Unwittingly, I have been getting ready for capsule cruises. Via *vitello tonnato,* I am working slowly up to that time when I will be growing my own plankton, and I am making a note in my dark-blue notebook to remember the capers, and the white wine, if it (plankton) wishes.



Harper's Magazine, September 1961

JANE JACOBS

VIOLENCE IN THE CITY STREETS

How Our "Housing Experts" Unwittingly Encourage Crime

The people who plan, build, and police our cities are using a set of assumptions that are entirely wrong—with unpleasant results for all of us. So Mrs. Jacobs argues in the following article, adapted from her new book to be published next month by Random House. In the book she develops her case in detail, and goes on to present her own comprehensive approach to the problems of city life.

TO BUILD city districts that are custom-made for easy crime is idiotic. Yet that is what we do. Today barbarism has taken over many city streets—or people fear it has, which comes to much the same thing in the end.

"I live in a lovely quiet residential area," says a friend of mine who is hunting for another place to live. "The only disturbing sound at night is the occasional scream of someone being mugged."

It does not take many incidents of violence to make people fear the streets. And as they fear them, they use them less, which makes the streets still more unsafe.

This problem is not limited to the older parts of cities. Sidewalk and doorstep insecurity are as serious in cities that have made conscientious efforts to rebuild as they are in those cities that have lagged. Nor is it illuminating to tag minority groups, or the poor, or the outcast, with responsibility for city danger. Some of the safest—as well as some of the most dangerous—sidewalks in New York, for example, are those along which poor people or minority groups live. And this is true elsewhere.

Deep and complicated social ills underlie delinquency and crime—in suburbs and towns as well as great cities. But if we are to maintain a city society that can diagnose and keep abreast of these profoundly difficult problems, the starting point must be to strengthen the workable forces that now exist for maintaining urban safety and civilization. In fact we do precisely the opposite.

First, we must understand that the public peace—the sidewalk and street peace—of cities is not kept primarily by the police, necessary though they are. It is kept primarily by an intricate, almost unconscious, network of voluntary controls and standards among the people themselves. In some city areas—notably older public-housing projects and streets with very high population turnover—the keeping of public sidewalk law and order is left almost entirely to the police and special guards. Such places are jungles.

Nor can the problem be solved by spreading people out more thinly, trading the characteristics of cities for the characteristics of suburbs. If this were possible, then Los Angeles should be in good shape because superficially it is almost all suburban. It has virtually no districts compact enough to qualify as dense city. Yet Los Angeles' crime figures are flabbergasting. Among the seventeen standard metropolitan areas with populations over a million, Los Angeles stands pre-eminent in crime, especially the crimes associated with personal attack, which make people fear the streets. (Los Angeles, for example, has a forcible rape rate more than twice as high as either of the next two cities, which happen to be St. Louis and Philadelphia, three

times as high as the rate for Chicago, and more than four times the rate for New York.)

The reasons for Los Angeles' high crime rates are complex, and at least in part obscure. But of this we can be sure: thinning out a city does not insure safety from crime and fear of crime. This is demonstrable too in cities where pseudo-suburbs or superannuated suburbs are ideally suited to rape, muggings, beatings, holdups, and the like. The all-important question is: How much easy opportunity does any city street offer to crime? It may be that there is some absolute amount of crime in a given city, which will find an outlet somehow (I do not believe this). In any case, different kinds of city streets garner radically different shares of barbarism.

NORTH END VS. ROXBURY

SOME city streets afford no such opportunity. The streets of the North End of Boston are outstanding examples. City planners officially consider this area a "slum" but the streets are probably as safe as any place on earth. Although most of the North End's residents are Italian or of Italian descent, the district's streets are heavily and constantly used also by people of every race and background. Some of the strangers from outside work in or close to the district; some come to shop and stroll; many make a point of cashing their paychecks in North End stores and immediately making their big weekly purchases in streets where they know they will not be parted from their money between the getting and the spending.

Frank Havey, director of the North End Union, the local settlement house, says, "In twenty-eight years I have never heard of a single case of rape, mugging, molestation of a child, or other street crime of that sort in the district. And if there had been any, I would have heard of it even if it did not reach the papers." Half-a-dozen times or so in the past three decades, says Havey, would-be molesters have made a try toward luring a child or, late at night, attacking a woman. In every such case the try was thwarted by passers-by, by kibitzers from windows, or shopkeepers.

Meantime, in the Elm Hill Avenue section of Roxbury, a part of inner Boston that is suburban in superficial character, prudent people stay off the streets at night because of the ever-present possibility of street assaults with no kibitzers to protect the victims. For this and other related reasons—dispiritedness and dullness—most of Roxbury has run down. It has become a place to leave.

Roxbury's disabilities, and especially its Great Blight of Dullness, are all too common in other cities too. But differences like these in public safety within the same city are worth noting. The once fine Elm Hill Avenue section's basic troubles are not due to a criminal or a discriminated-against or a poverty-stricken population. Its troubles are due to the fundamental fact that it is physically unsuited to function with vitality as a city district, and so cannot function safely.

Even within supposedly similar parts of supposedly similar places, drastic differences in public safety exist. For example, at Washington Houses, a public-housing project in New York, a tenants' group put up three Christmas trees in mid-December 1958. The biggest tree—a huge one—went into the project's inner "street," a landscaped central mall. Two smaller trees were placed at the outer corners of the project where it abuts a busy avenue and lively cross streets. The first night, the large tree and all its trimmings were stolen. The two smaller ones remained intact, lights, ornaments, and all, until they were taken down at New Year's. The inner mall is *theoretically* the most safe and sheltered place in the project. But, says a social worker who has been helping the tenants' group, "People are no safer in that mall than the Christmas tree. On the other hand, the place where the other trees were safe, where the project is just one corner out of four, happens to be safe for people."

Everyone knows that a well-used city street is apt to be safe. A deserted one is apt to be unsafe. But how does this work, really? And what makes a city street well used or shunned? Why is the inner sidewalk mall in Washington Houses—which is supposed to be an attraction—shunned when the sidewalks of the old city just to its west are not? What about streets that are busy part of the time and then empty abruptly? A city street equipped to make a safety asset out of the presence of strangers, as successful city neighborhoods always do, must have three main qualities:

Jane Jacobs, a resident of Greenwich Village who was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, has written about cities for many publications and is an associate editor of "Architectural Forum." She is married to an architect and has three children. Her new book, from which this article is adapted, is called "Life and Death of Great American Cities."

First, there must be a clear demarcation between public and private spaces. They cannot ooze into each other as they do typically in housing projects where streets, walks, and play areas may seem at first glance to be open to the public but in effect are special preserves. (The fate of Washington Houses' large Christmas tree is a classic example of what happens when the distinction between public and private space is blurred, and the area which should be under public surveillance has no clear practicable limits.)

Second, there must be *eyes* upon the street, eyes belonging to what we might call its natural proprietors. To insure the safety of both residents and strangers, the buildings on a street must be oriented to it. They cannot turn their backs or blank sides on it and leave it blind.

And third, the sidewalk must have users on it fairly continuously, both to add more effective eyes and to induce plenty of people in buildings along the street to watch the sidewalks. Nobody enjoys sitting on a stoop or looking out a window at an empty street. But large numbers of people entertain themselves, off and on, by watching street activity.

In settlements smaller than cities, public behavior (if not crime) is controlled to some extent by a web of reputation, gossip, approval, disapproval, and sanctions. All of these are powerful if people know each other and word travels. But a city's streets must control not only the behavior of city people but also of visitors who want to have a big time away from the gossip and sanctions at home. It is a wonder cities have solved such a difficult problem at all. And yet in many streets they do it magnificently.

The issue of unsafe streets cannot be evaded by trying to make some other features of a locality safe instead—for example, interior courtyards, or sheltered play spaces. The streets of a city are where strangers come and go. The streets must not only defend the city against predatory strangers. They must also insure the safety of the many peaceable strangers who pass through. Moreover no normal person can spend his life in some artificial haven, and this includes children. Everyone must use the streets.

On the surface, we seem to have here some simple aims: To try for streets where the public space is unequivocally public and to see that these public street spaces have eyes on them as continually as possible.

But it is far from simple to accomplish these things. You can't make people use streets without reason. You can't make people watch streets if they do not want to. The safety of the street works best—and with least taint of hostility or suspicion—where people are using and enjoying the city streets voluntarily.

KEEPING PEOPLE ON WATCH

THE basic requisite for such surveillance is a substantial quantity of stores and other public places sprinkled along the sidewalks; it is especially important that places frequented during the evening and night be among them. Stores, bars, and restaurants—the chief examples—abet sidewalk safety in different and complex ways.

First, they give people concrete reasons for using the sidewalks.

Second, they draw people along the sidewalks past places which have few attractions in themselves; this influence does not carry very far geographically, so there must be many —and different—enterprises in a city district if they are to give walkers reason for criss-crossing paths and populating barren stretches on the street.

Third, small businessmen and their employees are typically strong proponents of peace and order themselves; they hate broken windows, holdups, and nervous customers. If present in sufficient abundance, they are great street watchers and sidewalk guardians.

Fourth, the activity generated by people on errands, or people aiming for food or drink, in itself attracts more people to the street.

This last point seems incomprehensible to city planners and architectural designers. They operate on the premise that city people seek emptiness, obvious order, and quiet. Nothing could be less true. The love of people for watching activity and other people is evident in cities everywhere. This trait reaches an almost ludicrous extreme on upper Broadway in New York, where the street is divided by a narrow, central mall, right in the middle of traffic. Benches have been placed at the cross-street intersections of this long mall, and on any day when the weather is even barely tolerable they are filled with people watching the pedestrians, the traffic, and each other.

Eventually Broadway reaches Columbia University and Barnard College, one to the right, the other to the left. Here all is obvious order and quiet. No more stores and the activity they generate, almost no more pedestrians—and no more watchers on the benches. I have tried them and can see why. No place could be more

boring. Even the students shun it. They do their outdoor loitering, homework, and street watching on the steps overlooking the busiest campus crossing.

THE LADY AT THE WINDOW

IT IS just so elsewhere. A lively street always has both its users and watchers. Last year I was in the Lower East Side of Manhattan, waiting for a bus on a street full of errand-goers, children playing, and loiterers on the stoops. In a minute or so a woman opened a third floor tenement window, vigorously yoo-hooed at me, and shouted down that "The bus doesn't run here on Saturdays!" Then she directed me around the corner. This woman was one of thousands of New Yorkers who casually take care of the streets. They notice strangers. They observe everything going on. If they need to take action, whether to direct a stranger or to call the police, they do so. Such action usually requires, to be sure, a certain self-assurance about the actor's proprietorship of the street and the support he will get if necessary, and this raises special problems I will not deal with here.* But the fundamental thing is the watching itself.

Not everyone in cities helps to take care of the streets, and many a resident or worker is unaware of why his neighborhood is safe. Consider, for example, a recent incident which occurred on the street where I live.

My block is a small one, but it contains a remarkable range of buildings, varying from several vintages of tenements to three- or four-story houses. Some of these have been converted into low-rent flats with stores on the ground floor; some, like ours, have been returned to single-family use. Across the street are some four-story brick tenements with stores below. Half of them were converted twelve years ago into small high-rent elevator apartments.

From my second-story window I happened to see a suppressed struggle going on between a man and a little girl. He seemed to be trying to get her to go with him, by turns cajoling her, and then acting nonchalant. The child was making herself rigid against the wall.

I wondered whether I should intervene, but then it became unnecessary. The wife of the butcher emerged from their shop with a determined look on her face. Joe Cornacchia came out of his delicatessen and stood solidly to the other side. Several heads poked out of the tenement windows above; one was withdrawn quickly, and its owner reappeared a moment later in the doorway behind the man. Two men from the bar next to the butcher shop came to the doorway and waited. On my side of the street, the locksmith, the fruit man, and the laundry proprietor came out of their shops, and other eyes peered from windows. That man did not know it, but he was surrounded. Nobody was going to allow a little girl to be dragged off, even if nobody knew who she was. I am sorry—for dramatic reasons—to have to report that the little girl turned out to be the man's daughter.

Throughout this little drama, perhaps five minutes in all, *no eyes appeared in the windows of the high-rent apartments.* It was the only building of which this was true. When we first moved to our block, I used to hope that soon all the old tenements would be rehabilitated in the same way. I know better now, and am filled with gloom by the recent news that such a transformation is scheduled for the rest of the block. The high-rent tenants, most of whom are so transient* we cannot even keep track of their faces, have not the remotest idea of who takes care of their street, or how. A city neighborhood can absorb and protect a substantial number of these birds of passage. But if and when they *become* the neighborhood, the streets will gradually grow less secure, and if things get bad enough they will drift away to another neighborhood which is mysteriously safer.

In some rich neighborhoods, where there is little do-it-yourself surveillance, street watchers are hired. The monotonous sidewalks of residential Park Avenue in New York, for example, are surprisingly little used; their logical users are populating instead the interesting sidewalks of Lexington and Madison Avenues to the east and west, filled with bars, stores, and restaurants. A network of doormen and superintendents, of delivery boys and nursemaids—a form of *hired* neighborhood—keeps residential Park Avenue supplied with eyes. At night, dog walkers safely venture forth and supplement the doormen. But this street is blank of built-in eyes, and devoid of concrete reasons for using or watching it. If its rents were to slip below the point where they could support a plentiful hired neighborhood

* In her book, Mrs. Jacobs devotes much attention to this question of the sense of responsibility and common concern in city neighborhoods.

THE EDITORS

* Some, according to the storekeepers, live on beans and bread and spend their sojourn looking for a place to live where all their money will not go for rent.

of doormen and elevator men, it would become a woefully dangerous street.

Once a street has effective demarcation between private and public spaces and has a basic supply of activity and eyes, it is equipped to handle strangers, in fact the more the merrier.

Strangers can be a safety asset, particularly at night. The street on which I live is fortunate in having a locally supported bar, another around the corner, and a famous one—the White Horse—that draws continuous troops of strangers. (Dylan Thomas used to go there, and mentioned it in his writing.) This bar, indeed, works two distinct shifts. In the morning and early afternoon it is a social gathering place for Irish longshoremen and other craftsmen in the area, as it always was. But beginning in midafternoon it changes to kind of a college bull session combined with a literary cocktail party, and this continues until the early hours of the morning. On a cold winter's night, when the doors of the White Horse open, a solid wave of conversation surges out—very warming. The comings and goings from this bar do much to keep our street reasonably populated until three in the morning, make it safe to come home to. The only instance I know of a beating in our street occurred in the dead hours between the closing of the bar and dawn. (The beating was halted by one of our neighbors who saw it from his window.)

I know a street uptown where a church youth and community center, with many night dances and other activities, performs about the same service as the White Horse bar. Orthodox planning is much imbued with puritanical conceptions of how people should spend their free time. But there is room in cities for many differences in people's tastes, proclivities, and occupations. And these differences are in fact *needed*. Utopians and other compulsive managers of other people's leisure openly prefer one kind of legal enterprise over others—youth centers and restaurants are "better" than bars and poolrooms. This kind of thinking is worse than irrelevant for cities. It is harmful. The greater and more plentiful the range of all legitimate interests—in the strictly legal sense—that city streets and their enterprises can satisfy, the better for the streets and for the safety of the city.



Bars, and indeed all commerce, have a bad name in many city districts precisely because they do draw strangers and the strangers do not work out as an asset.

This is especially true in the dispirited gray belts of great cities and in once-fashionable (or at least once-solid) inner residential areas gone into decline. Because these neighborhoods are so dangerous, and the streets typically so dark, it is commonly believed that their troubles with strangers may result from insufficient street lighting. Good lighting is important, but darkness alone does not account for the gray areas' deep, functional sickness, the Great Blight of Dullness.

BLIND-EYED STREET

BRIGHT lights do give some reassurance to people who need or want to go out. Thus lights induce these people to contribute their own eyes to the upkeep of the street. Moreover, as is obvious, good lighting makes the eyes count for more because their range is greater. Each additional pair of eyes, and every increase in their range, is that much to the good. But unless eyes are there, and unless in the brains behind those eyes is the almost unconscious reassurance of general street support in upholding civilization, lights can do no good. Horrifying public crimes can, and do, occur in well-lighted subway stations when no effective eyes are present (although a few people may be). They virtually never occur in darkened theatres where many people and eyes are present.

To explain the troubling effect of strangers on the streets of gray city areas, it is useful to examine the peculiarities of another and figurative kind of street—the corridors of high-rising, public-housing projects which have become standard all over America. The elevators and corridors of these projects are, in a sense, streets piled up in the sky to permit the ground to become deserted parks like the mall at Washington Houses where the tree was stolen.

These interior parts of the building are not only streets in the sense that they serve the comings and goings of residents—few of whom may know each other or recognize, necessarily, who is a resident and who is not. They are streets also in the sense of being accessible to the public. They have been designed in an imitation of upper-class standards for apartment living without upper-class cash for doormen and elevator men. Anyone can go into these buildings, unquestioned, and use the elevator and corridors. These blind-eyed streets, although completely accessible to public use, are closed to public view and thus lack the checks and inhibitions exerted by eye-policed city streets.

The New York Housing Authority some years back experimented with corridors open to public view in a Brooklyn project which I shall call Blenheim Houses although that is not its name. (I do not wish to add to its troubles by advertising it.)

Because the buildings of Blenheim Houses are sixteen stories high, the open corridors cannot really be watched from the ground or from other buildings. But their psychological openness has had some effect. More importantly, the corridors were well designed to induce surveillance from within the buildings themselves. They were equipped to serve as play space, and as narrow porches, as well as passageways. This all turned out to be so lively and interesting that the tenants added still another use: picnic grounds—this in spite of continual pleas and threats from the management which did not *plan* that the balcony corridors should serve as picnic grounds. (One of the main tenets of planners is that the Plan should anticipate everything and then permit no changes.) The tenants are devoted to the balcony-corridors which are, as a result, under intense surveillance. There has been no problem of crime in these corridors nor of vandalism either. Not even light bulbs are stolen or broken.

Nonetheless, Blenheim Houses has a fearsome problem of vandalism and scandalous behavior. The lighted balconies which are, as the manager puts it, "the brightest and most attractive scene in sight," draw strangers, especially teen-agers, from all over Brooklyn. But these strangers do not halt at the visible corridors. They go into other "streets" of the buildings, streets that lack surveillance—the elevators and, more important in this case, the fire stairs and their landings. The housing police run up and down after the malefactors—who behave barbarously and viciously in the blind-eyed, sixteen-story stairways—and the malefactors elude them. It is easy to run the elevators up to a high floor, jam the doors so the elevators cannot be brought down, and then play hell with a building and anyone you can catch. So serious is the problem and apparently so uncontrollable, that the advantage of the safe corridors is all but canceled out—at least in the harried manager's eyes.

What happens at Blenheim Houses is somewhat the same as in dull gray areas of cities. Their pitifully few and thinly spaced patches

of life are like the visible corridors at Blenheim Houses. They do attract strangers. But the relatively deserted, blind streets leading from these places are like the fire stairs at Blenheim Houses. They lack the kind of street life which could equip them to handle strangers safely, and the presence of strangers in them is thus an automatic menace.

THE "EXTRANEOUS" PEOPLE

THE temptation in such cases is to blame the balconies—or the commerce or bars that serve as a magnet. A typical train of thought is exemplified in the Hyde Park–Kenwood renewal project now under way in Chicago. This piece of gray area adjoining the University of Chicago contains many splendid houses and grounds, but for thirty years it has been plagued with a frightening street-crime problem, accompanied in recent years by considerable physical decay. The "cause" of Hyde Park–Kenwood's decline has been brilliantly identified, by the city planners, as the presence of "blight." By this they mean that too many of the college professors and other middle-class families steadily deserted this dull and dangerous area and their places were often, quite naturally, taken by those with little economic or social choice among living places.

What does the Hyde Park–Kenwood plan do? It designates and removes these chunks of blight and replaces them with housing projects designed, as usual, to minimize use of the streets. The plan also adds still more empty spaces here and there, blurs even further the district's already poor distinctions between private and public space, and amputates the existing commerce, which is no great shakes.

The early plans for this renewal included, for example, a relatively large imitation-suburban shopping center. But further thought gave the planners a faint glimmer of the realities. A large center—larger than that required for the standard shopping needs of the renewal district's residents —"might draw into the area extraneous people," as one of the architectural planners put it. A small shopping center was thereupon settled on. Large or small matters little.

It matters little because Hyde Park–Kenwood, like all city districts, is, in real life, surrounded by "extraneous" people—hundreds of thousands of them. The area is an embedded part of Chicago. It cannot wish away its location. It cannot bring back its one-time condition, long gone, of semi-suburbia. To plan as if it could, and to evade its deep, functional inadequacies, can have only one of two possible results so far as safety is concerned:

(1) Extraneous people will continue to come into the area as they please, including some who are not at all nice, and the opportunity for street crime will be a little easier, if anything, because of the added emptiness. (2) Or a determined effort can be made to keep extraneous people out of the area. Indeed, according to the *New York Times,* the adjoining University of Chicago—the institution that was the moving spirit in getting the plan under way—took the extraordinary measure of loosing police dogs every night to patrol its campus. The dogs are trained to hold at bay any human in this dangerous unurban inner keep. The barriers formed by new projects at the edges of Hyde Park–Kenwood, plus extraordinary policing, may be able to keep out strangers. If so, the price will be hostility from the surrounding city and an ever more beleaguered feeling within the fort. And who can be sure, either, that all those thousands rightfully within the fort are trustworthy in the dark?

I do not wish to single out one area, or in this case one plan, as uniquely opprobrious. Hyde Park–Kenwood is significant mainly because the diagnosis and the corrective measures of its plan typify in slightly more ambitious form plans conceived for cities all over the country. And in city after city, we are seeing the results of orthodox city planning of this kind: great cyclone fences are erected to "protect" sequestered projects and developments from their surroundings and special police are hired to chase intruding boys —while the crime rates rise, and people cling to their cars at night. Hyde Park–Kenwood, in short, is not a local aberration but an example of how we are deliberately building unsafe cities.

In this article I have pointed to some lively and well-used city streets and neighborhoods where lives are secure and civilized and public violence and barbarism are rare. I am not suggesting, however, that we should therefore try to imitate routinely and mechanically the districts that do display strength and success as fragments of city life. That would be impossible, and, moreover, even the best city streets and districts can stand improvement, especially in their amenity. But if life in our cities is to be safe and satisfying, we must first be aware of where it now succeeds and fails, and why. Then we shall at least have some idea both of the kind of city we want and the failure of most urban planning today to achieve anything resembling it. And this first step we have not yet begun to take.

Harper's Magazine, September 1961

SEVEN POEMS

By Boris Pasternak

New Versions by Robert Lowell

My purpose in these very free versions of Pasternak's poems has been to make good English poems, to capture something of the greatness that flashes through the various literal translations that have been published. I know no Russian and have snatched, stolen, and improvised from whatever versions I could find. Friends have rendered the Russian for me word by word and then checked my final results. I offer what I have done as a tribute to Pasternak, and hope I have caught something of the triumph and blaze of his tone.—ROBERT LOWELL

FOR ANNA AKMATOVA

IT seems I am choosing words that will stand,
and you are in them,
but if I blunder, it doesn't matter—
I must persist in my errors.

I hear the soiled, dripping small talk of the roofs;
the students' black boots drum eclogues on the boardwalks,
the undefined city takes on personality,
is alive in each sound.

Although it's spring, there's no leaving the city.
The sharp customers overlook nothing.
You bend to your sewing until you weep;
sunrise and sunset redden your swollen eyes.

You ache for the calm reaches of Ladoga,
then hurry off to the lake for a change
of fatigue. You gain nothing,
the shallows smell like closets full of last summer's clothes.

The dry wind dances like a dried-out walnut
across the waves, across your stung eyelids—
stars, branches, milestones, lamps. A white
seamstress on the bridge is always washing clothes.

I know that objects and eyesight vary greatly
in singleness and sharpness, but the iron
heart's vodka is the sky
under the northern lights.

That's how I see your face and expression.
This, not the pillar of salt, the *Lot's Wife* you pinned down
in rhyme five years ago to show up our fear,
limping forward in blinders, afraid of looking back.

How early your first dogged, unremitting idiom
hardened—no unassembled crumbs!
In all our affairs, your lines throb
with the high charge of our passing world. Each wire is a conductor.

IN THE WOODS

A LILAC heat sickened the meadow;
high in the wood, a cathedral's sharp, nicked groins.
No skeleton obstructed the bodies—
all was ours, obsequious wax in our fingers . . .

Such, the dream: you do not sleep,
you only dream you thirst for sleep,
that someone elsewhere thirsts for sleep—
two black suns singe his eyelashes.

Sunbeams shower and ebb to the flow of iridescent beetles.
The dragonfly's mica whirs on your cheek.
The wood fills with meticulous scintillations—
a dial under the clockmaker's tweezers.

It seemed we slept to the tick of figures;
in the acid, amber ether,
they set up nicely tested clocks,
shifted, regulated them to a soprano hair for the heat.

They shifted them here and there, and snipped at the wheels.
Day declined on the blue clock-face;
they scattered shadows, drilled a void—
the darkness was a mast derricked upright.

It seems a green and brown happiness flits beyond us;
sleep smothers the woods;
no elegiacs on the clock's ticking—
sleep, it seems, is all this couple is up to.

SEPTEMBER

THE much-hugged rag-doll is oozing cotton from her ruined figure.
Unforgetting September cannot hide its peroxide curls of leaf.
Isn't it time to board up the summer house?
The carpenter's gavel pounds for new and naked roof-ribs.

The moment the sun rises, it disappears.
Last night the marsh by the swimming pool shivered with fever;
the last bell-flowers waste under the rheumatic dewdrop,
a dirty lilac stain souses the birches.

The woods are discomforted. The animals
head for the snow-stopped bear holes in the fairy tales;
behind the black park fences, tree trunks and pillars
form columns like a newspaper's death column.

The thinning birchwood has not ceased to water its color—
more and more watery, its once regal shade.
Summer keeps mumbling, "I am only a few months old.
A lifetime of looking back, what shall I do with it?

"I've so many mind-bruises, I should give up playing.
They are like birds in the bushes, mushrooms on the lawn.
Now we have begun to paper our horizon with them
to fog out each other's distance."

Stricken with polio, Summer, *le roi soleil,*
hears the gods' Homeric laughter from the dignitaries' box—
with the same agony, the country house
stares forward, hallucinated, at the road to the metropolis.

HAMLET IN RUSSIA, A SOLILOQUY

"MY heart throbbed like a boat on the water.
My oars rested. The willows swayed through the summer,
licking my shoulders, elbows, and rowlocks—
wait! this might happen,

when the music brought me the beat,
and the ash-gray water-lilies dragged, and a couple of daisies blew,
and a hint of blue dotted a point off-shore—
lips to lips, stars to stars!

My sister, life!
the world has too many people for us,
the sycophant, the spineless—
politely, like snakes in the grass, they sting.

My sister!
embrace the sky and Hercules
who holds the world up forever
at ease, perhaps, and sleeps at night

thrilled by the nightingales crying . . .

The boat stops throbbing on the water . . .

The clapping stops. I walk into the lights
as Hamlet, lounge like a student against the door-frame,
and try to catch the far-off dissonance of life—
all that has happened, and must!

From the dark the audience leans its one hammering brow against me—
ten thousand opera glasses, each set on the tripod!
Abba, Father, all things are possible with thee—
take away this cup!

I love the mulishness of Providence,
I am content to play the one part I was born for . . .
quite another play is running now . . .
take me off the hooks tonight!

The sequence of scenes was well thought out;
the last bow is in the cards, or the stars—
but I am alone, and there is none . . .
All's drowned in the sperm and spittle of the Pharisee—

To live a life is not to cross a field."

WILD VINES

BENEATH a willow entwined with ivy,
we look for shelter from the bad weather;
one raincoat covers both our shoulders—
my fingers rustle like the wild vine around your breasts.

I am wrong. The rain's stopped.
Not ivy, but the hair of Dionysus
hangs from these willows. What am I to do?
Throw the raincoat under us!

THE LANDLORD

HAVING crossed the curb in the courtyard,
the Landlord journeyed to the feast,
into the Bride's house—

with him departed the Italian singer,
behind the Bride's weatherstripped doors,
between one and seven,

the snatches of talk had quieted down,
but the sun rose blood red in the middle of the bed—
he wanted to sleep and sleep and sleep.

The accordion began to weep,
the accordion-player lay spread out on his instrument—
hearing the palms clapping, the shuffle of the shining serfs.

The feast's whole flourish jingled like silver in his hand,
again again again again,
the song of the broken accordion.

Rustling through the bed and the sleeper,
the noise, whistling and the cheering,
swam a white peacock.

He moved his hips,
and strutted out in the street,
this beautiful bird . . .

He shook his head, he ruffled his breast-feathers;
suddenly the noise of the game
is the stamping of a whole procession. . .

He drops into the hole of the sun.

The sleepy courtyard grows businesslike,
mules stand up by the stone well,
teamsters shout down the laughter of the feast.

A band of pigeons
blasts from the sky's blue bowl,
as if it were following the wedding party,

as if life were only an instant, of course,
the dissolution of ourselves into others,
like a wedding party approaching the window.

SPARROW HILLS

LIKE water pouring from a pitcher, my mouth on your nipples.
Not always. The summer well runs dry.
Not for long the dust of our stamping feet, encore on encore
from the saxes in the casino's midnight gazebo.

I've heard of age—its obese warbling!
When no wave will clap hands to the stars.
If they speak, you doubt it. No face in the meadows,
no heart in the pools, no god among the pines.

Split your soul like wood. Let today froth from your mouth.
It's the world's noontide. Have you no eyes for it?
Look, conception bubbles from the bleached fallows;
fir-cones, woodpeckers, clouds, pine-needles, heat.

Here the city's trolley tracks give out.
Further, you must put up with peeled pine. The trolley poles are detached.
Further, it's Sunday. Boughs screwed loose for the picnic bonfire,
playing tag in your bra.

"The world is always like this," say the woods,
as they mix the midday glare, Whitsunday, and walking.
All's planned with checkerberry couches, inspired with clearings—
the piebald clouds spill down on us like a country woman's house-dress.

These poems will appear in Robert Lowell's new book, "Imitations," which will be published by Farrar, Straus in November and will contain his versions of poems by Homer, Sappho, François Villon, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Rilke, among others. Mr. Lowell has received the National Book Award for his "Life Studies," published in 1959, and the Pulitzer Prize for "Lord Weary's Castle," published in 1947. Last spring Farrar, Straus published his verse rendering of Racine's "Phaedra."

Harper's Magazine, September 1961

MR. FUTURE

A Story by LEO ROSTEN



I DID not hear the door open behind me. I heard nothing, indeed, until a musical voice murmured, "You may terminate your reverie, Lieutenant."

I jumped.

Leaning against the door, which he had closed noiselessly behind him, was a figure who might have stepped out of Dostoevsky: a tall man with a red beard, a shock of red hair, baby-blue eyes, a thin blade of a nose. On the left breast of his maroon hospital bathrobe a colonel's eagle was pinned. He looked about fifty-five. "Sharp now, lad. Sharp!" He waved a swagger stick and seated himself with a flourish that swirled the bathrobe around himself tightly, poking the stick into one of the folds to carry it across the arm of the chair. "You may be seated." Those blue eyes—very bright, mocking, vaguely maniacal—gleamed with piercing clarity. "Proceed to interview me, in the customary fashion, antecedent to my admission into your woebegone ward. Close your *mouth,* Lieutenant! I am quite aware that you can breathe. You resemble an idiot."

I opened a drawer nervously and rummaged around for an admission form, stalling for time, saying, "Quite a rain we're having, Colonel."

His eyebrows formed inverted "V"s. "Colonel? Colonel? I see no colonel in this dreary chamber. What evidence warrants your absurd attribution of rank?"

"The eagle, sir," I said in astonishment. "On your robe."

"Correction!" he barked. "There is *an* eagle on *a* bathrobe."

"Oh. Isn't it your eagle?"

"No."

"Nor your bathrobe?"

"No!"

I cleared my throat. "Sir, would you mind telling me—"

"*De*lighted!" He threw his head back and exploded in laughter. "One encounters similar

contretemps with the cluttering, clamorous clods in the unmedical corps upstairs. Oh, that the Army of the United States should come to this! Selective service, inductees! I wrote an exposé of the farce for the Chief of Staff, an old friend. It upset him deeply. But of course it was too late. *Millions* had already contaminated our ranks. Well, I did my duty, that I did. No man can aver that Mr. Future did not his duty do."

"Is that your—name, Colonel?"

He jerked his head from side to side owlishly. "You are clearly hallucinating." He pointed that blade of a nose at the ceiling and shook with glee. "Bravo, Mr. Future, bravo!"

I found myself hoping that someone would enter the room. I started to excuse myself, to step across the hall, but remembered that Captain Newman and Stacy Mathieson were at Lubbock Field for a two-day conference. Captain Jarvis would be starting on morning rounds. My hand wandered to the phone. The man with the red beard leaned forward. "I detest stupidity," he murmured. "There is no need to seek reinforcement. Fear not; I am unhomicidal."

I remembered something Captain Newman had said a long time ago: "Never show you are afraid of a patient. Even a violent one. Your fear is more dangerous than his hostility. He wants the reassurance that you are not frightened by that in himself which frightens himself and threatens to overwhelm him." I arranged the admission form in front of me. "May I ask how you got here?" I tried to sound brisk.

"You may ask; I may not answer. Remove the ambiguity, sir."

"Who—sent you here?"

"A malignant M.D. upstairs, one Captain Robling. He is perbophoric."

"I beg your pardon."

He winked slyly. "You do not understand the word?"

"No, sir."

"Neither did that idiot Robling. He would not know how to track a hippopotamus through the snow!"

"Did he give you permission—"

"He? Give? Me?" The desk shook under the blow of his fist. "It is *I*, sir, who give permission. I informed Dr. Rhubarb of my destination. Get on with your *questions*, man."

I poised my pen. "Name, please."

"Mr. Future."

I cleared my throat. "First name?"

"Objection! Immaterial and irrelevant. Put down any name you wish. Yes. Any-name Future. Next."

"Date of birth?"

He leaned forward. "The day he left."

"Who's he?"

"A friend," he whispered, "a very close and special friend. Mr. Past. Would you like to know about him, where he went, why he will never return?"

I leaned back in my chair. "All right."

"Ah . . . You restore yourself in my good graces. Mr. Past is gone, sir, far from these primitive, puerile purlieus. You have observed, I trust, my skill in alliteration. Where is Mr. Past? I gave him my word, as an officer and a gentleman, never to reveal his whereabouts. Lips sealed. Ozymandias." He winked again. "Ergo. Your hospital has me, Mr. Future, about whom they know nothing; but in their files rests a dossier on Mr. Past, who is nowhere to be found. One patient with no case history; one case history, but no patient. What a paradox! What a triumph! . . . At this point you should inquire about my age."

"How old are you?"

"How gullible you are. . . . Why must I be surrounded by dolts—dupes, drones, depressive dumbbells? I am excellent on 'd's today. Decidedly. There's another." He put both hands out in supplication. "Do not be deceived by my façade. I have been diagnosed as psychotic: paranoid-schizophrenic. I do not mind. I do not *agree*, mind you, but mind I do not, though I detest psychiatric jargon. *I* put it to you simply: I am sick, sir. Sick of the Army to which I gave my life and my brilliance; sick of this panatropical pesthole; sick of being questioned, probed, doused, spied on; sick of the disgusting charlatans who masquerade as physicians—at least two of them upstairs are latent homosexuals; be on guard, lad, on guard. I am also sick of you!" He reached across the desk, picked up the admission form, tore the page down the

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*Leo Rosten, the creator of "H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" and many short stories, movies, and melodramas, as well as social studies of Hollywood and the religions of America—among other topics—will have his new novel, "Captain Newman, M.D." published by Harper in October. In the novel, from which this story is adapted, "Mr. Future" is one of the characters on the psychiatric ward in an Air Corps hospital in the American Southwest during World War II. Mr. Rosten is special editorial adviser to "Look" and a faculty associate at Columbia University, and was deputy director of the OWI and special consultant to the Secretary of War.*

center, turned the parts, tore them across and, rising, holding his arm high above his head, let the fragments flutter down from his hand in a paper snowfall. "Now, sir, you have my permission to escort me to Ward Seven."

"But I can't—Captain Jarvis will have to authorize it."

"He will," whispered Mr. Future, "he will. Swiftly, swiftly, for I feel the fearful furies closing in." He drew himself up to his full height and lifted the swagger stick, signaling me to follow him. Even in that drab and shapeless robe, he looked majestic.

CAPTAIN JARVIS, after a sardonic lecture from Mr. Future on dementia praecox ("which, sir, may at any moment turn into three-dimensional postcox"), assigned Mr. Future to Room E.

The case history I got from the files of Main identified Mr. Future as Colonel Norval Algate Bliss. A professional soldier for almost thirty years, he had completed tours of duty in the Philippines, the Canal Zone, Guam. After Pearl Harbor, he had been an executive officer in the Fourth Interceptor Command, San Francisco. He flew to Australia on a liaison mission in the spring of 1943.

In Port Moresby, New Guinea, his aide found him in his quarters one morning, entirely nude, cursing and ripping the sheets to shreds. In the base hospital, said the psychiatrist's report, he developed a peculiar facial tic and "onomatomania," dwelling on certain words compulsively, as if they were endowed with magical powers. He often invented words, words entirely without meaning. During a hurricane he had become homicidal, almost choking an attendant to death. He was put in a straitjacket. "E.S.T." was initialed under "Treatment." After six sessions of electroshock in a general hospital, he was shipped back to the States. . . .

When Captain Newman returned from Lubbock he made me repeat every word I could remember from that extraordinary first interview with Mr. Future. He did not seem impressed by the *bizarreries* which had made so vivid an impression on me. He asked me whether Mr. Future had referred to himself in the first person or the third person, if he had perspired much, if he showed spasmodic tremors, "Did he identify the two doctors upstairs—the ones he called queer?"

"No. He didn't, by the way, say they *were* queer; he called them 'latent homosexuals.'"

Captain Newman frowned. He entered Room E. Mr. Future was propped up in bed, the sheet drawn up under his beard, a book in his hands. "I granted no appointment for this hour!"

"I'm Captain Newman."

The book lowered in Mr. Future's hands. "*Ahhh* . . . the perceptive one of whom I hear the baboons babble brightly. At last. Come in, sir, *do* come in." He waved regally. "Forgive the antiseptic aroma and the dreariness of the décor. Neither, of course, did I choose. . . ." His crystal eyes were dancing. "Making observations on the patient, eh, Captain? You should learn to control your expressions. I await your first question."

"How do you feel?" asked Newman.

Mr. Future winced. "Tsk, tsk! Standard opening. You disappoint me. Have you no imagination?"

"I'm holding it in reserve. You've got enough for both of us."

"Clever, clever! . . . Consider: First, you bestow a compliment on the patient, to establish rapport; then you attempt a tacit alliance—with that oh-so-innocuous 'both of us.' A lesser man than I would walk into your trap." He indicated the wicker chair. "Do sit down, Captain Boo-man, *do* sit down."

"Thank you, Colonel," said Newman wryly.

"Colonel? Colonel?" The red head bobbed from side to side.

"What do you prefer I call you?"

"It is a matter of fact, not preference!" he glared. "The name is Future, not Colonel."

"And mine is not Boo-man."

"Excellent, Captain, *ex*cellent! I underestimated you. But you are beset and beleaguered by blockheads—brainless, benighted blockheads. I am in a mood that bursts with 'b's this morning."

"Brilliant!" Captain Newman got his cigarettes and held the package out.

Mr. Future's eyes gleamed as he murmured, "Are you mad, sir?"

"Not at the moment."

"Offering a cigarette—in a psychiatric ward? Matches, sir! Damnably dangerous in the hands of demented men."

Newman nodded. "I was going to light it for you."

"You were not going to let me hold the matches?"

"Certainly not."

"Bravo! I commend your candor. I believe I shall like you."

"That shouldn't be hard; I'm a likable type."

Mr. Future grinned. "I believe we shall understand one another."

"You'll understand me, all right," said Newman. "I'm not so sure that you want me to understand you."

"Then we understand each other already!" The head went back; a laugh boomed out; the red beard shook. "Capital, sir! You are shrewd in appraising my resistance, and canny in trying to effect a transference. My insight takes you by surprise, eh? You *must* learn to control your expressions. I happen to be a student of psychiatry, sir. By necessity, not inclination. It is child's play for me to use your silly mumbo-jumbo. Oh, what a pity Mr. Past is not here! He would be amused by you and enchanted with me. Enchanted, sir, beguiled. No, I am tired of 'b's; they contain 'boring' and 'banal.' "

CAPTAIN NEWMAN looked at his watch ostentatiously. "We have thirty minutes before my next patient. You can use it up trying to show me how skillfully you play with words, how cleverly you produce verbal smoke screens—and waste my time and yours; or you can lower your guard a couple of notches and tell me a few things which might—just possibly—help me alleviate some of your misery."

"Misery, sir? Mr. Future? Bah! You are considerably more miserable than I!"

Newman shook his head. "I'm only impatient. You—"

"Yes? Go on, go *on*." Mr. Future leaned forward eagerly.

"Nothing."

"You must be fair, sir! You are deliberately inciting me. It is *I* who am impatient, not you. What were you going to say? I have certain rights; I insist upon them. Complete your thought!"

"You," said Captain Newman, "are afraid."

Hate flared up in the blue eyes; then they widened in a parody of dismay. "Afraid? Bless my soul, O penetrating pharmacist of the psyche: of what?"

"Of what you may reveal."

"Careful!" Mr. Future whispered.

Captain Newman groaned. "Can't you stop being clever? This isn't a fencing match. We're not trying to score points, or win—"

"But you are!" cried Mr. Future. "You *are* trying to win."

"What?"

"My confidence!" The head shot back; the whole body shook with glee.

"Hooray. Hooray for Mr. Future," said Newman. "How cunning he is. If it's flattery you want, here's a bushelful. You are an extremely intelligent man. You have an excellent brain and a remarkable sense of words. Now—can we go on from there?"

Mr. Future was beaming, nodding, chuckling into his beard, stroking his mustache in vast self-satisfaction.

Captain Newman sighed. "But what a pity that such intelligence, such energy and skill should be wasted on such trivial gestures. For what? To impress an Air Force psychiatrist you hardly know, in an obscure Army hospital—"

"You flatter yourself!" laughed Mr. Future. "I am not trying to impress *you!*"

"No? Then you must be trying to impress him."

Mr. Future smiled slyly.

Newman shrugged. "How strange."

"Eh? Why?"

"Why should one have to try so hard to impress one's dearest friend, the one who really understands you—"

Mr. Future's features went dark. "Do not meddle, sir! You will never understand certain things!"

"I think I understand; but I don't agree."

"That which exists between Mr. Past and Mr. Future is sacred! You want to destroy it!"

"Change it," said Newman.

Mr. Future licked his lips. "How?"

"I want to put Mr. Past where he belongs, in the past. And all your ingenuity and pyrotechnics—do they really change anything? You're so miserable, Mr. Future, so very miserable. Running, twisting, turning, fleeing—from what? You, and Mr. Past, you're both men, aren't you? You've constructed it that way. So you can live, in secret, with another man—"

"Goddam your eyes!" Mr. Future shouted. "God shrivel your heart and consume your monstrous brain. You are vile, vile, vicious and contemptible. I scorn your solicitude!"

Captain Newman nodded. "Most people talk in order to express themselves. But you—" He stopped.

"Continue," said Mr. Future. "Go on. How do *I* talk?"

"You," said Captain Newman, "talk to conceal yourself."

Mr. Future's eyes burned. He spat on the floor. "Nor will you penetrate the place where Mr. Past hides. Never!"

"Maybe you're right."

Newman tapped a cigarette on the back of his

hand and struck a match, observing how greedily the man in bed followed the flame as it came up to light the cigarette.

"One day," Mr. Future whispered, "I will show you what I can do with fire. Ectomorphic ectonesia. The triumph of spirit over matter . . . You were asking me to describe Mr. Past."

"I was not," said Newman.

"How direct you are."

"You *want* me to ask you."

"Excellent, Captain! You are not one to be ambushed." Mr. Future grinned. "Ask me."

Newman shrugged. "Would you care to describe Mr. Past?"

"I care very much. But to care is not to comply."

"Can you describe him?"

"I can, but shall not. . . . Do not be discouraged."

"How old is he?"

"That's better. He is as old as Mr. Future."

"How tall?"

"As tall, too."

"What does he do?"

"Be more specific."

"Does he have a profession?"

"He does not practice what he professes," Mr. Future chortled.

"It's your time you're wasting."

"It is not wasted. I wish to frustrate you."

"Congratulations. I am now frustrated.

"You delight me."

Captain Newman pointed to his watch. "Twenty-two minutes left. Use them or fritter them away."

"You are at my disposal," smiled Mr. Future.

"But not at your mercy."

"Oh, fudge. Return to Mr. Past."

"Does he wear a beard, too?"

"No! Are you not perceptive, sir? Beards bespeak bravado, and bravado is beneath—but you have bedeviled me back to the 'b's, blast you, and soon I shall be angry with you."

"You already are." Captain Newman stubbed the cigarette out on his heel and got up. "Well . . ."

"Wait! I am enjoying your visit."

"I don't doubt it. But I didn't come here for the purpose of providing a patronizing patient with a plethora of pleasure."

Mr. Future laughed uproariously. "How shrewd of you. Seven 'p's! Yes, you are swift and see through many disguises; but I am swifter. I make the case insoluble, sir; confess it! For Mr. Future has no past and Mr. Past has no future!" He threw his head back and roared, "Ho, ho, ho, sir, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, sir, ha, ha, ha! I shall answer but one more question."

"I have nothing more to ask you today." Captain Newman started for the door.

"But you *must!*" cried Mr. Future. "Wait! That is not fair! I still have twenty minutes!"

"I'll see you tomorrow."

Mr. Future leaped out of bed. "Goddam you!" He hurled himself between Newman and the door. "You will stay!" He raised his fists over Newman's head. "Go back! Sit down before I—"

"Behave yourself!" said Newman sharply. "You won't do that, Mr. Future. You don't want to be put in restraint, do you? And I don't want to commit you, not yet. *I'm* a friend of Mr. Past's, too. . . . Now, put your arms down. Go back to bed. Tomorrow, we'll talk. . . ."

Mr. Future lowered his arms slowly, blinking, chastened and bewildered. "Oh, dear. Oh, dear . . ." Then he glanced at Captain Newman covertly, winking. "That orderly, Lawrence. Do transfer him, sir, lest I be compelled to strangle him with my bare hands."

WHEN Captain Newman finished his rounds the next day, he studied Mr. Future's chart for a long time. Mr. Future had refused to swallow any pills. He had refused medication. He had refused sedation. He had sat up in bed, in the dark, all night long, carrying on an animated conversation with Mr. Past.

Newman entered Room E. Mr. Future was sprawled out on the bed, wearing his khaki shirt and tie and the pants of his pajamas. *"Bonjour, Capitaine,"* he called brightly. "Also *Guten Tag, Buon giorno,* and *God morgen,* which is Swedish. I speak four languages fluently. Well, no matter; the correlation between languages and intelligence is negative. Any idiot can learn Chinese—if he is a Chinaman. Won't you be seated?"

"Merci."

Mr. Future laughed. "You delight me. Oh, I do hope you survive."

"Survive what?"

"Me."

Captain Newman smiled. "I suppose you know that you are somewhat paranoid?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know what that means?"

"Bah! Your patron saint, Sigismundus Freud, has taught you, no doubt, that in all paranoia there is a homosexual base."

"Do you agree?"

Mr. Future regarded him slyly. "The dismal doctor was projecting, was he not? All seems jaundiced to the jaundiced eye."

"I see that you won't take any of the pills I prescribed."

"I do not need to sleep! I have surmounted the call to oblivion."

Again, as on the preceding day, Captain Newman offered him a cigarette and this time, his eyes gleaming, Mr. Future took it. Captain Newman struck a match. Mr. Future lighted his cigarette, then gently removed the match from Newman's hand. He did not blow out the match. He did not even look at it. The flame began to burn his fingers, but Mr. Future made not the slightest response or grimace or movement.

The two men eyed each other in silence.

The smell of burning flesh made Mr. Future cock his head to one side with an expression of amusement.

Captain Newman pointed to the match.

Mr. Future grinned.

Newman leaned over, blew the match out and removed it from between Mr. Future's fingers. "What am I supposed to do now? Hail you as prophet? Start a new religion?"

"Bah! You do not grasp the point of my demonstration."

"You showed me the triumph of mind over matter."

"And you think me mad. Do you not?"

"Well, you certainly *act* mad," Newman sighed.

"And am I not?"

"What do you think?"

Mr. Future punched his pillow in exasperation. "A cheap device! You evade the point. I asked what *you* think, sir. Am I not entitled to direct response? Is Mr. Future mad or is he not mad?"

"Mr. Future," said Newman, "is an invention."

Mr. Future smiled. "Is he incurable?"

"I'm trying to decide."

The red beard waggled. "At least you are honest. Not like the others. They persecuted me."

"Who are 'they'?"

"The doctors."

"Oh, come now. Doctors don't go around persecuting patients."

Mr. Future grinned. "Your equanimity does not deceive me, sir. You are simply maintaining professional detachment. Oh, you do it well, that I grant you. Yet someone *is* persecuting me!"

"I agree."

The eyes filled with astonishment. "Yes? Then you see it? Who?" Mr. Future whispered. "Who is persecuting me?"

"You."

"No!"

"Part of you is persecuting the rest."

"No. Oh, no." Suddenly tears welled into the pale blue eyes. "Oh, if Mr. Past were only here. If you could but know him."

"But he *is* here," said Captain Newman.

"Where? Look—search—examine every nook and cranny of these ghastly quarters! Where can anyone find Mr. Past?"

Newman pointed at Mr. Future without a word.

"You lie, sir!" Mr. Future shouted. "Mr. Past is gone—far from here. I sent him away."

"Not entirely. You can use the past, learn from it, build on it. You can reshape it, even surmount it. But you can't abolish it, not even you; and even with the most powerful will in the world, you can't will it away."

"Mr. Future can," whispered the man with the red beard. "Mr. Future did."

"And is this where you wanted to end? In a mental ward?"

"It was not I who consigned Mr. Future here!"

"This is where men end who split themselves in two."

Mr. Future was silent for a moment, lost, for the first time since he had come to Ward 7, in sadness. "Shall I tell you a story, Captain? It was years ago. I was on extended leave, in mufti, which permitted me to indulge my fancy and grow this hirsute badge. I was walking through a long tunnel in Central Park, one cold winter day, and as I emerged, the sun struck my hair, my beard. A little lad, perhaps five, perhaps six, saw me, astonished, open-mouthed, his eyes like china saucers. 'Santa Claus!' he cried. 'Are you Santa Claus? Are you?' I hesitated not one moment, sir, and bowed: 'That, son, is who I am.' The lad caught his breath: 'But you are so *tall;* you are so big and *tall.* How will you ever come down my tiny chimney?' The question gave me but slight pause. 'Watch,' I said, and lighted a cigarette and blew out a cloud of smoke. 'This smoke, so, is like the smoke in your chimney. Watch.' I puffed and puffed and blew out smoke. 'See? The smoke gets larger and larger, but the cigarette gets smaller and smaller. And that's what I do, too, on Christmas Eve. Part of me turns into smoke, so I can come down your chimney.' . . . Then I heard someone cry out—and *she* came along. Slut. Nurse. Slut. Like all the rest. She clutched that little golden lad, and tore him away, jabbering, 'Naughty! Bad, bad

boy. Talking to that filthy, crazy man!' " Mr. Future's head dropped to one side, and though he made no sound, no sound at all, the tears gushed down his cheeks.

REACH him? How the hell can I? How does anyone 'reach' a psychotic?" Captain Newman looked tired that staff meeting; his voice had that irascible edge I had come to recognize, the edge of discontent—with a colleague, a patient, above all, with himself.

"What about trying Pentothal?" asked Captain Jarvis.

"Pentothal breaks down the defenses. And that's the one thing Mr. Future doesn't need. He needs all the defenses he's got—and more. He's afraid to lower his defenses, even for a moment. Why else his inability to tolerate silence? Why his fantastic barrage of words, his obsession with letters, alliteration, puns? He has to obliterate an internal threat, drown it in symbols, suffocate it with words. He has to escape from the terrible temptation to perversity by compulsive preoccupations—with verbal games, puzzles, rituals. He's afraid to listen. He's afraid to relax. He's afraid to reverie, to sleep, even to be quiet. To be quiet is to be passive, too. To be passive spells danger; in his mind, it invites attack. Remember his rage about Private Lawrence. . . ."

One day Captain Newman asked me to come to Room E with him. Mr. Future was standing before the window, staring out. His back to us, he exclaimed, without turning: "Halt! It is useless to try to catch me unawares. I have exceptionally acute hearing. There are two of you: Captain Know-it-all and Lieutenant Bewildered. I have made a lifelong study of footsteps." He threw his head back, turned to face us, and laughed. "Gentlemen, your questifications. Bequest them, I beseech you. I always burst with 'b's, before breakfast."

Captain Newman did an odd thing. He sank into the wicker chair and gazed at Mr. Future steadily, saying not a word. Mr. Future cocked his head to one side. Newman did not move. Mr. Future frowned. The moments passed. Mr. Future shot me a glare of suspicion, then glanced back to Newman. He had not stirred. I think he wanted to see what Mr. Future would do if offered no comment, no cue, no foil, no words to turn against their user, no distractions to seize upon as respite from an insupportable self. As the silence spun itself out, I saw a bead of sweat form on Mr. Future's brow. He ran on a smile, but it was a ghastly grimace, and I could see it was an effort; his eyes were anxious. Suddenly a sly, sidelong expression formed on his features; recognition tried to allay anxiety as the self mobilized itself against betrayal. "Careful, Captain," he murmured.

Newman did not stir.

Mr. Future shouted, "You think you're smart because you make the rules, don't you? It's you who's mad. You!" He towered over Newman's chair and his hand slashed through the air as if wielding an axe, a few inches from Newman's head. He began to sob, like a child in a temper tantrum, then sank to the bed and buried his face in his hands. "You bastard," he cried hoarsely. "You dirty, scheming, clever bastard."

At last Newman said, "How do you feel now?"

"You know how I feel. You won't meet Mr. Past this way. Never." He glanced up. "You know, I presume, that Mr. Past once floated for thirty-seven hours in a sea of burning muck before they rescued him."

"When was that?"

"After a certain troopship was torpedoed. I will also tell you this: He can do anything Jesus did."

"Can you?"

"You mean, 'Can *he*?' " rasped Mr. Future.

"No, Mr. Future, I mean 'you.' "

Mr. Future grinned. "I, sir? Why, at this very moment am not I, like our blessed Saviour, being crucified—between two thieves?"

THIS is a copy of the report Captain Newman submitted that afternoon:

TO: *Lt. Colonel Michael Larrabee,*
Commanding Officer,
Colfax A.A.F.B. Hospital

FROM: *Josiah J. Newman, Capt., M.C.*
Ser. #0-1-785-902

In re: Norval Algate Bliss, Colonel, U.S.A. (0-169-621)

(1) The undersigned requests the summoning of a Retirement Board meeting to authorize a medical discharge for the patient named above.

(2) The patient is a 52-year-old male in an acute psychotic phase of schizophrenia, paranoid type. He exhibits pronounced homicidal drives.

(3) The patient has received maximum hospital benefits and requires custodial care.

(4) The patient should be committed to a veterans' hospital.

(5) Insulin-coma therapy, under competent supervision, may be indicated—in more doses than attempted in previous E.S.T. (see attached).

Diagnosis: Schizophrenia, paranoid type; acute, severe.

I.O.D.: No. E.P.T.S.

Prognosis: Requires prolonged hospitalization.

(signed) JOSIAH J. NEWMAN

Mr. Future's appearance before the Retirement Board was brief but memorable. He strode into the room like an emperor, head high, carriage superb, left hand on hip.

Colonel Pyser, presiding, tapped his gavel on its wooden base. "This board is now in session. . . . Colonel Bliss, will you please state your name, rank and serial number?"

Mr. Future gazed at Colonel Pyser stonily.

Captain Newman rose and said gently, "Mr. Future . . ."

"*De*lighted! Alonzo Archimedes Future, United States Army, World Victory II. Expert on tactics, tautology, logistics, semantics."

Colonel Pyser's brow furrowed. Major Wyzanski coughed.

"The patient's name is Bliss, Norval Algate. Colonel. Serial number—" Newman read it off.

"Proceed with the medical report," said Colonel Pyser.

Captain Newman rose. He gave a résumé of Colonel Bliss' medical history. Mr. Future listened with the keenest interest, his head moving in birdlike movements. "Mr. Future, I think you understand the nature of this hearing, and its purpose?"

"I understand your purpose." The bearded figure smiled. "You do not understand mine."

"Mr. Future, how do you feel these days?"

"*Feel*, sir?" Mr. Future beamed. "My mood may be described, in technical jargon, as hypomanic." He winked at Colonel Pyser. "You, sir, realize I am here through a gigantic hoax. It is Mr. Past you seek, of course. He spurns your invitation—"

"One moment," Colonel Pyser interrupted. "What do you mean, you're here through a hoax?"

"The hoax is mine," smiled Mr. Future, "on you."

Colonel Pyser cleared his throat. "We will dispense with sarcasm. You mention a Mr. 'Past'? To whom were you referring?"

"To Mr. Past, you silly ass."

"Mr. Future—" Newman cut in quickly (only Colonel Bliss' rank spared him Pyser's reprimand)—"would you tell these officers a little about Mr. Past?"

"I will not."

"It is important that they know."

"It is important that they be befuddled!"

"Was Mr. Past's legal name—formerly—Norval Algate Bliss?"

Mr. Future braced his shoulders and stared straight ahead.

"Was Mr. Past a patient in this hospital?"

Mr. Future snickered.

Captain Newman placed the folder on the table. "Do you think you are mentally ill, Mr. Future?"

Mr. Future cocked his head to one side. " 'Do you think you are mentally ill, Mr. Future?' Do you think *you* are mentally ill, Dr. Boo-man?" It was extraordinary how he mimicked Newman's voice and inflection. "You are losing the war, gentlemen. You are pawns in a putrescent conspiracy, persecuting professional soldiers, driving them from the ranks, breaking will and reason on the rack!" He raised his hands in a travesty of supplication. "More need not be said. Duty has been done."

"You think these officers are persecuting you?" asked Newman.

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because I am intelligent and they are ignorant. Because I know what they fear and do not fear what they know."

"Is anyone else persecuting you, Mr. Future?"

"All the psycho-pseudo-psychiatrists—excluding you. You merely wish to trap me."

"Do you suffer from any diseases you know of?"

"I suffer fools and frauds you know not of."

"Do you feel any pains?"

"Only in the ears—from the prattle of idiots."

"How do you sleep?"

"Miserably."

At this point, Colonel Pyser, who had been listening with amazement and discomfort, suddenly leaped forward, glad, I suppose, to intervene. "You say that you sleep miserably? Why?"

"How would *you* sleep, Colonel Numbskull, in a room full of howling maniacs?"

Colonel Pyser's cheeks went livid. "You will refrain from—"

"I will quote you Samuel Johnson!"

Pyser's gavel came down sharply. "You will respect the dignity of this board—"

"I will quote the learned doctor!" shouted Mr. Future. " 'Boy, let us be grave; here comes a fool!' " He wheeled on Captain Newman. "Why was I exposed to this tristomic farce? That man is a fraud, sir, a *fool!*"

Colonel Pyser was rapping his gavel on the table insistently. "The hearing is concluded!"

"No!" roared Mr. Future. "Coward! Craven!"

Captain Newman stepped to Mr. Future's side. "Norval . . ."

"They shall not rob the worthy, nor act Ahab to the whale!" He winked to Captain Newman.

"Paranoia, eh? Let them contend with that!"

Colonel Pyser signaled the MPs and strode out of the room. Mr. Future shouted scornfully after him. But all he said to the MPs who led him out was: "Lads, do not quote scripture to the heathen, for he will eat you alive."

NO relatives were listed in Colonel Bliss' file—no wife, no children, no parents. The only name cited under "In case of emergency, notify . . ." was a Mrs. Leslie Orkum Cluett.

It took several hours before Captain Newman's call went through. A soft, pleasantly husky woman's voice answered, "Mrs. Cluett's residence."

"May I speak to Mrs. Cluett, please?"

"And who may I say is calling, please?"

"My name is Captain Newman. I'm calling from the hospital at Colfax Army Air Force Base."

"Oh? . . . One moment, please. I'll see whether Mrs. Cluett is in." A moment later the same unmistakable voice said, "Hel-lo. This is Mrs. Cluett."

"Mrs. Cluett, I'm sorry to bother you, but I don't know whom else to call. It's about Colonel Bliss."

"Who, please?"

"Colonel Norval Bliss. Your name is given in case of emergency, and—"

"Norry? Norry Bliss—gave *my* name? Are you sure?" The mellow voice quickened, almost girlishly.

"Oh, yes. I've got his file in front of me."

"How strange. Did you say you were calling from a hospital?"

"Yes. Colonel Bliss is my patient."

"Are you a doctor?"

"Yes. Mrs. Cluett, are you related to Colonel Bliss in any way?" There was a moment's silence, so dead that the connection seemed to have been broken. "Hello . . . Mrs. Cluett . . . are you there?"

"Yes. I'm here."

"I was asking if you—"

"I heard you, Captain. No, Norry and I are in no way related. We were married, many years ago. It was annulled."

"Oh. I called because I hoped someone, perhaps you, might come here, to the hospital, I mean, to see him."

"What is wrong with him?"

Captain Newman said carefully, "He's in a psychiatric ward, Mrs. Cluett. He's going to be committed—"

"A mental ward? Norry?" The charming, husky voice rippled. "Oh, that *is* rich, really. That's too good to be true."

"What did you say?"

"You heard me, Captain. I said he belongs in a lunatic asylum, and I hope he stays there! I hope you never let him out! I hope he goes through the same torture he put me through—"

"Mrs. Cluett—"

"Don't 'Mrs. Cluett' me, Captain whoever you are. You telephoned *me*, didn't you? Why that filthy swine had the gall to put *my* name down there I'll never know. If my husband were alive I'd send him to your camp—with a pistol, so he could blow that smutty brain out of Norry's head. Who are you to judge? What's your first name? St. Francis? Is that it?"

"Good-by—"

"Don't hang up. I want to know your name!"

"Josiah," he said impatiently.

"What?"

"Joe."

"Joe? Joe Newman? And you want me to rush out to a hospital and hold poor Norry's filthy hand—"

"Not any more, Mrs. Cluett—"

"I'll tell you what you can do. Just go out and dig a grave and throw Norry in, and save the taxpayers all the money you Jews and Democrats are wasting in Roosevelt's lousy war—"

Captain Newman put the phone down. His hand was shaking.

THE day before they were to put Mr. Future on a train for the veterans' hospital in Canandaigua, New York, Captain Newman went to Room E. Mr. Future was seated in the wicker chair, facing the window, his arms folded rigidly, staring out at the cottonwood trees and the parade ground. It was a dank, oppressive day, the sky gray and leaden, and all the flags hung limp and spiritless. Mr. Future made no sound as Newman entered, no movement when Newman came beside him. The blue eyes were fixed, hard and cold, with no light in them.

"This may be the last time I'll see you," said Captain Newman.

Mr. Future might have been a statue.

"You understand, don't you, that they're going to take you to a veterans' hospital now?"

Silence.

Captain Newman sat down on the bed. "I'm sorry, Mr. Future, I'm sorry as hell I couldn't help you. . . . Maybe I wasn't the right doctor

for you. Maybe I didn't really understand. I couldn't get through to you, could I? . . . I just hope you won't give up. You're an officer. You've had a brilliant career."

Not a muscle stirred.

Captain Newman lighted a cigarette and held it before Mr. Future's lips. "We could have one last smoke together. . . ."

Nothing.

"Are you angry with me?"

No sound, no movement.

Captain Newman rose. "This is good-by, then." He felt awkward—inept and defeated. "Good luck, Colonel Norval Algate Bliss."

The arms stayed folded, the head high, the eyes frozen.

Captain Newman was halfway out of the room when he heard a whisper, "Captain . . ." Quickly, he stepped back.

Mr. Future did not shift that frigid pose by so much as a hair as, in a monotone, he whispered, "Tell her—I tried."

"Who?"

"The one—whose name is written."

Captain Newman forced a cheerful note into his voice: "Sure. I'll telephone her. Maybe she'll come—"

"I am now entering a state of catatonia. These are the last words that shall ever pass my lips."

"Wait! What about Mr. Past?"

There was no answer.

"Don't do this to him!" exclaimed Newman. "He's part of you. Where can he go if you leave? Where? To whom?"

A shield, glazed, impenetrable, covered those blue, blue eyes.

"Think, Norval! Mr. Past—he has *no place to go,* no place on earth, except to you. He understands you. He needs you. You need him. Together, you can be whole—"

Not even a tremor touched the lips or eyes or beard.

Mr. Future had entered the future, and would not return.

I WAS asleep, restlessly, tossing, vaguely aware of the heavy, stifling air, of wheels of thunder rolling across the heavens, when my ears were split by a thunderbolt. I leaped out of bed. My room, for a startling moment, seemed on fire. I heard something crash overhead and voices cursing in the next room.

I yanked my trousers over my pajamas. There would be trouble in the ward; there always was during a storm, especially with lightning, worst of all with thunder. I could hear windows slamming all around me. As lightning serrated the sky, the post became a surrealistic set on some strange, forbidding stage, lighted up and blacked out in a flash.

I ran down the porch steps, cut across the corner of the parade grounds. Clouds—muddy, restless, angry—churned across the moonless firmament.

Phantoms were hurrying to the hospital, a looming presence in which patches of light were popping. I heard the agitation inside, the wails of fear, the whimpers of pain reawakened.

As I went through the swinging doors, even before I hit the ramp, I heard the screaming in Ward 7.

No one was at the iron door. Through the bars, I saw the ward in turmoil. Nurses and orderlies were hurrying from bed to bed, trying to calm the men. Some had pulled sheets over their heads, several had covered their heads with pillows. Carbo Wilkes was sprawled on the floor, face down, hands clapped over his ears. Nasty Nevers was standing on his bed, shaking his fist, howling about the avenging angel and cesspools of corruption.

Lawrence let me in. His face was the color of milk.

I saw Captain Newman head for Room E, where Laibowitz was pounding on the door. "He's got the goddam bed jammed against the door or something!"

Captain Newman motioned him aside and tried the door. It did not budge. "Mr. Future!" He knocked on the door. "It's Captain Newman! Open the door!"

Room E was silent.

A nurse came down the aisle. "I found him at my locker this afternoon, trying to jimmy it open."

Captain Newman rattled the door. "I know you can hear me. Listen! I have news! Important! I just heard from Mr. Past!"

A rustle, inside the room.

"Mr. Past—is on his way! To join you. He says he'll never leave you! Do you hear me? *He'll never leave you alone again.*"

We heard the bed being shoved away. The door swung back on its hinges. The nurse shuddered.

Against the dim light, Colonel Norval Algate Bliss stood silhouetted. He had shaved off his beard and mustache. He was clad in a feathery kimono, stolen from one of the nurses' lockers. He had rouged his cheeks.

"Come in, dearie," he smiled.

JULIUS NOVICK

JULES FEIFFER
and the almost-in-group

Not to know who Feiffer is, or to be able to quote his latest strip, is infra dig today among the bright young and their knowing elders.

IN THE fall of 1956 a young cartoonist named Jules Feiffer walked into the offices of *The Village Voice,* a Greenwich Village weekly, "absolutely unknown and unsolicited," says a *Voice* editor, "and very shy. . . . He simply wandered in one day with a portfolio under his arm; stood there with his face hanging out. . . . [He] looked like ten thousand other scared mice that wander into editorial offices with their heart in their teeth."

Today, at the age of thirty-two, Feiffer is the author of three cartoon-books that have had a combined sale of more than a quarter of a million copies. (A fourth, called *Boy, Girl. Boy, Girl,* will appear in October.) Two of the books have also been published in England, where Feiffer's cartoons in *The Observer* have made his name a household word. His weekly strips are syndicated to some forty-two newspapers in the United States and Canada, with a combined circulation of around seven million. To top it off, he has been awarded an Oscar for a movie short made from one of his cartoon-stories. When even the abject toilers in the Hollywood cornfields can get their minds off Elizabeth Taylor long enough to recognize Jules Feiffer, he can fairly be said to have Arrived.

In his early years with the *Voice,* Feiffer used to get on the subway from Brooklyn every week to deliver his work in person. In these days of affluence he has given up this custom, but his strip still appears every week in the *Voice,* which in accordance with its usual policy has never paid him a penny—not even for carfare. His following in the Boston *Globe* and the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* is introduced to the same urban, Freudian, "liberal," "cultural" (if not always cultured) milieu that *Voice* readers have known for years—not only by reading Feiffer but by standing in Washington Square and looking about them.

Twenty years ago, probably even ten, Boston and Honolulu would have said the hell with it and gone on to Little Orphan Annie; but today Feiffer is Mass Circulation. In between came the tremendous national upsurge of interest in "intellect" and "culture" (Adlai Stevenson, highbrow paperbacks, Charles Van Doren), which may be only a new manifestation of the energies which once were devoted to mah-jongg and miniature golf, but which may also be the beginning of some sort of revolution. The intellectual climbers, the Bronx Bohemians, and the ostentatiously enlightened junior executives who pour out of the Christopher Street subway (not usually Villagers themselves, but fellow-travelers) are only intenser avatars of what is happening in Boston and Honolulu and points in between. All over America, men and women, and especially boys and girls, are dying to be cultured, sophisticated, high in brow and standards, if only they knew how. Many of them are foolish and even contemptible; but even the most hilariously phony have a core of genuine aspiration that somehow demands respect. These are the citizens of the greater Greenwich Village of the spirit; Feiffer is their unsparing but sympathetic chronicler, and sometimes also their spokesman. He manages, mostly by depicting them, to tell us more about the way we live in the mid-twentieth century than any half-dozen sociologists, two dozen popular novelists, and Vance Packard combined—and furthermore, Feiffer is funnier.

His characters, he says, are ". . . on the periphery of the in-group—which means that they've never quite made contact, but they're always aware that contact has been made somewhere. . . ." Because this is more than a local predicament, Feiffer, for all parish-pumpery about museum memberships and *Waiting for Godot,* is an artist of more than local importance. In fact, his fidelity to local minutiae, his eye for details, above all his ear for cadences and catch phrases, are fundamental to his effects. He is essentially not a draftsman but a dramatist, a writer of brief illustrated monologues and dialogues—as he has tacitly acknowledged by combining selected strips into an all-Feiffer revue called *The Explainers,* which opened in June in Chicago and is scheduled for New York this winter. (A one-act play of his was produced by Gian Carlo Menotti at his Festival in Spoleto, Italy, this summer: "It's called *Crawling Arnold,* and is about air-raid shelters, Negro nationalism, sibling rivalry, and a guy named Arnold who crawls.") As a dramatist, his command of the American idiom, like it is spoke right now, like, is superior (for short stretches anyway) to that of almost any of his colleagues. He achieves universality (when he does) by not seeming to attempt it; detail, especially in dialogue, gives point to even the wildest of his fantasias on familiar themes—as when Oedipus says to his analyst, "Is it *my* fault I like them *mature?* All right . . . so I *marry* her. But did *I* know she was my *mother?* It's not like I was sick or something. . . ."

SHIFTING THE ONUS

LIKE so many of his characters, Feiffer's Oedipus is driven by an uncomfortable urge to explain himself. We are all affected by the well-known necessity of living in the Freudian age of self-analysis—affected whether we realize it or not, but all the more affected when, as frequently with Feiffer's characters, we do realize it. His latest book, like his revue, is called *The Explainers,* but the anxious monologue of self-defense—often in a brilliant parody of Freudian and sociological jargon—has always been a frequent form for his strips. In one of the earliest, a sad pony-tailed girl explains, with more concision than grammar, "Like most girls if their blind date leaves them in a restaurant to make a phone call and he doesn't come back . . . they'd see that in terms of black and white. But not me. *I* look for *motivation.* Like . . . compulsive social behavior patterns . . . or erratic interpersonal adjustments or hostile group attitudes. There must be some *basic* drive that makes him flee from a blind date. So why get upset? It has *nothing* to do with *me* personally." Feiffer people often seem engaged in a gigantic game of shift-the-onus.

The unease which impels these explainers to their feats of self-exoneration is the standard, the classic malaise of the mid-twentieth century: bewilderment at the complexities of modern life, which makes them grasp at any terms, systems, "concepts" offered to them. "On the periphery of the in-group," the Feiffer character "tries his damnedest" (in Feiffer's words) "to follow the rules, and can never quite figure out why they continually elude him, or why he can't ever fit in." Thus one little Feiffer-man is moved to exclaim, "What I wouldn't give to be a nonconformist like all those others."

"With greatly increased concentration on self analysis," says Feiffer, "so many internal problems have been revealed that it's hard enough to be sure of who you are from moment to moment." And so we try to turn confusion into some sort of certainty by defining ourselves in terms of fashionable catchwords. In a recent strip, a worried-looking man sitting on a stool explains that "In between being silent, conforming, belonging, acquiring, and taking care of my leisure problem I haven't yet had a chance to seek status. I guess I'll fit it in *somehow.*" Another character says; "Without the latest password we'd never know what's wrong with us."

In writing about the reasonably ordinary fellow (or girl, or child) who in some way can't quite cope, Feiffer runs the great danger of turning out a gray and unilluminating tome to which one's reaction is "How true!" and directly thereafter, "So what?" He avoids this danger by satire, taking things just a little too far and crossing the border into parody and fantasy. And even at his most "straight," having only a couple of hundred words and eight or ten pictures in which to tell most of his stories, he manages to focus on essential, epitomizing moments of particular poignancy. Each of dozens of his strips implies a whole short story, if not a novel.

His pathetic protagonist is found in several

Shortly after his graduation from Harvard in 1960, Julius Novick went to England and spent a year at the University of Bristol as a Fulbright Scholar. He is a New Yorker who attended the Bronx High School of Science and later became drama editor of the "Harvard Crimson." He has written for the "Village Voice," "New Theatre Magazine," and other publications.

guises. Sometimes he is called Howard, and has trouble with his career; sometimes she is a girl, and has trouble with men ("Am I so *different?* Don't *I* read paperbacks? Don't *I* have *needs?*"); often he or she is a child ("Eleven years old and I can't play baseball. . . . Eleven years . . . eleven years . . . shot to hell"). Children are more vulnerable to oppression than anybody else; the world is even bigger and more bewildering to them than it is to adults; and yet they can view it, sometimes, with peculiarly candid eyes, and minds not yet clouded with cant. It is no wonder that Feiffer likes to draw and write about them. His Oscar-winning movie short is an adaptation of a long cartoon-story called "Munro" (published in the volume *Passionella and Other Stories*), about a four-year-old boy who is drafted into the Army.

But the *echt* Feiffer-figure is a slender young man named Bernard, who manages to combine intelligence, and even sometimes a certain degree of hip-ness, with an abounding and appealing naïveté. As with other Feiffer characters, there is no story about Bernard that continues from strip to strip; only incidents and anecdotes, conversations and monologues. Various misfortunes happen to him (including two memorable encounters with the telephone), but his main problem is girls: at least four strips show various inamoratas in the process of breaking up with him. This "Renaissance man of the rejectees" is contrasted with a hairy-chested bravo named Huey; in their diverging adventures Feiffer has caught the *texture* of modern American urban middle-class sexual encounter: the serious conversations in bars, the dutiful goodnight kisses in hallways, the anaphrodisiac *"damn* flamenco records." But in any situation, Bernard is an affecting re-creation of an ancient type: the poor slob, the victim.

NOT TO TAKE GYM

JULES is Bernard. . . . Everyone who knows him thinks so," says someone who knows him. —though Feiffer himself insists, "I for Christ sakes am *not* Bernard." Nevertheless he looks, with his mild countenance and fair hair, like a man who *has been* Bernard, even if he is so no longer. Time and again, his account of his life is reminiscent of the situations he depicts in his work. The sympathy (without sentimentality) with which he draws sufferers and underdogs stems from the fact that for most of his life he was one.

Feiffer is the talented survivor of a not-enormously-happy childhood, which has left him with special knowledge and special compassion. He grew up in the drab East Bronx, amidst numerous block wars—in which he never took part. "I was always too scared. . . . I was never a participant in group activity in which you can get hurt."

He was further set apart from his contemporaries by being (like a little boy he sometimes draws) totally unathletic. "I have always been a dreadful competitor—a sore loser and a guilty winner. One of my great desires to grow up was that, as I understood it, adults did not have to take gym."

Too scared to be a good student, he describes his school days as "twelve years of continual internal retreat . . . and desperately waiting to be grown up . . . when I wouldn't have to take orders. It never even occurred to me to be a rebel . . . so that I drew continually from the time I was five." He finally broke into print as the staff cartoonist of the James Monroe High School newspaper.

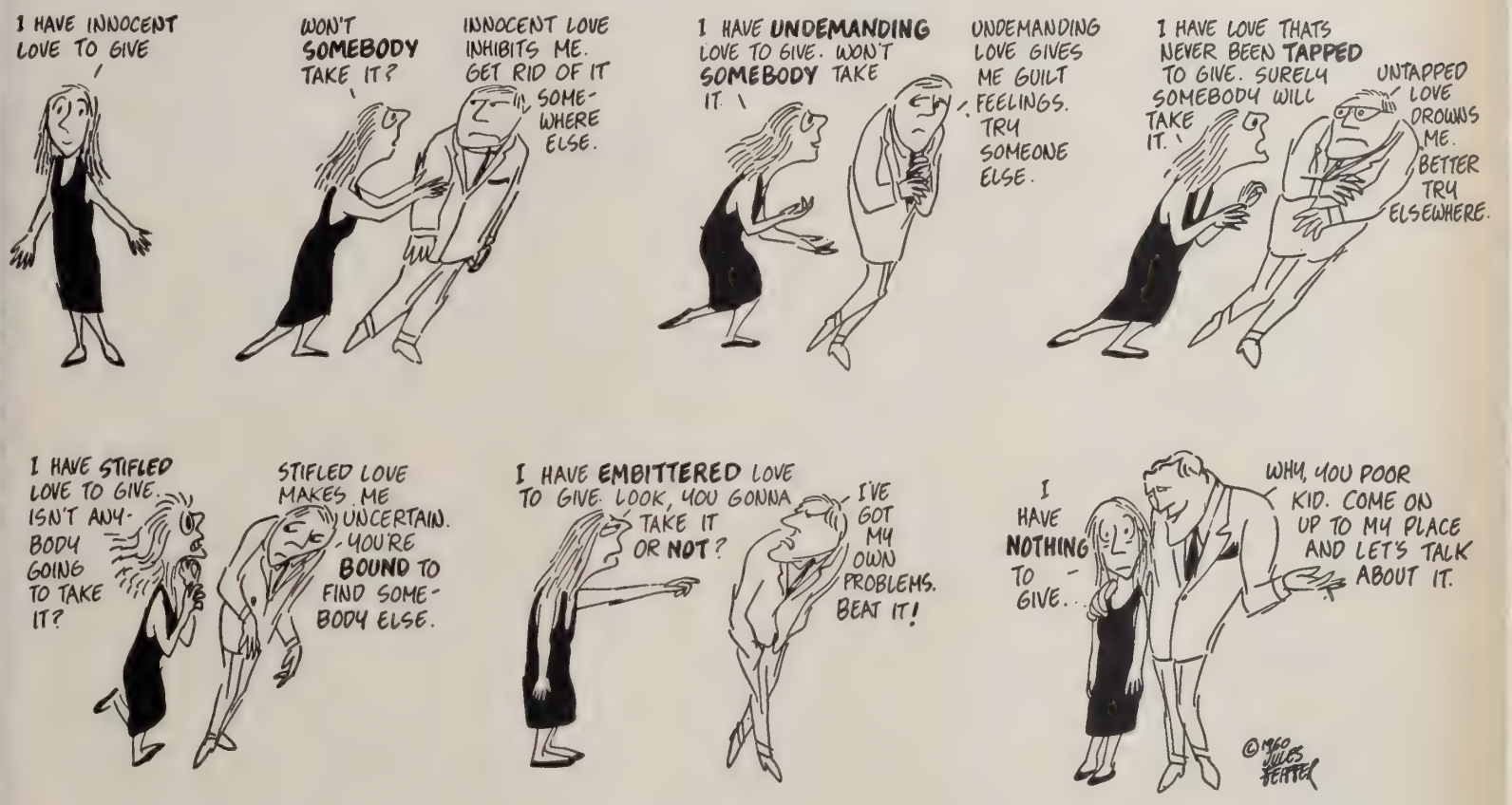
Failing to get into college by half a credit, he settled down to serious cartooning. "The editor of the high-school newspaper and I collaborated on a dreadful little comic-book script which I only agreed to do because of his alleged connections. When the connection fell through I tried peddling this thing around to the comic-book houses. Eager first for a solid professional critique, I looked up Will Eisner [who used to draw "The Spirit"] in the Manhattan telephone book and, with legs slightly gooey, went down to see him—my boyhood hero. He blasted the work but my hero worship was so patently apparent that he almost had to offer me a job. Ten dollars a week part-time—erasing pages, filling in blacks, and dreaming great dreams."

The great dreams were interrupted by the Army. Feiffer was drafted in January 1951, served until January 1953, and "hated every minute of it. . . . I didn't even want to make PFC because I don't want the Army to give me a thing." Nevertheless he found the experience valuable in a way: "I had never appreciated the luxury in being able to hate—the clear freedom in facing pure evil—and the Army was it . . . first time in my life when I was totally on my own in what you might consider a serious man's world, and discovered that reason, or even simple basic idiot logic, had very little to do with day-to-day existence." In his GI spare time he wrote "Munro"—the long strip about the four-year-old draftee—which under the circumstances is amazingly lacking in rancor.

Out of the Army, he spent a year unemployed, and then a further period on various casual jobs,

A FEIFFER FAVORITE

Asked to pick his favorite cartoon to illustrate this article, Jules Feiffer replied with a sheaf of ten, from which the editors selected two.



meanwhile being a busy and conscientious failure as a satirical cartoonist: publishers kept telling him that while *they* liked his work, the public would never go for it. But he was convinced that the only thing wrong with his stuff was that he wasn't famous, and in order to remedy this condition he turned to *The Village Voice*. "They didn't pay anything, I didn't want anything. Just a weekly showcase."

IN THE JAWS OF SUCCESS

"THINGS happened a lot quicker than I expected." In 1957 some of his drawings were published in *Harper's* as illustrations. A little later, McGraw-Hill offered to publish a book composed of whatever Feiffer wanted to put between covers, and in the spring of 1958 *Sick Sick Sick* appeared. "It immediately became a best-seller, to everyone's surprise," says its author cheerfully; and it enabled him to quit his job and become a full-time satirist.

Today Feiffer lives in a duplex apartment in Brooklyn Heights (not far from Borough President John Cashmore), and enjoys such perquisites of fame and fortune as a flood of cocktail-party invitations and a gorgeous beach house on Fire Island. But he is in little danger of being "spoiled" by success. He still keeps his own counsel, writes and draws as he likes, and publishes what he pleases. He can depict people searching for their identities because in a hard school he has found his own, and kept it even in the teeth of prosperity.

His work continues to reflect his own feelings and preoccupations. Many of his subjects (beatniks, conformists, Freudians) are fashionable objects for satire; some are not. But he goes on excoriating, for instance, the entrepreneurs of the H-bomb, although such targets will not

endear him to many of his readers, and still less to most of his publishers. Though much of his work these days is political, he draws no donkeys or elephants or other creatures from the ordinary editorial cartoonist's menagerie. With a few partial exceptions (such as his exquisite parodies of ex-President Eisenhower's press conferences), his political strips are essentially not about statesmen and nations but about the moral problems imposed on *us* by political events.

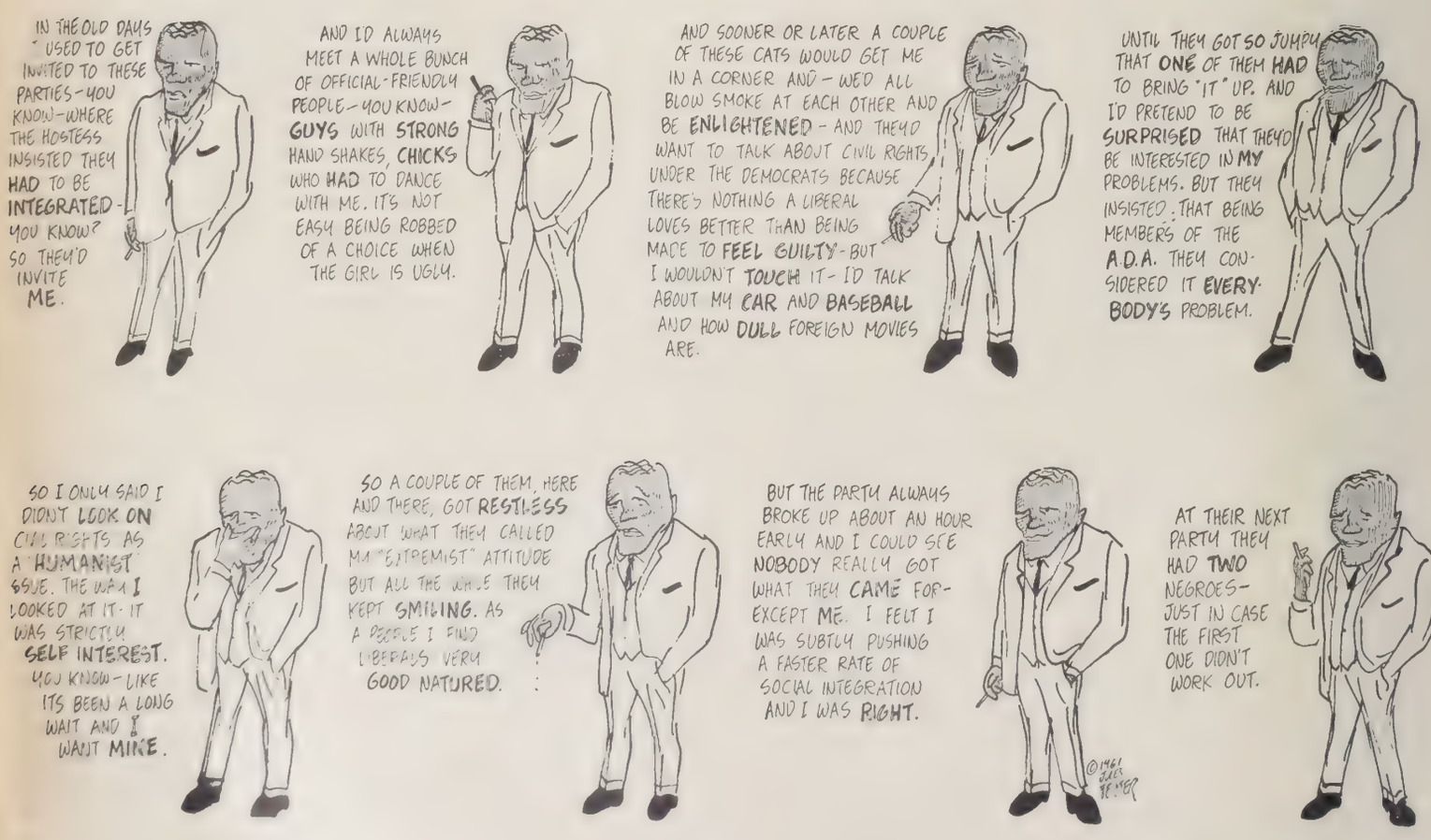
Whatever you think of Feiffer's politics (which he describes as "nonpartisan radical"), it is clear that for him all contexts, including the political, are moral contexts. Oppressive parents; hypocritical bosses; the Madison Avenue author of the "'Fallout is good for you' saturation campaign"; the members of the "'I'm just doing my job' club": in attacking all of them—or rather, in allowing them to demolish themselves—Feiffer is attacking the moral qualities of apathy, complacency, callousness. The one evil that arouses this gentle, sensitive man to anger, that has no claim on his wide-ranging sympathies, is *not caring*: indifference: the twentieth-century form of the orthodox deadly sin of sloth.

As fashionable jargon will have it, Feiffer is "committed," though he admits that he has never seen a cartoon, and seldom any kind of writing, that directly changed anybody's mind about anything.

"Rather, what it can do," he says, "is encourage a climate where different kinds of questions will be asked . . . and finally after a long period changes will begin to be made."

Perhaps just here is a central clue to his paradoxical popularity. "Even in Keuka," says Jerry Tallmer of *The Village Voice*, "there are young guys and girls trying to cope with the problem of ethics in an unethical age; these people will work through to his meaning."

A FEIFFER FAVORITE



BENJAMIN DEMOTT

THE PEACE CORPS' SECRET MISSION

They're not spies—as the Communists charge—
nor just well drillers and ditch diggers.
Unless the corpsmen, and the country, understand
their real purpose the whole project may fail.

"THE Peace Corps? It's like existentialism," a Columbia University senior complained six months ago—in conversation with a man from the *New York Times*. "Everybody's for it but nobody quite knows what it's all about."

The complaint is still astonishingly valid. Peace Corps news has come in buckets, of course, since the President's March message on the subject. Bids for projects have been issued from countries on three continents. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has held public hearings on a bill authorizing a $40-million appropriation to finance Peace Corps expansion next year. Training of candidates for pilot ventures in Ghana, Tanganyika, and Colombia is nearing completion, and the first group of Corpsmen is due to arrive shortly in the field. But while all this "hard" action has made R. Sargent Shriver, Jr. a household word, and has given the lie to cynics who called the original proposal a mere Cow Palace electioneering gimmick, it has done almost nothing to burn off confusion about Peace Corps methods and goals. And as a result, a wave of criticism that threatens the entire program is now gathering force.

The criticism in question connects at no point with the new conservatives of *National Review* or with the old anxieties of the DAR, which voted down the Peace Corps by a margin of two thousand to one at its spring meeting. It stems in part from skepticism about the usefulness, moral or otherwise, of harnessing highly trained specialists as day laborers. (On Peace Corps registration day at Rutgers this summer I saw a reporter look up frowning from a sheaf of biographical notes on the assembled volunteers. "Listen," he said. "Will somebody tell me why in God's name an M.A. in math should go five thousand miles to dig a ditch?")

Other objections are voiced by federal servants engaged in sound international projects that were begun long before the inception of the Peace Corps. (The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported loud complaints that Peace Corps efforts in East Africa will duplicate field work already undertaken by the International Cooperation Administration.) And academic specialists on underdeveloped areas have been adding their own voices to the volume of reluctant protest—witness this summer's special African issue of the magazine *Cambridge 38*, published by Harvard students. Taking note of plans to send Corpsmen "into primitive villages to improve economic, health, and living standards," the editor of the journal observed that "the vision of an army of foreign inoculators is a horrifying specter." An MIT African expert remarked: "Anybody can be taught to give shots." One associate of Harvard's Center for International Affairs argued that the Peace Corps made no sense "as a device for doing unskilled or semiskilled labor." Another declared: "It is amazing how rapidly the range of possible activities narrows when [you ask], What practicable and useful things can the ordinary American college graduate do in Africa that an African with some special training could not do?"

There are no signs as yet that these voices of doubt have caused any drop in public interest in the young volunteers. Registration days for the first batches of Corpsmen were press carnivals nearly comparable to the glass-bowl galas of early Selective Service. One candidate has

already appeared as a guest on TV's "What's My Line?" Photographers and TV crews jammed the Rutgers dormitory lounge chosen as the scene of "kickoff meetings" for trainees scheduled for work in Colombia. Newsmen hustled from chair to chair in search of chaps from home-town areas ("Anybody here from Pa.?"), snapped up unconsidered trifles (a mysterious petition passed from hand to hand turned out to be a "List of men who would like an iron"), and posed a succession of gag pictures (the Newark *Evening News* laboriously worked out a shot of the tallest and fattest volunteers).

Nor is the tone of official exhortation of the Corpsmen less passionate now than in the past. The President of Rutgers told the volunteers for Colombia that they and their training program constituted "the most adventurous, imaginative enterprise of the university in public service," and insisted that, "It's got to succeed." In briefing sessions voice after voice recalled Adlai Stevenson's warning that the new program for Latin America might be the last chance this country would have to provide leadership there, and argued that Corpsmen "may well have a greater impact than the whole six hundred million dollars. . . ." Sargent Shriver himself looked into the past and found that "out on our frontier seventy-five to one hundred years ago we were doing the same kind of thing" that Corpsmen will be doing—as for example "barn-raising." He told a story of a devoted woman of India who had traveled three days and nights across her country to ask him a single question: "Mr. Shriver, do you think your Peace Corps volunteers can bring the spirit of the [American] Revolution to India?" And he declared to the young Corpsmen: "Everything depends on your success."

But rhetoric and cameramen do not add up to clarity. The volunteers I talked to at Rutgers were uncommonly winning young men, shrewd, clearheaded, and admirably diverse in abilities. They ranged from a twenty-six-year-old Bell Telephone cable-splicer (a high-school graduate who on his own initiative has kept up a study of languages since his graduation), to a professionally trained anthropologist from the University of Chicago, a man of wide field experience in Spanish-speaking countries whose conversation revealed a sharp sense of obstacles as well as opportunities facing the Corps. But with few exceptions these men had signed on with little to guide them except the President's original executive order, which claimed that:

> The vast task of economic development urgently requires skilled people to do the work of society—to help teach in the schools, construct development projects, demonstrate modern methods of sanitation in the villages, and perform a hundred other tasks. . . .

The trainees had since received an official document specifying further "work assignments" —including "well drilling, laying water and sewage pipe lines, supervising the creation of school or neighborhood gardens, working with local crews on building access roads, constructing or improving the local school, organizing youth clubs, building sanitary latrines. . . ." But the job list in itself was no better answer to the questions raised by Peace Corps critics than any of the other publicity that had swathed the project from the start. Sixty-five young mathematicians, philosophers, anthropologists, linguists, and technicians laying sewage pipe: was it really possible that "everything" could depend on them?

Benjamin DeMott is a critic, scholar, and commentator on public affairs. His novel, "The Body's Cage," was published in 1959, and his column, "An Unprofessional Eye," appears regularly in "The American Scholar." He entered college in 1947, after hitches in the infantry and as a journalist in Washington; he is now professor of English at Amherst.

THE NEW THEORISTS

PEOPLE who answer "Yes" to that question rephrase it as they go, in order to bring out a relation between the Peace Corps idea and a new, almost completely unpublicized theory of Foreign Aid. The starting point of this theory, on the negative side, is the conviction that the West cannot counter the effect of Red agitators in underdeveloped nations either by shoring up central-government operations of these nations, or by investing massively in construction of dams, highways, seaports, airports, and the like. On the positive side, the theory rests on the claim that the best hope of the West lies in the possibility of transforming masses of rural folk —people long afflicted by a sense of total powerlessness—into men conscious of a capacity to alter their lives by local democratic action.

Proponents of this new theory do not deny that the tens of billions of American dollars funneled into capital investment abroad, through the ICA and other agencies, have strengthened the economies of the nations involved. They believe, however, that money spent in this way does more for the Communist contriver of chaos than for the friend of the West. For while some

of its effects trickle down, a quantity of hard cash clings to central-government fat cats and fortune builders. And the latter are easy marks for agitators working among back-country villagers who lack all sense of local identity and live in swamps of bitterness or apathy.

That a small, back-country project is necessarily much better does not follow from this, of course. But, according to the new theorists, something uniquely valuable can be made of such projects, provided the emphasis is not simply on physical improvements. If community effort on a drainage ditch or a schoolhouse develops structures of local power out of emptiness—if it issues in village governments functioning on representative lines—it may well have a value proportionally greater than that of a huge urban hospital or a major hydroelectric installation. For the completed schoolhouse is not then merely another square hard object added to the surface of the earth. It is a sign of change in psychological landscape—a living, growing obstacle in the path of agitators who flourish in a power vacuum.

Easy analogies between frontier life in the United States and village life in the emergent countries are not acceptable to the new theorists. They are certain, though, that Tocqueville and other early observers were right to see a connection between the stability of the American system and our national habit of voluntary association at the local level. And they are impatient with ironical, supersubtle views of small-town organizations in this country. Satirists chuckle at these organizations—clusters that include not only Boards of Selectmen, Town Meetings, School Committees, and PTAs, but dozens of "chapter" organizations: Boy Scouts, Lions, Rotary, Chamber of Commerce, Garden Club, League of Women Voters, and others. In contrast, the new theorists believe in dead earnest that these institutions, meeting regularly and electing officers year by year, are powerful influences upon the development of a community sense of the style and meaning of democracy.

What is more, they believe this style *is* communicable.

In their view, young Americans of intelligence and sensitivity can do more than dig ditches and operate tractors for the people of the underdeveloped countries. They can help these people to feel their way toward the reality of the democratic institution as a self-made order, with its own limits, tensions, and requirements in the way of patience and restraint. They can do all this, can function as guides for emergent local democracy, if the lessons to be taught are not taught in a void.

This means that instead of offering condescending lectures on "citizenship," they must find a vital local project that can serve as a laboratory. The kind of project best adapted to this purpose is currently described as one of "Community Development." The idea of Community Development has a long history filled with saints and politicos—Gandhi among them. For American intellectuals the idea is closely associated with the name of Paul Goodman, author of the recent *Growing Up Absurd* and other works of social criticism. Public servants, however, are more likely to cite Richard Poston as the American pioneer in refining the concept. An intense, wiry, witty research professor at Southern Illinois University (rarely in residence), Poston is an unpublicized consultant to foreign governments and private international agencies in the U. S. who has become a figure of some influence on aid and development policy within the last five years. A vigorous critic of ICA programs, Poston defines the aims of a Community Development project as, on the one hand, "evolving socially responsible individual traits," and, on the other, developing "all community functions and institutions that are essential to a strong democratic society." To the charge that the quotient of idealism in the theory is impossibly high, his scoffing retort is: "Look at the numbers."

THOUSANDS OF NEW VILLAGE GOVERNMENTS

THE numbers Poston has in mind are, beyond doubt, enormously impressive. In India, for instance, a prime minister's committee began a Community Development program nine years ago—a pilot project covering 27,388 villages, each with its village-level worker. In four years the project was extended to ten times that many villages (with a population of 150 million), and it is scheduled to cover all rural areas in the country by the fall of 1963. The Philippines instituted a similar program four years ago; by now more than 1,500 trained village-level workers have led in the completion of numberless civic-improvement projects and helped to establish 23,000 local village governments. And there are comparable programs in Iran, Israel, Puerto Rico, Colombia, and elsewhere.

The pattern of action varies from country to country and from section to section within a country. In one village, local institutions or

elective offices may have existed at some time in the past—before, say, the ravages of civil war. In another there may never have been any local self-definition whatever, only a blank filled by some distant appointive authority understood by villagers to be remote, mysterious, and corrupt. Normally the Community Development worker begins by encouraging the simplest forms of co-operative enterprise—toward any end that stirs the imagination of the villagers with whom he talks. He does not dictate out of his sense of "the real local needs." Neither does he seek outside help at the start. His first job is to bring villagers together as a group conscious of itself, and concerned to act positively toward a specific end. In undertaking this job, though, he has clearly in mind that his final purposes are to shape community attitudes, to encourage habits of democratic decision and representative action, and to develop understanding of the idea of elective authority. He reads his success not in a completed building but in evidences of a new community stance toward local issues and problems.

PETITIONS FOR LIGHT

A COLOMBIAN *barrio* of sixty families, a primitive place called Guacimalito, was the scene of a recent achievement in this line. (The tale is one of many told at length in a privately published CARE report on Community Development in Colombia.) Local farmers marketed their produce in the country's second-largest city, Medellín. Though the needs of their village were endless—clear water was one—the farmers, wide-eyed at the wonders of the city, saw no need as pressing as that of procuring electric light. A few of them had even gone so far as to hire a sort of floating lobbyist from another town to plead for them before the light commission.

At about the time of this venture, training teachers from a nearby school arrived to set up literacy classes. After the fashion of Community Development workers, they organized regular meetings of the townspeople and encouraged the latter to act for themselves in the matter of electricity, advising them to circulate a petition to be presented to the commission. The petition was circulated and presented—an action that marked the first time that local people had represented their own interest to officialdom.

Officialdom was not much interested in their interests, to be sure. The commission allowed that the *barrio* was low on the list, and that in any case it would be impossible to bring power trucks through to them—there was no road to the place from the highway. This turn of events produced more meetings, more petitions, and at length a concrete proposal, from the village leaders themselves, that the families of the town build the necessary access road and offer to dig the holes for the telephone poles—provided the authorities would show them where to dig. The proposals were approved and work was begun. A Neighbors' Committee was formed to look into other projects; a plan was approved calling for petitions about an aqueduct for clean water; memoranda were prepared to be sent to the governor of the province asking for auxiliary police; citizens were appointed to conduct a *barrio* survey and census, which they did.

It is one thing to organize, another to achieve: government response to the villagers' initiative came slowly in all instances. But it was forthcoming. And the machinery developed for local action has not broken down. Its future is uncertain, of course, but even if the worst happened, the political experience of these villagers would remain a shade more complicated than it might otherwise have been. In a place where most people were apathetic or fearful, a functioning, representative village "administration" has come to exist. The villagers have proved, in the face of the claims of agitators or terrorists, that they themselves are capable of effecting significant improvements in their immediate environment. And that proof will be difficult to expunge from local memory.

Especially difficult, as should be added, in those villages where the conduct of several "single-action" projects has been directly connected with the emergence of a distinct political unit with its own style. In recent months Hojas Anchas, a mountain *vereda* (or roadside settlement) in the Andes *municipio* of Supia, Caldas, has completed a boy's school, a public-health post, a jail. It has also set up a local government with some rituals of its own. The Colombian survey reported six months ago that:

> Saturday night in Hojas Anchas the Vereda Junta meets from six to eight to discuss . . . ongoing projects, finances, future plans, etc. . . . Whether or not the priest is present the meeting goes on. After the elected president opens [it], there is a Scripture reading, then notes of the previous meeting are read and approved. Then the order of the day is read, and comments are asked from the floor. . . . Sixty-three adults make up the junta and [its] board of officers [is] elected each year. Requisites for belonging to the junta, strictly adhered to, are broken down into obligations and rights. . . .

The key obligation, set forth flatly, is: "Majority decisions must be respected by all." The key right is: "Anyone who has a problem must be listened to by the others."

Colombia's recent history lends special urgency to efforts like these. A twelve-year-old civil war has killed 300,000; violence has centered in village-level conflicts. In 1957 a national plebiscite approved a constitutional reform calling for alternate four-year periods of rule by Conservatives and Liberals until 1974; an orderly transfer of power from President to President in that period plainly depends upon rapid growth in political maturity.

But the political situation in Colombia can hardly be described as unique among underdeveloped nations. The fact is that experience of civic action and responsibility is equally urgent in virtually all the countries that have shown interest in the Peace Corps. Whether sick or well, hungry or full, the people of these nations cannot judge the way of freedom unless they have an inkling of what that way is like—an inkling that no hospital or highway or sleek government Cadillac can possibly provide for them. And all available evidence indicates that much more can be done to provide them with this inkling than anyone originally suspected.

WILL THEY KNOW THEIR JOB?

AT FIRST glance, one might expect Corpsmen in the field to be aware of and responsive to the possibilities of an assignment in citizen-building. Nothing in the Peace Corps program is as rich in promise and dignity as this concept; nothing could do more to toughen the resolve of an able, brainy idealist than consciousness that his job begins but does not end in blisters and sweat. But at the moment, startling to say, it is by no means certain that this awareness has even begun to exist for the majority of the men and women involved.

The reason is simple, though behind it lie ugly twists of timidity and ignorance. The reason is that Peace Corps officials, as well as many of their counterparts in private agencies managing Peace Corps projects, have thus far done virtually nothing to acquaint present and potential Corpsmen with the practical political purpose of their service.

An exception to this charge can be made for the Corpsmen now bound for Colombia. The co-ordinator of their enterprise, E. Gordon Alderfer, assistant executive director of CARE, is strongly committed to the principles of Community Development, and has written about it as an effort toward "a maturation of responsible citizenship." While the volunteers were at Rutgers this summer, they were taught by Richard Poston himself, retained by CARE to explain to them how they can best do a job which, in Poston's words, is primarily that of stimulating people "to think and plan for themselves and to execute their own . . . decisions." Moreover, the Corpsmen will be paired off in the field with Colombians who have been specially trained for the program of "Acción Comunal"—a national version of Community Development already launched in Colombia. The broad task of Acción Comunal workers is to lead their countrymen toward an intuition of the difference between victims and citizens. And the chance is good that they will not only accept but expect advice from young Americans who bring to local projects both technical expertise and the experience of people who from birth have been participants in democratic institutions.

Elsewhere, though, the prospect is far less bright—and not because Colombia is unique in needing something more than mere improvement in the quality of physical life. Tanganyika, where Corpsmen arrive this month, has not been torn by a decade of civil war. But it is a new nation (it achieves independence at the end of this year). And it is beset by serious problems of bureaucratic and political organization. Desperately poor, it has had to allocate millions of dollars to hire civil servants from outside—for lack of Africans with even minimum experience in civil procedures. Committed (for the future) to the British political system, the country is now run by a prime minister whose "party"

THE HUSKING

DILYS LAING (1906-1960)

As blind as any shedding snake
I slept ten circuits of the clock
then peeled my skin off like a shirt
and left it hitched upon a rock.

And when my eyes could bear the light
I tasted time with slitted tongue
and knew the hungers I had known
a skin ago when I was young.

holds all but one seat in the National Assembly; dissident forces are reportedly too inexperienced in politics to organize themselves as a functioning opposition. In light of all this, it is hard to believe that the Peace Corps' potentials for the development of local government and for joint civic action are less relevant in Tanganyika than elsewhere.

Why, then, are the official documents and oratory silent about the possibilities of Community Development? The answer is not complicated. No Peace Corps official could make a forceful case for the theory of "aid" described here without seeming to minimize the accomplishments of existing federal agencies in the international field. And federal agencies are fast draws in family fights. Furthermore, if an official did spell out the positive goals, he would lay himself open to attack by John Birch Know-nothings and Marxist Know-plenties—old hands at obscuring the difference between brainwashing and citizen-building. For these reasons discretion does command silence—at least when the official face is turned toward the public.

Whether the silence ought to be maintained toward the Peace Corps trainees themselves is another question altogether. Opportunities to function within the terms of the concept of Community Development may not be the same on all projects. But whether these opportunities are great or small, it is clear now that the ultimate significance of the Peace Corps mission everywhere will depend on what is made of them. And Corpsmen who, because of official caution or weakness in their special training, leave for the field with no idea of these opportunities—no sense of a mission beyond that of "doing the work of society" or of proving their personal amiability—cannot possibly seize them. If they are to make the contribution they are superbly fitted to make, and avoid ending in a swamp of bitterness and apathy of their own, they need to be given an account of the nature of *maximum* achievement in their work. They need to be informed that the M.A. in math who travels five thousand miles to dig a ditch could earn an A for good deeds and still rank as a failure. They need to hear of the more vital task: not that of selling U. S. foreign policy but that of sowing democratic habits—work which requires subtlety, keenness, and intuition, as well as a strong back and pure heart. They need to be told, in short, that their true task is that of showing forth the one Americanism that can be shared instead of envied, and that their true success would be to leave behind the one kind of installation that can be counted on to rebuild itself.

Who is to say all this? That question is easier to avoid than the one asked by the lady who packed herself three days across her country to ask Sargent Shriver about the possibility of bringing the spirit of the American Revolution to India. But not until someone answers it is there a chance that the Peace Corps promise will be kept.

THE DIKE AND THE VILLAGE

IN THE eastern state of Orissa there has been completed recently one of the biggest power, flood-control, and irrigation projects of modern India at Hirakud. It has an installed capacity to produce 123,000 kw. of power, while its sixteen-mile dam across the river Mahanadi, claimed to be the longest in the world, is designed to irrigate in the first stage about 672,000 acres. . . .

Champaparda, right at the Hirakud project site where the dike ends on the reservoir side . . . is the only village in the area which escaped inundation. . . . When the earthen dike was under construction [the villagers] worked on it for nearly four years, although, according to Mangra: "We do not know why the dam was built." . . .

What is even more incredible, they have not yet seen the main dam. Champaparda is about eight miles from the main dam, on its left earthen dike. The peasants of Champaparda have gone up to the eighth mile of this dike which they helped to build, but not beyond. Not a single man from this village has gone to see the main masonry dam or the power house. "We have heard that there is a house from which electricity comes out. We haven't gone to see it because we are not interested."

—From *Blossoms in the Dust* by Kusum Nair, London, Duckworth, 1961.

Harper's Magazine, September 1961



LOVING CARE IS NEEDED

when you're driving, too!

There are so many ways to express your love for a child—amuse him, caress him, understand him, protect him from hurt and harm.

Because drivers kill and cripple more children than any disease, a car is potentially one of the most dangerous places your child can ever be. So protect him whenever he is in the car—with a seat belt.

If every car owner in America had seat belts in his car—and used them—we could reduce severe injuries by one-third, deaths by 5,000 a year!

It's terribly important to drive with loving care, always. And to support strict law enforcement in your town, for where laws are strictly enforced, accidents and deaths go down. But can a parent who wants to protect his loved ones and himself possibly overlook the protection afforded by seat belts?

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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

The Esso Stove and Haiti's Erosion



This is Haiti, on the Caribbean island of Hispaniola. About the size of Vermont, Haiti has wide beaches, high mountains, and a long and colorful history.⇨



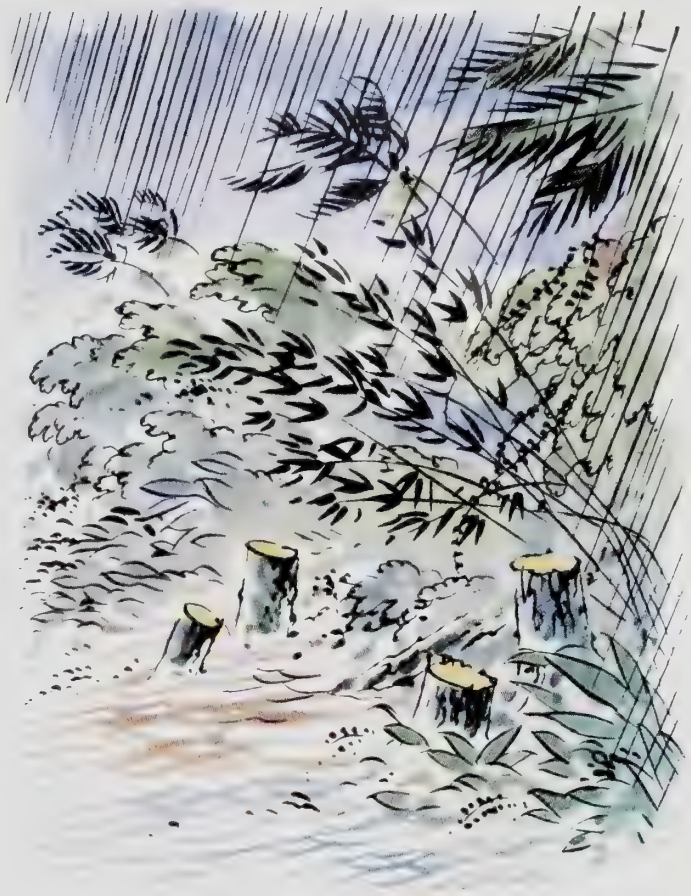
A new stove was recently introduced in Haiti by our Caribbean affiliate. More convenient than a charcoal brazier—faster, cleaner, safer—it burns kerosene.

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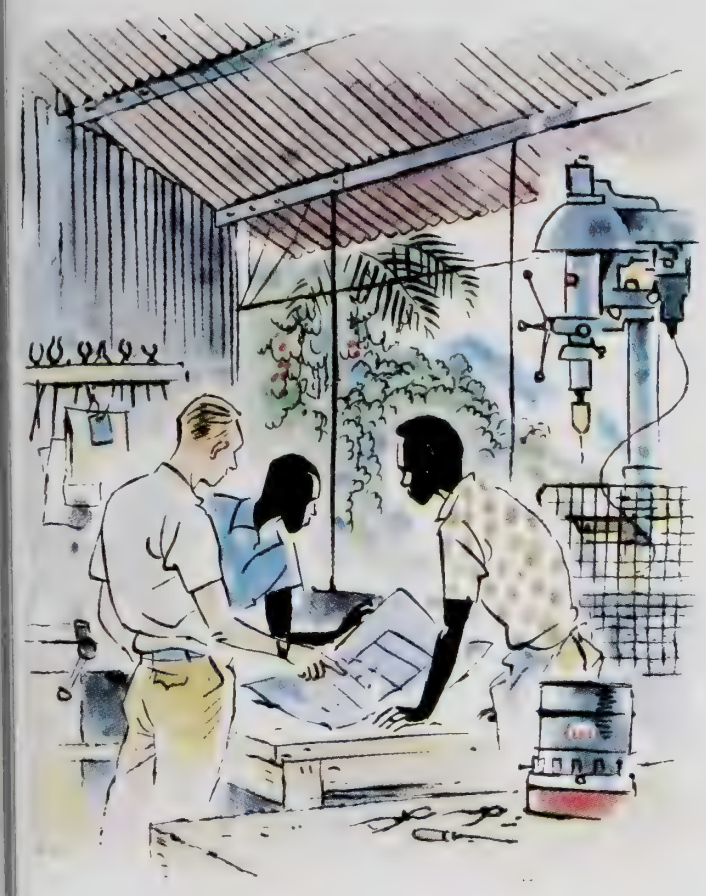
ESSO



The traditional Haitian way of cooking is with charcoal. Through the years, these little household fires have used up much of Haiti's forests as fuel.



As a result, rain — unchecked by trees — has washed much of the rich top soil into the sea. Erosion has created serious economic problems for the country.



Esso helped local people make the stove cheaply. The Haitian Government quickly recognized the usefulness of this stove in combatting erosion.



Thus, our search for a new market for kerosene is helping to rebuild Haiti's soil. *Business, conducted with imagination, can often produce unexpected benefits.*



Photograph taken by Fritz Goro of aborigines on a reservation in Northern Australia

EUGENE BURDICK

The Invisible Aborigine

Perhaps he had a chance to become "civilized" and rejected it . . . but he has developed a microscopic awareness of his barren world and a psychic life as secret and complex as our own.

MAKE a man of earth, hone him down to gauntness, and put him in a lunar landscape and you have the Australian aborigine. He is human, beyond dispute, but of another planet, another life, another level.

You will see him first as a shadow, a dark rocklike quiet shadow, on the edge of the horizon. He stands with one foot tucked up against the knee of the other leg, an oddly restful position. Beside him will be a smaller thinner shadow . . . shapeless when sprawled, but lean and bony when standing, and that will be the dingo dog. Both are thin, both are wary, both are suspicious, both expect no love. Both scan the landscape in the same canny way, both have the same innocent hard eyes. Move toward them and they vanish. Around a rock, down a gully, behind a tree, but gone.

The anthropologists say he is the simplest person in the Pacific and the world. He travels light. The possessions of a whole family, of a lifetime and sometimes many lifetimes, will amount to no more than twenty pounds. A stone worn smooth by handling and sweat and throwing, no bigger than an apricot, will serve as both a weapon and a religious object. A woman's hair is valued not for romantic reasons, but because it is the best cordage the family will ever have.

The aborigine probably walked into Australia centuries ago when that continent was connected to the mainland. For a long time he ranged down the coastline, moved up the banks of the rivers, followed water wherever it existed. He never developed money, arithmetic, tools, or villages. No one is sure why. Even when it was possible to build habitations and settle down, the aborigine did not. He roamed endlessly and grew lean and spare in the process. When the whites came, the space open to the aborigines began to dwindle, but they still wandered. Most of them still do. The difference is that the land they wander is the worst in Australia.

A few aborigines have settled into towns. They are not like American Negroes in a cotton town. The Australian does not *see* the aborigine. They will hover at the edge of a sheep shearing, in the mouth of an alley, in the dark recesses of a warehouse, in garbage dumps. They are paid, but they have no names. They function, but they have no status. The Australian calls them "abo" or, if the white man is drunk, he roars "boy" or "nigger" or merely waves a hand and the aborigine obeys. The town aborigines wear cotton pants and shirts, but their long necks and handsome, strongly-carved Dravidian heads look too raw for the material. Their eyes peer out unblinkingly from huge bony foreheads and when the whites laugh, the black face remains flat. The aborigine will humble himself for a pinch of tobacco and then, for no surface reason, will withdraw into a monumental dignity and quiet.

There is no "color problem" in Australia with the aborigine. The Australian does not feel threatened by him. The town-broken abo is a black shadow that can work, so unsubstantial that he is usually invisible. The aborigine pleads *nolo contendere,* "I do not wish to contend," every time his eyes meet those of a white man. He is as dingo as his dog, as undangerous.

Yet, one senses, something is wrong with all this. Behind those deep-sunk eyes and that strangely elegant body there is a rage, a resource, a something. One has the eerie feeling that the aborigine had the chance to become "civilized" and rejected it. Instead of acquiring rich lands, commerce, crops, the arts, he has developed a microscopic sense of his physical world and of the imperatives of existence. Nothing else. It is almost as if he wants to keep life balanced on a razor edge.

CHASING A RAIN CLOUD

I ONCE sat in a jeep and watched a group of aborigines through my binoculars. They knew I was watching and they kept a careful distance. The moment the jeep motor started they heard it on the dead air. Moving with an

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unhurried stride, they would cannily trot down a ridge . . . knowing full well that to get closer to that ridge I would have to double back down the ridges for five or six miles to gain on them.

Suddenly, however, their posture changed and the game ended. They went as rigid as black statuary . . . six figures, lean and tall and angular, went still. Their heads were in the air sniffing. They all swung at the same instant in the same direction. They saw it before I did, even with my binoculars. It was nothing more than a tiny distant rain squall, a dull gray sheet which reached from a layer of clouds to the earth. In the 360 degrees of horizon it obscured only a degree, no more. A white man would not have seen it. The aborigines fastened upon it with a concentration beyond pathos. Watching, they waited until the squall thickened and began to move in a long drifting slant across the dry burning land. At once the whole band set off at a lope. They were chasing a rain cloud.

They went after the squall as mercilessly as a wolf pack after an abandoned cow. I followed them in the jeep and now they did not care. The games were over, this was life. Occasionally, for no reason that I could see, they would suddenly alter the angle of their trot. Sometimes I guessed it was because the rain squall had changed direction. Sometimes it was to skirt a gulley. Their gait is impossible to convey in words. It has nothing of the proud stride of the trained runner about it, it is not a lope, it is not done with style or verve. It is the gait of the human who must run to live: arms dangling, legs barely swinging over the ground, head hung down and only occasionally swinging up to see the target, a loose motion that is just short of stumbling and yet is wonderfully graceful. It is a barely controlled skimming of the ground.

They ran for three hours. Finally, avoiding hummocks and seeking low ground, they intercepted the rain squall. For ten minutes they ran beneath the squall, raising their arms and, for the first time, shouting and capering. Then the wind died and the rain squall held steady. They were studying the ground. Suddenly one of them shouted, ran a few feet, bent forward and put his mouth to the ground. He had found a depression with rain water in it. He bent down, a black cranelike figure, and put his mouth to the ground.

With a lordly and generous gesture, the discoverer stood up and beckoned to the closest of his fellows. The other trotted over and swooped at the tiny puddle. In an instant he had sucked it dry.

The aborigine lives on the cruelest land I have ever seen. Which does not mean that it is ugly. Part of it is, of course. There are thousands of square miles of salt pan which are hideous. They are huge areas which have been swept by winds for so many centuries that there is no soil left, but only deep bare ridges fifty or sixty yards apart with ravines between them thirty or forty feet deep and the only thing that moves is a scuttling layer of sand. Such stretches have an inhuman moonlike quality. But much of the land which the aborigine wanders *looks* as if it should be hospitable. It is softened by the saltbush and the bluebush, has a peaceful quality, the hills roll softly.

The malignancy of such a landscape has been beautifully described by the Australian Charles Bean. He tells of three men who started out on a trip across a single paddock, a ten-by-ten-mile square owned by a sheep grazer. They went well-equipped with everything except knowledge of the "outback" country.

> The countryside looked like a beautiful open park with gentle slopes and soft gray tree-clumps. Nothing appalling or horrible rushed upon these men. Only there happened—nothing. There might have been a pool of cool water behind any of these tree-clumps: only—there was not. It might have rained, any time; only—it did not. There might have been a fence or a house just over the next rise; only—there was not. They lay, with the birds hopping from branch to branch above them and the bright sky peeping down at them. No one came.

The white men died. And countless others like them have died. Even today range riders will come upon mummified bodies of men who attempted nothing more difficult than a twenty-mile hike and slowly lost direction, were tortured by the heat, driven mad by the constant and unfulfilled promise of the landscape, and who finally died.

The aborigine is not deceived; he knows that the land is hard and pitiless. He knows that the economy of life in the "outback" is awful. There is no room for error or waste. Any organism that

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Eugene Burdick, author of "The Ninth Wave" and co-author of "The Ugly American," drew this portrait of the Australian aborigine as part of his next book, "The Blue of Capricorn," to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin. Now professor of political theory at the University of California with a Ph.D. in philosophy from Oxford, Mr. Burdick served in the Navy throughout World War II. His first story, "Rest Camp on Maui," appeared in "Harper's" in 1946.

falters or misperceives the signals or weakens is done. I do not know if such a way of life can come to be a self-conscious challenge, but I suspect that it can. Perhaps this is what gives the aborigine his odd air of dignity.

THE FAMILY AT THE BOULDER

SEEING an aborigine today is a difficult thing. Many of them have drifted into the cities and towns and seaports. Others are confined to vast reservations, and not only does the Australian government justifiably not wish them to be viewed as exhibits in a zoo, but on their reservations they are extremely fugitive, shunning camps, coming together only for *corroborees* at which their strange culture comes to its highest pitch—which is very low indeed.

I persuaded an Australian friend who had lived "outback" for years to take me to see some aborigines living in the bush. It was a difficult and ambiguous kind of negotiation, even though the rancher was said to be expert in his knowledge of the aborigines and their language. Finally, however, the arrangements were made and we drove out into the bush in a Land Rover. We followed the asphalt road for a few miles and then swung off onto a smaller road which was nothing more than two tire marks on the earth. The rancher went a mile down this road and then, when he reached a big red boulder, swung off the road. At once he started to glance toward the instrument panel. It took me a moment to realize what was odd about that panel: there was a gimbaled compass welded to it, which rocked gently back and forth as the Land Rover bounced about. The rancher was navigating his way across the flatland.

"Do you always navigate like this?" I asked.

"Damned right," he said. "Once I get out on the flat I do. Some chaps that know an area well can make their way by landmarks . . . a tree here, a wash here, a boulder there. But if you don't know the place like the palm of your hand, you'd better use a compass and the speedometer. Two miles northeast, then five miles southwest . . . that sort of thing. Very simple."

He was right. The landscape kept repeating itself. I would try to memorize landmarks and saw in a half-hour that it was hopeless. Finally we approached the bivouac of the aborigines. They were camped beside a large column-shaped boulder: a man, his lubra, and two children. The sun was not yet high and all of them were in the small area of shade cast by the boulder.

There was also a dog, a dingo dog. Its ribs showed, it was a yellow nondescript color, it suffered from a variety of sores, hair had scabbed off its body in patches. It lay with its head on its paws and only its eyes moving, watching us carefully. It struck me as a very bright and very malnourished dog. No one patted the dog. It was not a pet. It was a worker.

"The buggers love shade," the rancher said. "I suppose because it saves them some loss of body water. They'll move around that rock all day, following the shade. During the hottest part of the day, of course, the sun comes straight down and there isn't any shade."

We drove close to the boulder, stopped the Land Rover, and walked over toward the family.

The man was leaning against the rock. He gazed away from us as we approached. He was over six feet tall and very thin. His legs were narrow and very long. Every bone and muscle in his body showed, but he did not give the appearance of starving. He had long black hair and a wispy beard. The ridges over his eyes were huge and his eyelids were half shut. There was something about his face that disturbed me and it took several seconds to realize what. It was not merely that flies were crawling over his face but his narrowed eyelids did not blink when the flies crawled into his eye sockets. A fly would crawl down the bulging forehead, into the socket of the eye, walk along the man's lashes and across the wet surface of the eyeball, and the eye did not blink. The Australian and I both were wearing insect repellent and were not badly bothered by insects, but my eyes watered as we stood watching the aborigine.

I turned to look at the lubra. She remained squatting on her heels all the time we were there; like the man, she was entirely naked. Her long thin arms moved in a slow rhythmical gesture over the family possessions which were placed in front of her. There were two rubbing sticks for making fire, two stones shaped roughly like knives, a woven-root container which held a few pounds of dried worms and the dead body of some rodent. There was also a long wooden spear and a woomera, a spear-throwing device which gives the spear an enormous velocity and high accuracy. There was also a boomerang, elaborately carved. Everything was burnished with sweat and grease so that all of the objects seemed to have been carved from the same material and to be ageless.

The two children, both boys, wandered around the Australian and me for a few moments and then returned to their work. They squatted on

their heels with their heads bent far forward, their eyes only a few inches from the ground. They had located the runway of a colony of ants and as the ants came out of the ground, the boys picked them up, one at a time, and pinched them dead. The tiny bodies, dropped onto a dry leaf, made a pile as big as a small apple.

The odor here was more powerful than that which surrounded the town aborigines. The smell at first was more surprising than unpleasant. It was also subtly familiar, for it was the odor of the human body, but multiplied innumerable times because of the fact that the aborigines never bathed. One's impulse is to say that the smell was a stink and unpleasant. But that is a cliché and a dishonest one. The smell is sexual, but so powerfully so that a civilized nose must deny it.

Their skin was covered with a thin coating of sweat and dirt which had almost the consistency of a second skin. They roll at night in ashes to keep warm and their second skin has a light dusty cast to it. In spots such as the elbows and knees the second skin is worn off and I realized the aborigines were much darker than they appeared; as if the coating of sweat, dirt, and ashes were a cosmetic. The boys had beautiful dark eyes and unlike their father they brushed constantly at the flies and blinked their eyes.

"That smell is something, eh, mate?" the Australian asked. "They swear that every person smells different and every family smells different from every other. At the *corroborees,* when they get to dancing and sweating, you'll see them rubbing up against a man who's supposed to have a specially good smell. Idje, here," and he nodded at the man, "is said to have great odor. The stink is all the same to me, but I really think they can make one another out blindfolded."

"Here, Idje, you fella like tabac?" he said sharply. Idje still stared over our shoulders at the horizon. The Australian stopped trying to talk a pidgin I could understand, and spoke strange words from deep in his chest. He opened a package of Players cigarettes and held it toward Idje.

Idje turned and looked at us and for the first time opened his eyes full. He took a cigarette carefully from the pack and put it behind his ear. The rancher still held the package out and Idje took another cigarette and stripped the paper from it and stuffed the tobacco into his mouth. He chewed carefully, his head slightly back. A drop of tobacco gathered in one corner of his mouth, he licked it back with a purple tongue.

"I'll swear that chewing tobacco is more intoxicating to them than gin," the rancher said. "Old Idje will make that one cigarette do all day. Maybe we've loosened him up a bit and he'll perform."

He talked rapidly to Idje. Idje looked out at the horizon and then nodded. He barked something at the boys, then turned around grinning. One of them picked up the dead rodent from the basket. The mother paused from her graceful languid effortless hand motions, which, I realized, were probably designed to keep flies from the food basket. The boy trotted to a saltbush about twenty-five yards away and draped the rodent over the topmost twig. He trotted back and he and his brother walked over to a small bundle which I had not noticed. It was made of woven roots and contained a dozen small stones.

"That's how they start the boys hunting," the rancher said. "Each boy collects his own stones and practices with them over and over. When the family travels the kids are out in front, like skirmishers, making sure that nothing gets away that can be eaten. They'll hit little birds, toads, snakes, and rabbits, but if they run across something big they'll freeze and the old man comes up for the kill. They cut a swath right through the desert, and a stretch of land which looks deserted to a white man will yield them ten or twelve pounds of food . . . roots, bugs, rodents, anything."

The biggest boy bent over the stones and selected a handful. He was probably twelve years old, but his arm was longer than mine, very thin, with long lean muscles. His first shot, a blue stone, whistled out of his hand. It missed the rodent and snapped a twig from the saltbush. Idje said something in a low angry voice. The boy nodded. The next shot went so fast that I could not see the stone, but it hit the rodent's body with a sharp thud. The boys then alternated and in a few moments each of them was hitting the rodent with every stone. The rodent's body dropped from twig to twig, a few drops of blood hung like glue and drew out into very long teardrops.

HOW TO SLICE A RODENT

THE rancher said something to Idje. Idje called to the boys. The oldest boy ran out and put the rodent on top of the bush. Then with a quick geometric perfect search he gathered the stones. He had memorized where each had fallen and he ran bent far over scooping up each stone merely by dropping his arm.



Photographs by Fritz Goro (Life Magazine) of aborigines in Arnhem Land, Northern Australia



"Idje will throw the boomerang," the rancher said. "The first throw will just be a warm-up, he says. It'll come close, but won't touch the animal."

Idje picked up the boomerang and ran his hands over it. Something was wrong and he barked at the woman. She reached into the bag and took out a small piece of yellow fat. She handed it to Idje and he rubbed his fingers over it until they were coated and then tossed the bit of fat back to the woman. Idje rubbed the boomerang slick.

"He greases it so it will slide out of his fingers without effort," the rancher said.

Idje reached his arm back and then in a long flowing gesture, which brought his whole lean body forward in a great snap of muscle and cartilage, he threw the boomerang. It sailed far to the left, at first just grazing the ground and then rising to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. At the point of its greatest height it seemed to have almost no speed, but this is an optical illusion. It turned and began to circle back, dropping down in a long ellipse. It skimmed over the body of the rodent, clearing it by perhaps an inch. I realized it was traveling at a great speed and instinctively ducked. It was knee high when it was fifteen yards from us, but suddenly it rose into the air. Idje took a single step and caught it.

"Now he'll throw and hit," the rancher said. "They always try to hit on the return."

Idje threw again. The boomerang spun out, again seemed to come to a standstill, and then whirred back. This time it dipped just before it came to the saltbush, came up savagely and slashed into the dead rodent, almost tearing the body in half.

"I'll try to get him to run down some bigger game," the rancher said.

He said something to Idje. There was a harsh exchange of words and I sensed hostility. The aborigine looked at me with a kind of distant cold pride. The rancher said something and Idje's face softened. He nodded his head in approval. He turned and said something to the dog, which instantly stiffened, came up off his haunches and moved a few steps forward. The aborigine turned and began to run, the dingo a few yards in front of him, sniffing the ground.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"He didn't want to run, but I told him you were a writer, a storyteller," the rancher said. "They all have a great respect for storytellers. Next to a good smell the thing they respect most is the ability to tell a story or sing a story. Some of these black boys that everyone thinks are so stupid have learned to speak in six or seven different aborigine languages so they can tell stories. Not dialects, mind you, but languages as different as Spanish and English and French. I've been at it for twenty years and I can speak just one abo language."

The rancher obviously respected the aborigines. He pointed at Idje who was diminishing in size, running straight for the horizon in a beautiful graceful trot. The dog had already disappeared.

"Now that looks pretty damned simple, but it's not," the rancher said. "The abo's real weapons are his legs and his dingo—if he had to, he could hunt without his spear. But as Idje trots along he is watching the ground for signs. I've been out with him, and in a single stretch of salt flat a half-mile long where I couldn't see even a mark on the surface he could identify where a snake had crawled, a frog had hopped. Once a Land Rover full of tourists got lost and we hired Idje to track them down. We followed him in another Land Rover and he jogged along about five miles an hour for ten hours. Most of the time I couldn't see a thing, but he would point out where they had backed the vehicle and started in another direction. When we found them they were out of gas and water and just starting to get hysterical. Funny thing, though, they never even offered to pay Idje anything. I paid him off with tobacco and bully beef."

"How do they keep warm at night?" I asked.

"They build a couple of fires up and sleep between them, the whole mess of them curled up into a family ball," he said. "Man, wife, and children all curled up so that you can't tell which is which. Damnedest thing. By morning they have, without waking up, all rolled over onto the warm ashes." He paused a moment and then went on in a voice that assumed I would disbelieve him. "Some nights during the winter it will get down to twenty degrees and even when they don't have firewood they survive that temperature. Do you know how they do it?"

"Not a clue," I said.

"Neither do I," he said and laughed.

"Where do they get water?" I asked, knowing that in this area the rainfall was less than five inches a year.

"During the rainy season they chase the rain squalls and wherever they find a puddle they drink it up."

"What about the dry season?" I asked.

"They have explained it to me, but I can never quite believe it," he said. "First they go to a



'soak,' a depression where water usually gathers and they dig. What they get if they are lucky is wet sand and they put this in their mouths and suck it dry and then spit it out."

"And if they are unlucky?"

"Then they look for shrubs which have water in their roots and they chew on those. There is also a kind of frog which bloats itself on water during the wet season to carry it through the dry. Finding one of those is like finding a little sack of water."

"That doesn't seem like much water," I said dubiously.

"It isn't," he said and then looked at me shyly. "Look, these are funny people. They have trained themselves to live on almost no water. Have you noticed how they conserve their energy? If you ignore the smell and the dirt it's really quite beautiful. They developed the boomerang so that if they miss they don't have to run after their weapon, it comes sailing back to them. And look at those kids catching ants . . . they don't waste energy digging, they wait for the ants to come out. Did you see his lubra catch that piece of kidney fat? In her way she is as graceful as those girls I've seen in Sydney in the ballet." He stopped, embarrassed at his extravagance. I smiled encouragement.

"Anything that lives, animal or vegetable, they will eat," he went on. He went on to say that this included kangaroos, emus, snakes, turtles, crocodiles, bugs, spiders. They plant nothing, but they harvest whatever grows. There is even a form of poisonous yam which they treat by pounding it on a stone and leaving it for a few years on top of a rock for the sun and rain to purify. With an uncanny memory they will return to a rock which holds a few pounds of yam, deposited there years before.

We heard the dingo yap, a far clear sound that carried for miles over the stillness. Then there was a series of shrill yaps, followed by vague, mixed sounds of a struggle, and finally a series of short triumphant barks.

The lubra looked up at the rancher and said something.

"It's a kangaroo," he said. "A small one she thinks."

The aborigine grew as he approached—from a hazy mote, becoming larger and more distinct with each stride. The dingo came faster. When Idje reached us, we saw that he had a small kangaroo in his hands, its neck wrung and its skin already half torn off. He trotted into the camp, squatted in front of his lubra. The kangaroo was eaten while it was still warm, torn into bits by forty bloody fingers. The dingo stalked nimbly at the edge, snapping at bits of blood and shreds of flesh. The noise they made was eerie.

We left while they were still eating the kangaroo. The rancher said something and Idje's face came up from the tangle of hands, skin, blood, and sound. His lips were smeared with blood. The rancher indicated he was leaving the box of cigarettes for him. For the first time Idje smiled. He nodded good-by and said something. Then he slid a bone into his mouth, crunched down on it.

With bloody grease around his mouth, with his teeth gnashing a bone, with his fingers tearing

at kangaroo flesh, Idje watched us. Not abjectly, but keenly, as if we were something to be avoided and rejected. The eyes, clotted occasionally by flies, stared unflinchingly at us as we climbed into the Land Rover. The muscles in my neck relaxed only when I knew that we were out of sight of those great unblinking eyes.

WHO IS THE FATHER?

LATER my memory played tricks. I could remember Idje's magnificent posture, the glitter of his eyes, the incredibly hard justice of his life, the awesome tension between life and death in which he constantly lived. I wanted to forget the stone-strewn desert and the dazzling salt pan and convince myself that only an animal that was less than human could endure it. I longed to fall victim to the strange Pacific malady of calling "childlike" what one does not understand. I wanted to make Idje a version of Rousseau's "splendid savage" and forget him.

Reality is not that easy. Behind that promise of rage and understanding and imagination there is a fulfillment. The life of the aborigine, the life within his mind and soul, is intricate and bloody and soaring beyond belief—and little known to outsiders until lately. For generations he was so suspicious of whites and strangers that he would talk to them not at all or only on condition that they not repeat what he said until he, the aborigine, was dead. Slowly, a few trusted and diligent whites have gotten behind the deep-sunk eyes and into the mind of the aborigine. What they have discovered is chilling.

The surface impressions are correct. The aborigines lack agriculture, tools, domesticated animals, metals, pottery, the wheel, numbers, politics, a tone system, writing, and seeds. But their psychic life is bewilderingly rich.

They have no notion of a supreme deity. Rather their life is filled with demons and gods of a highly individual quality. Many aborigines have not yet made the association between sexual intercourse and conception. When a woman realizes she is pregnant she instantly associates the condition with something in the immediate surroundings: a tree, a hill, a cloud, a rock. A whirlwind, a roiling cloud of dust, is thought to be especially virile and these women will flee in terror at the sight of one.

The wife does not decide by herself who is the father of her child. This is done by elaborate consultation among the men of the family and the clan. When they decide which rock or whirlwind or hill is responsible, that becomes the sacred name of the child . . . and is never spoken audibly. They have developed an elaborate sign language to communicate this name; to speak it would be to invite disaster. The child is also given a common name which can be spoken freely. The sacred name, the unmentionable name, becomes the Churinga of the child—the spirit on which he can rely and to which he can make incantations. It also becomes a physical object, sometimes as small as a minute stone, sometimes as large as a spear. But not for women . . . they are never told their secret name.

The mind and heart of the aborigine howl with fears, hopes, totems, tabus, compulsions, injunctions. His beliefs are complicated beyond the sophisticated religion of civilized man. There are rites, for example, for giving a man the capacity to make it rain. T. G. H. Strehlow describes the rite:

> An old man produced a sharp kangaroo bone. He stabbed my thumb with it and pushed the bone deep beneath the nail . . . the torment was unbearable. . . . When the nail had been loosened, he took a sharp opossum tooth, forced it into the living flesh through the base of the thumbnail, and tore the nail off from behind. . . . The men chanted: "They rip off the nail, they tear off the nail; blood flows like a river, rushes along like a river." Then they seized my left hand and removed the thumbnail in a like manner.

In the ceremony of becoming a man, the penis of the youth is cut open completely along the urethral canal. (Strangely, this does not preclude him from impregnating women.) The final ceremony initiating a young man is a trial by fire in which he must lie down on a fire that is barely covered by green leaves, and then must squat on live coals for a half-minute. Young men and women toss firebrands back and forth and, in the process, work up a sexual excitement which becomes unendurable and is consummated in a wild clashing of bodies.

All of this is accompanied by long, intricate songs which anthropologists have taken down on endless pages. Family groups, separated by hundreds of miles, will have identical songs and performances, reproduced generation after generation.

None of this is particularly novel in the history of man. All cultures are complicated. But the Australian aborigine, that poor creature agreed to be the most simple now in existence, reveals an awful truth. The life of all of us is complicated, subtle, bloody, fearsome, secret. And we struggle with an insane energy to make it invisible to the outsider.

Harper's Magazine, September 1961

LEONARD ENGEL

Why we don't wipe out Polio

We could do it—and get rid of syphilis, rabies, diphtheria, and some other diseases—if our public-health officers were willing to risk a little unpopularity.

WITHIN the current twelve months, several thousand Americans, both children and adults, will be paralyzed by polio. A hundred thousand or more will contract syphilis. Some thousands will undergo the grueling Pasteur treatment—involving at least seven shots—to avoid possible rabies (and a half-dozen will actually die after being bitten by rabid dogs).

This prospect is peculiarly distressing because we know how to prevent or control all these diseases; in some cases, we have known for decades. Their continued power to inflict death and destruction is due in part to ignorance and inertia. But the chief factors are lack of money and official timidity. Too many individual families cannot afford to pay private physicians for immunizations, and too many health departments have insufficient funds to carry on prevention work on the scale needed.

Furthermore, public-health men are afraid to tell the public bluntly what all of them know—that it takes forceful measures, including the power of the law, to carry out effective programs to eradicate these diseases.

"Public-health workers," a senior official in the New York State Health Department said to me a few weeks ago, "are all trained to be mice. In almost all health departments and most schools of public health, the emphasis is on avoiding controversy." Instead, officials place all their eggs in the basket called "health education" and call for bigger and bigger voluntary health campaigns. These can accomplish much, but in a country as large and heterogeneous as the United States, voluntary efforts cannot be depended on to eradicate such diseases as polio in a reasonable length of time.

For example, an oral polio vaccine will be ready for use in this country within a few months. Hopes have been high that paralytic polio will finally be eliminated by the Sabin vaccine. It will probably be given in the form of a cherry-flavored syrup containing at least several million live but tame polio viruses per spoonful. Since it need not be injected, it will be easier to administer and will doubtless be accepted by some people who have shied away from Salk shots. Planning for community-wide oral vaccine campaigns is already swinging into high gear. However, unless this effort is backed up by more stringent measures than have been employed in polio immunization to date, the Sabin preparation will accomplish little more than the Salk vaccine.

For the fact is that the continued occurrence of paralytic polio is not due to any deficiency of the Salk vaccine. In terms of effectiveness in preventing paralysis, the experts say there is little to choose between the Sabin and Salk vaccines, despite the debate at the recent American Medical Association convention. Whichever is used, paralytic polio rarely strikes people who have been adequately immunized. In Denmark, for example, where over 93 per cent of the youngsters under nineteen and 85 per cent of the adults between twenty and thirty-nine have been immunized with Salk vaccine, there are now only ten to sixty-five polio cases a year.

In the United States, on the other hand, we have not been able to persuade enough persons of polio-susceptible ages to accept vaccination to bring polio under real control. Unhappily, a sizable segment of our population does not read newspapers or look at TV. Others read and are indifferent, and some have too little education for understanding. A considerable number have been kept away by the difficulty of obtaining polio shots in many parts of the country without paying a physician's fee. At any rate, we still have two to six thousand cases of paralytic polio a year because we still have nearly thirty million

children and young adults who have had no polio shots (and over ten million who have had only one or two of the required three). Moreover, the unimmunized and underimmunized forty million are not distributed uniformly throughout our population. This is why explosive outbreaks have occurred, for instance, in Chicago and Detroit in recent years.

Paralytic polio will still be with us, despite the Sabin vaccine, if we don't find a way to bring in the missing millions.

Actually, the problem is not difficult to solve. We could do it by providing free polio shots for all who cannot pay and then making immunization against polio compulsory. An imaginative public-health worker recently suggested another device that avoids outright compulsion. We could put the burden of *not* being immunized on the individual by requiring immunization of all children and young adults unless a parent or the individual himself (if over twenty-one) objects in writing. Such an arrangement would quickly reduce to negligible proportions the number of unimmunized susceptibles, and virtually end paralytic polio without offending the few who really object to immunization.

MAD DOGS AND VD

OF COURSE, a program of this kind is easier to suggest than to put into effect. But a vigorous new approach to many of our public-health problems is long overdue. In addition to polio, thousands of other illnesses, and many deaths each year are caused by infectious diseases which could have been reduced to insignificance or wiped out if measures for controlling them had been backed by the power of law.

Thus, tetanus (lockjaw) still causes several hundred deaths each year though tetanus vaccines have been familiar for decades. Almost all these fatalities could be prevented by compulsory immunization of all children—the chief victims of tetanus—plus free clinics to carry the immunization out.

We also have hundreds of cases and several score deaths each year from diphtheria, though we have not only anti-diphtheria vaccines but a simple test for picking out individuals susceptible to the disease. Hardly any cases of diphtheria would occur if we had laws requiring testing and immunization at suitable intervals in areas where the disease has been occurring.

We still have rabies. In 1959 (the last year for which figures are available), more than a thousand cases occurred in dogs, and seven, all fatal, in human beings. This is in addition to the thousands of persons compelled to undergo the Pasteur treatment for suspected rabies.

Shortly after the turn of the century, rabies was completely eradicated from Great Britain by strict enforcement of dog-muzzling laws and destruction of strays. This eliminated the rabies virus from the British dog population; a law requiring six months' quarantine of all dogs imported into the United Kingdom has kept Britain free of rabies ever since. The U. S. cannot be completely cleared of rabies, as Britain was, because skunks, raccoons, foxes, bats, and other wild animals harbor the disease. (Curiously, cats are no rabies problem because dogs and other animals seldom get a good bite of a cat—which tells you who wins most fights between dogs and cats.) Even in the U. S., however, dogs are the chief means of transmission to man. We could make the risk of human rabies very small by eliminating rabies in dogs. And we have a much more convenient means of doing that than the British had—the recently developed Flury vaccine, which is unsuited to use in man, but which a dozen years of experience have proved safe and highly effective in dogs. However, not a single state in the union—not even those in which rabies is a frequent problem—requires immunization of its dog population. Such measures have been vigorously opposed by "animal lovers" who seem to forget that their cherished pets will be the first victims of rabies.

Though there are also well-established techniques for its control, we are currently experiencing a runaway rise in syphilis. In 1957, an estimated thirty thousand new cases occurred in the U. S. In 1961, venereal disease experts predict, the total will be more than three times as great. Since there is no vaccine for preventing it, the control of syphilis is based on tracing the source of infection. Physicians almost everywhere are required to report to health departments on a confidential basis the names of patients with infectious syphilis. Health department workers then question the patient to obtain the names of sexual partners for treatment and further contact tracing. The procedure is laborious but it can control outbreaks of syphilis—when health

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Leonard Engel's article on the Salk vaccine in "Harper's" just six years ago analyzed definitively the public confusion which hampered the launching of the campaign to end polio. Mr. Engel is the author of "The Operation" and "Medicine Makers of Kalamazoo" as well as of a new book, "The Sea" —the first volume in the Life Nature Library.

departments are adequately staffed and physicians report the names of patients as the law requires.

Doctors, however, report only a small percentage of the syphilis cases they see—as few as one in ten, some VD authorities say. Some physicians ignore the reporting laws to avoid embarrassing their private patients. Others carelessly assume (like much of the general public) that penicillin has ended the syphilis threat.

It will take a major effort to bring syphilis back under control. As immediate steps, VD specialists advocate an increase in the funds and public-health manpower assigned to tracing contacts. In addition, a law is needed requiring blood-testing laboratories to report the names of patients who test positive for syphilis. Since there are far fewer laboratories than physicians, such a law would be easy to police and would arm health authorities with the information indispensible to an effective campaign against syphilis.

Such a law was enacted in Pennsylvania in 1958. It produced a prompt, sustained rise in the reporting of all types of syphilis, including the infectious forms that are all-important to community health. Armed with this information, Pennsylvania health authorities can take prompt action against outbreaks of the disease. In no other state do health workers have the information needed to fight what remains one of the most destructive afflictions known to man.

These are only a few of the ailments which could be substantially controlled by sustained efforts and suitable laws. What, then, is holding us back?

KICKING UP A FUSS

FOR the past several decades, public-health officials have been extremely reluctant to press for mandatory health legislation. This attitude is evident even in recent campaigns for fluoridation of drinking water to prevent dental caries. All such efforts have been made on the local level, and none have been aimed at getting state legislation. The U. S. Public Health Service has taken the odd position of endorsing fluoridation but refusing to advocate legislation to put it into effect. "The Public Health Service," said a spokesman, "never advocates legislation except in such spheres as securing funds and facilities and the like."

Health officers defend their unwillingness to seek disease-control laws by pointing out that compulsion is against U. S. traditions and that great progress has been made by voluntary means. But this is hardly the whole story, for health officers have not always been so diffident about obtaining the backing of the law. Federal, state, and local statute books contain thousands of public-health regulations dating back to World War I and before. Federal health officers can shut down interstate transportation to halt the spread of epidemics. Though they have never invoked this power, they make daily use of another—the power to compel vaccination of anyone (whether citizen or alien) entering the country from areas with diseases like smallpox and yellow fever. (It's this that keeps the U. S. free of smallpox despite the fact that smallpox vaccination is not legally required in most states.) Mandatory laws are also relied on to keep restaurants and food stores clean; to compel barber shops and beauty parlors to sterilize brushes, combs, and razors; to assure the safety of drugs; and to safeguard the public health in scores of other ways. Without public-health ordinances, we'd be back in the nineteenth century.

A New York State Health Department officer I talked to offered a plausible explanation. "Unfortunately, it's not possible to call for compulsory health measures applicable to the general public," he said, "without raising a row—as witness the fluoridation fuss. In recent years, we've all been taught to avoid controversy at almost any cost. So most of us just keep our mouths shut even when we know that present approaches are not doing the job and that by keeping quiet we are not discharging our responsibilities."

There can be no doubt that proposals for stronger health measures to be applied to the public as a whole will stir opposition. Compulsory immunization programs are certain to be attacked as "socialism." And proposals emanating from the Public Health Service will be denounced in the hoary name of state rights, especially in those states with the worst health records and most in need of stronger programs.

Hopefully it may not be necessary to resort to outright compulsion to bring communicable diseases under proper control. We may merely need to make sure that we reach all the people who have no real objection to immunization, but who need prodding. However, even if compulsory universal immunization should prove necessary, no individual rights would be violated. For no one has an inherent right to refuse medical treatment designed to prevent the spread of infectious disease. Such a right would be tantamount to the right to injure others—a right no one can claim. Compulsory immunization laws abridge

DENISE LEVERTOV

THE THREAD

SOMETHING is very gently,
invisibly, silently,
pulling at me—a thread
or net of threads
finer than cobweb and as
elastic. I haven't tried
the strength of it. No barbed hook
pierced and tore me. Was it
not long ago this thread
began to draw me? Or
way back? Was I
born with its knot about my
neck, a bridle? Not fear
but a stirring
of wonder makes me
catch my breath when I feel
the tug of it when I thought
it had loosened itself and gone.

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no valid individual right, such as freedom of conscience or speech. They serve merely to protect the lives and health of members of the community, just as highway traffic laws do. As the U. S. Supreme Court ruled in 1905 and again in 1922 when religious sects challenged state laws requiring vaccination of school children against smallpox, compulsory immunization against contagious disease is simply an exercise of the ordinary and proper police power of the state.

We can similarly ignore the cries of socialism and state rights if expanded immunization clinics and federal health measures are established. Political and economic conservatives, both medical and lay, have fought every progressive reform in medicine and public safety during the past two generations, every attempt by the federal government to introduce minimum standards, whether in health or wages or highway building. Neither the republic nor the doctors have been harmed when such opposition was disregarded in the past. In fact, the nation and the medical profession have been visibly benefited. Let us recall, moreover, that when we act to eradicate communicable disease, we act on behalf of a major segment of our population unable to speak for itself. The first victims of polio and of many other communicable diseases are children.

In suggesting that we must invoke the power of the law or some comparable pressure if we mean business about eradicating polio, I do not mean to imply that efforts at voluntary immunization and health education should be abandoned. On the contrary. Public-health experts are right when they say that compulsory health measures are bound to fail if unaccompanied by preparatory health education; experience with compulsory laws in the past has clearly demonstrated this. But there is a limit beyond which purely voluntary measures cannot go within a reasonable length of time in a country as large and diverse as this one. Advocates of a purely voluntary approach point to the highly successful antipolio campaign in Denmark; but Denmark is small, homogeneous, and highly literate; and polio immunization—like all medical care in Denmark—is free. If the new oral polio vaccine is to achieve its full potential, its use will have to be backed up by more than leaflets from Marching Mothers. A combination of measures, voluntary and backed-by-law, is needed.

SHALL THE FIRST BE LAST?

AS A matter of fact, such programs have already been carried out in several countries. During the past three years, five Iron Curtain countries—the U. S. S. R., Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and East Germany—have carried out extensive immunization programs chiefly with the Sabin vaccine. (The latter was chosen in preference to the Salk vaccine because of greater ease of administration.) All programs were voluntary in the sense that parents could refuse to have their children immunized. But all the programs were backed up by official instructions to physicians to see to it that all children in their districts were immunized, and by various other kinds of official pressure. As a result, over 90 per cent of children in the selected age groups have been immunized.

It is too soon to gauge the effect of these massive programs on polio incidence. But experts believe immunization of 90 per cent of a susceptible population is enough to break the chain of polio infection and bring the disease under tight control. Thus several of these countries have reached a result we have yet to attain by a much longer and more costly effort. They are in a position—as we are not—to look forward to a virtual end to paralytic polio. It would be ironic indeed if they achieved this goal before the nation that developed both the Salk and Sabin vaccines.

FRED BODSWORTH

Canada's Luxury Ghost Town

A backwoods sawmill town is recuperating—from a uranium boom, and an influx of starry-eyed social planners and hell-raising miners.

THROUGH two hundred miles of rock-ribbed forest in Ontario, Highway 17 winds westward from Sudbury—a nickel-mining city—to the canal town, Sault Ste. Marie. Halfway between, on the island-studded northern shore of Lake Huron, is a little sawmill town—Blind River. For many years it was the major settlement in this expanse of wilderness but few Canadians were aware of its existence save for a handful of sportsmen attracted by the excellent trout fishing and deer hunting.

With no such athletic incentive, I stopped off there a short time ago. I was curious about how this long-somnolent outpost was doing in the wake of a recent bout of progress in the form of sudden industrialization and sophisticated social planning.

The twentieth century roared into Blind River less than a decade ago. Until then its 2,500 inhabitants had stagnated—not too unhappily—in a threadbare frontier society. There was only one major employer, the McFadden Lumber Mill, which drew pine logs from the forest that stretches five hundred miles north to Hudson Bay. In winter, when the mill was shut, men found jobs inland in lumber camps—most of them, it was said, had been here so long they couldn't work without the smell of sawdust in their nostrils.

During the depression, the mill closed down for several years, tax collections dwindled, and the town went bankrupt. In 1935 the Province's Department of Municipal Affairs stepped in and placed the town's affairs under a kind of government receivership, which continued even after the mill reopened. The chamber of commerce tried to attract other industries—but without success. So Main Street deteriorated to a drab façade of unpainted store fronts and many homes were sagging, tar-paper-covered shacks. To the visitor in those days, the place looked bleak; but one could live reasonably well on a low wage.

Then—during the spring of 1953—high-booted, tight-lipped strangers began to fill up the town's four hotels. Clothing merchants did a booming business in sleeping bags and bush clothes. Planes came and went mysteriously, landing on the river, loading up supplies, then disappearing northward. The strangers answered queries with shrugs and vague comments about going fishing. But by summer the secret was out. These were prospectors, diamond drillers, and promoters. A large deposit of uranium—glamour ore of the dawning atomic age—had been found nearby and more than a thousand claims had been secretly staked.

A year later, diamond drilling and Geiger counters had revealed not one but several rich ore bodies. Eight hundred square miles of virgin forest were dotted with camps; grouse and wolves fled the menacing rumble of air compressors and bulldozers. Soon head-frames rose over future mine sites and a road was slashed through thirty miles of precipices and quaking swampland.

In Blind River, merchants spruced up their faded store fronts and home owners feverishly remodeled dwellings to meet the brisk demand for rooms and apartments. Rumor had it that the town must prepare for a tenfold increase in population; a New York magnate was said to be negotiating the purchase of four hundred building lots in Blind River for new miners' homes. Clearly, a boom was on the way. This was indeed the case; but the shape and nature of the boom proved, in many ways, surprising.

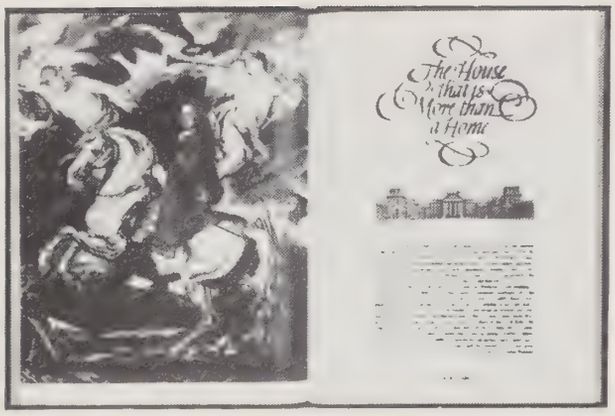
The principal mines, it turned out, would be thirty or forty miles from Blind River—a considerable commuting distance. In addition, mining company and government planners who looked over this rude little hamlet decided that it could not possibly absorb the anticipated population growth. To ensure a stable labor force and sustained production, an entirely new community must be built.

To social scientists the prospect was exhilarat-

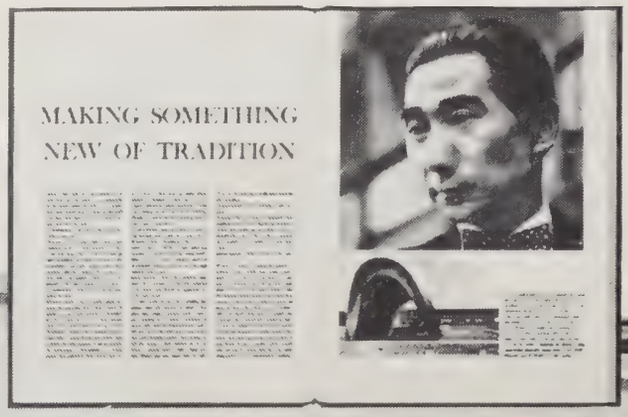


If you enjoy beauty, brains, and a bargain— here is a rare chance to acquire

HORIZON



Mary Cable on **Blenheim Palace**—monument to the first Duke of Marlborough and to the thrift of his Duchess.



Of the works and ways of architect **Kenzo Tange**, who might be the real-life hero of "Hiroshima Mon Amour."



Sicily — its conquerors, cathedrals, poets, martyrs, Mafia—a history by **Moses Finley** and **D. Mack Smith**.



Masterpieces of the 12th-century sculptor **Gislebertus** —and how art detectives rescued them from obscurity.



Carol Burnett — brilliant, toothsome young comedienne of TV and theater — profiled by Richard Boeth.



A leisurely visit with artist **Andrew Wyeth** (see cover picture), featuring an 8-page folio of his paintings.

E CARD inserted in these pages is a seldom-seen invitation
r you to try six issues of a thoroughly *non*-utilitarian
zine (and to get all six at $10 below their retail price):
ıe magazine is strikingly beautiful – and expensive as
things go. It asks you to use your head, your eyes, and
ducation – for the fun of it. (There is no editorial effort
se incomes or soufflés, children or bridge scores.)
can engage your mind and delight your eye, lead you
strange galleries and into ancient caves, jog your imagi-
ı, show you the sights of cities long dead, put you in front
ges and easels and thoughts as fresh as this morning.

Some Peculiarities –

ON is peculiar among magazines in several ways. It comes
d-embossed, hard covers, and resembles the costliest of
ated books. It carries no advertising at all. Its articles
ictures tend to be *un*timely. Each issue adds to a per-
ıtly valuable collection of arts and ideas.
if this glimpse of HORIZON stirs your curiosity – see if
sn't a good time to try it. (We have not advertised the
zine for eight months, aren't doing it widely now, won't
for some time. And the offer here is both temporary and
st we have.)

of Aims, and Art,

ON explores the whole of culture, past and present. It
st, a magazine of the arts – *all* the arts: fine, liberal,
y and lively. Take the September issue, shown below:
ranges in time and place from the neglected 12th-century
ure of Gislebertus to the TV antics of Carol Burnett;
architect Kenzo Tange of Hiroshima to painter Andrew
ı of Chadds Ford, Pa. It deals with master pianist Ru-
erkin; with Beat vs. academic schools of poetry; with
eim Palace and some lesser memorials – including Ed-
Sorel's devastating caricatures of Jack Paar, Senator
ater, and other notables.
ıch HORIZON contains fifteen or more articles and features, all edited for the intelligent general reader, not the specialist. (Typical contributors: Garrett Mattingly, Santha Rama Rau, James Michener, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Kerr.)

and Illustration, and Ideas.

Fine pictures abound. Nearly every page (at least 128 per issue) is enriched with paintings or photographs, art objects, cartoons or archeological finds . . . all superbly reproduced, many in full color. (Three printing methods are employed.)

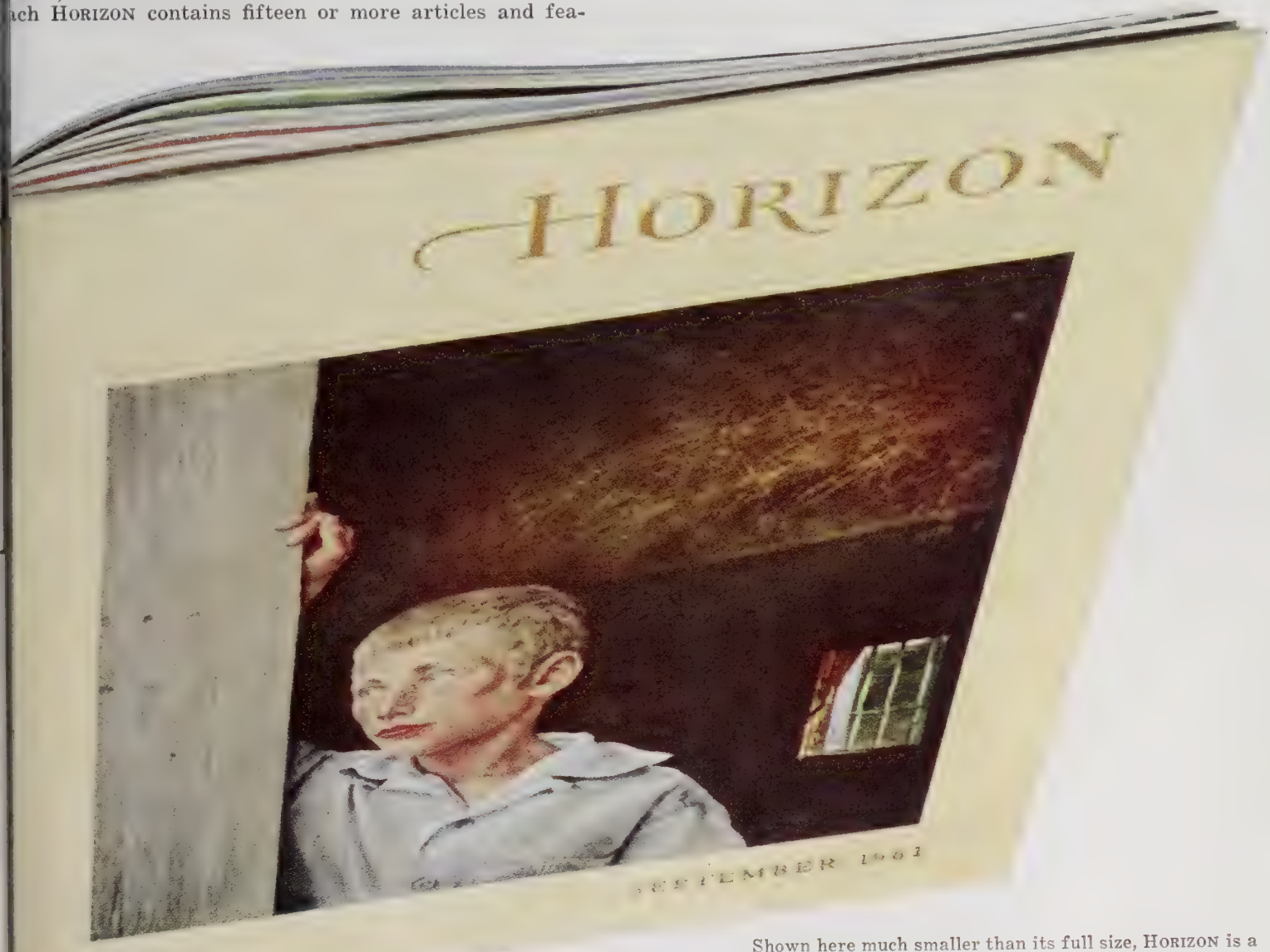
Since culture embraces the world of ideas, HORIZON is also interested in religion and philosophy, manners and mores. In September, Douglass Cater draws a cultural profile of the Kennedy administration – where politics and poetry sometimes meet. Jean-Louis Barrault talks of the impact of Shakespeare on the French.

And there is much history – to wit, an evocative journey through 3,000 years of Sicilian civilization (with 27 illustrations). For HORIZON is, in sum, a continuing report on the culture of our time, and a bridge to the civilizations of the past.

About the Matter of $10 Off

In the unlikely event that you were to buy each of the next six issues of HORIZON as they appear, you would spend $27. (They are $4.50 apiece, an astounding price – until you've seen one.) An annual subscription delivers six boxed issues, one every other month, for $21. But just now, our postpaid form will bring you an introductory year of HORIZON for about $10 under the single-copy price, $4 under the annual rate: *only* $16.95.

Look through your first issue before you pay a cent. Then you'll be billed over four months – $1.95 to begin, $5 a month for the next three – with the right to cancel at any time without penalty. The lower price lasts only as long as our supply of the September HORIZON. And that won't be long. Good idea to mail the form today. (If form is gone, write to HORIZON, Subscription Office, 379 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio.)



Shown here much smaller than its full size, HORIZON is a big (9¼" x 12¼", 128 or more pages), bi-monthly magazine in book form – hard covers, *no* advertisements. Temporarily you may try a year's subscription at about $10 less than the price of the same six issues if bought separately—via the postpaid form stapled between these pages



Who discovers scientists in sneakers?

Somewhere among today's teenagers are tomorrow's scientists. But how do we find them?

Listen to the cynics talk of softness, stupidity and worse in our youngsters, and you give up. But the fact is, we're growing them smarter every year. If many of our teenagers don't know how to use the brains they were born with, it's because we have failed to challenge and excite them.

This is a responsibility we all share. Olin, concerned with the bright high school student who never comes close to his potential, offered to support a unique educational experiment in one of its plant communities.

The plan was worked out with the school board. An exceptionally talented Chemistry teacher was brought to Monroe, Louisiana. From this average high school population, he chose thirty students, and put them through a tough



ut exciting course in college-level Chemistry.

It was like watching the stars come out. One tudent lit up, then another and another. They lugged away at complex Chemistry textbooks. 'hey lost themselves in fascinating laboratory xperiments. They felt the thrill of growth. Some aid, "I've just begun to learn ow to study." "We had been olishing our bricks and dull- ng our diamonds," said the uperintendent of Schools.

Other teachers saw what ould be done, started giving more to their stu- lents and demanding more from them. Sud- lenly there was a new hero on campus: The Brain.

Another thirty took the course next year. Now ifty-five of those sixty are planning careers in the sciences. Leading colleges and universities have flung open their doors to them. So far, they've earned over $80,000 in scholarships.

Other outstanding teachers were found. The plan was extended from Chemistry to Physics, from Monroe to five other Olin plant communities. Everywhere the plan has gone, the excitement has followed: students growing, learning how to think, setting their goals higher.

Olin

Nearly four hundred students have already participated in the plan. Not four hundred Einsteins, but four hundred bright kids whose natural drive to learn has been given a chance to flourish. It's the best answer we know to the weepers and wailers, and Olin has no patent on the idea.



Impostor He calls himself a manager. And he can back his claim with the title on the door and his M.B.A. diploma on the wall. Ask him about mark-ups, inventories or profits, and he'll fire back facts and figures fast. But ask him *more*. Question him about sit-ins, disarmament, corporations' responsibilities to society, the wide and rapidly-moving world in which he lives. He'll argue, "That's not in my job description." But isn't it, really? Mustn't a business manager, worthy of the title, possess more than good business skills? Can he forget the fact that he and his firm are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs? If so, isn't a manager who forgets *man* an impostor?

P.S. At our soon-to-be opened Management Center, Nationwide executives will sharpen their professional administrative abilities and take part in "mind-stretching" seminars on social, political and ethical topics. Through this program we hope to help our managers grow toward a blend of outstanding business performance plus an increased awareness of human and social values.

IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE
America's most progressive insurance organization
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For instance, Joe Briere, a $1.26-an-hour mill hand with a family, was renting a two-room basement apartment. One morning a miner stopped him on the sidewalk in front of the house and asked: "Do you have an apartment in that house?" Briere said he did. "What are you paying for it?" His rent was $37.50 a month, Briere said. The miner walked up to the door, offered the landlord $75 for the apartment, and Briere was told on the spot that he would have to match the miner's offer or move out. Briere moved.

Many other families were forced out of homes they had rented for years. Some doubled up or sent their families to relatives out of town. Elderly pensioners were crowded into St. Joseph's Villa, Blind River's home for the aged, or sent to institutions in Sault Ste. Marie.

Shacks without electricity, water, or plumbing, worthless before the boom, brought $50 a month from tenants who carried their own water in pails and used outside privies. One couple paid $35 a month to live in a windowless garage that had no water or facilities of any kind. At one time nearly 150 trailers were crowded into back yards and vacant lots, adding to the burden on schools, water, and sewage systems, without contributing to the town's income from taxes.

Long a classless town cemented by seventy years of intermarrying and co-operative struggle against frontier adversity, Blind River was now split three ways. The newcomers—miners and construction workers—agitated for town improvements. A small group of prospering hotel keepers, businessmen, and landlords agreed. Most of the original residents, however, were bewildered, suspicious, and resentful—and still low-paid sawmill hands. The new residents and their prosperous local allies, clamored for better policing, schools, improvements to streets, sewers, and extensions of the water system. Old-timers, distrustful of the boom, argued that the mines' sales contracts ran only for five years. What would happen after that?

The newcomers jibed at "the five-year phobia." The government and mining companies were investing $500 million in the area—and surely that was proof, they argued, that the boom was here to stay.

The old-timers were able to keep a tight grip on municipal spending until 1957. Then in a subdivision of forty-two new homes built by a mining company, sewage began backing up drains into basements and soaking upward to ground level. The angry tenants demanded sewers to replace their inadequate septic tanks. The town borrowed $50,000, put in the sewers, and lifted the lid on other improvements—principally two new schools and a new water system. By 1959 the capital debt was up to $750,000. And then the bubble burst.

WAITING FOR REVIVAL

SUDDENLY the world, and especially the United States, found it had more uranium than it knew what to do with. The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, ultimate market for most of the Blind River area's uranium, announced it wouldn't need any more after purchase contracts expire in 1962.

At Elliot Lake—the costliest, most elaborate mining camp ever built—the effect was cataclysmic. The mines began cutting production; by mid-1961 eight out of twelve had closed. By pooling uranium orders and stretching out deliveries, two of the surviving four mines will be able to remain in production until 1963 and the final two until 1966. Meanwhile, fabulous Elliot Lake is fast becoming the world's most luxurious ghost town. Its population has slumped from 25,000 to 11,000, and 3,000 more are scheduled to leave before winter. Hundreds of its houses, some of them lived in less than two years, are now boarded up and empty; the paint is already peeling from their beveled siding, frost is cracking their plaster. It is hoped that new uranium orders after 1966, possibly British orders now under negotiation, will keep at least the last two mines in production and that Elliot Lake will retain a population of five to seven thousand until some time in the 1970s when it is expected that industrial needs for uranium will bring a revival.

And thirty-five miles away, Blind River is sadder and wiser. The bootleggers, prostitutes, and weekend carousers are gone. Life is relatively quiet—but it is no longer cheap. Rents are three or four times what they were in 1953. Taxes have more than tripled.

From a peak of 5,000 Blind River's population has dropped back to 4,000, and about a quarter of this population is without income because 250 family heads are unemployed. Seventy-five per cent of the unemployed are laid-off miners staying in Blind River because they have nowhere else to go, a number of them burdened with new homes they cannot sell and cannot pay for.

"It was quite a boom," says ex-Mayor Menard. "I hope we don't have another for a while. It will take us a long time to pay for the last one."

Harper's Magazine, September 1961

PUBLIC & PERSONAL



ARNOLD NEWMAN

WILLIAM S. WHITE

Twelve at the Table

A new terseness and formality in manners—and a shift in political balance—may partly account for the peaceable Kennedy Cabinet . . . so far.

WASHINGTON—Around a long, oval, worn-looking table they sit, the men of State, of Treasury, of Defense, of Justice, of Agriculture, of Interior, of Labor, of Health, Education, and Welfare, of the Post Office, of Commerce.

These ten men reflect three maps of this nation, three ways of looking at the United States. First, there is a certain rough geographic balance among them. Second, there is a rough balance of "conservatism" and "liberalism." Finally, there is a precise and realistic and deliberate imbalance, of the urban over the rural, of the new society over the old.

This Presidential Cabinet for the first time in history is very nearly controlled, intellectually, by the erstwhile have-not classes—economically and socially—who have become the newly dominant classes in American public life. For this is the most urbanized Cabinet we have known. The Cabinet with the highest representation of so-called minority groups (two Jews and one Catholic), it is also the Cabinet with the least flavor of the rural mystique which has been significant heretofore in every Cabinet since Washington's.

And if it is the Cabinet with the greatest participation of the minorities, it is also a Cabinet in which the tenement as birthplace has succeeded the farmhouse in the folklore of success; and the university has succeeded corporation and bank and eminent law firm as a source of Cabinet material and philosophy. The eleventh man at this table in this White House room, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas, is the nearest thing to the old country-boy stereotype; and he himself surely is not lacking in sophistication. The twelfth man, who sits at the top of the table, is the man who usually says the least. But this man, John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, says it last.

Eight months have passed since this Cabinet first took their seats; seats assigned to them by the President with some regard to sectionalism and tradition but with final, special regard to those forces (Northern big-city and Southern Brass Collar Democratic) which elected him. How effectively has the mechanism worked in this two-thirds of a year? And, more to the point, what is this Cabinet really like, and how does it function? I propose to offer some answers here, not in a furtive "insider's" whisper, as though I myself had crept in behind the wall to watch. No reporters, staff, or visitors are ever present, but still, I believe, I have adequate information, from others who ought to kno

As to the first point, effectivene of work, these are my findings: Th Cabinet is more businesslike but al less solemn than that of Preside Eisenhower; more friendly but al less informal in certain ways. M Kennedy, for illustration, calls member by his first name in the meetings, though he does so c some of them on other occasio The Secretary of State, Dean Rus is either "The Secretary of Stat or "Mr. Rusk." To this Preside there is no "Dean" as to Preside Eisenhower there was a "Foster," f John Foster Dulles.

This Cabinet is not dominated l a single personality, as George Hu phrey of Treasury or Dulles of Sta alternately dominated Eisenhower or, for that matter, as Cordell Hu sometimes bestrode the Roosev Cabinet, morally at least. Nor do this Cabinet show—at least at th time of writing—a single authen cated case of that mordant backb ing, involving such personalities Harold Ickes of Interior, which w characteristic of the Roosevelt Ca inet. The Kennedy Cabinet me bers uniformly get along well t gether, or seem to. There is no ru ning to the Boss with tales again so-and-so. Ironically, these fello are far more a "team" than th Eisenhower Cabinet; and infinite more than any Roosevelt Cabinet

A PECULIAR MI

ALL this does not mean that Ke nedy has selected the finest panel ministers in history. It does mea that thus far at least, his experime of mixing some most oddly dispara types has paid off. Arthur Goldbe of Illinois, the former CIO lawye gets along especially well with Ly don Johnson and Luther Hodges North Carolina, the Secretary Commerce. This is not becau Goldberg grew up in very poor hou ing in Chicago, nor in spite of th fact. Perhaps it is because Goldbe as Secretary of Labor has strong impressed these two Southerners such different personal traditio that he is a man, however wrong h ideas may be or have been, who b lieves in *responsibility* in public o fice. Attorney Goldberg now has new client; it is not now the CI it is the United States of Americ

The success of the blend is ev better illustrated in the case of a

ther big-city boy who grew up far way from the manners and customs f, say, Dean Rusk of Georgia. Abe ibicoff of Connecticut and HEW exactly what Dean Rusk, profes- onally, is not: a first-rate profes- onal politician. He is now getting long notably well with Rusk—a for- ign-policy and foundation-executive ype who nevertheless is aware from ast service in the State Department iat knowing just where Katanga is no substitute for knowing how to et the delegation from Kentucky to ote right on Foreign Aid in the House of Representatives.

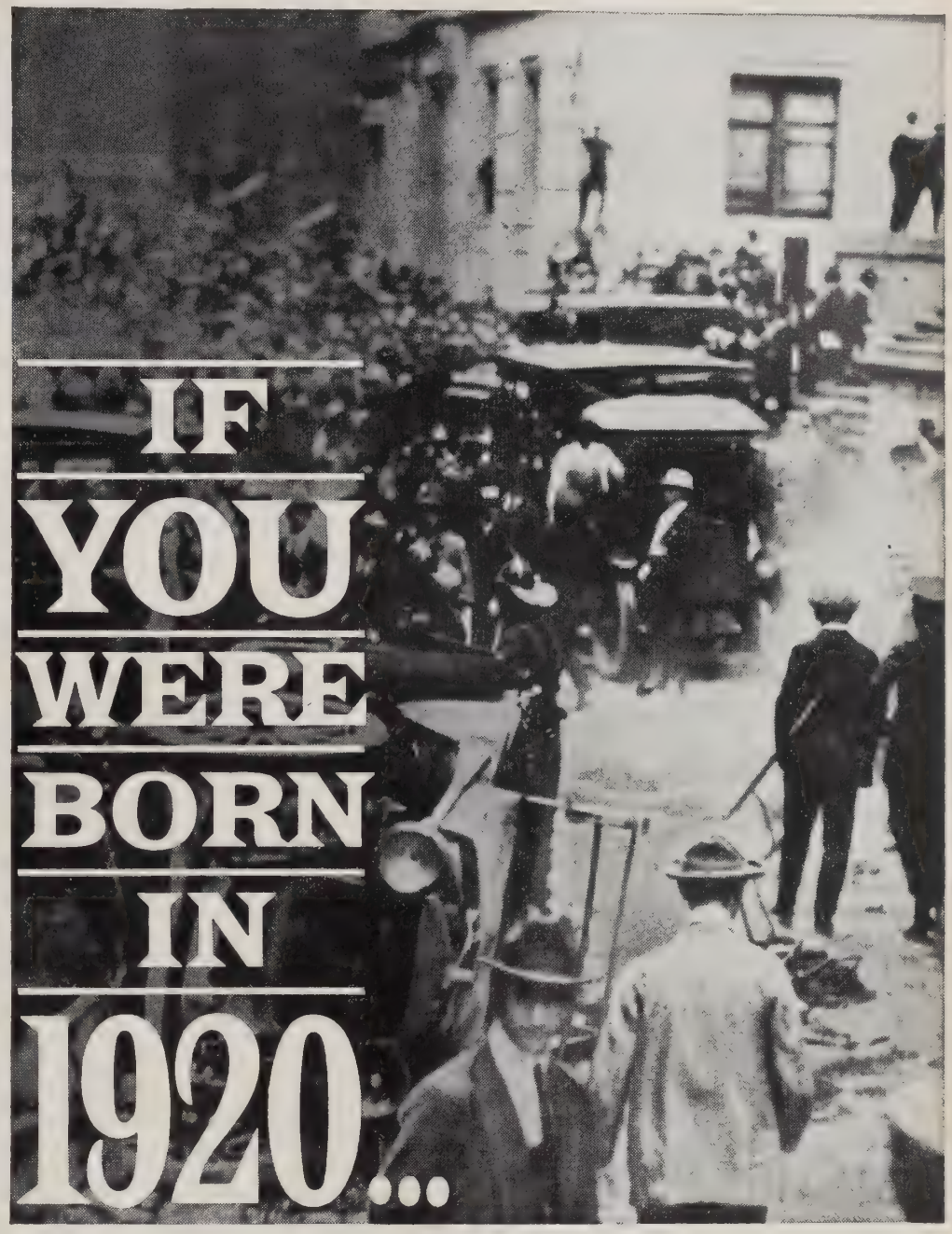
THE curious fact is that while here are no ideological bloc-lines rawn up within the Cabinet, there as been a polite gathering of two eneral views of life which might e called "conservative" and "lib- ral."

The "conservatives"—and the term s suggested by their general pru- lence and concern for tradition ather than by any specific issue— re Douglas Dillon of New York, Wall Street, and Treasury; Robert . McNamara of Michigan, formerly f Ford and now of Defense; Lyn- lon Johnson, Luther Hodges, Dean Rusk—and Ribicoff.

The "liberals" are Arthur Gold- berg; Stewart Udall of Arizona and f Interior; Orville Freeman of Min- nesota and of Agriculture; and— again a surprise—often Attorney General Robert Kennedy of Massa- chusetts, of the Kennedy family, and of the Department of Justice. Post- master General Edward Day of Cali- fornia sticks to carrying the mail, and rightly so.

As far as numbers go, "conserva- tism," at least in a vague way, is actually stronger in the Cabinet than "liberalism," again vaguely defined. But less obvious than numbers is the fact that the President himself is more often than not to be clas- sified roughly within the conserva- tive group. What has happened, of course, is that in practice a good many clichés have fallen. Abe Ribi- coff, for an illustration, never was a "liberal" in any doctrinaire sense. As a Congressman years ago and later as Governor of Connecticut, he

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was a kind of Northern Lyndon Johnson, a pragmatic moderate with an East Coast accent, so to speak, who, before he was through, had the self-amazed support of large numbers of Yankee-type Republicans.

WHO GETS THE NOD?

BUT let us go now to how the Cabinet proceeds to its work. It meets at the President's call, of course, on agenda already laid out, sometimes directly by him and sometimes by his staff at his direction. (The good Cabinet agenda system worked out for the Eisenhower Administration by Max Rabb has survived his departure for the excellent and deserved fees of a big New York law firm.)

All sit down at their accustomed places. The President, usually holding a paper, wastes no time in greetings or calling upon a Cabinet officer by name. He only raises his eyes from the top item on the paper, briskly nods to the member who is to be first to go to bat. Then the man goes to bat. General discussion follows. The President (probably as laconic as Calvin Coolidge was said to be) ordinarily confines himself at first to a series not of comments but of sharp, explicit questions. "Now," he may say, "I see this problem as you pose it. But supposing that we go along as you suggest, what do we then do when such-and-such happens, as surely it might?"

Men may chip in as they please; but in these meetings there is little by-play and little first-naming. The job is the thing. The most nearly silent, generally, are Lyndon Johnson and Brother Robert Kennedy. Bob Kennedy, when the discussion is outside his own department, usually is seen and not heard. Eventually, in most Cabinet meetings, he will be drawn into the business; but this will come about by the President's invitation. Bob Kennedy's reserve is a matter of personal policy: not to be suspected of trading on his relationship.

Johnson tends to be reserved for a different reason. The President treats him with unfailing deference, making him more nearly an Associate President than our system has ever known. In the end Johnson is brought into every major issue by the President himself, either at the Cabinet meeting or later in one of their many, many meetings.

At the end of a Cabinet session the President, who has thus far confined himself largely to questioning others, will sum up. "We have heard such-and-such," he will say. "As it seems to me, our conclusions are now so-and-so." He never issues orders or formally proclaims that *he* has now made up all minds on this or that course. It is simply left clear that he has in fact done so. At the end, too, "The Vice President" becomes "Lyndon" again; the Secretary of HEW becomes "Abe" again, and so on.

"UNHAPPY" OR ON TOP?

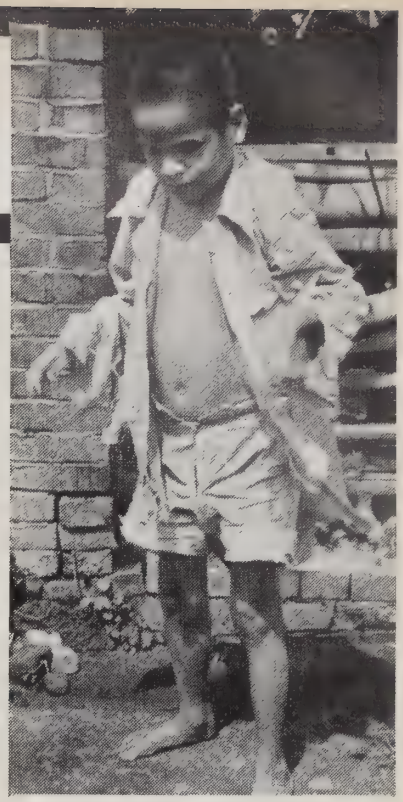
A GOOD deal has been written to suggest that Mr. Kennedy uses the Cabinet system less than most Presidents for final decision-making. I do not know whether this is true nor do I pretend to know whether his professorial, non-Cabinet White House advisers have the vast, climactic influence with which they are often credited. I think not. One reads occasionally, for example, that Rusk of State is "unhappy" about the supposed intervention of the so-called White House "Whiz Kids" in high foreign policy.

My impression is that if Rusk is "unhappy" it is because of the state of the world; that he "runs" the State Department to the precise degree he may care to. He is by temperament not a sharp, demanding administrative type, but more nearly a contemplative type. At all events he is never blocked from seeing the President on any matter. In fact, he undoubtedly sees the President more often, and more easily, than any man in Washington apart from Vice President Johnson and Bob Kennedy. And Robert Kennedy's meetings with the President are, naturally, often of the private and personal sort necessarily implied in the word "brother."

Who, among the Cabinet, are "on top of their departments" and who are not? Most positively "on top" is McNamara at Defense—though high perch in the cavernous Pentagon is often shaken by angry admirals and generals who are not accustomed to a civilian boss who really mean

be the boss. Most positively "on
" at Justice is Robert Kennedy—
ough my impression is that, like
one of a long number of past
orneys General, he would not go
of his way to tangle with the
oubtable (and also very able) J.
gar Hoover of the FBI.
Ribicoff is surely "on top" at
W; he has (to the gain of this
v department) the great advantage
being the first HEW Secretary
h the political savvy to carry out
at is, after all, basically a poli-
an's job. Goldberg is having no
reaucratic trouble in keeping his
t at Labor; he is essentially a
reaucratic professional, as are
rly all top labor lawyers. As for
dges, don't worry about the abil-
of this Southern politician—like
ers of his breed—to run his shop
ministratively . . . by a kind of
etic awareness. Dillon incontest-
y runs Treasury, a stable institu-
n which passed from the gusty
trol of George Humphrey to the
et, almost poetic leadership of
bert B. Anderson without the
st trouble.
As to the other Cabinet members,
an claim no special knowledge. I
uld question whether Freeman
Agriculture can really master that
e of earnest experts. These fel-
s go on and on undisturbed, like
staff of the British Foreign Of-
, through all upheavals, whether
oughts, crop failures, broken al-
nces, or world wars.
n summary, the Kennedy Cabinet
y be said to be a distinct success,
titutionally at least. What its
imate record may be, I have no
a, though as to its degree of prob-
e longevity I have a small fore-
: namely, that the Cabinet
ffles which usually occur within
Administration within two years
l not happen here. These men
all glad to have the job; and for
st of them it is, quite plainly,
best and highest for which they
ld have hoped. They are not
erly men who had reached their
k before achieving Cabinet status.
ey are still on the way up. And
s may be one of the reasons why
s Cabinet has—again thus far—
n so singularly free of in-fighting.
Kennedy doesn't go along with in-
guing within the ranks. And who
nts to lose a good job?

LET HIM LIVE WITH THE PIGS



Tong Chin lived in a mountain village on the East Coast of Formosa. His home was a shed which was part of a pig pen. He was in rags, couldn't speak Chinese, only tribal. He ate with his hands and his mother was anxious to get rid of him saying, "He can't do anything. He only eats." Her attitude explains why instead of living with her he existed with the pigs. He couldn't run away because he was blind. A more hopeless future than the one he faced is hard to conceive. But visit him now in a Christian Children's Fund Home for the Blind and listen to him recite his lessons and play part of a classic on the piano. In just a couple of months he has become a clean, bright and extremely appreciative boy. Modern teaching methods for the blind can accomplish miracles.

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IRVING KRISTOL

Democracy and Its Discontents

Irving Kristol, who was co-editor of "Encounter" in London from 1953 to 1958 and subsequently editor of "The Reporter" in New York, is now senior editor of Basic Books.

TWO quotations:

(1) "I hold it to be one of the distinguishing excellences of elective over hereditary successions, that the talents which nature has provided in sufficient proportion, should be selected by the society for the government of their affairs, rather than that this should be transmitted through the loins of knaves and fools. . . ."

(2) "I talk democracy to these men and women. I tell them that they have the vote, and that theirs is the kingdom and the power and the glory. I say to them, 'You are supreme: exercise your power.' They say, 'That's right: tell us what to do'; and I tell them. I say, 'Exercise your vote intelligently by voting for me.' And they do. That's democracy, and a splendid thing it is too for putting the right man in the right place."

The first voice is Thomas Jefferson's. The second is that of the demagogue, Boanerges, in George Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. Both are quoted, though not in juxtaposition, by John W. Gardner in his thoughtful little book, **Excellence** (Harper, $3.95), as representing the democratic dilemma: how do we reconcile popular government with good government? Or, as Mr. Gardner puts it in his subtitle: "Can we be equal and excellent too?"

It is not a new problem, of course. Classical political philosophy took it for granted that a democratic regime—just as other regimes, *e.g.*, aristocratic, oligarchic, despotic—had inherent flaws that would, in the passage of time and in the absence of corrective action, cause it to decay. It is only in the modern age that democracy came to be regarded as an ultimate and natural form of government—a "way of life" most fittingly human—in comparison with which all other forms of human association are deviations or temporary aberrations. In the United States especially, the democratic idea has always been more a religious dogma than a political theory: it is, indeed, the cornerstone of that civic religion known as "Americanism."

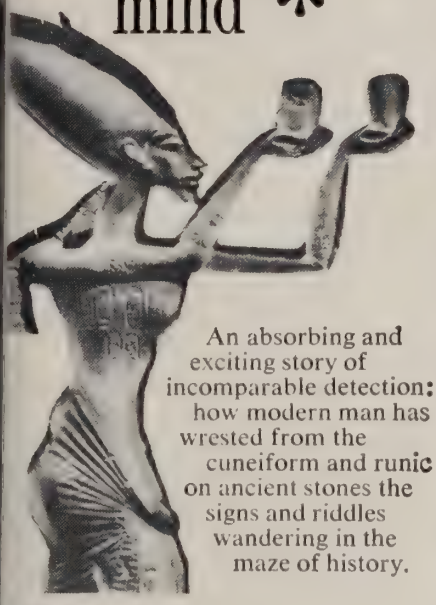
No wonder, then, that we have until recently relied upon foreign observers to look at this matter for us; that the profoundest book on democracy in America was written by a visiting French nobleman; and that in our current self-examination and soul-searching, there is a caution and an apprehension as we transgress upon hitherto sacred ground. Thus, though Mr. Gardner's book is, as his publishers say, "on a hotly controversial subject," it is not itself a particularly controversial book. Its outstanding trait, entirely befitting the president of the Carnegie Corporation, is judiciousness of tone, temperament, and style. It makes its argument entirely within the American individualist, liberal perspective. Its aim is to reconcile the two ideas of equality that are sanctioned by the American political tradition: equality of opportunity and equality of status.

NO CLASS OF LEADERS

THE difficulty is that equality of opportunity results in inequality of status—in every race, there are winners and losers. The history of American reform is that of a constant assault upon inequality of status in the name of re-establishing equality of opportunity. Mr. Gardner is not unsympathetic to this intention; but he is also aware that it has encouraged an "equalitarianism wrongly conceived." The sign of this equalitarianism is an unremitting hostility to all outward marks of human excellence, such excellence being taken for an arrogant display of superiority. As Mr. Gardner observes:

> One of the requirements of social effectiveness in many segments of our national life is that one not arouse envy through an unseemly display of intelligence or talent. In this atmosphere it will surprise no one that deliberately slovenly speech, the studied fumble and the calculated inelegance have achieved the status of minor art forms.

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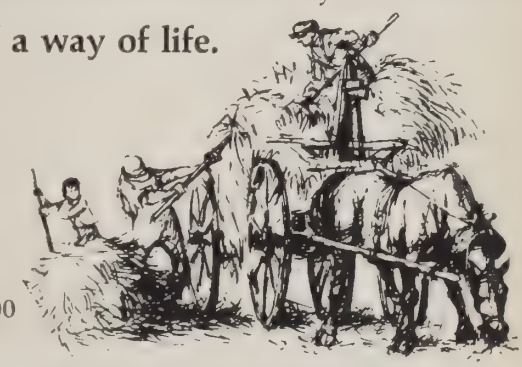


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by Patricia Cayo Sexton

Mr. Gardner's critique of this "equalitarianism wrongly conceived" is shrewd and cogent. It will perhaps be all the more effective in that it resolutely refuses to violate the spirit of equality itself. In the American democracy, he points out, there is no *class* of leaders, nor can there be. Leadership is dispersed among all the institutions of our pluralist society—corporations, trade unions, government, the military, the universities, the press, etc. The problem is not to weld this leadership into some kind of "ruling elite." It is rather to educate this leadership to perform its functions, more competently than in the past, within a democratic framework. This is all the more urgent if we are to counter the threat of communism on the international scene. It is frequently said that, in order to compete effectively with the Soviet Union, we must become more equalitarian than we are. This is certainly true in some respects (*e.g.*, race relations). On the other hand, as Mr. Gardner emphasizes, unless we also become less equalitarian than we are, we shall fail to achieve that leadership which will enable us to compete at all.

Mr. Gardner concludes with, inevitably, a demand that a revitalized democratic leadership supply us with a "national purpose." Hans J. Morgenthau, in **The Purpose of American Politics** (Knopf, $4.50), travels the course in reverse. Beginning with the present quest for a national purpose, he is led to an analysis of the inherent problems of American democracy. The result is an impressive and important book, full of radical insights that flow from the confrontation of an essentially conservative mind with the disarray of democratic society.

Mr. Morgenthau (who, it may be noted, was born and educated in Europe) does not define the national purpose for us. He does better than that—he shows that individual efforts toward such a definition are inherently absurd, and that the idea of having a committee do the job is positively comic. At best, it can result in a pseudo-ideology; at worst, in vulgar delusions of grandeur. A national purpose is the collective work of generations, it is something embodied in a civilization which men think worthy of remembering and honoring. The true national purpose is not what a nation says, but what a nation is. The urge now to formulate such a purpose is the expression of an inchoate dissatisfaction with the results of democratic civilization in America.

AMERICA'S "OBVIOUS" PURPOSE

THERE was a time—covering most of American history, in fact—when our national purpose was quite obvious to everyone. One needed only to describe America to state this purpose. America was a land where the individual was encouraged to pursue his happiness under the conditions of equality and freedom. Just what this "happiness" consisted of, was necessarily vague in theory (who knows what happiness is?). In practice, however, it meant wealth and material comforts, which are specific and tangible enough. This "national purpose" may, in retrospect, seem a bit ignoble. But as the first civilization in history in which the common man was encouraged to get rich, it had its peculiar luster and charm. If we can judge from the avidity with which the common people all over the world are participating in the "revolution of rising expectations," it still does.

In a sense, Mr. Morgenthau points out, the older "purpose of American politics" was—to live without politics. The growing complexity of American life, and the inexorable involvement of the United States in world affairs, soon robbed this "national purpose" of its reality. But it still haunts our imagination. The American Hero is, typically, the Western frontiersman—self-reliant, anarchic, unconstrained. His image is kept alive for us by the movies, the comics, and on TV, where he is *never* shown filling out an income-tax form, applying for a passport, or undergoing a security check. As human ideals go, it is not a bad one. But its only connection with the American of 1961 is to encourage him to a civic irresponsibility and impatient simple-mindedness that play havoc with our domestic and foreign affairs.

Like Mr. Gardner, Mr. Morgenthau is eager to promote excellence in American life, for he is convinced that a new "national purpose" worthy of the name can only arise out of a reordering of American society and American attitudes. Unlike Mr. Gardner, he believes that in a democracy the cultivation of excellence is not the job of an educated leadership in general but of the state in particular:

> The nation does not recognize nor does it reward excellence in its midst through the instrument of its collective will, the government. The American landscape is dotted with innumerable islands of excellence, which are surrounded by an ocean of mediocrity. . . . The standards of excellence are supported only by isolated individuals or small nuclei of them, and not by a coherent identifiable group, endowed with the prestige of tradition and achievement. . . . [The] anonymous pressures of unorganized society present real and —for the individual—well-nigh irresistible social power, to which only organized society in the form of its government is able to furnish an effective counterweight.

Which is to say, unless one has a powerful class that has both the authority and the willingness to uphold cultural standards—and the very existence of such a class is incompatible with democracy—then the state must assume this role. Though Matthew Arnold said much the same thing many years ago, any such suggestion is

bound to sound terribly controversial to American ears. Just how controversial, Mr. Newton Minow is now finding out!

DEMOCRACY FOR WHAT?

IF Mr. Gardner puts his trust in educated leadership, and Mr. Morgenthau in political leadership, Father John Courtney Murray seeks an ideological leadership. **We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition** (Sheed and Ward, $5) is a preliminary clearing of the ground for the establishment of an American democratic creed, "an order of elementary affirmations that reflect realities inherent in the order of existence."

That this is a searching book, those who know Father Murray's writings will take for granted. It argues persuasively that democracy, like any other political order, rests upon a consensus, and that this consensus cannot—as contemporary political science seems to assume—be merely procedural. That is to say, it cannot simply prescribe how political decisions should be reached, but must also assert what the general aim and intention of these decisions ought to be. Unless one is going to set up as an idol the brassy machinery of democratic politics, one must ask: democracy for what? There needs to be a transcending standard by which the "national interest" can define itself, and by which the popular will can judge and correct itself.

Father Murray, as a Jesuit, does have an authoritative tradition—an "un-American" tradition some will say, but it is surely none the worse for that—of "right reason" and "natural law" from which he can construct a logical justification of "the American proposition," defined as "a free people under a limited government." His analysis, though a pleasure to follow for its sheer intellectual elegance, is not likely to be convincing to non-Catholic readers. Yet these, too, will be grateful for the rigor that Father Murray has brought to a discussion that too frequently dissolves into mere rhetoric; and they will certainly benefit from his acute observations on American foreign policy, the American economy, and other specifics.

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on The Memoirs of Casanova

It seems to me four or five times every day is too much. There is a picture on each cover, showing great dark circles under his eyes and gaunt cheeks. And why not, for God's sake?

MARCEL AYMÉ

beginning a story in Esquire

Beneath a moonless sky two murderers met at a crossroad. So furtively were they moving through the night that they came face to face, each without having heard the other's footsteps, and each gave a start of alarm that the other mistook for a threat . . .

GAY TALESE

in Esquire . . . on Eighth Avenue

It is hard to believe that this has-been street was rather elegant a century ago, and that horse-drawn carriages lined up outside the Havemeyer mansion on Eighth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, and that the great homes that stood on Eighth Avenue had spacious lawns, gardens and orchards that expanded westward to the Hudson River.

SYBILLE BEDFORD

in Esquire . . . on Lady Chatterley's trial

The world now knows that verdict, but for us, who waited on that day, it was a long three hours before we heard—still incredulous in relief—those words: Not Guilty. A ripple of applause broke out, stentoriously suppressed; there was no other comment. It is customary for the Judge to express thanks to the Jury; Mr. Justice Byrne did not do so, and the words were spoken by the Clerk.

RESEARCH INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

in Esquire . . . on the average deductions people earning $10,000-$15,000 can take without waving a red flag in front of the tax examiners

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JAMES MATHESON

in Esquire . . . on motherhood

We all love children, so it's sad but true
You bear them, then they can't bear you.

JOHN CROSBY

in The New York Herald Tribune . . . on Esquire

The nice thing about Esquire is its insistence on a certain kind of world and its assumption that we're all a part of that world. It has tone, this magazine . . . It's writing heady, challenging, irritating, alive journalism.

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by Richard Ullman

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A thoroughly secular critique of the prevalent conception of democracy held by political scientists—which sees democracy as nothing more than a system for the efficient reconciliation of diverse interests, an equilibrium of countervailing powers—is provided by Joseph Tussman in his **Obligation and the Body Politic** (Oxford, $4), a fine little book that is not likely to get the attention it deserves outside academic circles. Mr. Tussman is concerned to defend the idea of "the common good," or "the public interest," against the objection that these are mere metaphysical phantasms, behind which always lurk the specific interests of a group or class. His basic point is that to reduce political relationships to power arrangements is to make any coherent theory of individual rights or duties impossible. And such a coherent theory is needed if freedom *under* the law is not to degenerate into freedom *from* the law, this latter being the kind of freedom suitable to a despotism rather than a democracy. Mr. Tussman does not himself offer us any such theory; but he has at least tried to demonstrate its necessity, which is no small thing.

A REALIST'S VIEW

THE kind of approach to democratic politics that both Mr. Tussman and Father Murray object to is well represented in E. E. Schattschneider's **The Semi-sovereign People: A Realist's View of Democracy in America** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $2.95). Mr. Schattschneider, a former president of the American Political Science Association, thinks that democracy in America is a "monstrosity." Indeed, it is not a democracy at all, but "the largest, most broadly based, ruling oligarchy in the world." Who makes up this oligarchy? The answer, unexpectedly, is: the sixty million adults who vote in our national elections—who are also, as Mr. Schattschneider shows in a fascinating statistical analysis, the sixty million Americans who own automobiles, have telephones, read daily newspapers, and file income-tax returns. The dispossessed and disenfranchised, it follows, are the forty million who do not bother to vote in national elections.

Why don't they vote? Because, he says, the "game of politics" as conducted by our political parties is so rigged as to bore them into passivity. The issues that are posed and debated fail to quicken the imagination of this excluded multitude. It is the responsibility of our parties to discover the issues that would attract them to political participation. The consequences would be enormous:

> All that is necessary to produce the most painless revolution in history, the first revolution ever legalized and legitimized in advance, is to have a sufficient number of people do something not much more difficult than to walk across the street on election day.

True enough. But would such a revolution be desirable? Would these forty million, comprising the least informed and least alert section of the population, use their votes to good purpose or bad? Incredibly enough, Mr. Schattschneider does not even consider this problem. He equates democracy with majority rule; and he further equates majority rule with actual majority voting. From which it logically follows that neither the United States (nor any other country in recorded history) has ever been a democracy at all! If this be "realism" . . .

DEFINING OUR PROBLEM

IT is useful and chastening to be confronted with the blunt fact that one feature of contemporary American democracy—and apparently intrinsic to it—is the voluntary disenfranchisement of the least political sections of the community. This fact would surprise us less if we did not subscribe to a romantic, "progressive" version of modern history in general and American history in particular. Mr. Schattschneider himself concedes that the advent of universal manhood suffrage in this country was not the consequence of any indignant popular uprising, but rather the casual by-product of party conflict and competition. This subject has just been studied in scrupulous detail by Chilton Williamson in his **American Suffrage from Property to Democracy, 1760-1860** (Princeton, $6). His main conclusions are that, contrary to received opinion, white male suffrage was so

widespread as to be nearly universal in the pre-Jacksonian era, that the further extension of the franchise was promoted as much by the opponents of "Jacksonian democracy" as by its supporters, that opposition or support was a matter of local electoral tactics not of principle, and that people were not much exercised over this issue as compared with others.

His study receives confirmation from Lee Benson's **The Concept of Jacksonian Democracy** (Princeton, $6), which perhaps goes too far in suggesting that there was no such thing as "Jacksonian democracy" at all, but which does brilliantly demonstrate—for New York State at least—that the movement which bore this name did not constitute a "democratic" rebellion of the lower classes against the upper, but was made up of a loose coalition of particular ethnic and geographic groups with different motives.

It would seem, then, that a critical re-examination of what we take to be American history—one that saw it as something more than the inexorable unfolding of a predefined democratic idea—might be relevant to our present discontents. For any such understanding, obviously, *The Federalist Papers* will play a crucial role, since they tell us, better than any other source, what the Founding Fathers had in mind when they established this republic. There have been many editions of these papers (a notable recent one, as "definitive" as one would want, being Jacob E. Cooke's, published by Wesleyan University Press at $12.50); but it is fantastic to note that Gottfried Dietze's **The Federalist: A Classic on Federalism and Free Government** (Johns Hopkins, $6.50) is the first book *ever* written on the subject in this country. Mr. Dietze was born and educated in Germany (naturally!), which may explain why—like other European scholars disturbed by the nationalisms that have rent that continent—he sets more emphasis on the "federal" character of the new body politic than an American would, or even than Madison, Hamilton, and Jay did. (Besides, there is reason to think that the word "federal" did not signify to them what it does to us.) But his book serves the important function of reminding us that the Fathers had thought deeply on the difficulties involved in setting up a popular government which would satisfy other criteria—liberty, order, and virtue—than that of reflecting the will of the majority at any particular moment.

The Federalist Papers certainly cannot—as Mr. Dietze gives the impression of suggesting—be used to solve our problems for us; but it most emphatically can help us to define them. For the one thing the Founding Fathers could not do was to take democracy for granted, as a form of government that was self-justifying and self-perpetuating. Nor, in 1961, can we.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

A Season of Mists, by Honor Tracy.

There is never any point in "summing up the plot" of a novel by Miss Tracy. So much of the delight in reading her comes in her asides anyway. But if one must explain: The climate of her novel is an English season when the September mists are rising to blot out summer; when on the social level the old Establishment is being invaded by rock 'n' roll and Teddy boys; when an elegant and elderly bachelor art dealer dreams himself in love with his most ordinary young secretary. The graces he endows her with! Well, read it for pleasure in an English Indian summer, for most witty comment on the art world anywhere, and for Miss Tracy's all-seeing but compassionate revelation of human folly.

Random House, $3.95

The Foxglove Saga, by Auberon Waugh.

This is another English satirical novel that blithely defies classification. A first novel by the twenty-two-year-old son of Evelyn Waugh, it comes garlanded with praise from people like Graham Greene and John Betjeman. And the extraordinary thing about *that* is that it lives up to its billing. Ostensibly the story of a contemporary English public-

*"A superb portrait of a man and his time in England and in the eyes of posterity."**

Horace Walpole

By WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

*"As urbane, searching and amusing as Walpole — an author among politicians, a politician among authors — could hope . . . The wonderfully informal portrait of Walpole that Mr. Lewis sketches here has the cachet of conversation. Mr. Lewis has taken the liberty to lighten the Gothic darkness around Walpole with touches of almost audible laughter." — CHARLES POORE, *New York Times.*

The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1960.
Bollingen Series XXXV.9
Illustrated $6.50

Published by BOLLINGEN FOUNDATION. Distributed by Pantheon Books, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

school boy through his twenty-first birthday, it gives the author a chance to get his knife into a great many aspects of British life—Church, Public Schools, the Upper Classes, Beatniks, the Army, the Family, Do-Gooders, and especially Moms. Only the arts escape. It also creates some unforgettable characters, again, especially Mom. Actually in the final chapters it goes well beyond satire into glorious and ghostly, ghastly and Gothic melodrama with an aura not unlike the current sick jokes that are going the rounds. But he pulls it off with a wit that at times is so dry it almost breaks with its own brittleness, and at others is utterly and delightfully slapstick. Unlike Miss Tracy's satire, compassion has no part here; nothing at all is soft to the touch, but the polish is really Waugh-inspiring.

Simon & Schuster, $3.95

Faces in the Water, by Janet Frame.

The author of *Owls Do Cry* here writes about the experiences of a brilliant woman in two mental hospitals. They happen to be in New Zealand but one feels that it all could have happened in that kind of institution anywhere. The book is called a novel, but it is written in the first person and it is hard to believe that if one had not gone through these grim experiences one could possibly have translated them with such insight and intensity and passion into what, for all its horror, often reads like poetry. And as the author reveals the strengths and weaknesses of the human mind suspended on the edge of terror and the abyss, one is completely and entirely identified with her and all others in her ghastly predicament. The reader can be assured that this is unlike any other book about mental hospitals he has ever read. . . . Nothing could be further from the wit and detachment with which Miss Tracy and Auberon Waugh observe the human condition, but for me at any rate, the involvement this book insists upon was a welcome change.

Braziller, $4

The Grove, by Burton Bernstein.

This series of sketches about a group of middle-class Jewish families who summered every year on a Massachusetts lake during the late 1930s and the 1940s has a unique humor and quality in spite of the number of other talented writers who have tried to set their Jewish-American childhoods in amber. And of course everyone who captures the dialogue of the adolescent these days is accused of copying Salinger and so forth. But Mr. Bernstein's ear, eye, and wit are very much his own. Reading of these quiet lakeside summers (and a final incredible Boston dinner party when the children are grown) induces a pleasure and nostalgia not at all limited to the Jewish community. An impressive first "novel."

McGraw-Hill, $4.50

The Small Room, by May Sarton.

It is a great relief to find one's reading self in an academic community where the inevitable tensions of such close living seem to rise from people liking and respecting one another too much rather than too little. It is a women's college in New England, noted for its high academic standards; the protagonist (almost too good to be true but appealing nonetheless) is a young woman Ph.D. who has just broken her engagement and has turned to teaching in desperation. The constant question before the group of professors and their wives as they meet over martinis and in faculty meetings is: What is the price of excellence? Through the experience of one girl it is all acted out in a pretty absorbing and convincing charade. The book is full of ideas expounded in easy and often amusing conversation and as the group comes finally to the end of its discussion of the obligations of the teacher one is convinced that there are as many ways of being a good teacher as of being a good person—none easy. A pleasant and thought-provoking sojourn behind modern New England's ivied walls.

Norton, $3.95

NON-FICTION

As if getting ready for the fall concert season, several books on music and its interpreters have just appeared.

Of Music and Music Making, by Bruno Walter.

Intended as an extension of his autobiography, *Theme and Variations,* this volume by the distinguished conductor plays a kind of happy musical hopscotch with such varied subjects as the origin of music, musical interpretation, the peculiarities of the conductor's task, music and stage (opera), notes on Bach's *St. Matthew Passion,* the Mozart of *The Magic Flute.*

Norton, $5

Everybody's Guide to Music, by William Hugh Miller.

Mr. Miller, who is a teacher and choral director, believes that every-

CHECK LIST:

BOOKS ABOUT ARMS AND NUCLEAR CONTROL

The Atomic Energy Commission and Regulating Nuclear Facilities, by William H. Berman and Lee M. Hydeman. Published by the Atomic Energy Research Project of the University of Michigan Law School.

Paper, $4, Cloth, $5

The Nation's Safety and Arms Control, by Arthur T. Hadley.

Viking, $2.50

Disarmament: The Challenge of the Nineteen Sixties, by James P. Warburg. Doubleday, $4.50

Strategy and Arms Control, by Thomas C. Schelling and Morton H. Halperin.

Twentieth Century Fund, $2.50

Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security, edited by Donald G. Brennan with the sponsorship of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Braziller, $6

Arms Reduction Program and Issues, edited by David H. Frisch.

Twentieth Century Fund

Paper, $1.25

ne is "capable of some degree of usical appreciation." This is a nd of textbook explaining various pects of music and the allied arts d one gathers that the reader is ex- cted to concentrate on the part at interests him most. Pretty tech- cal but informative.

Chilton, $7.50

he Jazz Life, by Nat Hentoff.

Mr. Hentoff, whose work is fa- iliar to *Harper's* readers, here rites in affectionate though not un- itical detail of the special world the jazz musician whose playing his "total existence." While doing he gives profiles of many of them— iles Davis, John Lewis, Thelonious onk, Ornette Coleman, Charles ingus, Count Basie—to mention nly a few of the jazz greats who beat eir way through these lively pages.

Dial, $5

And in October will come **A His- ry of Modern Music,** by Paul Col- er, translated from the French by lly Abeles. M. Collaer is Vice- resident of the *Orchestre National e Belgique,* a musicologist whose ecial field is innovation in the usic of the twentieth century.

World, $6.50

FORECAST

eace and Survival

A look at the publishers' fall cata- gues gives some sense of the variety f the problems which beset a civili- ation eager to survive. In September omes a two-volume work from oubleday called *The Cold War and ts Origins,* by D. F. Fleming, an ad- iser to the State Department on tomic energy. Praeger announces or October *Mao Tse-Tung on Guer- illa Warfare,* translated and with n introduction by Brigadier Gen- ral (USMC Ret.) Samuel B. Griffith. cribner has scheduled for Novem- er *Nuclear Weapons and the Con- lict of Conscience* edited by John C. ennett—"a discussion of the moral nd strategic aspects of the nuclear ilemma." And in the new year will ome *America's Quest for Peace,* by exter Perkins (Indiana, January) nd *The Irreversible Decision: Ethics nd the Atom Bomb,* by Robert C. atchelder (Houghton Mifflin, Feb- uary). In different but relevant areas we will have from Doubleday in September *Traitor Within: Our Suicidal Problem* by Edward Robb Ellis and George N. Allen, and *Fertility and Survival: Population Problems from Malthus to Mao Tse-Tung* by Alfred Sauvy, director of *L'Institut National d'Études Demographiques* in Paris, which will come from Criterion in October.

Three Big Fall Novels

October will see the publication of Little, Brown's *False Entry,* by Hortense Calisher, author of *In the Absence of Angels,* and *The Judas Tree,* by A. J. Cronin, author of *The Citadel* and *Keys of the Kingdom.* In January from Houghton Mifflin comes *Devil Water* by Anya Seton.

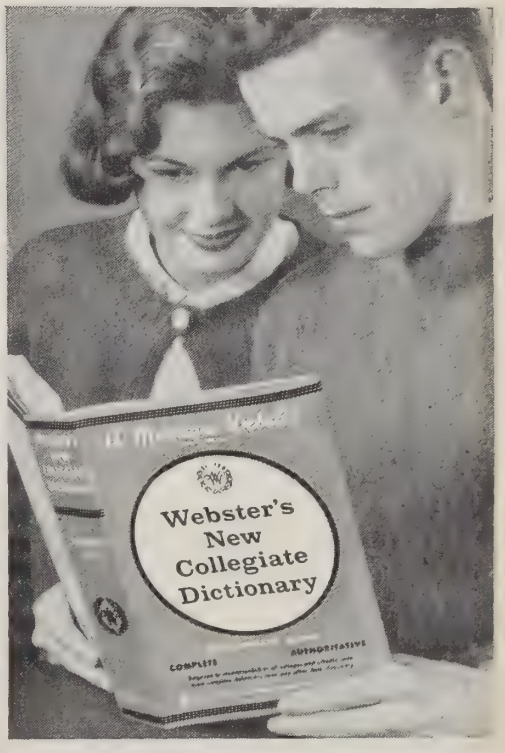
Three Books of Short Stories

Three distinguished novelists are bringing out books of short stories this fall. H. E. Bates includes twelve in *The Enchantress and Other Stories* (Little, Brown); Pearl Buck's is called simply *Fourteen Stories* (John Day); and John O'Hara calls his collection of twenty-four *Assembly* (Random House).

Gardeners' Reference Shelf

As we near the end of the summer garden season it does no harm to contemplate some books for comfort when later "the sedge is withered from the lake." In the fall, probably October, *The Complete Guide to Modern Flowers,* edited by Herbert Askwith, will be published by A. S. Barnes. It is a one-volume guide to garden planning and cultivation with 1,000 plates in full color. And for late winter or early spring Harper announces *A Dictionary of Plant Names,* by A. William Smith, which will be a guide to the origin and meaning and pronunciation of botanical names with a cross reference to common names. Then there are *The Complete Book of Lilies,* by F. F. Rockwell, Esther C. Grayson, and Jan de Graaff (16 pp. of photographs) from Doubleday; *Ground Covers for Easier Gardening,* by Daniel J. Foley from Chilton; and *New Horizons in Flower Arrangement,* by Myra J. Brooks with Mary Alice and John P. Roche (19 pp. in full color) from Barrows. All these September publications. What pleasure is in store.

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MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

THE AMERICAN OFFENBACH?

The hard brilliance it takes to write light music . . . and the integrity . . . qualify this composer of Broadway hits to rank with the great in a difficult art.

What does Leonard Bernstein do best? Conduct? Compose serious music? Compose musical comedy? Lecture? Play the piano? Write books? Sing? Dance? Act? An argument could be put up for any one of those activities. But many do honestly believe that his *métier* is the Broadway musical stage. With his kind of musical sophistication, his real ability to create a tune, and his sense of humor, Broadway is ideal for him. Much of the public seems to subscribe to that point of view. Three of his shows—*On the Town, Wonderful Town,* and *West Side Story*—were smash hits. The latter two immediately received original-cast recordings, but the first Bernstein hit, **On the Town** of 1945, somehow missed out. Only recently has the omission been rectified, in the Columbia disc of the musical (OL 5540, monophonic; OS 2028, stereo).

Bernstein has it in him to be the American Offenbach. (Indeed, his *Candide* Overture is decidedly Offenbachian.) *On the Town* remains quite an achievement—a score full of invention, bubbling over with vitality and youth, and far and beyond the stock music that litters Broadway year after year. *On the Town* does owe much, of course, to the brilliant lyrics of Adolph Comden and Betty Green; but lyrics alone never made a musical. Bernstein had the musical wit and technique to match such virtuoso texts as *Come up to my place* and *Carried away,* the latter full of canonic imitations written with tongue in cheek. None of these are "hit" tunes; they are too unconventional—and good—for that. But they do carry the spirit of Broadway into a genuinely operetta area.

Light music is very hard to write. The composer has to be himself and still please the tired businessman. It takes a certain kind of hard brilliance to master the field, to write lively tunes and still preserve individuality and integrity. Bernstein carries it off very beautifully, and the only clichés into which he falls are his own. Offenbach and Sir Arthur Sullivan, in their day, could also carry it off. Lehár did, up to a point. Cole Porter does. Gershwin did. Johann Strauss did. Messager did. Kern did, to a lesser degree. But there are not too many more. Richard Rodgers, for instance, seldom does. His music is too commercial, too carefully calculated, much too sentimental. He always is conventional—in his melodies, his harmonies, his book.

Could the answer be that a great composer of light music has to have a thorough traditional (*e.g.*, "classical") musical education? Most of them have had; Gershwin is the great exception. Sullivan certainly did, just as did Strauss, Bernstein, Lehár, and most of the others. Any professional listening to a score like the Gilbert and Sullivan **Iolanthe,** in a re-recording with complete dialogue by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company (London A 4242, monophonic, 2 discs; OSA 1215, stereo, 2 discs), immediately must realize that Sullivan was a composer to his finger tips. This has nothing at all to do with whether or not one likes the Savoy operas. The finish of the writing and the scoring, the superb feeling for the vocal settings, the smooth modulations—all these are the work of a thorough professional. And Sullivan was a very inventive melodist.

So, of course, was Offenbach, the German-born composer who became more French than the Arc de Triomphe. Highlights from his masterpiece, **Orpheus in the Underworld,** can be heard on an Angel disc (35903, monophonic; S 35903, stereo). Not *Orpheus aux Enfers,* for the work is sung in an English version by Geoffrey Dunn, with English singers and the Sadler's Wells Orchestra conducted by Alexander Faris. To those who are familiar with the French the English version may sound just a little flat. It remains great fun, however. If ever there was irrepressible music, this is it. As with any great music it is full of invention. Which means that its melodic content is personal with the composer, that its harmonies are rich and imaginative, and that a consummate technician is at work.

Even in so faded a work as Lehár's **Schön ist die Welt** can technique of this order be heard. Highlights from this operetta of 1934 have been recorded, along with highlights from Karl Millöcker's **Dubarry** (Epic LC 3758, monophonic; BC 1117, stereo). In scores like *The Merry Widow* and *Gypsy Love,* Lehár carried on the great Viennese tradition. *Schön ist die Welt* is scarcely of this caliber. It is the kind of piece in which a skilled composer, completely written out, is going through the motions. But how expertly he does it!

Dubarry, which dates from 1879, is more of a piece. Millöcker turned out operetta after operetta for the Theater an der Wien, and many of them were big successes in their day, but *Dubarry* is the only one which has had a reasonable amount of fame. It is a pleasant piece of fluff, full of waltzes and Kitsch, and is (like the Lehár) admirably sung by a group of German singers under the direction of Kurt Richter.

A Root in Vienna

Would it be sacrilege to place the comedy-operas of Richard Strauss in the operetta category? Those works, like **Der Rosenkavalier,** are scored for immense orchestras, demanding great voices and the full panoply of grand opera. And yet, basically, *Der Rosenkavalier* is Johann Strauss or the Lehár of *Merry Widow* carried to the nth degree. Like their operettas, its plot contains elements of farce, and is full of the operetta conventions (man masquerading as woman), just as it is full of Viennese-sounding waltzes, sex, and near-burlesque. Of course, the Lehár never

lived who could begin to duplicate the Marschallin's monologue in the first act, or the trio in the third. (Whereas the closing duets of the opera *can* almost be duplicated in some of the greater Viennese operettas.)

Whether neo-operetta or not, *Der Rosenkavalier* does have a root in the Viennese musical stage. So does **Arabella,** which came much later in Strauss' life. Again we have the conventions (woman masquerading as man; waltzes; a big ballroom scene), and again there is a type of sentimentality that stems straight from Vienna. Both of these operas can be sampled in "highlight" recordings. The more interesting of the two is the *Rosenkavalier* disc (London 5615, monophonic only). For one thing, it is the greater opera. For another, it is a series of excerpts from an album many believe to be the best modern version—with Maria Reining as the Marschallin, Sena Jurinac as Octavian, Hilde Gueden as Sophie, and Ludwig Weber as Baron Ochs. The late Erich Kleiber leads the Vienna Philharmonic. (Most collectors would agree that the greatest all-time recording is the abridged version made in the 1930s by Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maria Olszewska, and Richard Mayr. It has been reissued in the Great Recordings of the Century series, Angel 4001, 2 discs.)

The *Arabella* disc (London 5616, monophonic; OS 25243, stereo) is taken from London's full-length recording and features Hilde Gueden, Lisa della Casa, George London, and the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Georg Solti. Those who do not respond to the late Strauss point out that *Arabella* is an echo of *Rosenkavalier, Zarathustra,* and *Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* with some of the kitchen sink thrown in. Others just melt when they hear the long vocal lines, the incredibly rich orchestration, and those juicy harmonies. Their word for the late Strauss operas is, invariably, autumnal. And they may have a point. Strauss was constantly echoing himself in his late works, but there is a ripeness, a maturity, a sort of golden, reflective glow and remembrance of things past, that can be altogether bewitching.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

DJANGO

RCA VICTOR has added considerably to the surviving testament of the Belgian-born Gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt, with a new LP called *Djangology,* a collection of sessions privately recorded in Rome in 1949-50 and rescued from obscurity by a provident RCA executive. Django recorded often, but not often as well as this in the years between his postwar American tour and his untimely death in 1953.

Django was one of the genuine rarities, a European jazz musician who from early in his career compelled admiration from the American public and players as well, the latter ranging across extremes of style from Barney Bigard to Coleman Hawkins to Barney Kessel. In the mid-'thirties he created the Quintet of the Hot Club of France (violin, three guitars, double bass) and, working against his colleagues' sometimes sodden support, made recordings that deservedly remain in the catalogues (see the London and Capitol entries below). Despite a left hand mutilated in youth, he could manage runs of a suppleness and agility that matched his right hand's rhythm.

The title of the new Victor album is something of a misnomer, since with one exception the remainder of the Quintet is not the original group, but a pick-up trio of Italians whose achievement consists mainly in staying out from under foot. The other veteran's sound is itself unmistakable, since he is Stéphane Grappelly, with Joe Venuti (of Paul Whiteman days) one of the extremely rare jazz practitioners of the violin. Grappelly's touch is sure, and the oddness of hearing a swinging fiddle now is almost enough to make the album his, rather than Django's.

Of Reinhardt I can add only that one hears always in him that blend of traditional heat with "coolness" that both endeared him to Louis Armstrong and led the Modern Jazz Quartet to give his name to one of their earliest compositions. Perhaps one might read into him also a faint, wild echo of "Play, gyspy, play"—a note of reassurance that jazz can, and will, happen anywhere, to anyone.

Djangology. Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with Stéphane Grappelly. RCA Victor LPM-2319. **Swing from Paris.** London LL-1344. **The Best of Django Reinhardt.** Capitol (2) TBO 10226. **Django Reinhardt Memorial.** Period (3) 1201/3.



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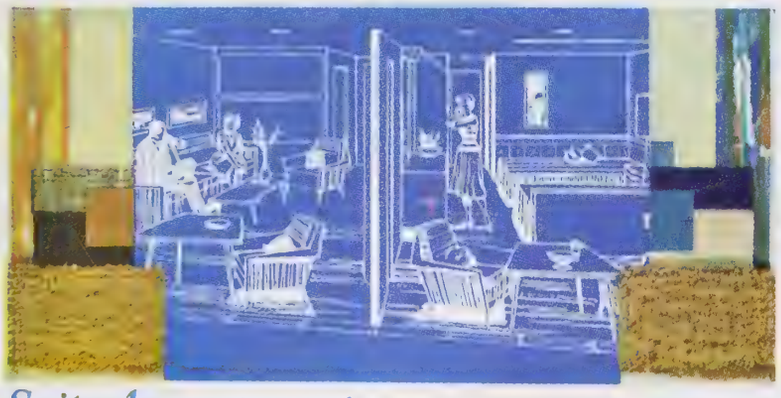
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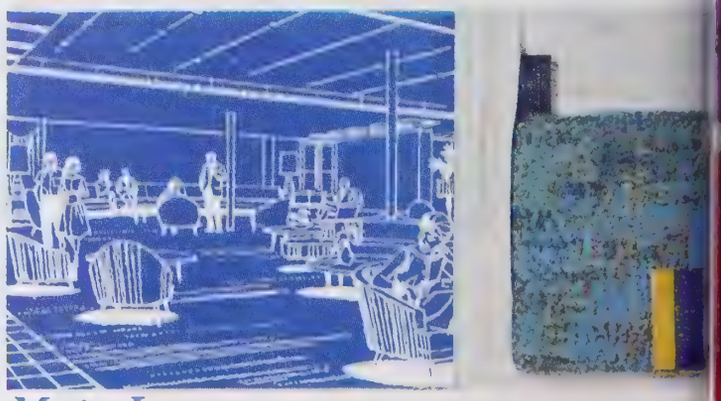
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VOL. 223, NO. 1337
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ARTICLES

37 **A Way Out of the Welfare Mess,** *Edgar May*

43 **My Escape from the CIA,** *Hughes Rudd*

48 **Houston's Superpatriots,** *Willie Morris*

64 **The Uncanny World of Plasma Physics,** *John L. Chapman*

69 **"The New Thing" in Jazz,** *Martin Williams*

76 **Corsica Out of Season,** *Wallace Stegner*

80 **The Proper Tool Will Do the Job,** *Norman Halliday*

82 **The Culture Monopoly at Lincoln Center,** *Herbert Kupferberg*

FICTION

57 **A Bird on the Mesa,** *William Eastlake*

VERSE

88 **Variations on a Lorca Form,** *Ruth Krauss*

97 **Our Friends the Russians,** *Henrietta Fort Holland*

DEPARTMENTS

6 **Letters**

12 **The Easy Chair—"PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC": COULD KENNETH GALBRAITH BE WRONG?** *Henry E. Wallich*

30 **After Hours,** *Donald Barthelme and Russell Lynes*

98 **Public & Personal—THE LADY FROM OREGON,** *William S. White*

104 **The New Books,** *Alfred Kazin*

111 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

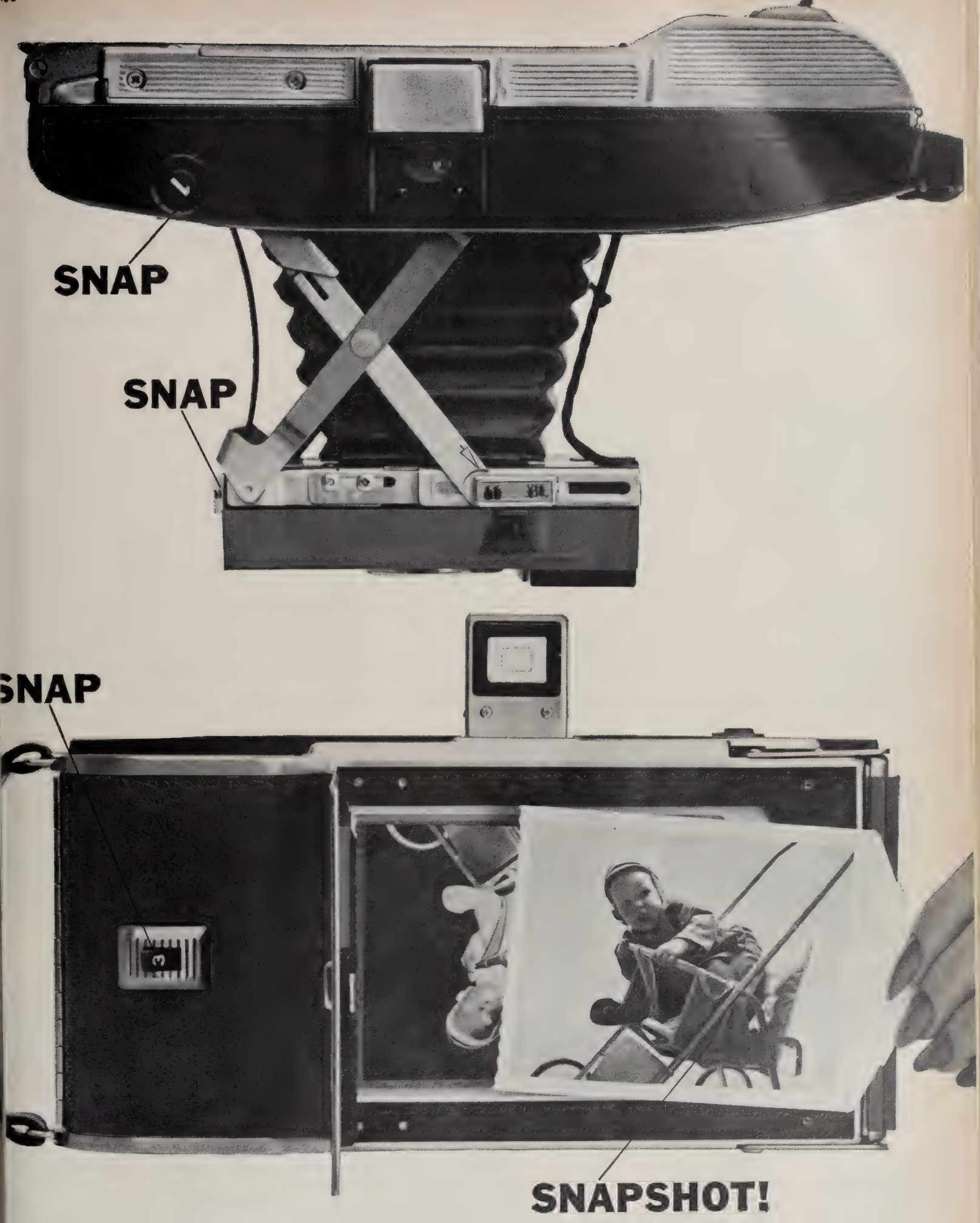
116 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*

118 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

119 **The College Scene:** *Table of Contents*

ARTISTS: Cover, Charles Goslin; 30, 32, N. M. Bodecker; [illegible] Christopher Simon; 57, 63, 80, 81, Gil Walker; 65, 67, Jan Cross; 71-74, Burt Goldblatt; 76, 79, Bernard Perlin; [illegible] Emanuel Schongut; 117, Helen Frank.



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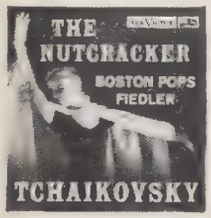
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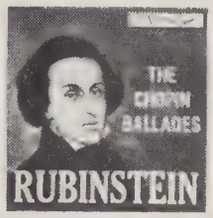
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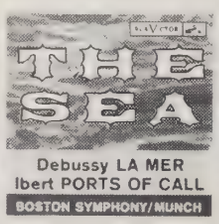
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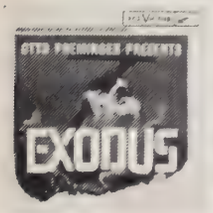
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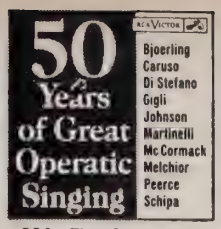
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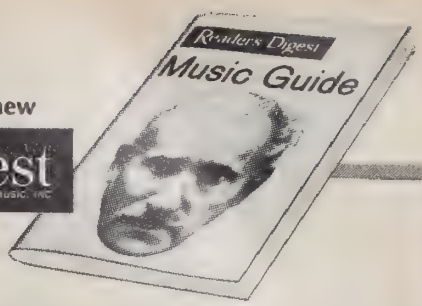
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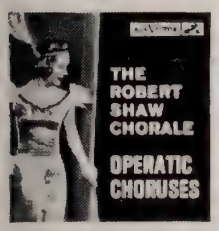
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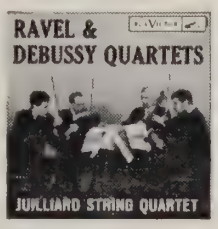


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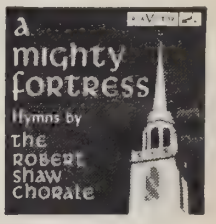
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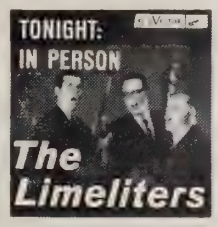
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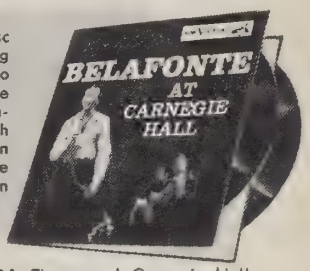


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LETTERS

Paradise Lost

To the Editors:

"Your Unknown Heirs" [by Murray Teigh Bloom, August] was most enlightening to those of us in California who puzzled through three years of legal verbiage trying to find out if and when we would receive the money willed to us in the estate of a New York cousin, whose simple, direct will was drawn up by one of the best firms of attorneys in that city. We were the heirs, designated by her, but the members of the firm which had drawn the will had much to contend with. They spent endless time and money scouring the country to find every known relative, something a good genealogist could have done in short order. They found every known relative and dickered with a few they thought might have contested. After all that, they informed us that the surrogate court would appoint a guardian for unknown minors! The only minors who could have inherited would have been children of first cousins and our cousin was nearly eighty. There were no first cousins who could have had minors known or unknown. Apparently even the best attorneys have their hands tied by legal red tape. Why make a will?

Marion Deane Perkins
Yucaipa, Calif.

Why Work?

To the Editors:

Don't you believe Seth Levine exaggerates a bit when he writes [in "How to Play the Unemployment-insurance Game," August], "The dismal truth seems to be that no one today believes it is better to earn a dollar than to collect one"? On the contrary, the truth is that for every worker collecting an unemployment-insurance dollar in America today at least twenty prefer to earn it.

Edward Corsi
Unemployment Insurance Appeal Board
N. Y. State Dept. of Labor
New York, N. Y.

Seth Levine's article is well-meaning but misdirected. At best, his evidence is the experience in his shop. He fails to recognize that whatever fraud was committed by his employees, either when he failed to list them on his payroll or when his company "arranged" for layoffs before vacations, he and his firm were also knowingly committing fraud. . . .

Mr. Levine refuses to recognize that unemployment insurance is designed to compensate for part of the wage loss which arises from total or partial joblessness. Thus, in citing the case of three workers who would jointly earn $390 when normally employed, he feels they should be content with earnings of $260 and not seek supplementation by unemployment insurance to which they are legally entitled. Even with such benefits their income is still short of the $390 they normally earn. This deficiency, which must be made up in full from savings or by borrowing, is the worker's contribution toward the cost of unemployment. There is no reason why they should pay additional charges while working. . . .

Of course everything that is done to improve State Employment Services and help to retrain the unemployed for suitable work are steps in the right direction. But much of these efforts may also be wasteful unless there are jobs to be had. When work is plentiful there is no incentive to draw unemployment-insurance benefits.

Lazare Teper
Dir., Research Dept.
Inter. Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York, N. Y.

The Author Replies:

Mr. Teper presumes too much. It is because I insist upon remaining within the framework of the law that our company encountered the exasperating production bottlenecks that prompted me to write the article.

As for the universality of the malpractices I described, I can only say that Mr. Teper lives in a circumscribed world. Many business acquaintances in different fields of manufacture confirmed my findings before submission of the article.

Seth Levine
New York, N. Y.

We can all be grateful for the informative article by Seth Levine. Legislators, in their efforts to provide enough loopholes for businessmen, evidently get carried away by the spirit of the time and slipped in a few for the common worker. We will have to be more alert and get our lobbyists on the ball to prevent this sort of danger to our social structure. . . .

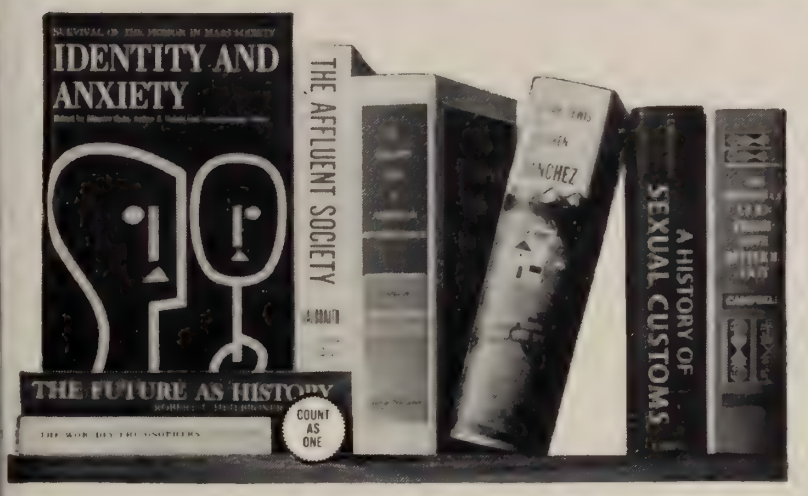
Lewis Leder
New York, N. Y.

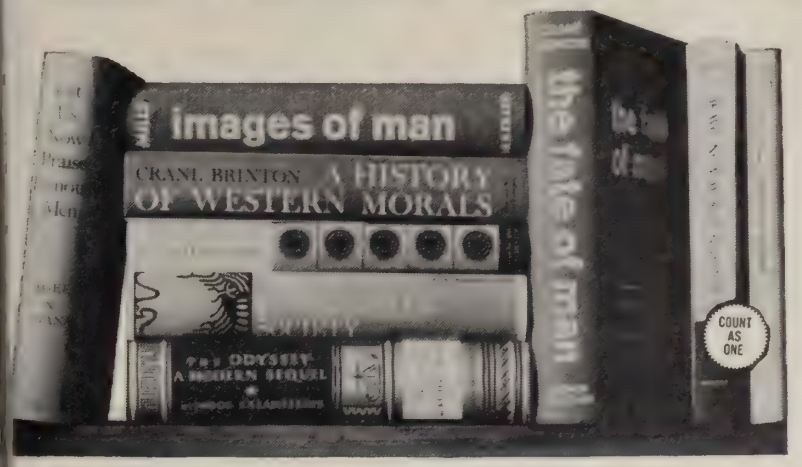
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disagree with Seth Levine when he implies that a retired worker is doing something quasi-illegal and unethical when he collects both social security and unemployment-insurance benefits. The Social Security Act does not define retirement as a complete stoppage of work. It indicates that a worker is retired as long as he does not earn over $1,200 per year. If he earns more, he still may be entitled to some of his benefits, depending on the amount he earns. Even if he earns a substantial yearly amount, he is considered retired any month during which he does not earn over $100. . . .

HELEN WANGER
Rockville, Md.

McNamara's Role

TO THE EDITORS:

My deep-felt thanks and congratulations to Joseph Kraft for "McNamara and His Enemies" [August]. I most sincerely hope that both *Harper's* and Mr. Kraft will follow up this essay [with a series] on our progress in achieving direction and economy for our military needs. I must admit to a certain personal prejudice: my late father, who retired in 1922 after thirty years of service . . . was a strong proponent of joint Army-Navy planning, procurement, and task-groups—this was heresy then as it apparently still is! . . .

GEORGE M. LANDON
Phoenix, Ariz.

America in Crisis

TO THE EDITORS:

It was encouraging to hear from Adlai Stevenson above the din of the New Frontiers and the hard-line warmongers. Fortunately, Mr. Stevenson's duties with the United Nations have not kept him from injecting his voice of sanity into an "America Under Pressure" [August].

GEORGE C. ROBERTS
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.

Why does Mr. Stevenson think that America is not essentially conservative? He implies that conservatism is incompatible with popular government. How is it less so than liberal socialism, with its vast, overweening super-State? . . .

J. S. SWART
New York, N. Y.

Teachers' Taxes

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you for not rejecting Dr. Rosenberg's article, "A Matter of Motive" [August], although it is regrettable that he may thereby have to pay more taxes. Our organization has received a great many letters detailing the experiences of teachers unable to deduct educational expenses. Few ever had their returns audited until they attempted to deduct expenses incurred for continuing their education. I am afraid that many feel a bit like criminals when the audit takes place. This makes them easy prey for the agent who carefully (and often correctly under the tax rulings) explains that they may not deduct expenses because they have not met minimum requirements for teaching. The fact that some have been teaching for ten years, receiving a salary from public funds for so doing, and passing and failing students . . . makes no difference. . . . What shocks the hardy few who pursue the matter further is the offer of "compromise." They cannot understand why, after telling them the expenses are not deductible because they are not qualified teachers, an agent (when he thinks a court case might ensue) offers to compromise to permit a deduction of half the original amount. Does this mean that they are half teachers?

MARTHA L. WARE
Asst. Dir., Research Division
National Education Association
Washington, D. C.

Selling Democracy

TO THE EDITORS:

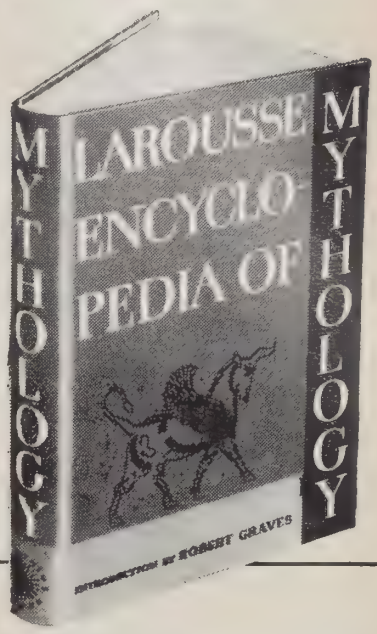
D. H. Radler's ill-documented appraisal of *Time's* Latin-American coverage [in "Our National Talent for Offending People," August] should not go unanswered. . . . Mr. Radler is at some pains to demonstrate that *Time* has been unfair in its treatment of President Ramón Villeda Morales of Honduras. . . . *Time*'s comments on Dr. Villeda quoted by Mr. Radler are among the comparatively few negative things *Time* has written about him. Apparently Mr. Radler's research did not extend to our coverage of Dr. Villeda's 1954 presidential campaign, when we said: ". . . Scion of a wealthy landholding family, Villeda is a socially conscious pediatrician and author of many books and articles. . . . As for Honduras' scraggly Communists, who probably voted for him, Villeda says plainly: 'I am unalterably anti-Communist.' He is on record as a friend of the U. S., and one of the first to congratulate him on his election plurality was U. S. Ambassador Whiting Willauer."

Although we have been critical of President Villeda's administration on some occasions, we also generalized [on January 11, 1960: "Two years after Ramón Villeda Morales moved into the presidency as the overwhelmingly popu

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lar reformer after an era of a strongman rule and canceled elections, Honduras is free and politically stable. . . ." *Time*'s May 19 report stated: "Villeda in his 3½ years as President has forged an independent democracy that neither bows to nor automatically defies the U. S. He is a popular, intuitive democrat. . . ."

Mr. Radler's amazing charge that *Time* has nothing but ridicule for virtually everything Latin American does not merit rebuttal. *Time*'s network of bureaus and correspondents throughout Latin America (unique in the magazine field) are constantly turning up fine stories (often exclusives) in the fields of art, literature, business, medicine, music, etc., a fact much appreciated by Latin Americans.

Finally—and most incredible of all—we read that *Time* is kindly toward Latino dictators! Even a casual reader of *Time* knows this to be preposterous. Batista, Trujillo, Peron, Rojas Pinilla, Perez Jimenez, Castro . . . have all felt the sting of *Time*'s critical—and, I believe—fair coverage over the years.

We have made our mistakes, of course, and they are to be regretted. But they were not for want of good feeling toward Latin America or for want of trying to get at the truth of the matter.

FRANK R. SHEA
Asst. to the Publisher
Time Magazine
New York, N. Y.

Apparently nothing much has changed . . . since the time I was employed by the American Embassy at Petrograd in my native Russia during and after the 1917 revolution. The American men spoke vociferously about democracy, but the main extracurricular occupation was to mingle with nobility. Nevertheless, I fervently hope that Mr. Radler's article will become a must on Madison Avenue, in the State Department, and in all other places where it will do the most good to our very much needed prestige abroad.

BERTHA P. KLENOVA
Florence, Ala.

Dissent from Yugoslavia

TO THE EDITORS:

Two people with long experience in Yugoslavia have written comments on my reports about that country which appeared in the July and August issue of *Harper's* [Easy Chair]. Since each of them has compelling reasons for not wishing to be quoted, and since both took exception to some points in the articles, I feel that in fairness to *Harper's* readers their comments should be summarized here.

One of these correspondents argued that the reports "leave an impression of unity with the West that does not in my view exist in Yugoslavia's foreign policy or basic ideology . . . [they] tend to obscure the great, though not unbridgeable, chasm that still exists between Yugoslavia and the West." The articles certainly were not intended to convey such an impression, but they may have done so inadvertently because I tried to put primary emphasis on the news: *i.e.*, the growing gap between Yugoslavia and Russia, both in economic and in social structure. That was something I had not expected—while I took it for granted (perhaps too much for granted) that everybody was aware of the long-existing gap between Yugoslavia and the West.

He also commented that "while theoretically a Yugoslav citizen may go into business, the practical difficulties, including the problems of space, are very great"; that "controls on foreign trade have not been drastically relaxed"; and that the role of government in economic matters is still dominant.

My other correspondent points out that Yugoslavia has not always followed the Russian lead in foreign affairs quite as blindly as I suggested. "For instance, they have not accepted the Troika principle," or joined altogether wholeheartedly in the Soviet attacks on the UN and its Secretary General. He notes that government subsidies to religious seminaries "are small, and the churches have a very difficult time to maintain themselves." He suggests too, that in reporting the large number of Yugoslavs who travel I may have given the impression that "anyone can get a passport. . . . Actually one of the real remnants of harsh political pressure is the Ministry of Interior's Passport Division . . . some [people] never get one."

I am glad to defer to my friends on all these points—which are after all matters of judgment about details, rather than basic disagreement on the nature and direction of the Yugoslav society.

JOHN FISCHER
New York, N. Y.

John Fischer's footnotes on Tito's flair for "panache and finery" reminded me of Churchill's comments (in *Triumph and Tragedy*, p. 88) on his meeting with the young leader on a hot afternoon in Naples in 1944, after the fall of Italy:

"Marshall Tito came up to the villa, wearing a magnificent gold and blue uniform which was very tight under the collar and singularly unsuited to the blazing heat. . . . Later I entertained Tito at dinner. He was still confined in his gold lace strait jacket. I was so glad to be wearing only a white duck suit."

R. B. WEREY
Piedmont, Calif.



"THE CRITICAL PERIOD IN MATRIMONY IS BREAKFAST-TIME"

[*Sir Allan Patrick Herbert*]



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Saratoga, California

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Name:_____ Address:_____ City:_____ State:_____

HENRY E. WALLICH

THE EASY CHAIR

"Private vs. Public"

Could Kenneth Galbraith Be Wrong?

The guest in the Easy Chair this month is Professor of Economics at Yale and author of the recent book, "The Cost of Freedom: A New Look at Capitalism." In 1959-61, he served as a member of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers.

As President Kennedy's program unfolded after January 20, the financial storm flags that had gone up during and after the campaign came down abruptly. The outflow of gold, which had been nourished by campaign talk about easy money and big budgets, came to a halt. This was the financial world's way of saying that it regarded the program as moderate and not very different from what the Republican program would have been. It looked as if both parties had something to cheer about: the Democrats had their man, the Republicans had their program.

But it would scarcely be fair to the President's advisers, whose views are well known, to assume that a few months in office have fundamentally changed their minds. Their problem is that the gold flow is not just a barometer. It is a positive check. The United States cannot afford a program that would undermine confidence in the dollar. It puts the Administration's economists in the position of Oscar Wilde's French-speaking Englishman, who said not what he wanted to say, but what he could say. If and when the gold situation permits, their economic pronouncements will probably recover the familiar ring.

This ring has been made familiar by the writings of J. K. Galbraith, Seymour Harris, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Alvin Hansen, and others. It rejects our ancient American folklore that politicians spend too much. In its place it puts the intriguing notion that they spend too little. Public needs are underfinanced while private tastes are overindulged—that is the proposition.

The two parts of the proposition seem neatly to complement each other—too much of one, therefore too little of the other. In fact they don't. It is one thing to be irritated by certain manifestations of our contemporary civilization —the gadgets, the chrome, the tailfins, and the activities that go with them. It is quite another —and something of a *non sequitur*—to conclude from this that the only alternative to foolish private spending is public spending. Better private spending is just as much of a possibility. My contention here will be that to talk in terms of "public vs. private" is to confuse the issue. More than that, it is to confuse means and ends. The choice between public and private money is primarily a choice of means. The sensible approach for those who are dissatisfied with some of the ends to which private money is being spent, is to specify first what other ends are important and why. Having determined the ends, the next step is to look to the means. That is the order in which I propose to proceed here.

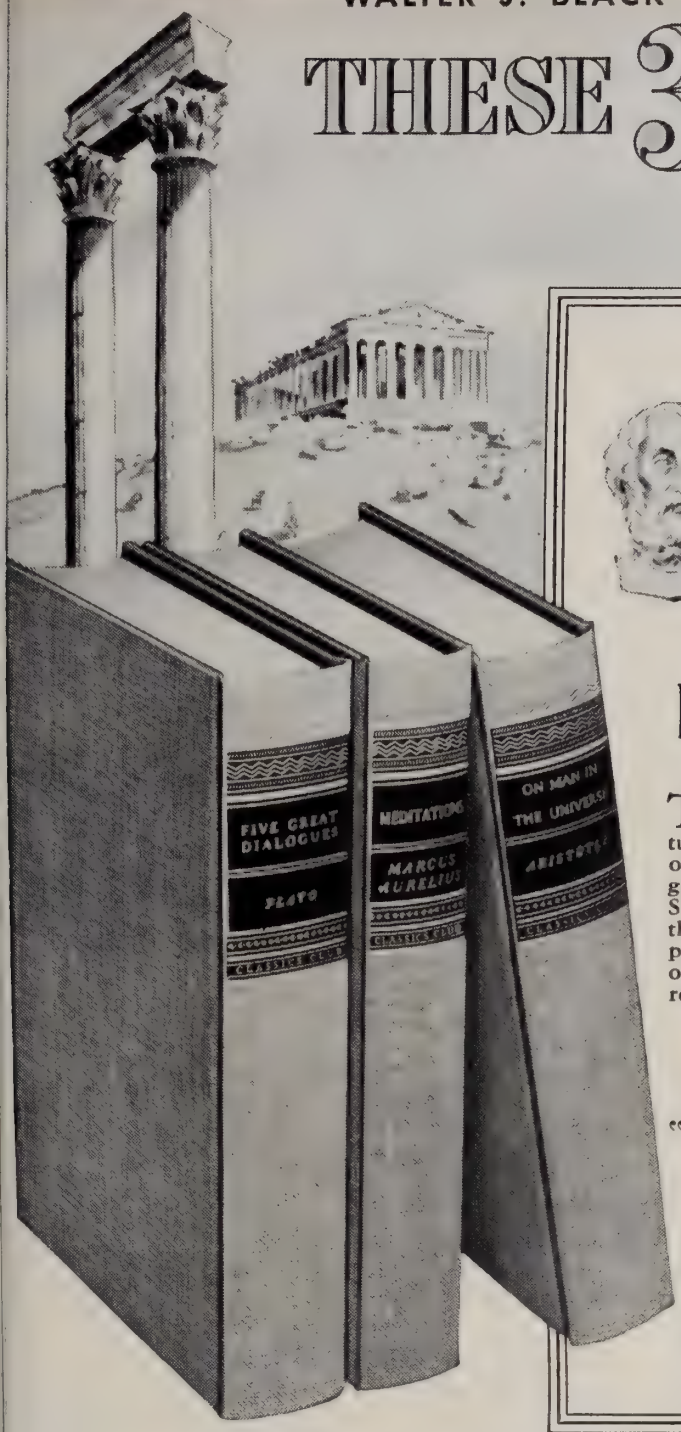
What Is Wrong with Private Spending?

One may share the irritation of the new social critics as they look upon some of the fluff and the floss on our standard of living. My personal feelings can be characterized by noting that I have a 1951 car and no TV. The critics may want to bear in mind, however, that not all the money in this country is spent by people for whom life begins at $25,000. The median family income is $5,600. Would these critics of the affluent society want to try living on much less than that? When Galbraith inveighs eloquently against switchblades, narcotics, and other phases of juvenile delinquency, he deserves the support of all right-thinking representatives of what he calls the "conventional wisdom." But are the sources of these aberrations more intimately tied to affluence or to poverty? The exponents of the new social criticism may also want to remember the outcome of that "noble experiment," Prohibition. It should have taught us that it is futile to become our brother's dietitian. I hope that it has

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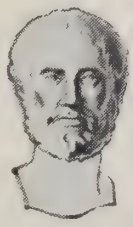
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also imbued us with wholesome doubt about the moral right of some members of the community to regulate the lives of the rest.

Irritation with the poor judgment of other people who fail to appreciate one's own more advanced tastes is not new. It was a familiar situation during the 1920s. The critics then quoted T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and some went off to Paris in search of greener cultural pastures. The feeling behind the new social criticism is not dissimilar. Hence one might suppose that the reaction would likewise turn in a cultural direction. One might expect the critics of contemporary materialism to plead for more intensive preoccupation with things of the mind. Some fits and starts in that direction there have been, to be sure. But they have not been in the main stream of the movement. The principal alternative to private materialism that has been offered to us has been public materialism.

Signs of Quality

Obviously, the quality of our culture could be greatly improved by public expenditures for education and support of the arts. The sales of good paperbacks and LPs are encouraging signs. But if contemporary materialism is to be leavened by such pursuits, it will be principally because large numbers of individuals make private decisions to that end. Social criticism is constructive if it helps precipitate these decisions. It obstructs a desirable evolution if it suggests that public creature comforts are the only alternative to private.

But while emphasis on nonmaterial ends seems sadly lacking in the new social criticism, the critics are right in pointing out that new material needs also have been carried to the fore by social and economic evolution—even though they mislabel them as public needs. In the good old days, when this was still a nation of farmers, most people had no serious retirement worries, there was no industrial unemployment problem, good jobs could be had without a college degree, most diseases were still incurable—in short, social security, education, and health care found primitive and natural solutions within the family and among the resources of the neighborhood. Today, these solutions are neither adequate nor usually even possible.

Meanwhile mounting wealth and advancing technology have brought within reach the means of meeting these needs. We can afford to live better in every way—more creature comforts, more leisure, more attention to matters of the mind and the spirit. At the same time we can take better care of retirement, of unemployment, of illness, of education, of the possibilities opened by research, than ever before.

There are indeed new needs. The citizen-taxpayer has his choice of meeting them, as well as all his other needs, in one of two ways. He can buy the goods or services he wants privately, for cash or credit. Or he can buy them from the government, for taxes.

The nation as a whole pays taxes to buy public services as it pays grocery bills to buy groceries. The tax burden may be heavier for some individuals than for others. But the nation as a whole has no more reason to complain about the "burden" of taxes than about the "burden" of grocery bills—and no more reason to hope for relief.

Of the two stores, the private store today still is much the bigger. The public store is smaller, but it is growing faster.

Each store has some exclusive items. The private store sells most of the necessities and all of the luxuries of life, and in most of these has no competition from the government side. The public store has some specialties of its own: defense, public order and justice, and numerous local services that the private organization has not found profitable. But there is a wide range of items featured by both stores: provision for old age, health services, education, housing, development of natural resources.

The New Needs

The bulk of the new needs are in this competitive area. The fashionable notion is to claim them all for the public store and to label them public needs. The statistics say otherwise. They say in fact two things: First, the supply of this group of goods and services has expanded very rapidly in recent years; and second, they are being offered, in varying degrees, both by the private and the public suppliers. Let us run down the list.

Provision for old age is predominantly private. The average American family, realizing that while old age may be a burden, it is the only known way to achieve a long life, takes care of the matter in three ways: (1) by private individual savings—home ownership, savings deposits, securities; (2) by private collective savings—life insurance, corporate pension funds; and (3) by public collective savings through social security. Statisticians report that the two collective forms are advancing faster than the individual. The increases far exceed the rise in the Gross National Product of almost 80 per cent (in current prices) over the past ten years; they do not indicate either that these needs are neglected or that they are necessarily public in character.

Education: the bulk of it is public; but a good part, particularly of higher education, is private. Total expenditures for all education have advanced in the last ten years from $9.3 billion to $24.6 billion ($19.3 billion of it public). Education's share in the national income has advanced from 3.8 per cent to 5.8 per

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cent. The silly story that we spend more on advertising than on education is a canard, though with its gross of over $10 billion, advertising does take a lot of money.

Health expenditures are still mainly private. At considerable expense, it is now possible to live longer and be sick less frequently or at least less dangerously. In the past, most people paid their own doctors' bills, although health care for the indigent has always been provided by public action or private philanthropy. Since the war, the proliferation of health insurance has given some form of collective but private insurance to three-quarters of our 182 million people. This has greatly reduced pressure for a national health service along British lines. For the aging, whose health-care needs stand in inverse proportion to their capacity to pay or insure, public insurance has finally been initiated and needs to be expanded. The total annual expenditure on health is estimated at over $25 billion, a little more than on education. Of this, about $6 billion is public.

So much for the allegation that the "new needs" are all public needs. Now for some further statistics on the public store, which is said to have been neglected. Some of them could make an investor in private growth stocks envious. Research expenditures (mainly for defense and atomic energy) have gone from about $1 billion to over $8 billion in the last ten years. Federal grants to the states have advanced from $2.2 billion to $7 billion during the same period. Social-security benefits rose from $1 billion to over $10 billion. All in all, public cash outlays (federal and state) advanced from $61 billion to $134 billion over ten years, 57 per cent faster than the GNP.

For those who feel about public spending the way Mark Twain felt about whiskey, these figures may still look slim. (Mark Twain thought that while too much of anything was bad, too much whiskey was barely enough.) To others, the data may suggest that the advocates of more public spending have already had their way. Could their present discontent be the result of a not keeping their statistics up-to-date? In one of his recent pamphlets, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. claims that the sum of the many neglects he observes (including defense) could be mended by raising public expenditures by $10 to $12 billion. That is well below the increase in public cash outlays that actually did take place in one single fiscal year, from $118.2 billion in 1958 to $132.7 billion in 1959. In the three fiscal years 1957-59, these outlays went up more than $31 billion, though the advance slowed down in 1960. More facts and less indignation might help to attain better perspective.

Some parts of federal, state, and local budgets have expanded less rapidly than those cited—in many cases fortunately. The massive build-up in defense expenditures from the late 'forties to the 'fifties has squeezed other programs. Unfortunately, on the other hand, some programs that both political parties have favored—including aid to education, to depressed areas, for urban renewal—have been delayed unduly by the vicissitudes of politics. But the figures as a whole lend little support to the thesis that politicians don't spend enough, and that the government store is not expanding fast enough.

The Citizen in the Stores

The two stores—private and public—work very hard these days to capture the business of the citizen-taxpayer. Here is what he hears as he walks into the private store:

"The principal advantage of this store," the private businessman says, "is that you can shop around and buy exactly what you want. If I don't have it I'll order it. You, the consumer, are the boss here. To be sure, I'm not in business for charity but for profit. But my profit comes from giving you what you want. And with competition as fierce as it is, you can be sure the profit won't be excessive."

If the proprietor has been to Harvard Business School, he will perhaps remember to add something about the invisible hand which in a free economy causes the self-seeking of competitors to work for the common good. He will also, even without benefit of business school, remember to drop a word about the danger of letting the public store across the street get too big. It might endanger freedom.

As the citizen turns this sales tal over in his mind, several points occu to him. Without denying the broa validity of the argument, he wil note that quite often he has bee induced to buy things he did no really need, and possibly to neglec other, more serious needs. Snob ap peal and built-in obsolescence pro moted by expensive advertising don seem to him to fit in with the notio that the consumer is king. Lookin at the brand names and patents an trademarks, he wonders whethe most products are produced an priced competitively instead o under monopoly conditions. The in visible hand at times seems to be in visible mainly because it is so dee in his pocket.

Bothered by these doubts, the ci izen walks across the street and e ters the public store.

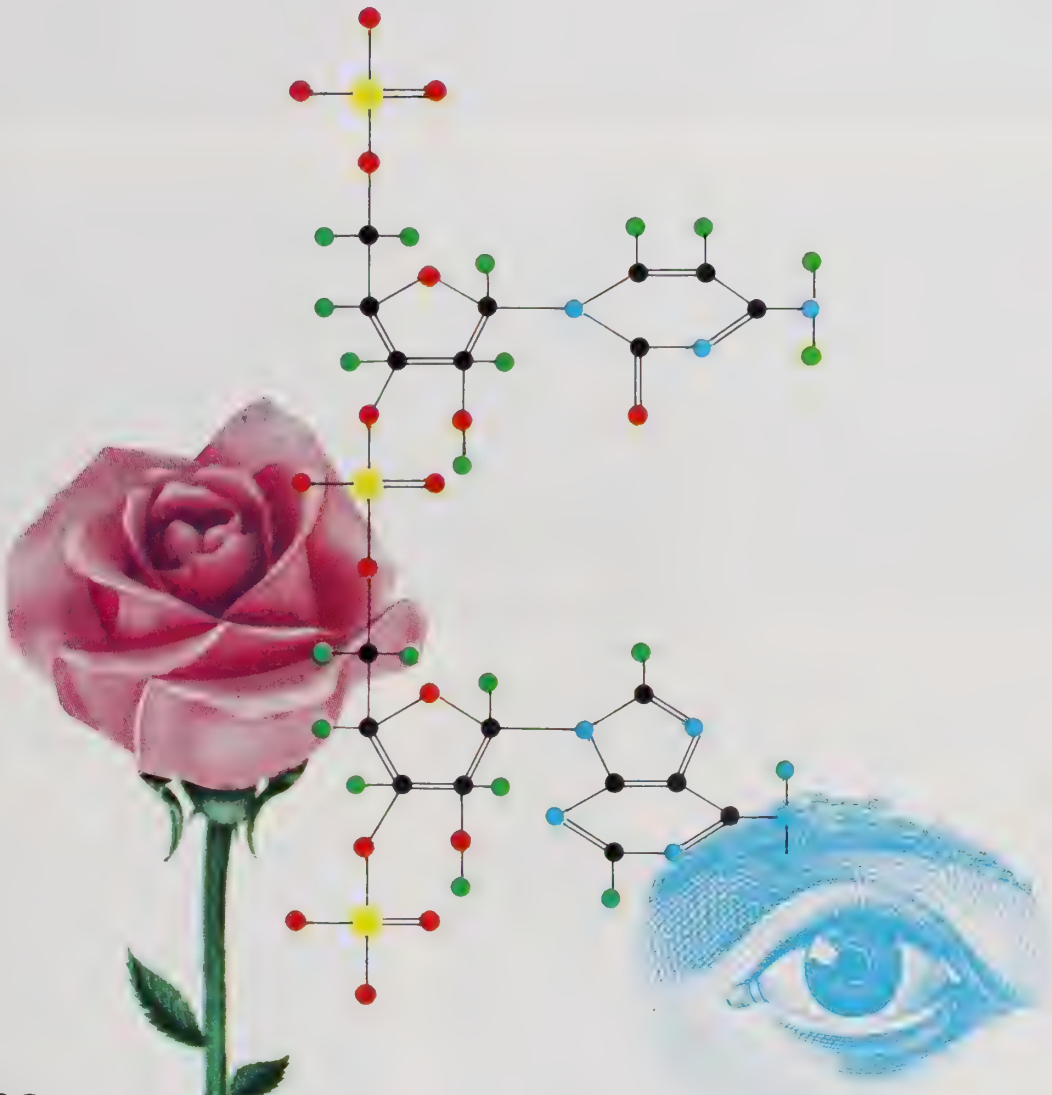
"Let me explain to you," says th politician who runs it—with the ai of a horde of hard-working burea crats doing the chores. "The prin ples on which this store is run a known as the political process, ar if you happen to be familiar wi private merchandising they m seem unusual, but I assure you th work. First of all, almost everythi in this store is free. We simply sess our customers a lump sum in t form of taxes. These, however, a based largely on each customer's ab ity to pay, rather than on what gets from the store. We have a sh of hands from the customers onc year, and the majority decides wh merchandise the store is to have stock. The majority, incidenta also decides how much everybo including particularly the minor is to be assessed for taxes.

"You will observe," the politic continues, "that this store is not r for profit. It is like a co-operat run for the welfare of the memb I myself, to be sure, am not in p tics for charity, but for re-electi But that means that I must be terested in your needs, or you wo not vote for me. Moreover, there some useful things that only I do, with the help of the polit process, and in which you and e citizen have an interest. For insta everybody ought to go to schoo can make them go. Everybody ou to have old-age insurance. I make that compulsory too. And

1 mathematicians have helped biochemists explore the mysterious pattern-makers that give life its myriad forms.

he heart of every living cell lies a strange substance which kes the difference between an eye and a rose petal. Bio- mists call it DNA. ▪ To understand how living things grow n they are healthy (and what goes wrong when they are), scientists are searching for the relationship between DNA proteins in the cell. This means analyzing the molecular ns of thousands of different proteins, only a few of which now known. ▪ IBM mathematicians have cooperated with hemists on the problem of protein analysis. They have applied principles of mathematical logic to masses of information developed in the laboratory. Using the computer as a tool, biochemists are hoping to piece together the identity and sequence of all the atoms in the protein chain. These methods could save years of laboratory labor and eventually help doctors diagnose diseases. ▪ As scientists, engineers and businessmen reach for new advances in their fields, they often are faced with enormous data handling problems and look to computers and data processing systems for solutions.

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what makes a rose a rose

or an eye an eye?



Big sti



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On the opposite page are sketches of the interior. swatches give you an idea of the decor in each room.

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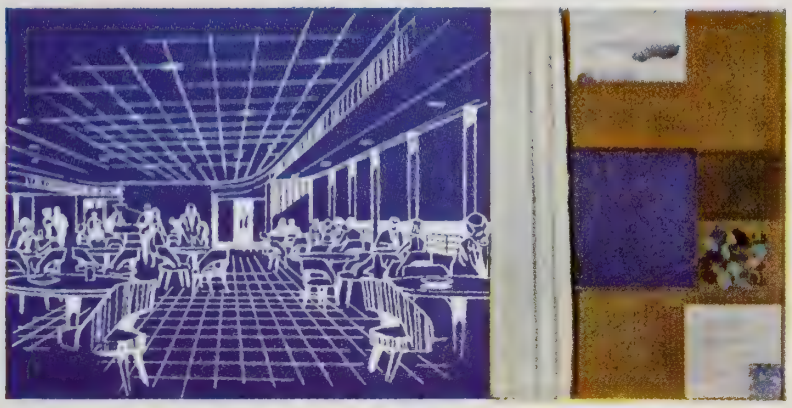
n the Pacific...



Swatches indicate color schemes

e Arrangement

bedroom-sitting room suites convert in moments to
nmodate from one to four. Ideal for shipboard enter-
g or for solitude. Complete with spacious, modern bath.
: warm browns, rust, beige, blues and burnished yellow.



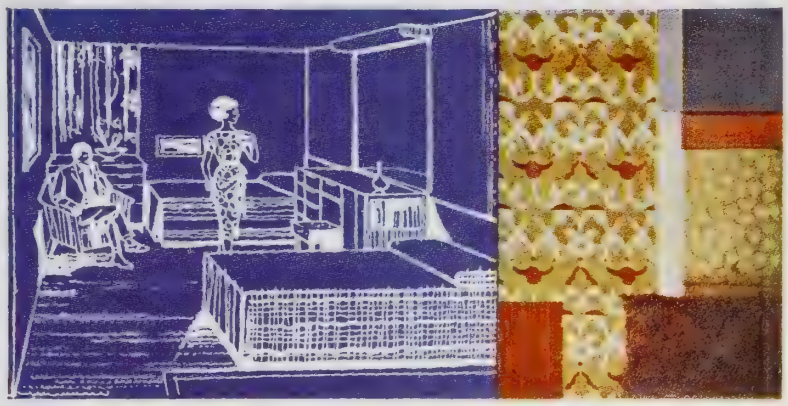
Marine Veranda

This glass-enclosed veranda with its sweeping seascapes opens out onto the sun-deck. By day a shaded lounge overlooking the pool, at night it's transformed into a supper club with music and dancing. Colors: mocha and turquoise.



n Lounge

t room for casual conversation. Deep-cushioned sofas
airs make it your own private club at sea. The cool
nd greens of the carpeting and upholstery, accented
te drapes and yellow paneling, strike a tranquil note.



Double Stateroom

A master bedroom, complete with wide soft armchairs, radio, telephone, air conditioning and 'round-the-clock room service. Float on finest air foam as the sea lulls you gently to sleep. Color scheme: warm browns, tan, rust, burnt orange.

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cause I don't charge the full cost of the service, I can help even up a little the inequalities of life.

"By the way," the politician concludes, "if there is any special little thing you want, I may be able to get it for you, and of course it won't cost you a nickel."

The citizen has some fault to find with the political process too. He notes that there is not even a theoretical claim to the benefits of an invisible hand. Majority rule may produce benefits for the majority, but how about the other 49 per cent? Nor is there the discipline of competition, or the need for profits, to test economy of operation. There is no way, in the public store, of adjusting individual costs and benefits. And the promise to get him some small favor, while tempting, worries him, because he wonders what the politician may have promised to others. The political process, he is led to suspect, may be a little haphazard.

He asks himself how political decisions get to be made. Sometimes, obviously, it is not the majority that really makes a decision, but a small pressure group that is getting away with something. He will remember that—after payments for major national security and public debt interest—the largest single expenditure in the federal budget is for agriculture, and the next for veterans. He may also recall that one of the first budgetary actions of the new Administration was to increase funds for agriculture by $3 billion.

The Expanding Belt

Next, the citizen might consider the paralyzing "balance-of-forces" effect that often blocks a desirable reshuffling of expenditures. The allocation of public funds reflects the bargaining power of their sponsors, inside or outside the government. A classical example was the division of funds that prevailed in the Defense Department during the late 'forties. Army, Navy, and Air Force were to share in total resources in a way that would maximize military potential. By some strange coincidence, maximum potential was always achieved by giving each service the same amount of money. It took the Korean War to break this stalemate.

What is the consequence of the balance-of-forces effect? If the proponents of one kind of expenditure want to get more money for their projects, they must concede an increase also to the advocates of others. More education means more highways, instead of less; more air power means more ground forces. To increase a budget in one direction only is as difficult as letting out one's belt only on one side. The expansion tends to go all around. What this comes down to is that politicians are not very good at setting priorities. Increases in good expenditures are burdened with a political surcharge of less good ones.

The last-ditch survival power of federal programs is a specially illuminating instance of the balance of forces. If a monument were built in Washington in memory of each major federal program that has been discontinued, the appearance of the city would not be greatly altered. In contrast, when the Edsel doesn't sell, production stops. But the government is still reclaiming land to raise more farm surpluses and training fishermen to enter an occupation that needs subsidies to keep alive. Old federal programs never die, they don't even fade away—they just go on.

The citizen will remember also the ancient and honorable practice of logrolling. The unhappy fate of the Area Development bill illustrates it admirably. As originally proposed, the bill sought to aid a limited number of industrial areas where new jobs were badly needed. It got nowhere in the Congress. Only when it was extended to a large number of areas with less urgent or quite different problems, were enough legislators brought aboard to pass it. Because of the heavy political surcharge with which it had become loaded, President Eisenhower vetoed the bill. A bill was finally enacted early this year, long after aid should have been brought to the areas that needed it.

Finally, the citizen might discover in some dark corner of his mind a nagging thought: Any particular government program may be a blessing, but could their cumulative effect be a threat to freedom? He has heard businessmen say this so often that he has almost ceased to pay attention to it. He rather resents



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businessmen acting the dog in the manger, trying to stop useful things from being done unless they can do them. He is irritated when he hears a man talk about freedom who obviously is thinking about profit. And yet—is there any conclusive rebuttal?

The Citizen's Failures

The citizen would be quite wrong, however, if he blamed the politician for the defects of the political process. The fault lies with the process, or better with the way in which the process, the politician, and the citizen interact. The citizen therefore would do well to examine some of his own reactions and attitudes.

First, when he thinks about taxes, he tends to think of them as a burden instead of as a price he pays for a service. As a body, the nation's taxpayers are like a group of neighbors who decide to establish a fire department. Because none is quite sure how much good it will do him, and because each hopes to benefit from the contribution of the rest, all are prudent in their contributions. In the end they are likely to wind up with a bucket brigade.

But when it comes to accepting benefits, the citizen-taxpayers act like a group of men who sit down at a restaurant table knowing that they will split the check evenly. In this situation everybody orders generously; it adds little to one's own share of the bill, and for the extravagance of his friends he will have to pay anyhow. What happens at the restaurant table explains—though it does not excuse—what happens at the public trough.

Finally, in his reaction to public or free services, the citizen takes a great deal for granted, and seldom thinks of the cost. Public beaches mistreated, unmetered parking space permanently occupied, veterans' adjustment benefits continued without need—as well as abuses of unemployment compensation and public assistance—are some examples. This applies also, of course, to privately offered benefits, under health insurance, for instance. The kindly nurse in the hospital—"Why don't you stay another day, dearie, it won't cost you anything, it's all paid for by Blue Cross"—makes the point.

By removing the link between costs and benefits, the political process also reduces the citizen's interest in earning money. The citizen works to live. If some of his living comes to him without working, he would be less than rational if he did not respond with a demand for shorter hours. If these public benefits increase his tax burden so that his over-all standard of living remains unchanged, the higher taxes will reduce his work incentive. Why work hard, if much of it is for the government?

The Political Dollar at a Discount

These various defects of the political process add up to an obvious conclusion: the dollar spent by even the most honest and scrupulous of politicians is not always a full-bodied dollar. It often is subject to a discount. It buys less than it should because of the attrition it suffers as it goes through the process, and so may be worth only 90 cents or 80 cents and sometimes perhaps less. The private dollar, in too many cases, may also be worth less than 100 per cent. But here each man can form his own judgment, can pick and choose or refuse altogether. In the political process, all he can do is say Yes or No once a year in November.

The discount on the public dollar may be compensated by the other advantages of government—its ability to compel, to subsidize, to do things on a big scale and at a low interest cost. Whether that is the case needs to be studied in each instance. Where these advantages do not apply, the private market will give better service than the political process. For many services, there is at least some leeway for choice between the private and public store—health and retirement, housing, research, higher education, natural-resource development. Defense, on the other hand, as well as public administration, public works of all kinds, and the great bulk of education—while perhaps made rather expensive by the political process—leave no realistic alternative to public action.

The argument I have offered is no plea to spend more or less on any particular function. It is a plea for doing whatever we do in the most effective way.

In October . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest
(Times indicated are current N. Y. Time)

"The Life of Ernest Hemingway"
A biographical study, with dramatized excerpts from his works.
Sunday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

"The Mysterious Deep"
The sea's potential yield for mankind.
Sunday, October 1 and 8 (6-6:30 PM)

"World Series Preview"
Tuesday, October 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Brandenburg Gate"
Drama set against the Berlin crisis.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"The Spiral Staircase"
Dramatization based on the motion picture.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"Sound of the Sixties"
Our way of life in the next decade. Producer, Dore Schary; with John Daly, Art Carney, Tony Randall and Andre Previn.
Monday, October 9 (10-11 PM)

"People Need People"
Original drama of conflict in a psychiatric experiment.
Tuesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

"Feathertop"
Musical based on a story by Hawthorne.
Thursday, October 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in a repeat presentation.
Friday, October 20 (8:30-10:30 PM)

"Merrily We Roll Along"
Groucho Marx narrates the story of America's love affair with the automobile.
Sunday, October 22 (10-11 PM)

"The Dispossessed"
The American Indian's struggle for citizenship; an original drama by Saul Levitt.
Tuesday, October 24 (10-11 PM)

"The Power and the Glory"
Laurence Olivier in a new adaptation of the novel by Graham Greene.
Sunday, October 29 (9-11 PM)

"Russian Assault on the Antarctic"
Exclusive films of the first Soviet base on the treacherous ice shelf.
Monday, October 30 (7-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	Contemporary Mathematics
	American Government
	The New Biology
Mondays:	Expedition!
Tuesdays:	Close-Up! [Alternate weeks]
Wednesdays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Thursdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness
	Frank McGee's Here & Now
Saturdays:	Update
	Accent
Sundays:	Camera Three
	Meet the Professor
	Washington Conversation
	Directions '62
	Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Issues and Answers
	Patterns in Music
	Wisdom
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	The Twentieth Century
	Meet the Press
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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Harold Lamb is a familiar figure the world over as historian, writer and reconstructor of the ancient and medieval past. His fifteen books include HANNIBAL, CYRUS THE GREAT, GENGHIS KHAN, CHARLEMAGNE and THE CRUSADES.

"El Cid"

by

HAROLD LAMB

No one, ever, was quite like him.

He came out of the farmlands beneath the Pyrenees nine hundred years ago to become the invincible champion of his people—it is said that "no foe prevailed against him". Spain, the nation he helped create, made him its hero. Europe wove his story into a deathless legend. Yet we Americans hardly know who he was, much less what he did. Only in the last few years has history made clear the life of this man, Rodrigo de Bivar.





Heroic statue represents the valiant El Cid—and motion picture captures his glory and gallantry.

The times of El Cid Campeador

His enemies named him *El Cid*, which means *The Lord*—from the Arabic *el seid*—and the soldier Cam-

peador which means victor of the battlefield. So, in the opinion of his foes, he was at the same time a merciful lord and a ruthless fighter. One of them, a Moor, stated: "This man, the scourge of our time, was by his clear-eyed force, his strength of spirit and heroism, a miracle of the miracles of the Almighty."

It was a merciless age. In the land that would be Spain, successive waves of Moslems had thrown the small Christian kingdoms, Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon, and others, back against the barrier of the Pyrenees. The land itself was drained by petty conflicts wherein Moslems and Christians alike formed kaleidoscopic patterns of alliances and enmities.

Here, the Cid fought his battle, alone. In his youth,

he had an odd vision. It seemed to him as if the bloody welter of peoples around him could be brought together in tolerance. And if so, a great nation could be shaped around them. Perhaps ruled by a single Christian king. Unlike Jeanne d'Arc of a later day, Rodrigo knew no name for his nation, nor identity for his king.

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Steel engraving depicts El Cid's entry into citadel and this spectacular scene is now recreated.

Life Story of a World Hero

Like a prophet without honor in his own country, El Cid found himself alone in his convictions. Sparing the lives of some captive Moors, he was branded a traitor. Desperate to remove the stigma from his name, he defeated the champion of a rival kingdom in mortal combat and was hailed "Campeador". Still, as champion in arms, persisting in his fight for mutual tolerance, he faced the enmity of his own peers and the hatred of his beloved Lady Chimene.

The malignant envy of his king, Alfonso of Castile, exiled Rodrigo to wander between castles and battlefields of hostile lands. There Lady Chimene, joining him at last, had to be sent from his outcast army. So misfortune came with each attempt of the Cid to follow out his vision. And, exiled from each other, the love of the Cid and Chimene sustained them with the hope of finding somewhere a place of their own, and each other.

Their love story has become a legend.

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Fabled romance between El Cid and Lady Chimene comes to life!

Testimony of a song

History tells us that the Cid's dream was realized not long after his death, when the great Christian state of Spain began to form around Toledo with Moorish provinces to the south. While the crusades ebbed and flowed in battle upon the coast of Palestine, Spain protected now from invasion, became a junction between the arts of the cultured Arabs and the seeking of a Europe emerging from monasticism to embark upon discovery.

Almost at once, strange voices gave their testimony to the man, now called a hero, who had held his shield before the people of Spain. The *cantares* sang of him that when the ban of the king was laid upon those aiding him a girl of nine years appeared to guide him on his way; when he hungered, a feast was laid in a cottage home. The songs found a name for his horse, surely a white stallion—*Babieca*—and for his swords—*Tizona* and *Colada*. One was surely a Moslem blade and the other Christian! The songs echoed words of his: "Look ye, all, at the bloodied sword, the sweating steed — in this manner are the Moors overcome on the field of battle!"

Out of the songs rose the *Poema del Mio Cid,* the Poem of My Cid. To lords of manors and cottages alike, he had become *My* Cid. Like the *Song of Roland,* it passed national boundaries. Christian Europe knew him as the warrior who would not accept defeat. As happened upon the morning when the knights at his side were stricken by the sight of the invading Almoravides, their foes, and the Cid said to them, "Do not fear! This is a glorious day." And at the coming of death, he said to them with hope, "Let us go among the people who endure forever."

The *Poema* is legend, but it reveals to us the truth, so long obscured by misreading of history, of the vision of the Cid that came to fulfilment only after, and by, his death. The *Poema*, echoing a thousand voices, has made certain that the story of the Cid will endure forever.

Samuel Bronston was the first producer to believe that the stirring human story of the Cid could be filmed.



Behind-the-scenes of El Cid.

There was no precedent for it, and likewise no understanding on the part of audiences throughout the world of what was being attempted. Bronston, however, had faith that those audiences could be drawn into the world of the Cid, made real. Anthony Mann, director of the great enterprise, was already an eager convert. The story had a way of making converts, perhaps because nothing quite like it had been attempted. Robert Krasker's restless cameras that had revealed the pageantry in *Henry V* and the lovers in *Romeo and Juliet* brought out the lovers and the human conflict in *El Cid* against the backdrop of the armed conflict.

To me, after seeing the scenes available in Madrid, the people, Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren and all the others, come alive in their old world setting. Watching them, you are drawn to them and you *feel* for them.

Perhaps because there is nothing familiar in it, this picture gripped me as no other had done.

The country was the stage

Castles in Spain, knights with banners—all become real in the scenes of *El Cid*, leading to the unthinkable climax.

Spain itself contributed to the last appearance of its hero. The bright sun of Spain still sheds a medieval after-glow. Castle backgrounds of *El Cid* are actual survivors of his time, although one cathedral had to be rebuilt. Villagers, still in medieval homes, it seems, found it quite simple to look and behave like their far-off ancestors. So a cavalry charge in *El Cid* looks lifelike, because some seventeen hundred members of the Spanish army did the riding. The black invasion fleet from Africa sails in to the Valencia shore with purpose because it is made up from a fishing fleet of that shore. The skill of the art directors, John Moore and Veniero Colasanti, brought out every vista.

Ranging as they did from coast to coast in the shooting, the makers of *El Cid* have searched out all vestiges of his wanderings. Sight of a roadside shrine, sound of a vespers bell. Swords of the knights were forged in a Toledo foundry; banners and pennants were embroidered in the old patterns by skilled hands of countrywomen. This reality of objects adds to the sense that the whole is real, and that you have been drawn into another age where anything may happen.

The other age

In the eleventh century, a belted knight was no mere fighting machine; he acted also as judge, and protector, or despoiler, of others, as his inclination might be. A country had no vast bureaucracy to govern it; one man, the king, did what he could, with any vassals he could get to help. The Spanish Campeador accepted





Star Charlton Heston engages in perilous swordplay and learns the ancient sport of falconry.

responsibility for all who joined him—"to be given their bread"—and the burden of defending wounded Spain against the invasion from Africa, while he tried to guide the king who persecuted him.

The Cid took no thought for personal revenge. His victories with the two-handed sword meant nothing unless they brought his vision nearer.

"But if I act with pride—"

So many others looked to the Cid for help that he was forced to act as their ruler, without title. In the deepening crises, his decisions became, as it were, command decisions. People cried out their need of a champion, a just judge, and leader. At Valencia, the Cid

offered the crown of the kingdom. He refused it. He was a man who followed his conviction without ipromise. He endured defeat, but would not accept eat. He endured the scorn of the nobility of Castile, e, persecution, and in the end death. He endured his manner because ad a blind faith that l would strengthen hand if he did the t thing.

The Cid was thought e outcast because he ke the Arab speech held to Islamic law well as Christian. no man was more out in his Christian h. When he rode in- he hazard of life in great tournament, believed that God l not his sword ld decide the mat- for him.

o when he had won key city of Valencia by guile more than force, he laimed: "If I act lawfully, God will leave me Valencia; but if I act with pride and injustice, I know He will take the city away from me."

We live today in an age that avoids personal responsibility. What happens to us we blame on others. In the popular skepticism, our theatre and literature seek reality in the cult of the defeated. Unconsciously, in our malaise of mind, we may be drifting back to the archaic Greek concept that man is powerless before Fate — or superior force.





Archers of El Cid inspire a dramatic tapestry.

Nine hundred years ago the Cid dedicated himself to responsibility for all others around him, for his country, and king.

This is no drama of a bygone age. It challenges our own time in its dedication of a man to a selfless task. Through the magic of the screen, in light and sound, the vision of the Cid touches us today.



Thousand-year-old costumes and armor are reproduced with authenticity.

CHARLTON HESTON and SOPHIA LOREN in SAMUEL BRONSTON'S **"EL CID"**

also starring RAF VALLONE · GENEVIEVE PAGE

co-starring JOHN FRASER · GARY RAYMOND · HURD HATFIELD · MASSIMO SERATO and HERBERT LOM

music by MIKLOS ROZSA · written by FREDRIC M. FRANK and PHILIP YORDAN · directed by ANTHONY MANN

in SUPER TECHNIRAMA · TECHNICOLOR® · a SAMUEL BRONSTON PRODUCTION · in association with DEAR FILMS PRODUCTIONS

distributed by ALLIED ARTISTS



"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
Short-stemmed flower vase of heavy lead crystal from Sweden.
Delicately engraved. 4" high. $12.50.

Mail orders invited. Add 75c for postage.
Please write for our Gift Catalog.

667 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC

Books Children Love
come from the
F.A.O. SCHWARZ
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F.A.O. SCHWARZ
World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. • Boston, Mass.
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Palm Beach, Fla. • Short Hills, N. J.
Westchester, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation the Children's Book Catalogue listing hundreds of books graded by age and interest.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____



AFTER HOURS



THE CASE OF THE VANISHING PRODUCT

THE surprising thing about the best contemporary advertising is the way in which The Product is being shunted into the background. In the *39th Annual of Advertising and Editorial Art and Design*,* a remarkable number of the advertisements give not so much as a clue to what is being advertised. An amazing reticence seems to have overtaken our advertisers; a new discretion veils their efforts to whip up the consumer's flagging will to consume.

The *39th Annual* displays an intense preoccupation with objects: keys, clocks, corkscrews, kiosks, balloons, musical instruments, stones, telephones, birdcages, wineglasses, eggs, chairs, cups and saucers, pinball machines, Greek statues, old buildings, whisk brooms, candles, dice, giant strawberries. None of these things is being offered for sale. Instead they are the means by which we are to conceive of other things which *are* being offered for sale—typically nowhere in sight. The very high level of abstraction in contemporary advertising both confers a new freedom upon designers and increases the possibility of ambiguity in its use.

How does the *New York Times* present itself to the public, once it has decided to advertise? By means of a handsome Robert Frank photograph of children playing in Central Park. What has this to do with the *Times?* The copy strains to make a connection: "New York is up in Central Park. New York is out in the suburbs. New York is five million families, growing, wanting, needing, buying. New York is the *New York Times*. . . ." This nonsense is dignified, if that's possible, by the illustration; the product is seen through the photograph (which is, appropriately, both good and gray). It is a case of gilt by association.

It might be argued that this is an "institutional" piece, which must be constructed after different laws than those governing "selling" pieces. But the fact that there are institutional ads at all is itself an instance of the disappearance of the product, of the new prominence of the side show, the diversion. In more than half the pieces, institutional or otherwise, illustrated in the advertising sections of this collection, what is being offered for sale is not identifiable at a glance. Instead there are symbolic constructions, many of them very nearly opaque.

One presents a huge cup of coffee dominating two-thirds of the page. The legend reads: "What ever hap

* Published in the fall of 1960 by the Art Directors Club of New York (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $15). The *40th Annual* will be out before the end of this year.

ened to the nickel cup of coffee?" he product, however, is not coffee it a gasoline called Speedway 79 per Regular, and the idea seems be that in these days of higher d higher prices, Speedway 79 is a rgain. The ad (by Saul Bass) is a odel of careful design and clean pography; the product is deftly ncealed until the last possible mo-ent. Another piece, done by the oyle Dane Bernbach agency for the GWU, institutional in character, splays a grandmotherly woman th a baby on her lap. The photo-aph is arresting, harsh, and full contrast. What is being pushed re? Grandmothers? Babies? Not at . The product is unionism, and e copy, in a spectacular imagina-e leap, makes the point: "From byhood On, This Is the Label hat Will Be Sewn Into Your Life." Examples of product concealment ound. A full-page ad for Dee ortswear, done in primer style th a trumpet, a bird, a carriage, tree, a fly, and other objects med in three languages, also con-ns, almost as an afterthought, a itary item of sportswear. Another, the same concern, is illustrated th a huge hotel key and reads nply: "Be Our Guest." We are t to speculate as to why we should ept this eager hospitality; per-ps because our hosts are such ssy, casual advertisers.

Probably the most secretive of all -budget space buyers is General namics, which in a few short years built an enviable reputation in ield that, I suspect, few readers of advertisements could define. hat does General Dynamics *do?* haps the information is classified. e ads are masterpieces of their d. One juxtaposes what looks e the central cortex of a computer h a photograph of a soaring ket. We are left to infer that Gen-l Dynamics is beautiful and im-tant (the ads are beautiful and portant) and that we are lucky to ve it around. But sometimes un-asant side effects intrude. The e of these glittering affairs is so interested, costly, noble, and high-nded (another shown in this col-tion mentions Gandhi and the ceful uses of atomic energy) that perversely suspect a bad con-nce. What's going on over at neral Dynamics, anyhow?



A TENNESSEE LOG TRUCK is headed for Jack Daniel's rick yard with hard maple for smoothing out our old-fashioned sippin' whiskey.

Every so often, trucks bring hard maple down to our rick yard to be sawed, stacked and burned in the open air. The special charcoal produced is packed tightly in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is trickled in. Ten days later, out it seeps . . . sippin' smooth even before aging. This is Charcoal Mellowing, a slow and costly process. But we believe you'll agree it's worth it, once you've sipped Jack Daniel's.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

© 1961, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt



Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Will not shrink. More durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally uses this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Tan and Bright Red. Sizes: 14½ to 19. Price: $5.85 Postpaid. Send for free sample and Free Catalog.

Free Fall Catalog

Hunters and campers will find many practical items in our 116 page fully illustrated Fall Catalog. Shows hunting footwear, clothing and 400 items of interest to both men and women. 135 items are of our own manufacture.



L. L. Bean, Inc., 384 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties



Imports destined for attire
Arrive from all creation,
But for the best, you should enquire
The port of embarkation!

The finest woollens come from Britain.
When buying clothes look for

British Woollens

Fabrics Famous in Fashion
6 East 45th Street, New York 17, New York

I don't mean to imply that product-less advertising is the norm, only that it seems to be increasing, that advertisers seem less and less interested in getting right down to the dog-biscuit-and-cornflakes of the thing. This is a break for those to whom the fascination of cornflakes muttering to themselves in a bowl (with fresh fruit and plenty of milk) is less than total. These people would probably rather go for a romp with, say, the Whimsey Distillers of Ireland, who give you a bit of a run for your money.

In these pages entertainments of the latter type are well represented. IBM explains how Blaise Pascal fathered the science of probability; American Cyanamid ushers us around Cyanamid-Land; we eavesdrop as two Tennielish tigers converse about I. Miller ("Marvelously exciting . . ."); Bernard Buffet pops up with one of his skeletal paintings for Verve Records; and there are puzzles to solve from Whitehouse & Hardy ("The crime in room 608"), Girltown ("Where have you been, Emily Ann?"), and CBS ("How do you get to New York?"). As Robert Benchley remarked of the headlines in French newspapers, not only do they not tell you anything, they ask you questions. De Beers Consolidated Mines has produced one of the book's most forthright entries; it shows a diamond growing on a tree.

One question remains. Why is there diffidence about the product? Why is it being kept under wraps? Perhaps it is simply that selling by indirection has been found to be effective; certainly larger, more poetic statements can be made if the product is not dominating the picture. The professionals themselves may be bored with the crudities of the past. Artists and art directors, with their sophisticated attitudes toward communication, may be running away with the business of advertising, leaving copy writers, account executives, and the like to trail along behind, lamely making what sales points they can.

Perhaps there is another reason. The Canadian anthropologist Edmund Carpenter has suggested that selling in advertising is frequently a side issue. "If we think of ads as designed solely to sell products," he says, "we miss their main effect: to increase pleasure in the consumption of the product. Coca-Cola is far more than a cooling drink; the consumer participates, vicariously, in a much larger experience. In Africa, in Melanesia, to drink a Coke is to participate in the American way of life."

If this is so, the current shyness of our advertisers becomes somewhat easier to understand. It is not so surprising that, living in a land of plenty within a circle of poverty and near or actual starvation, Americans should be self-conscious about their fabulous consumption, and that advertisers should be cautious in reminding us of it.

—Donald Barthelme



PRECIOUS THROWAWAY

SEVERAL years ago I asked Roger Butterfield, the author of *The American Past* and a distinguished collector of Americana where he thought I might pick up some nineteenth-century books on etiquette. He referred me to a bookseller named Lawrence B. Romaine of Middleboro, Massachusetts, and in doing so he introduced me to a world of collecting that I scarcely knew existed. Mr. Romaine answered my inquiry by saying that some rainy day he'd look through his barn and see if he had any manners books (he found thirteen) and he put me on his list to receive his catalogues.

The catalogues, ten or twelve mimeographed sheets usually listing several hundred items, are not in the least like any booksellers' catalogues that I had ever seen. In the first place they reflect Mr. Romaine's

AFTER HOURS

moods and temperaments, his good days and his bad ones, as the lists are interspersed with comments, sometimes wry, occasionally enthusiastic. But the most curious aspect of the catalogues are that very few of the items listed in them are what are commonly considered books. Mr. Romaine has a specialty about which he is passionate and about which he has become, it can be safely said, the ultimate living authority. His passion is for manufacturers' trade catalogues . . . the booklets, pamphlets, and tomes that list, illustrate, and describe the products and wares of manufacturers and distributors. A few years ago, Mr. Romaine says with scorn, an historian of American business had described such items as "too ephemeral in value to warrant the cost of saving them." But to Mr. Romaine, and a growing number of converts, they are the incontrovertible evidence of "the creative ability, imagination, and Yankee ingenuity of the builders of this Republic."

To demonstrate that this is a serious matter, Mr. Romaine has recently produced (and R. R. Bowker Company has published) *A Guide to American Trade Catalogues, 1744-1900*, a volume that is likely to remain a standard work for many years and, since it is the first of its kind, a basic work forever. It lists, with the 160 libraries in America where they may be found, some 10,000 trade catalogues ranging in subject matter over the entire spectrum of American business up to 1900. The list is broken down into some sixty-two categories (everything from "Agricultural Implements & Machinery" to "Dental Instruments," "Ornamental Ironwork," "Washing Machines," and "Windmills"); many of the categories have subdivisions, and each has an introductory note. Mr. Romaine had his troubles deciding under which heading to put certain catalogues. For example at the heading of the chapter on "Hardware—Miscellaneous Machinery, Engines & Supplies" he writes:

> If you bought your last birdcage in a hardware store, don't assume that all birdcages are considered hardware by the world at large. There are lots of them illustrated in catalogues under House Furnishings, Department Stores, and even Jewelry.

J. PRESS

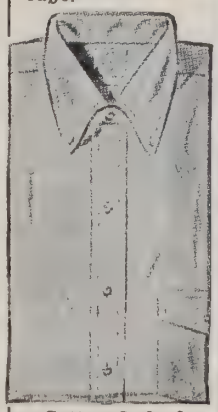
J. PRESS SHIRTS

J. PRESS SHIRTS carry the endorsement of 59 years of confirmed customers. In the careful needlework and fine Combed Cotton fabrics of many thousand dozens they have found unequalled appearance, service and comfort.

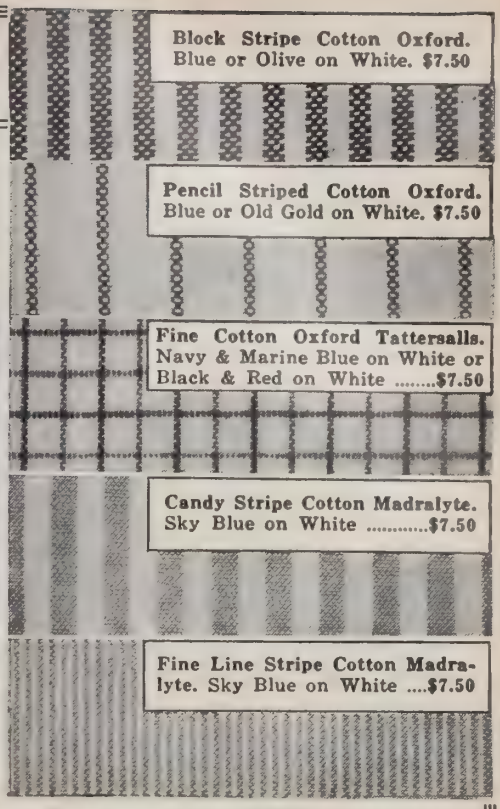
Of exclusive make — J. PRESS SHIRTS are unobtainable elsewhere.

Direct Mail Orders to Box A, 262 York St., New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 75c mailing cost. Send for Illustrated Color Brochure.

Coat style with broad back pleat, button down collar, button flap pocket and button cuffs.



Cotton Oxford.
White, Blue or Gold $6.75
Pullover style. White or Blue $7



Block Stripe Cotton Oxford. Blue or Olive on White. $7.50

Pencil Striped Cotton Oxford. Blue or Old Gold on White. $7.50

Fine Cotton Oxford Tattersalls. Navy & Marine Blue on White or Black & Red on White $7.50

Candy Stripe Cotton Madralyte. Sky Blue on White $7.50

Fine Line Stripe Cotton Madralyte. Sky Blue on White $7.50

Since 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J. PRESS
262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

CURRENT  *EXHIBITS*

Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
October 11th & 12th
Columbus
Deshler-Hilton Hotel
October 9th & 10th
Detroit
Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
October 9th & 10th
Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
October 11th & 12th
St. Louis
Bel Air Motel
October 13th & 14th
Seattle, Wash.
Olympic Hotel
October 11th, 12th & 13th
Washington, D. C.
Willard Hotel
October 16th & 17th

Exhibit Dates For 31 Other Cities On Request.

FREE
TOY
CATALOG
From The World's Greatest Toy Store
OVER 100 PAGES
To be mailed after Oct. 15
Send Today!



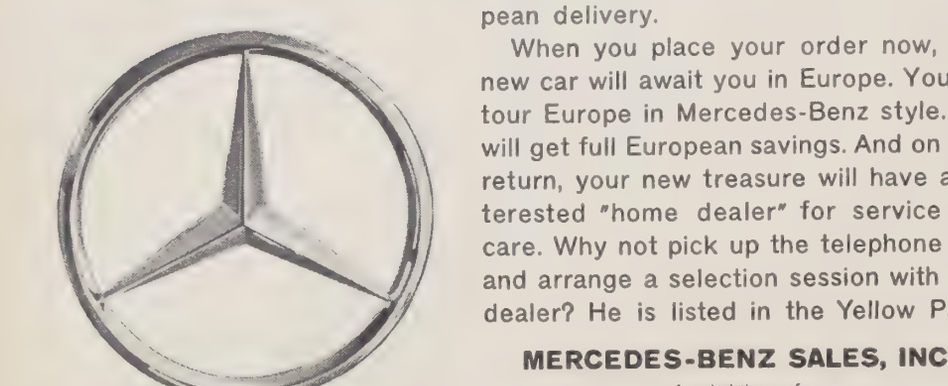
F.A.O. SCHWARZ Dept. HP-1
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BRING BACK A LUCKY STAR FROM EUROPE



Going to Europe this winter for business... for "the season"...for skiing and other winter sports? Then make your very first move a call to your local authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer, for his new, exclusive 3-way travel service.

Right now, your Mercedes-Benz dealer can 1) help you plan your itinerary from start to finish 2) make all travel and hotel reservations for you, and 3) order the Mercedes-Benz of your choice for European delivery.

When you place your order now, your new car will await you in Europe. You will tour Europe in Mercedes-Benz style. You will get full European savings. And on your return, your new treasure will have an interested "home dealer" for service and care. Why not pick up the telephone now and arrange a selection session with your dealer? He is listed in the Yellow Pages.

MERCEDES-BENZ SALES, INC.

A subsidiary of
Studebaker-Packard Corporation, South Bend, Indiana



In Stockholm and other world capitals, Hine Cognac's dry delight makes this export of France the unquestioned choice of discriminating people.

"21" Brands, Inc., N. Y. C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF

AFTER HOURS

Mr. Romaine's delight in his subject is evident on every page of his catalogue but he is scornful of those who think that catalogues began with Sears Roebuck. "The first real trade catalog," he writes in his introduction, "is Benjamin Franklin's 1744 catalog of books." Or, at least, it is the earliest catalogue he has been able to locate, though he thinks it likely there were earlier ones and Franklin's has survived because of the eminence of its producer. "If a complete history of American manufacture is ever to be compiled," he writes, "American trade catalogs will unquestionably be one of the most valuable sources of material available."

BUT trade catalogues are a great deal more than just items in the history of manufacture. They are social history and a great many of them are the history of design and public taste as well, especially those dealing with building materials and house furnishings. It is not without significance that the preface to Mr. Romaine's catalogue is written by A. Hyatt Mayor, the curator of prints of the Metropolitan Museum of Art or that in the Metropolitan's print collection are many trade catalogues some of which I have had the pleasure of examining. I asked Mr. Mayor why he had collected them for the museum, and he said, "Some day when the American Wing becomes interested in the nineteenth century these are going to be essential reference books for them."

The surface, one feels, has only just been scratched. There are many libraries in America that have collections of catalogues stuck away in cartons, unsorted and unclassified because there are no funds available for cataloguing them. But book sellers and private collectors have caught on. Don't think that you can get into the trade-catalogue collecting business for a song. Catalogues are not cheap—good ones, early ones are rare. But if you mean business (either to buy or to sell), more and more dealers in Americana will be delighted to talk with you, and my guess is that most of them will consult Mr. Romaine's catalogue before closing a deal.

—Russell Lynes

Harper's Christmas Shopping Service

Once again Harper's has arranged to simplify your Christmas shopping! By filling in the coupon below, you can obtain catalogues from any of the stores listed. The stores have limited supplies of catalogues; for this reason we urge you to mail the coupon *before October 21st.* Catalogues will be mailed to you during November, giving you ample time to make your choices before Christmas. Your only obligation to Harper's is to have a Merry Christmas.

Press, Inc.

nce 1902, J. Press has set a standard for gentlemen's clothing: its, shirts, neckties, overcoats, sport jackets, hats, and beautiful brushed wool sweaters for men and women, all in stinguished good taste are shown in the catalogue.

L. Bean, Inc.

L. Bean has long been a household word to campers, nters, and fishermen requiring durable, top quality equipent and clothing, sensibly priced. Ideal gifts for all sportsvers appear in this well-known catalogue.

S. Pierce

tablished in 1831, S. S. Pierce has won a world-wide putation for epicurean foods based on 130 continuous ars of selecting the best. An exceptionally large variety Holiday Gift assortments, fine foods, delicacies and candies ay be ordered from this comprehensive catalogue.

E. Caldwell & Company

ese famous Philadelphia jewelers, in business on Chestnut eet for 122 years, offer a superb selection of diamonds, tches, men's and women's jewelry, purses, sterling silver, ssware, china, and stationery, many other attractive gifts.

haibok Fabrics, Ltd.

gnificent handwoven Siamese silks, Pakomas (stoles), uses and evening bags for ladies; neckties, bow ties, mmerbunds, scarves and shirts for gentlemen, gloriously ored place mats, napkins and pillows for the home are all ed.

erica House

e showcase for creations of some of America's finest conporary craftsmen and designers. Each gift has been proved by a Selection Board comprised of leading designers. ghly individual gifts in ceramics, silver, leather, jewely, ssware and fabrics.

F. A. O. Schwarz

In 1862, the "world's greatest toy store" was born, and has been brightening children's Christmases and birthdays ever since. More than 1000 toys are shown in the colorful 1961 Christmas Catalogue; many imported and exclusive items from all over the world are included.

Georg Jensen

The 1961 gift catalogue displays a versatile assortment of silver, glassware, lamps, china, jewelry for men and women, table decorations, and clocks all distinctively styled for Jensen. These and many other Christmas suggestions are shown.

Mark Cross

Mark Cross offers the leather goods for which this store is justly famous. Luggage and travel accessories, ladies' handbags, men's billfolds, wallets and attaché cases, household and bar gifts, office and desk furnishings can all be ordered through the catalogue.

Alfred Dunhill of London

The name Dunhill is synonymous with elegance and good taste in the world of gifts. Pipes, tobaccos, cigarette lighters, leather goods, wallets for men, ladies' purses, desk and bar accessories and many other beautiful gifts are shown in the 1961 Christmas catalogue.

Hammacher Schlemmer

Hammacher Schlemmer has guaranteed complete satisfaction to its customers for 113 years. In the catalogue you will find the last word in housewares and home equipment, mechanical devices, glass, silver, linens: everything for gracious living indoors and out.

Max Schling, Seedsman

A catalogue full of reasonably priced gifts for indoor and outdoor gardeners, bird-lovers, children of every age. Do-it-yourself kits, toys, fun and games for the whole family are listed along with items for the household and the patio.

READER SHOPPING SERVICE

Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York

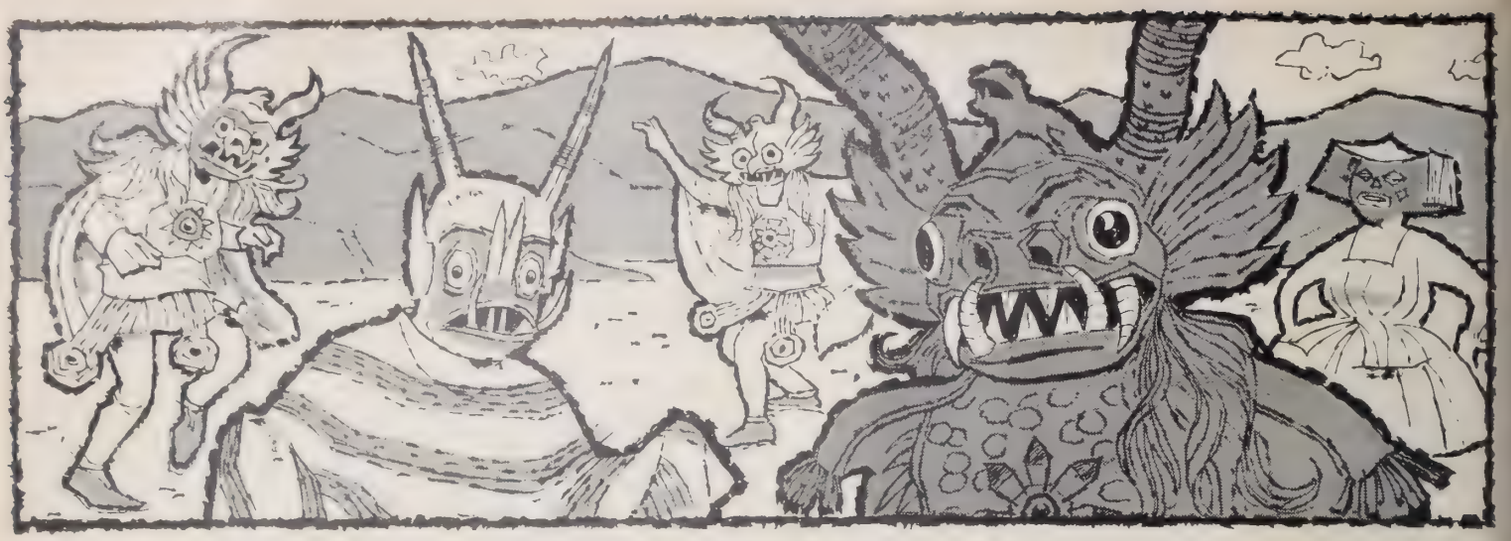
Dear Sirs: Please send me the Christmas catalogues for the stores checked:

☐ J. Press, Inc.	☐ F. A. O. Schwarz	☐ J. E. Caldwell & Co.	☐ Alfred Dunhill of London
☐ L. L. Bean	☐ S. S. Pierce	☐ Thaibok Fabrics	☐ Hammacher Schlemmer
☐ Georg Jensen	☐ Mark Cross	☐ America House	☐ Max Schling Seedsman

Name _____
(please print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



400 DEMONS CLOBBERED IN SKY-HIGH FROLIC!

You'll find a fresh fiesta at every turn when you fly to South America by Panagra jet. The new low fares are in time for you to see Bolivian diablada dancers, a gaucho asado, or Lima's incredible Fiesta de Toros . . .

Dragonheaded shapes as tall as a man rise from the grass of the Altiplano. They group, scatter, then group again. In two long lines they race toward you, whirling as they run. There are sometimes as many as 400 of them.

This is Bolivia's *diablada*, a pagan ritual ancient when the Incas were a "nouveau riche" mob from somewhere in the North. When the Spaniard came, this same dance—interpreting the battle between good and evil, devil and saint, helped the primitive mountain Indians understand and accept the teachings of Christianity.

Today, the diablada dancers act out the eternal combat for man's soul, in a festival unlike any you'll see in any other part of the world. It is beautiful. It has primitive strength and vigor. It is only one of the fascinating experiences that await visitors to South America.

Both ears, hoofs too

Before you hop the Andean cordillera to Bolivia, you can drop in on Peru. Clad in gold-embroidered silks, the torero tosses his red *muleta*. An *ole!* rolls out over the arena as he [illegible] and turns again to meet the charge of a pedigreed bull [illegible] to dispatch him to his Andalusian ancestors. The matador's every movement to discourage this notion, [illegible] will tell you, is prescribed by rules hallowed by centuries of tradition.



The world's finest matadors appear in Lima's *Fiesta de Toros* in October and November. In the colorful Plaza de Acho, Belmonte and Manolete have stood to receive, in the traditional manner, judgment of their performance. An award, to the torero, of 2 ears of the bull is exceptional. If hoofs are included, you have seen an extravagant success.

Sizzling beef

Continue south, to Argentina, to the endless flat pampas that stretch to the rim of the world. Sides of beef sizzle on spits over roaring wood fires. This is a genuine *asado*, meaning barbecue, and you may be invited to one when you visit one of the ranches outside Buenos Aires.

Here, served by gauchos who still wear the flowing cape, flat-topped sombrero and baggy trousers of their forebears, you'll enjoy beefsteak as you never did before. Even the superb meals you savor on Panagra's jets never tasted quite like this.



Try the spicy tea the gauchos offer you. It's called *yerba mate* and even the teacup is different. You sip it from a hollowed gourd through a silver straw.

Every day a bargain

And in Buenos Aires, you find nutria fur coats and alligator bags at a fraction of their cost at home. In the shops of Lima, modern hand-wrought silver sparkles beside beautiful colonial occasional pieces at prices to tempt your pocketbook.

There are tawny vicuña throws and silver teaspoons with filigree handles in Bolivia. And the charming idol Ekeko. He has a big red nose and carries a bountiful pack, for Ekeko is the Aymará god of prosperity. And look for the cloth dolls dressed in Indian costumes on the Jirón Unión in Lima. They make delightful gifts for a child.



Your holiday in exciting South America, where you'll find the unexpected around every corner, is as close as tomorrow. Service is so fast and frequent, by daily Panagra jet, you spend every vacation day at your destination.

And now Panagra has cut air rates to the lowest ever. New Jet Economy fare is $460 round trip from New York to Lima, $380 round trip from Miami, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. See your Travel Agent now, or call Pan American, U. S. Sales Agent for Panagra.

For more sightseeing facts, ask for the 130-page book "How to Get the Most Out of Your Trip to South America." Send 25¢ to Don Wilson, Room 4436, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. 17.



PANAGRA

WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

Harper's MAGAZINE

A WAY OUT OF THE WELFARE MESS

EDGAR MAY

Our growing "handout society"—with all its waste and demoralization—can be cleaned up . . . but it will take more than Newburgh's tough talk, or the pious sentimentality of the social worker.

A FEW miles from where you live there is a part of America nobody wants. It may be a group of ramshackle farm houses or the gray, weather-worn tenements of a city street. Row on row they shelter the culls of society whose togetherness is marked by frayed collars and the musty smell of the poor.

Their subsistence is a government check and their guardian is a civil servant, who, more often than not, has too little education, too many responsibilities, and too few dollars in his own pay envelope. For a number of months I was one of these untrained dispensers of public charity in the city of Buffalo.

During this stint I helped waste some of the millions of dollars and vast quantities of human energy which go into the program called public welfare. Today my counterparts range from the smallest village to our nation's largest cities. And wherever they hold the purse strings of the slums, they are—with few exceptions—setting new spending records that are dismaying taxpayers and instilling the fear of voting-booth retaliation in politicians.

The recently headlined defiance of state and federal welfare regulations by a tiny city on the shores of the Hudson River—Newburgh, New York—is symptomatic of a growing public rumbling. And the chorus of editorial "hurrahs" for its new stringent relief rules underscores the unrest across the nation. Almost one-third of Newburgh's budget this year must be allocated to its needy population. My own metropolitan relief operation—the Erie County Welfare Department—this year will spend $34 million—more money than it costs to educate every child in the public schools of Buffalo.

Similar industrial centers mirror the same fiscal dilemma. The Illinois legislature, for instance, passed a $67-million deficiency appropriation early this year because Chicago's charity well was about to run dry. In Cleveland, last fall, welfare allowances were cut back to 70 per cent of what Ohio concedes is the minimum amount you can live on because there just weren't enough tax dollars. Yet our national effort to be our brother's keeper is as erratic as the Manhattan skyline. In Mississippi the average family receiving aid-to-dependent-children funds lives on $36.41 a month while a New York State family

gets almost five times as much. In Alabama the caseworker who authorizes checks is the provider of 349 families; in New Jersey the figure is 86.

Behind these statistical disparities and monetary woes is a question asked with increasing frequency by legislative investigating committees in many states: Just what does this flood of money buy? The traditional answers always have been that it keeps families together, prevents children from starving, and blocks a wholesale increase in crime because otherwise people would have to steal to eat. But are these adequate answers when in almost every year since the war, the population of this public-dependent society has expanded through good times and bad?

"What you givin' me is okay," Mrs. A, one of my relief cases said. "But you gives the landlord most twice as much as this heap is worth and then I gives the grocer more than he should get 'cause he allows me credit when that check don't come on time. The money is here okay, but it ain't goin' to be no different next month, is it?"

The man at the wellspring of Mrs. A's relief check, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Abraham A. Ribicoff, recently explained her problem this way: "I've come to feel that we have just been drifting in the field of welfare. Many welfare workers have become mere conduits between state treasuries and those they seek to help—neglecting prevention, rehabilitation, and protective services." I verified this statement personally last year. For three months I worked as a welfare department caseworker on leave from my job as a reporter on the Buffalo *Evening News*. It was a sobering and—in many ways—surprising experience.

GENERATIONS OF PAUPERS

AFTER a week of training lectures on the job of a caseworker, my supervisor offered me the first of several helpful hints: "The main thing is to get the aid out," he said. "You can always check things later if you have suspicions." But "later"—as it turned out—I had more and more cases and there never was any time. Within two months, in fact, I was the government-assigned head-of-household for 160 families. "I'm sorry that you've got so many cases because you shouldn't really have them," my supervisor said, "but there just isn't anybody else." My colleague at the next desk had 181 and a veteran across the hall was struggling with 208. Meanwhile, social-work experts in the state welfare department estimated that each of us could really handle no more than 75 competently. The fact that in some Southern states the case loads were twice as large as ours was little comfort as our telephone jingled with nerve-racking constancy.

"Mr. May, my gas has been shut off . . . Susy has no shoes to go to school . . . my check didn't come . . . the landlord wants to throw me out . . . John got picked up by the cops this afternoon. . . ." The distraught voices funneled their crises to me with the daily regularity of a department store complaint desk. But my defective merchandise was human. And as the calls multiplied, individual problems began to blend into a large mosaic of misery. People became case numbers and faces statistics. "The only time I know what's going on in my cases," a co-worker said, "is when something blows up."

The effect of such case loads was written in the records. One report, for instance, showed that at least five recipients had not been visited at home by a caseworker in three years although the mailman was delivering checks every month. For ten others the "home call" lapse was two years. Yet the rule book said they should be visited at least once every three months.

"If you see a visitor once a year, my, that's a lot," one of my clients told me after she had hesitated to open her door to me. "That's why when you first rang I didn't have any idea who you might be." Her record, which I had inherited, showed a home call eight months earlier, but the client could not remember seeing a caseworker for a year and a half. My predecessor apparently had reported a call that never was made. In all these cases the "conduits" described by Secretary Ribicoff dutifully kept on channeling dollars from the treasury to the needy. No one has starved. Few have committed crimes. But fewer still have been helped.

Take the case of Mrs. S, who first showed up in the relief files in 1946 with two out-of-wedlock children. Since then she has been receiving public charity almost every year. In 1955 when her older children were in high school, she had another illegitimate baby and three years later added a fourth. In the early years of her case record—when her worker visited her every month—the family's setbacks and accomplishments were chronicled in detail. Much of the story was de-

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Edgar May, on the staff of the Buffalo "Evening News" won the Pulitzer Prize last spring for his series of articles on public welfare. He was born in Switzerland and is a graduate of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern.

voted to her oldest daughter, Jane. It read like this:

November 1951—"Jane is doing very well in school. Her marks are: math 98; geography 96; history 94; English 95, and spelling 100."

March 1954—"Daughter Jane has the highest average in the eighth-grade class."

June 1954—"Jane's teachers are suggesting she take a college preparatory course."

November 1955—"Jane is taking two extra courses in high school. She is an honor student."

Suddenly Jane disappeared from the case record. The chronology was less detailed as caseworker visits became less frequent. Five years after the last entry, I visited Mrs. S and asked about her daughter. Here are my notes:

"Jane was married in March 1956 at the age of sixteen after being pregnant as a sophomore in high school. The nuns were trying to obtain a full college scholarship for her. Her first baby was born the following September. She had wanted to be a teacher."

There is a postscript to this story. Today the welfare files contain a new case number for Jane S., whose steel-worker husband was laid off in the recession. A new "conduit" is sending charity dollars to Jane and her slum-entangled children who still are too young to have their school grades inscribed on the record. This government biography of one family was written by seventeen different caseworkers. I have seen other cases that have had five workers in a single year. When I resigned after three months I was the fifth to quit of the eleven who started with me. By the end of the year more than half were gone.

Other cities have equally dismal records. Chicago's Cook County, for instance, writes "resigned" on about half of its caseworker personnel cards every year. In New Jersey the turnover rate was 48 per cent in 1959, Maryland, 46 per cent. Many counties—like mine—have had to hire provisional appointees to fill the holes with the hope that they would pass the civil-service test some time in the future. One state welfare commissioner wrote his governor after his resignation rate passed the halfway mark: "Workers do not have time to know their cases or to acquire the necessary skills in rendering services to people and preventing them from becoming permanently dependent on public aid."

Who are the people who fill the caseworker jobs in public welfare? Although many call themselves "social workers," most of them are wholly untrained and have neither the academic nor the on-the-job tools required to deal with complex human problems. In New York State, a college degree (in any subject) is mandatory for a welfare caseworker's job. Among my coworkers were: a recent graduate in secretarial science, a former aircraft employee who had worked seven years as a shipping clerk, and a real-estate salesman whose wintertime business was too slow for him to make a living. Of the eleven in my indoctrination class, only three had taken a basic sociology or psychology course.

In our department—as in most public welfare agencies—a holder of a master's in social work is rarer than a relief client who turns back a check. Out of a social-service staff of 426, only four have graduate-school degrees while six hold one-year certificates. The others wandered in bearing degrees in fields ranging from merchandising to physical education. In fact in my county, academic training in social work is not a prerequisite for any public-welfare job, including commissioner of social welfare, his deputies, the casework consultant, and director. In my part of the state most of the commissioners do not even have the qualifications demanded of their caseworkers—a college degree. And there isn't any strong sentiment for change. A move to write job specifications for the four top posts was rebuffed by the county lawmakers.

"We have to be careful, you know," one politician said. "We don't want to get any of these Cloud Nine thinkers here."

KEEPERS OF THE PENNIES

IF THESE suspicions were to fade suddenly and a mass demand for trained staff were to arise, the campaign to get them would be like trying to wash your car with a water pistol. There just aren't that many. This June the largest institution of its kind in the country, Columbia's New York School of Social Work, awarded degrees to 155 men and women. If all of them had turned to public welfare careers (and only 15 per cent did) they wouldn't fill the vacancy that exists today in New York City alone.

Most deans of social-work schools still insist that it takes two years of graduate work to produce a social worker. However, there has been a recent murmur of self-criticism. The latest is in a recent summary of a thirteen-volume curriculum study which admitted that "the decision in 1937 to treat social-work education as strictly graduate in nature was quite probably a serious mistake. . . . It provided a picture of a profession upgrading itself in both quality and status without sufficient attention to its societal obligation to provide services to meet needs." As of today,

the shortage of social workers with any training whatever is a major problem across the country.

Why have Americans been so reluctant to enter this "helping" profession and why have even the untrained left it so quickly and in such droves? A research project conducted for a New York State legislative welfare investigation gave as one reason low pay. For instance one county in a state that long has prided itself on being a pacesetter in the welfare field pays its caseworkers $3,484 a year. My own weekly take-home check was $59.62, based on a $4,200 annual salary (which since has been raised). For this salary I was supposed to have a strolling familiarity with politics, law, other governmental agencies, sociology, psychology, religion, police work, the courts, and bookkeeping.

It is this last obligation that has convinced many a caseworker that a major in statistics with minors in memo writing and form filling (in quadruplicate) would be the best preparation for a public-welfare job. It took twenty-four separate pieces of paper to give one of my clients her first welfare check. They were part of the arsenal of sixty-five forms labeled "most frequently used." Citizens' committees invariably agree that a leading contributor to the caseworker mortality rate is the paper-work monster—whether he rears his bureaucratic confetti in Pittsburgh, Detroit, or Buffalo.

My co-workers and I spent more than half of our time in the office in clerical tasks. Five distinct welfare categories (and now a sixth and seventh for those states adopting medical aid to the aged and expanded help to unemployed families) all with their own federal and state edicts have nurtured this proliferation of forms. The mass of regulations leads to exercises like this: Two of my old-age clients called me one day to say they had moved to a new apartment two months earlier. The rent was $8.80 higher. Although they were man and wife, living in the same place and received identical grants, they were recorded as two separate cases. Changing their address and giving them the extra rent money they had missed required twenty-two pieces of paper, not counting four checks, four envelopes, and four postage stamps.

"How can you do casework around here when your master is a piece of carbon paper and an adding machine?" a worker at the next desk groaned. Budgets, figured separately for every individual in every family, have been honed to a penny science which would startle the most frugal housewife. A score of separate mathematical entries for one person is not uncommon and these might include $.50 for castor oil, $1.45 for use of a gas stove (as opposed to $2.15 for use of an electric one), and $1.35 for laundry.

Monthly food allowances vary in pennies according to sex and age. When a new member joined one of my welfare families, I was there before the christening with a government-supplied layette that included 27 different items. Although caseworkers were supposed to list each item and its cost (1 card safety pins, 4 nipple caps, 1 bottle brush, etc.), more often than not, a lump-sum check was sent to the mother. That she might not have used it for what it was intended, was evident on the next home call.

BLAME IT ON WELFARE

THE largest single expenditure on all these budget cards is the rent bill. In Buffalo, landlords collect more than seven million welfare dollars annually, often for vermin-infested hovels that aren't worth half the price. For instance, Mr. K, one of my clients whose weekly salary wouldn't support the eight mouths he had to feed, was getting a supplementary welfare check because he was paying $90 a month rent. Three years earlier, when his flat still was under rent control, his predecessor paid $34.50. In most Northern cities, Negroes, on relief, pay considerably higher rents than whites. One of my colored clients showed me an $80 rent receipt; a few miles away a white client, in a similar six-room flat, was paying $22.50. As in other cities, all too many of these homes are substandard. Thousands of dwellings violate housing laws because the city doesn't have enough building inspectors or, on occasion, they look the other way.

Few of these interrelated problems were created by the welfare department—nor has it the exclusive power to solve them. Yet when tax bills and tempers rise correspondingly, a wave of social ills—ranging from illegitimacy to poverty itself—is blamed on welfare. Whipping-boy solutions are sometimes the results. In 1959 the North Carolina legislature had before it a bill that called for sterilizing mothers of illegitimate children. And last year Louisiana passed a law that denied money to 23,000 youngsters whose mothers had an out-of-wedlock birth anytime after receiving relief.

In the North, embattled Newburgh—miniature of the troubled welfare canvas—adopted a similar ruling. Further, the city told its 180 dependent children and home-relief families that public charity would be limited to three consecutive months a year. Amid the furor over

tight relief policies—some of which have been in effect legally in nearby areas—other city problems were left in the shadows. These included a high unemployment rate, a lagging redevelopment program, a lack of major new industry, and slums that were unchecked by even a minimum housing law until two years ago. The Newburgh incident also illustrates another common symptom of municipal frustration—the tendency to picture most welfare recipients as bums and chiselers. In fact, when Newburgh relief recipients were questioned at police headquarters before receiving their May checks, not one case of fraud was discovered nor was a single chiseler brought to court in 1960.

Such widely publicized punitive approaches to the welfare problem have overshadowed the quiet and, unfortunately, isolated positive efforts. Rare though they are, some useful answers have in fact been found. From Marin County, California, to my neighboring Niagara County, experimental programs in human salvage have shown that many families do not have to stay on relief. Intensive casework aimed at rehabilitation has not only pushed them off the welfare rolls and made them productive, but has saved money as well. And the "case-closed" roster includes not just able-bodied men, but the handicapped and those receiving dependent-children funds.

Mr. B, in my own city, is an example. Classified as disabled because of a leg amputation, he had been collecting checks for his family of six children since 1953. Last year he was referred to the State Division of Vocational Rehabilitation which trained him as an artificial limb fitter. This June he began an $85-a-week job. The training bill was $348.56 against more than $15,000 the taxpayers spent to maintain him in the last seven years.

In Chicago a comprehensive recent study of aid to dependent children had this to say: "The rehabilitation potential in ADC families was found to be much higher than was expected. In almost half of the families the possibilities of achieving personal and economic independence within a reasonable period of time was excellent. . . ." However, the report emphasized, to achieve independence, these families need adequate day-care facilities for children, vocational training, and dental or medical care.

An experimental unit in Richmond, Virginia, a few years ago tested the validity of this thesis. By devoting extra time, patience, and skill to a group of ADC families, caseworkers managed to close an average of nineteen cases while in the same period regular department personnel closed only two. An estimated $300,000 was saved for the taxpayers.

Unfortunately few communities have been willing or have had the manpower to conduct such experiments on a major scale. My own county has taken a few encouraging steps. After the Buffalo *Evening News* published my experiences as a caseworker, Welfare Commissioner Paul F. Burke issued a thirty-four-point reform program. Subsequently, he reorganized the department to decrease case loads, won starting salary increases that rank among the highest in the state, and added forty-two new caseworkers as well as a personnel director and employment counselors.

"We have now," he said recently, "a public understanding of our difficulties which we've never had before. And that allows for at least a beginning." But "beginnings," whether in Buffalo, or Richmond, Virginia, are not enough if they are to reverse the rising cost of the dependent population. Mayors and legislators clamoring in Washington for urban renewal must turn also to human renewal. Distributing relief checks to tenants in new housing projects will not save our cities.

UNDERDEVELOPED AMERICA

WE WILL be permanently saddled with the cost of a growing handout society unless our local, state, and federal welfare officials tackle two basic tasks. First, the public-welfare caseworker must be placed in a position where he can actually do more than dole out checks to the human beings in custody; this will be possible only if his crushing burden of paperwork is somehow reduced. One step in this direction would be to introduce modern business methods, with their mechanical handmaidens, into welfare departments. But little can be done to cure the plague of form-filling unless the federal government eliminates the many categories of welfare with their maze of diverse regulations and reimbursement formulas.* Lo-

* Public-assistance programs to which the federal government contributes now include Old Age Assistance (OAA), Aid to Dependent Children (ADC), Aid to the Blind (AB), and Aid to the Permanently and Totally Disabled (APTD). In addition, counties pay poor relief to needy persons not eligible for the foregoing. These programs are administered entirely apart from the various types of old-age and disability insurance provided by our social-security system and Veterans' benefits although some people are eligible for several kinds of payments.

New Frontiers of Science: The Squawk and Blat Sector

> In solitude the Bottlenose Dolphin emits whistles and clicks and, very rarely, quacks or blats. In response to, and in exchange with, another dolphin at a distance, an animal emits whistles and trains of clicks (at a relatively slow repetition rate) and occasional quacks. In violent play, courtship, and intercourse, in close quarters, each may emit all three classes of sounds, with fairly frequent squawks, quacks, and blats.
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> —From an article by John C. Lilly and Alice M. Miller in *Science,* May 26, 1961.

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cal communities and state legislatures must battle for a single standard of aid instead of engaging in perennial flights of oratory about "red tape in Washington." Only when the tangle of administrative underbrush is cleared out will form-filling cease to be the main preoccupation of the public-welfare caseworker.

Assuming that caseworkers will thus be given time to engage in a genuine "helping" function, it will be no easy matter to find qualified people to fill the jobs. Manifestly, we cannot look to the graduate schools of social work to solve the shortage. What is needed—and urgently—is an experimental approach to this critical educational problem. It might, for example, be possible to add a public-welfare-oriented program in existing state universities. Or the few undergraduate colleges which now offer courses in the theory and practice of social work might expand their programs in the public-charity field. Alternatively, the states whose needs are greatest might establish undergraduate institutes of social work similar to teachers' colleges, for the exclusive purpose of turning out public-welfare workers. Admittedly this kind of abbreviated professional training is not as good as a two-year master's program; but it is considerably better than filling caseworker jobs with people trained as secretaries or basketball coaches.

If such an effort is to succeed, it must be coupled with a recruitment campaign pitched to the full level of the present emergency. It seems quite likely that patriotic young college men and women would respond to an appeal to help underdeveloped Americans with as much zeal as that with which they have flocked to the Peace Corps. But the call will have to be couched in far more compelling terms than in past recruitment pamphlets and speeches of the social-work profession.

Assuming that such a program could succeed in attracting more and better-trained people, local welfare departments must see to it that they are well used. Too often today their personnel policies are of the shotgun variety—with their sparse staff deployed at random irrespective of abilities or opportunities for accomplishment. Social-service jobs must be reclassified so that the most skilled are assigned to the critical areas. For example, oldsters on relief because they have run out of money are not likely to become productive members of the community. A trained worker's time would be better spent with the multi-problem families of unwed mothers or the chronically unemployed.

After the jobs have been made workable and people found to fill them, then tested rehabilitation—a major and long-neglected goal of welfare legislation—can begin. With it, a few social taboos, whether whispered or paper policy, should be reviewed. The sharp rise of aid-to-dependent-children families—with their legitimate and out-of-wedlock children—suggests that birth-control information should be provided for those whose religious faith permits it. In some Northern industrial states a Planned Parenthood Leaguer arguing this before welfare investigation committees is greeted with the enthusiasm that would be accorded a rabbit attending the League's convention.

At the same time, any freeloaders should be rigorously weeded out. Judges who might be lenient to a convicted welfare chiseler because he doesn't even have money to pay a fine should hand down a jail sentence if the amount stolen warrants it. When a shoplifter goes to the penitentiary and a major relief cheat is placed on probation, the public's confidence is not enhanced.

But unless the key element—help—accompanies the future flow of relief checks, the tax of being our brother's keeper may become prohibitive. Beyond this, the human price may be too high. When government charity began on a major scale, the political patron saint of social work, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, said in his 1935 message to Congress:

"Continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the national fiber. To dole out relief in this way is to administer a narcotic, a subtle destroyer of the human spirit."

MY ESCAPE FROM THE CIA



HUGHES RUDD

A clandestine conversation at a cocktail party, a long silence, a meeting in a deserted garage, and finally a file slammed shut. . . . One man's adventure in the bureaucratic jungle —armed only with a trench coat and a tweed cap.

SINCE the Central Intelligence Agency is in so much hot water anyway because of its role in such international blunders as the U-2 incident and the invasion fiasco in Cuba, I think it's time I made a clean breast of my own connection with the organization, not only to get the whole thing off my conscience, but also to permit the CIA to close its file on me. The last time I heard from them, they still had my file open, and they may be waiting for me to show up in Washington and go to work. The way things are going for them now, I imagine they'd like to get all such unfinished business cleared up so the files can be carted off for storage in a government warehouse someplace.

I would never have had anything to do with the CIA at all if I had not found myself in California in 1952, enrolled in a large university on the GI bill at the age of thirty, stone broke and in the middle of a divorce. The only clothing I owned was four pairs of khakis, three sweat shirts, a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches which had been put on by the former owner, one pair of low-quarter sneakers, one pair of run-over moccasins, and several shirts and shorts which I had bought in a Junior League Thrift Shop. Transportation is vital in California, but all I had was a Chevrolet pick-up truck which I had wrecked twice while the divorce was still in the early stages. By American standards—and God knows by California standards—I was thoroughly unemployable, and it was then that the CIA entered my life.

At first I didn't know it was the CIA. An English professor who had befriended me (largely, I think, because of those elbow patches: you don't see many of those in California, and he was a Harvard man) invited me to a cocktail party at his house, and since I had borrowed five hundred dollars from him to pay a very complicated traffic fine, I was eager to please, and so I went to the party. Actually, I probably would have gone even if I hadn't borrowed the five hundred dollars, because I liked him and because I couldn't afford to turn down an evening of free drinks.

Anyway, I showed up, and before I'd finished the first free drink the host came up and drew me aside, as they say.

"There's somebody here I want you to meet," he said, looking around.

This struck me as a pretty silly thing to say at a cocktail party, but there was that five hundred bucks to think about, so I smiled, and looked around at all the people, ready to meet somebody. "There he is," the host said. "You go on in the bedroom and I'll bring him in after a minute."

"In the bedroom? Why do we have to meet in the bedroom?"

"You can talk better in there," the host said, and pushed me toward the hall. I went into the bedroom and sat down on the bed, thinking back over the years' poor judgments and small disasters which had led me there, and after a while the host came in with a man and introduced him.

"I'm sure you two will get along fine," my friend said, and winked at me before he left, closing the door behind me.

"Well!" said the newcomer. "Let's get comfortable, shall we?" and we both sat down on the bed. He was about thirty-five years old, six feet or six feet one, a handsome fellow with a rugged, tan face, very genial looking, with an absolutely winning smile. He was dressed well but quietly, and it was pretty obvious he'd never had on somebody else's tweed jacket in his life.

"Tell me about yourself," he said, holding the winning smile.

Now, if someone should ask me to tell him about myself today, I'd probably refuse to do it, but at the time I remember feeling flattered that anybody cared enough to ask, and I expect I must have sensed money somewhere, but anyway, I did tell him about myself, for about thirty minutes. Any personnel manager in his right mind, if given that half-hour's blabber in a résumé, could draw only one conclusion: unstable and probably *permanently* unemployable. But my new friend just nodded and kept smiling while I told him of all the jobs I'd had, from Texas to Minnesota and back again, working as a newspaper reporter, a door-to-door photographer of children, and, for one marvelous week, as a hot-dog-stand counterman in a city zoo. I think I even told him about the five-hundred-dollar traffic conviction, and I know I told him about the divorce. When I got through, the first thing he said was, "You've never been convicted of any federal charges, have you?" and after giving it a little thought, I said I hadn't.

"Well," he said, getting up. "I think I might have something that might interest you. Today is Monday. Wednesday afternoon, I'll drop by your place and we'll chat some more, around four o'clock. Where do you live?"

I lived in a dormitory with about two thousand noisy undergraduates, and I told him so.

"Fine," he said. "See you Wednesday, then," and we went back to the party. The rest of the evening was pretty uneventful, except for a lady novelist who got too much to drink, but my bedroom acquaintance left the party long before that happened.

I HAD no real notion of what the man might have that would "interest me"; I suppose I must have expected a sort of public-relations job, since public-relations jobs have always sounded just about as vague as he did. I was in my cell-like room at four o'clock on Wednesday, ready to go to work, wearing a freshly purchased Brooks Brothers shirt from the Junior League Thrift Shop . . . but it wasn't that easy, of course.

When my man arrived, he was wearing casual sports clothes and carrying a large brief case. We sat down on the narrow bed, since there were no chairs in the room, and he picked the brief case up and held it on his lap.

"You do understand, don't you, that I'm with the government?" he said, smiling. I think maybe he even chuckled.

"No," I said.

"Oh, well," he said. "I guess we'd better start at the beginning, hadn't we?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly," but I had an uneasy thought that the whole thing was going to turn out to have something to do with the census.

"You've heard of the CIA, I imagine?" he said, and now instead of that winning smile he was all seriousness, man-to-man, a Jack Armstrong sort of look, Jack Armstrong prepared to let a friend in on a little secret. I said yes, I had heard of the CIA, and he said he was the West Coast recruiting officer for the boys in Washington, and my professor friend had suggested my name as a possible candidate for employment with the outfit.

Well! I was delighted. Visions of expensive trench coats danced through my head, but since I'm as familiar with espionage thrillers as the next man, I kept a straight face. "I see," I said, patting my pockets for cigarettes. He offered me one from a silver case which had his name engraved on it, and I was mildly disappointed to

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Hughes Rudd, who is on the staff of CBS News, lives in New York and is writing a novel. After Army service in World War II, he was a newspaper reporter in the Midwest and a correspondent in Europe, then studied at the University of Minnesota and Stanford and wrote and directed industrial and commercial movies.

see it was the same name he was using with me.

"Why is the, uh, outfit interested in me?" I wanted to know. "Because I've had sort of a knock-about life? I mean, running around the country, doing different things? I suppose it's sort of hard to find people who—"

"No," he said, "it's your newspaper experience we're after. Frankly, your job would be to write reports from, well, from certain countries in Western Europe. But before we get into the details, I'd like you to translate this for me, please," and he whipped out a single sheet of mimeograph paper from the brief case and handed it to me. The sheet was printed in French.

"You mean now? Read it now?"

"Don't read it," he said. "Translate it. As quickly as you can, please."

I stumbled through the thing, discovering as I went along that it was a story taken from a French newspaper about some sort of tribal conflict in Senegal. The phrase, *"chambre des communs,"* or something similar, kept reappearing, and I translated it as "common room" about six times, before realizing it must mean "house of commons." Other than that, I did pretty well, and my visitor said he was pleased.

"A little rusty," he said, smiling again, "but I'm sure you could brush up in a hurry."

I agreed that brushing up would be no trouble at all.

"You understand, of course," he went on, after smiling appreciatively at my enthusiasm, "that this is only the *preliminary* language test. For the particular area where you'd be working, that is. Do you have any Flemish?"

No, I said, I had no Flemish at all, expecting to see that smile die, but it didn't.

"As a matter of fact, very few people have," he said. "I'm sure that won't matter."

"Good," I said. "Fine."

He explained there would be another language test given at a certain address in San Francisco on Monday; we shook hands and he left.

I can't remember exactly how I spent those intervening days, but I'm sure they were among the happiest, most exciting I've ever known. I looked at the world through brand-new eyes, eyes that had a tendency to narrow to slits for no reason at all; I found myself memorizing license plates on cars ahead of me in traffic, and eavesdropping unmercifully in the college coffee joint. The high point came on Saturday, when I discovered a Burberry trench coat at the Junior League Thrift Shop, so old and faded it was like white muslin, but the genuine British article, for five dollars. I didn't own a slouch hat, but I had a tweed cap I had stolen from Allen Tate when I was a student of his at the University of Minnesota, and I wore that with the Burberry as I tooled around under the California sunshine in my battered pick-up truck, keeping one eye on those suspicious license numbers ahead of me and the other on the rear-view mirror, in case I was being followed. And the odd thing was, I *was* being followed: several times that Saturday I spotted a 1948 green Pontiac sedan on my tail, and when I left the Heidelberg Beer Garden at two o'clock Sunday morning, it was parked across the street in a Frostee Malt drive-in. I zoomed off around the first corner and didn't see it again, but I don't think it was just my imagination. As for the truth, of course, it's locked in those files in Washington.

ON MONDAY I drove to San Francisco to the address I had been given (it was a small office building south of Market Street), and presented myself at room number so-and-so. The only occupant was my old friend, but he was all business now, and he promptly put me to work at a table, writing translations of more French newspaper articles. I remember the headline on one of them: it said, *"Télescopage à Dijon!"* and was about two trains which had collided, *malheureusement.*

After about two hours of that, my friend gave me some long forms to fill out, listing all the jobs I'd ever held, where I'd held them, and why I'd quit holding them, as well as a complete record of my educational experiences, going all the way back to my first-grade teacher's name. I couldn't remember my first-grade teacher's name, but I remembered my second-grade teacher's name: Miss Harrison. The reason I could remember it was she had once cast me as a turkey in a play about the Pilgrim Fathers, over my screaming protests, and that's just not the kind of thing a man forgets. So I put her name down, hoping the boys in Washington would consider a second-grade teacher almost as good as a first-grade teacher when it came to giving character references. By the time I got through with all this it was about five o'clock, and the recruiting officer said he was afraid he'd have to be off. I was hoping he'd ask me to have a drink with him in some elegant spot like the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, where espionage was certain to flourish if it ever flourished anywhere, but he didn't, so I drove on back to the dormitory. In fact, now that I think of it, none of the CIA people I met ever offered to buy me a drink at any time, which is a hell of a way to run a re-

cruiting drive and may have more to do with what happened in Cuba than we suspect.

Several weeks went by before I heard from the boys in Washington again, and when the contact was made, it was on the pay telephone in the hall of the dormitory. I had given that number to the recruiting officer, since I had no telephone of my own, and one day a freshman jerked my door open to say I was wanted on the pay phone. It was the recruiter.

"How does fifty-six hundred a year sound to you?" he said, after we had said hello.

"Fine," I said. "Great." I had about four dollars in cash, sixteen in the bank, and no more than five or six tickets for football games left in my student-activities book.

"Okay, boy," he said, "you'll be hearing from us," and he hung up.

As it turned out, I didn't hear from them for four years, and by that time I was living in a Midwestern city, writing motion-picture scripts for heavy industry, with a new wife, a stepson, a mortgaged ranch-style rambler, and a Ford station wagon. I had long since discarded the Burberry, because I tore a great hole in it getting out of the old pick-up truck one day in Sunnyvale, California, where I had gone in search of work in a plant which canned maraschino cherries, but I still had Allen Tate's tweed cap.

This time the contact from the boys in Washington came through the mail. I received a letter without any return address on the envelope, informing me that my file had been "reopened" and that I was to arrange as soon as possible to present myself in Washington for an interview. So that there would be no misunderstanding, the letter said, I was to make the trip at my own expense, but in the event of a mutually satisfactory arrangement, I would be reimbursed for travel expenses by the government. The salary remained the same: fifty-six hundred dollars per year.

I showed the letter to my wife, and then wrote the man in Washington, explaining that my situation was no longer what it had been, that I now had personal responsibilities I had not had before, by which I meant a wife, a child, a mortgage, and a station wagon, and closed by saying, rather proudly, that I was now earning considerably more than the salary offered me and was therefore forced to ask that my file be closed again. I sent this off and forgot about it, but as Mr. Khrushchev knows, the CIA is a persistent crowd. Within two weeks I had another letter from the same fellow in Washington, and this one had a rather nasty tone. It said that the personnel director was at a loss to understand my attitude, that I had stated to a member of the agency that I was willing to accept employment at fifty-six hundred dollars per annum, and that my present demand for a salary almost twice that figure smacked of something pretty unsavory. The letter did not actually threaten me with federal prosecution, but I am a guilty soul by nature, so instead of simply throwing the letter away, I sat down and wrote a more detailed explanation of my changed condition, closing this time not on a note of pride, but humility: I said I was sorry if I'd caused them any inconvenience, and pointed out that I wasn't asking for any salary at all.

A WEEK later the telephone rang while we were having dinner in our ranch-style rambler, and I answered it.

"My name is Brown," a man's voice said. "I've been asked to contact you by a friend in Washington." There was a short silence, while I tried to think of some friend in Washington.

"This *is* Hughes Rudd, isn't it?" the voice said, rather impatiently.

"Yes," I said. "But who did you say—"

"It's about that little matter of yours," the voice said. *"You* know. The fifty-six hundred dollars?"

"Oh!" I said. "About that? It's really about that? You called me up about *that?* Where are you? Washington?"

"No, no," the voice said. "I'm here. Write down this address," and he waited while I found a pencil and paper, then read off a street address in a suburb. "Can you make it tomorrow afternoon?" he said. "About four? I'm pretty short on time."

"Well," I said, "I don't get off work until about five."

There was another short, humming silence.

"Oh," he said. "Well, make it five-thirty then. Can you find it? The address, I mean? You know where it is?"

"I'll find it," I said, and added for no reason whatever, "I have a station wagon."

"Okay," the voice said. "And, ah, I probably don't have to tell you—ah, hm. You know what I mean?"

"No," I said. "I couldn't hear you. Tell me what?"

Again the short silence.

"Well, just keep it to yourself," the voice said after a moment, and I could tell it was painful for him to have to come right out and say it.

"Certainly," I said.

Then he mumbled something and hung up.

I wore a new suit to work, since I planned to go straight from the office to the address he'd given me, and I wanted to look my best: I figured I had to *look* like I was making more than fifty-six hundred dollars per annum. The address turned out to be that of a bungalow in an older subdivision which was beginning to go to seed: the front yards of several of the houses had not been mowed in some time, and there were bicycles lying around which had seen heavy use: in my neighborhood everybody mowed his lawn on Saturday, and the bicycles were all new.

I parked the car at the curb and went up to the front door. This lawn was in worse shape than any other on the block, and as I got up to the house, I could see inside because there were no blinds or shades. The rooms were all totally empty of furniture, but all the lights seemed to be on. I knocked on the door, and after a moment I heard somebody come out of the attached garage at one side of the house and clear his throat. I looked around, and a slender man was standing in the driveway in the dusk, looking sort of tired and annoyed.

"Rudd?" he said. "I'm in here," and he went back in the garage.

I followed him inside the garage, he pulled down the overhead door, and we looked at each other in the light cast by a naked bulb in the ceiling. He was about forty-five, wearing glasses on a bony, dispirited nose, and he was dressed in old Air Force fatigues, with a faded Air Force patch on the left shoulder. He didn't offer to shake hands.

"Let's go on inside," he said. "We can talk in there," and we went into the empty house, down some dusty but uncluttered stairs and into the empty basement, where another naked bulb hung from the ceiling. I looked around, but there was no furniture in the basement either, so I remained standing: I didn't feel like sitting on those stairs in my best suit.

"Well," he said, leaning against a wall and lighting a cigarette. "I've been reading your file."

"Oh," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "Who contacted you first?"

"I don't recall his name," I said, right back at him. They might get me for jacking up the price, but not for spilling my guts.

"Okay," he said. "Tell me about yourself."

"Well," I said, "my situation is not what it was, you know. I told them all about myself before. But it's not like that anymore. What I mean is, I have a job now."

"What do you mean, 'like it was before'?" he said. "When was that? When you first applied?"

"I didn't apply," I said. "I was, uh, contacted."

"But you don't remember who the contact was," he said, and sneered pretty openly. I opened my mouth, but he held up his hand. "Never mind," he said. "Your application is in your file, and there's a note saying you accepted at fifty-six hundred. Now you want almost twice that. What's that all about, Rudd?"

"That's what I explained," I said. "In the letter. Didn't you—I mean, didn't *they* get my letter? They must've gotten my letter. I explained all that. I owe a lot more money now than I did. I mean, I have a family now."

"Yeah," he said. There was a pause, while he lighted another cigarette. "You know how much I make?" he suddenly asked, glaring at me. "A hell of a lot less than you want. A *hell* of a lot less. And I've been with 'em since 1945."

"Well," I said, but I couldn't think of anything else.

"Okay, Rudd," he said, straightening up from the wall. "I've got to send in a report on this, you understand. I'm pretty pressed for time, but I'll be as fair as I can."

"Well," I said, but he started up the stairs and I followed him back out into the garage. This time I noticed there was an open quart can of cream-colored paint on the floor and a four-inch brush. I looked at them, but I didn't say anything, and I went on out to my car. As I drove away the garage door was still open, and I could see him in there, painting one of the walls with a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, and that was my last contact with the boys in Washington. I never got a letter telling me my case had been closed, and I never wrote to *ask* if it had been closed.

About a year after I saw the man in the empty house I moved away from that city, leaving my ranch-style rambler behind, along with Allen Tate's tweed cap, which somehow or other got thrown out with some old Army pants of mine, and I gradually forgot all about the Central Intelligence Agency until it was accused of ruining Mr. Eisenhower's Summit meeting in Paris. Ever since that happened I've been wondering what had become of my old friend the recruiting officer: he was such a smooth type that I expect he could survive any sort of a bureaucratic shake-up, but I'm not so sure about the garage painter, Mr. Brown. Where in the world, I ask myself, is Mr. Brown? In what garage is he interviewing people now?

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

WILLIE MORRIS

HOUSTON'S SUPERPATRIOTS

How they are turning a once-sensible city into a mecca for zany cults, scared millionaires . . . and exceedingly prosperous political evangelists.

LAST summer a member of the Texas House of Representatives was walking down a busy thoroughfare in Houston when suddenly he heard a booming voice proclaim, "America is a republic. It is *not* a democracy." He looked around for the source. It was a loud-speaker in a low-flying airplane, and attached to the tail of the craft was a huge streamer which cryptically advised, "Impeach Earl Warren."

It takes uncommon self-assurance, even in Texas, to make the sky your rostrum. But in Houston a battalion of salvationists have recently commandeered the heavens—and hundreds of more mundane platforms—to preach their diverse superpatriotic certitudes. In growing numbers, the citizens of that expansive country town are listening in rapt attention, believing—or fearing—that these compelling evangelists of the far right have found the definitive answer to the world's troubles. We more retiring Texans are beginning to watch in awe the rise of this prairie mecca for political messiahs—both the John Birchers and the older native sectarians as well—who may soon make eccentric Los Angeles look modest by comparison.

In this adolescent among American cities—it was twentieth in population in 1940 and is now sixth—these peddling patriots have a rich market. For the oil and chemical capital of the world is only a few years and a few miles removed from the hellfire faiths of the frontier. The strength and intensity of the superpatriotic movement owe much to a yearning after the old-style pulpit evangelism, a brooding suspicion of "intellectuals," a temperamental distrust of what the Feds are up to in Washington, a rising fear of Communist successes in a world threatened by nuclear destruction. Houston is a city of newcomers, and the newcomers are on the make: young men and women fresh from the East Texas boondocks, young professionals and technicians and industrial managers from all over the nation who are turning the swamps into scrubbed suburbias and who often are willing to take the nostrums of their bosses as their very own.

These modern patrioteers have been active in Houston for quite a while. In 1953 the Houston *Post* published a devastating series on the Minute Women, a feminine vigilante group which competes with the *musca domestica* in nuisance value. "There exists a reign of terror among patriotic clergymen, editors, and schoolteachers here," the *Post* said, "particularly those in the slightest interested in social improvements." From all indications, however, the 'fifties were nothing more than a gestation period. As the Cold War gets colder, and particularly since the election of a reforming Democratic Administration and the impertinences of Castro, the Houston patrioteers have got going as never before. Of late they have been sharing their homey wisdom with PTAs, churches and church groups, school assemblies, plush banqueting forums, military reserve meetings, civic clubs, professional caucuses, and neighborhood socials. Their favorite movie dramas—the House Un-American Activities Committee's *Operation Abolition* and the ominous film from Searcy, Arkansas, *Communism on the Map*—have perhaps reached more people in Houston than *Gone with the Wind*. You can hear the patrioteering folk

on radio, watch them on television, and follow their escapades in the newspapers; and they have promoted the tape-recorded "message" into what now must be one of the most booming businesses in the Southwest. Anyone who has watched them at work for a spell, in fact, will begin to suspect that the tape-recording people are behind it all. A Houston patrioteer without a tape-recorder is like his pioneer grandpap without a six-shooter.

Mr. Robert Welch, the major-domo of the John Birch Society, has named Houston and Los Angeles his two strongest cities. But his Houston prestige is enhanced, he has explained, because "you do not have the left-wing opposition in Houston that we have in places like Los Angeles. . . ." This assurance did not dissuade a local disciple, who owns a laundry and sponsors some of the more enlightening radio shows, from hiring private detectives to protect him from the city's subversives. In a tape-recorded talk before the Salesmanship Club in the Rice Hotel, he said, "The John Birch Society does not see Communists under every bed because American cowards have already taken all the room." Asked about Attorney General Kennedy's statement that he was having the FBI check on the Birchers, he replied, "I had a member of my chapter do that [run a check] on the society and on me. Then I told him, 'Son, it takes two to tango, so I'm going to have you checked.' I haven't seen him since."

When Mr. Welch himself came to town at the invitation of the local Sons of the American Revolution, he spoke before 3,000 cheering souls and a galaxy of tape-recorders. After the three Houston dailies published critical editorials on the Birch Society, the letters-to-the-editor columns crackled in defense. "If Mr. Robert Welch is a paranoiac," said a fairly typical missive, "then let us have more paranoiacs in Washington instead of the eggheads who managed, in fifteen short years, to reduce the greatest nation on the face of the earth into an abjectly humiliated, morally weakened, almost bankrupt laughing stock of the world. What manner of men may these be, who extended their liberal cause to benefit the enemy?"

William W. Morris, editor of "The Texas Observer"—an "Independent-Liberal Weekly Newspaper" published in Austin—was editor of the student newspaper when he attended the University of Texas, and president of the American Students Association when he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

The patrioteers have opened a Conservative Bookstore in a new suburban shopping center. Here such literary and philosophical guideposts as *The Income Tax—Root of All Evils, A Youth's Primer to the Confederacy—What the Historians Left Out,* and *How to Plan an Anti-Subversive Seminar* are available for purchase or browsing. A nice cross section of Birch literature can be had there, along with the collected writings of Adam Smith, Herbert Spencer, and William F. Buckley, Jr. Latest intelligence reports are displayed on the bulletin board, where one finds exposed the brainwashing movies being shown "right here in Houston"—including such films as *Inherit the Wind, Exodus,* and *Spartacus.* In contrast, the board announces that the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation has seventy chapters in Houston and may be heard each night on Station KTRH fighting for freedom. Clippings of local speeches by gentlemen like J. Bracken Lee of Utah, "a great patriot" who believes in great reforms "including repeal of the income tax," are also on exhibit.

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS

DURING this spring and summer, some of America's most dedicated oracles came to town. Kenneth Goff, pastor of an independent Baptist church in Denver and an occasional platform speaker with Gerald L. K. Smith, visited in June. He told his audience he had been a member of the Communist party from 1936 to 1939. Since he broke with the Communists, he said, his life has been in constant danger. He slapped his artificial leg and said the Reds pushed him under a train. "Unless the people of this country are awakened," he warned, "I give this country less than ten years before socialism takes over completely." There are, he said, 7,000 to 8,000 Communists and fellow travelers in American churches and 1,600 in the teaching profession, although he could not recall the names of any of them in Houston. His visit was sponsored by several businessmen and by the Gulf Coast United Anti-Communist League.

Dr. Billy James Hargis, founder of Christian Crusade out of Tulsa, also a June visitor, arrived in a streamlined, air-conditioned bus with two bedrooms, two baths, a living-room, and a radio-telephone. He stayed long enough to condemn, as the Houston *Chronicle* reported, "Communism, liberalism, the National Council of Churches, federal aid to education, Jack Paar, federal medical care for the aged, Ed Sullivan, the recent Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting, Eleanor

Roosevelt, disarmament, Steve Allen, and the Freedom Riders." Speaking before a phalanx of tape-recorders, he dismissed the brotherhood-of-man idea as "hogwash." "I find most of those who criticize me are allied with those who follow the [Communist] party line," he confided.

Major Edgar C. Bundy, general chairman of the Church League of America and author of *Collectivism in the Churches,* stopped off in May. The following, he disclosed, are helping communism in the United States: the churches and church leaders, educators, newspapers, the YWCA, the American Civil Liberties Union, the White House, advisers for the Peace Corps, the Supreme Court, and thousands of Americans "who have been duped by the Communist-front organizations. . . . [J. Edgar] Hoover said the only way to combat the Communist menace in the churches is by sticking to the fundamentals of religion. I can just hear the liberals in Houston screaming at Hoover's words."

Clarence Manion, former dean of the Notre Dame law school, a member of the Birch Society council, and the Birchers' favorite to take over for Chief Justice Earl Warren after they get the latter impeached, also came to town in May, invited by the Houston Bar Association to speak at naturalization ceremonies on Law Day. "Don't tell me of the shrinking, gutless Americans—some of them in high places—I say to them, talk not to me of peace at a time like this. I am fed to the teeth with equivocations." He modestly admitted that support of him for a Supreme Court post by some Birchers was "just an academic accolade."

Dan Smoot, a news commentator, came down to keynote a July the Fourth rally. He spent a good part of his time discussing the kinship of modern liberalism with socialism and bolshevism. Asking for a restriction of federal power, he said the taxes levied by government today are used to finance "things far more harmful than King George the Third ever thought of." Smoot had an audience of forty thousand.

FACETS FOR THE DUPLOMATS

SO IT goes, this upsurge of the patrioteers in the South's largest city. How can it be explained? Why is the lushest growth in Houston rather than Memphis or Fort Worth or particularly Dallas, a town whose civic conservatism has been more abiding than Houston's?

For one thing, a militant climate of anti-intellectualism is natural in any burgeoning provincial metropolis. For want, it would seem, of better-rooted and more sophisticated wisemen, many in the town accept uncritically those forceful and self-assured preachers, company executives, insurance men, doctors, and industrial consultants as experts on public affairs and particularly on the last several decades of American history. A typical audience of Houston patrioteers would take the word of one wealthy insurance executive on the Communist menace in preference to the combined wisdom of George Kennan, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Isaiah Berlin, Edmund Wilson, and Dean Rusk. The patrioteers thrive on the homespun democratic idea that a man need have no credentials to be an expert. His best equipment is a good speaking voice, knowledge of the Scriptures, and a towering dedication. It is no surprise that in the vernacular of the Houston patrioteers, intellectuals are habitually labeled "ineffectual" or "soft on Communism." A recent issue of a local patrioteering newsletter, for example, in discussing the U-2 incident and speculation on whether Powers was shot down, concluded: "Those facets we'll leave for the intellectual 'duplomats' to discuss."

Much of this distrust of the "intellectuals" has been channeled into protests against dangerous books. In 1957 a member of the school board initiated a controversy by condemning a textbook which had a preface praising the UN, a chapter entitled "It's All One World," and a passage saying the government is obligated "to promote the welfare of the people." Recently J. D. Salinger has been catching some of this provincial wrath. A prominent Houston lawyer and member of the Port Commission announced he was withdrawing his daughter from the University of Texas at the end of the semester when he learned she was required to read *Catcher in the Rye* in an English class. The aggrieved father sent copies to the governor, the chancellor of the university, and a number of state officials. The state senator from Houston threatened to read passages from the book on the senate floor to show the sort of thing they teach in Austin. The lawyer-father said Salinger used language "no sane person would use" and accused the university of "corrupting the moral fibers of our youth." He added that the novel "is not a hard-core Communist-type book, but it encourages a lessening of spiritual values which in turn leads to communism."

The executive secretary of the United Society of Methodist Laymen, Inc., who travels all over the country and who says he gets his strongest

support in Houston, told a large gathering of matrons in the Briarcroft Club that American youth is being demoralized by pornographic literature in Protestant churches. "It is part of an attempt to transform the Christian faith into a sex cult and to raise your children as a generation of sex perverts," he said, speaking before a bank of twenty tape-recorders. The first rule of communism is to corrupt the young, he warned. "Only one thing can stop me in this campaign," the Houston *Post* reported him as saying. "That's death itself. If it be at the hands of Communist bullets, so be it."

One civic-minded matron and Birch member in Channelview, on Houston's outskirts, discovered there was a book, *Living Biographies of Greek Philosophers,* in the school library. "Plato talks about free love and communal living and such, and that's not meant for thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds," she said. Also, Plato was a student of Socrates and "the people at that time poisoned Socrates for the ideas he was spreading," she remembered. "The school library must be cleaned out. I haven't been in it, but they have many books, and some bad ones are bound to slip through." Happily, at the next meeting of the district school board, the trustees staved off attempts at censorship, refused to have the meeting tape-recorded, and reported that the superintendent himself was compiling a study of library books.

BOLSHEVISM SINCE GENESIS I

A SECOND major source of the patrioteers' fervor is the fearsome evangelical fundamentalism which is native to the East Texas Bible Belt and funnels into metropolitan Houston. The literature of the superpatriots bristles with indictments of "liberal theology" and seeks a return to strict fundamentalist doctrine. In its brimming emotionalism, a Houston anti-Communist rally is much like a religious tent revival. The rhetoric is often Biblical; the stress is on a dedication of Christian souls to ferret out the Reds at home and abroad; the "lost" are those duped by FDR and the Communists, who have departed from the simple earthy faith of their fathers to take up such Kremlin-oriented schemes as urban renewal, aid to depressed areas, and labor unions. To the free-wheeling Houston evangelists, if the National Council of Churches is not an adjunct of the Kremlin, it is most assuredly in active radio contact.

The Belfort Baptist Church was not content this year to withdraw from one convention, it withdrew from three: the Union Baptist Association, the Baptist General Convention of Texas, and the Southern Baptist Convention. The preacher commented: "Only the old is good, but this new or neo-orthodoxy is of the devil." A local Methodist minister has been making the rounds of other churches, civic clubs, and military units with a pat sermon entitled "Who Else Serves Communism?" "Those who serve communism," he declares, "are not just those in Moscow, the fellow travelers, and dupes, but also those who claim to believe in God, and by their lives endorse the atheistic view of communism."

But the fundamentalist sects have not been alone in rejecting the social gospel. There have been similar rumblings, for instance, from the Episcopal church that serves River Oaks, the most exclusive residential area in the city. A group of ultra-conservative businessmen have just organized an "Association for Christian Schools" with the purpose of advancing "the cause of Christian education." One of the names affixed to the explanatory letter was one T. Robert Ingram, rector of another Episcopal Church, St. Thomas, in one of the city's newer suburbs. As an Episcopalian, Ingram holds an undisputed lead as High Priest of the Houston patrioteers. His picture adorns a wall of the Conservative Bookstore, and from all one can gather he believes the world has been drifting steadily toward bolshevism since Genesis 1:1. Ingram has edited a pamphlet entitled *Essays on Segregation,* billed as "a collection of writings by six Episcopalian clergymen, one of them a bishop, exploring the Christian foundations for the racial settlement in the South called segregation, and exposing 'integration' as an attack on mankind's greatest treasure, faith in Jesus Christ." In a typical sermon, he rather curiously linked "this matter of mental health" with the ominous power by which "labor unions have marched to virtual control of all government in the United States."

In this atmosphere, it was no surprise that when President Kennedy appeared before the Houston ministers in his dramatic confrontation of the religious issue last autumn, the first question asked him concerned, not separation of church and state, but the right-to-work laws.

Under this steady crossfire from fellow gentlemen of the cloth, a number of Protestant leaders have fought back. Bishop James A. Pike of California came to town and charged that an Episcopal layman in Houston had "smeared"

him as a Communist and that the Houston Minute Women "had used pamphlets and pressured university officials" in an unsuccessful attempt to keep him from speaking at Rice last year. The Association of Churches of Greater Houston has established a committee to combat charges of infiltration. "A lot of good men have been maligned and made victims of virtual character assassination by people coming in and making charges of communism," said the president, a Presbyterian minister. "The committee is the result of our just getting fed up about being charged with everything from communism to sex disorders."

"WHY AM I DOING IT?"

BY ALL odds the most effective single agency in uniting fervent evangelism with thundering conservatism in Houston has been a national organization called the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. Going about their work with all the primitive vigor of an orgiastic sunrise revival, the Crusaders spoke 300 times in Houston in 1960 to more than 60,000 people in churches, schools, clubs, and business groups.

The guiding light behind the Crusade nationally is a former Australian medical doctor named Fred C. Schwarz; it is his admiring disciple, W. P. Strube Jr., who leads the fight in Houston. Strube's academic grounding was in Naval ROTC at two West Coast universities, and he is now president of an insurance company. He modestly concedes in one of his many pocket-sized pamphlets that he is "one of America's leading authorities" on the subject of "the Communists' tactics in the Cold War." According to Strube, the testimony of his tutor, Dr. Schwarz, before the House Un-American Activities Committee "had a wider circulation in this country than any document except possibly the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution." When he first heard Schwarz in 1952, "I shivered and shook for ten minutes, took a towel of apathy, and went about my way." Later, when he found the Australian to be "the most dedicated man I ever knew," he joined the Crusade in earnest and is now vice-president.

"Why am I doing it?" Strube says. "I have two reasons. I have two beautiful children, whom I love very much."

Strube is a fearsome platform orator, often hypnotic in effect. By his own count he spoke against communism 150 times in 1958, 300 times in 1959, and about 400 times in 1960. The Crusade, in addition, distributes pamphlets and books by the gross, as well, of course, as tape-recordings (such as "Why Do Millionaires, Ministers of Religion, and College Professors Become Communists" and "Insurance Against Communism"). Strube's office is equipped with nine portable tape-recorders tended by technicians taping new and old talks by Strube and his associates, along with three giant tape-reproducing machines.

In one of Strube's early manuals, a crude mimeographed affair as compared to the slick literature he circulates today, he sounded a clarion which seemed to suggest that he would have been happier with a saber and a commission from J. E. B. Stuart. "Carrying on the lessons from the militia in wartimes as it existed in the United States from 1776 until nearly the outbreak of World War II," he wrote, "these political guerrilla bands must be tightly organized. Few in numbers, but mighty in Spirit could well serve as a Modus Operandi." He advised: "If you become depressed, write us for suggestions on how to rehabilitate your group. . . . By using tape-recordings, the experts can be taken into homes, schools, Sunday schools, classes, etc. . . . We must have fast and mass dissemination of the information if we are to preserve our freedom."

Strube's prose sometimes reads like a military dispatch from Richard Coeur de Lion: "Take first the helmet of Salvation, then the breastplate of righteousness, gird your loins with the truth, prepare your feet for the propagation of the Gospel, which will set men free. Take the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and move forward into battle. . . ."

The Crusade's "Teens Against Communism Clubs" have been well received. At Jesse H. Jones High School, for instance, students attended weekly Thursday night anticommunism programs sponsored by the teens clubs themselves. Films from Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas (a kind of war college for the patrioteers of the area and perhaps of the whole nation) were shown, along with *Operation Abolition*. At one night's program, with 800 in attendance, the supervisor of history, economics, and civics courses in Houston's secondary schools spoke, and said the program was filled with "fine things." Strube delivered one of his basic diatribes, and a standard Crusade speaker who is guidance director in a local high school said Communists were "very successful" in inciting the San Francisco student riots and that they were trying to make U. S. youth "decadent and

immoral." He warned that the Reds are interested "in getting filthy literature in your hands. They definitely are."

Last spring Strube served as general director of a typical Crusade-originated Freedom Forum in Houston's Shamrock-Hilton hotel. He advertised the event in his newsletter:

> We trust that as the Lord challenges your heart to this missionary opportunity you will become a salesman, a prayer warrior, and a supporter of the effort. We trust that as you give your financial assistance to this cause, you will do so not grudgingly or of necessity, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.* Marx said, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains." History has proven this to be a lie. We say instead, "Americans of Houston UNITE, your most precious possession is endangered, your FREEDOM." . . .
>
> Tape Recorders—"Do It Yourself" facilities will be available for 25 recorders. 1,800 ft. blank tape, $2. "Let Us Do It"—Two Speeches on 1,800 ft. tape, $5.

There were full houses on each of the four Saturdays in the Emerald Room of the Shamrock-Hilton, and some 2,000 additional townsfolk watched the doings in an adjoining room on closed-circuit television. Films, tape-recordings, and lectures were featured on the programs, which began at 9:30 A.M. and lasted until late into the night.

Schwarz, the Crusade president and one of the lecturers, said everything is a weapon in the Cold War, including art, religion, language, and diplomacy. When the Russian ballet comes to America and charms an audience, it is a victory for the Russians. The Reds are running ahead of their schedule to take over the United States by 1973. Pointing at the businessmen and junior executives assembled in the plush hall, Schwarz said, "You are the most stupid segment of the American people. Comparing your success with Communist achievements, the only possible prediction is that you won't have any businesses left in the next ten or fifteen years." Other experts included two former FBI men, an Army sergeant from San Antonio, and an industrial consultant from Kansas City.

THE "WORD" ON TAPE

BUT the holiest temple of the patrioteers has its roots even deeper in Houston than the Crusade. This is the Berachah Church, one of the most impressive new religious phenomena in the whole country. The faithful may come every day of the week except Saturdays, and three times on Sundays, for scriptural sanction. Berachah Church is "nondenominational," dispensing the old rural fundamentalism close to the hearts of the Houston immigrants not long removed from the piney woods and swamp bottoms, but with a sharp suburban cut. As its pastor explains, "Fundamentalism has been misdefined in this country. For a generation it has been associated with frothing at the mouth and rolling in the aisles. Actually, fundamentalism is real conservatism in theology."

The sign in front of the huge streamlined temple reads: "They Assembled Themselves in the Valley of Berachah for There They Blessed the Lord." Here in a wealthy new suburban area in southwest Houston, disgruntled members of other congregations have been assembling in growing numbers. Two years ago the church was housed in a renovated Quonset hut in a somewhat shabbier precinct. Today, although the foam-rubber seats in its massive auditorium will take care of 1,000, and although there is a labyrinth of rooms built outward from it, the church is overflowing every service and the Sunday school is unable to accommodate another child. Now Berachah is expanding again with another 1,000 seats and additional rooms in the offing.

The tape-recording room will have to be enlarged also. Located just off the main auditorium, it will only handle three dozen machines at present, and that is not enough. Members of the congregation bring their own recorders, plug them in private outlets, and watch. There is also a "tape ministry" in Berachah Church; more than twenty recordings are made of each sermon and dispatched with zeal to all parts of the world. The pastor is well known, it is said, "for not uttering a word without a microphone in front of him."

How can Berachah's growth be explained? "Because people are starved for the word of God as it was written," a secretary said, "and not as it's being preached in some of these pulpits."

As the Berachah brethren read it, the word of God might be interpreted in its political content to be only slightly to the left of King Alfred. The pastor, Colonel Bob Thieme, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Arizona who had to give up a Rhodes Scholarship to serve in the Army in World War II. He is now active in the Air Force reserve and is an expert pistol marksman. After the war he graduated from fundamentalist Dallas Theological Semi-

* Philip Horton (in *The Reporter,* July 20, 1961) said that gross receipts of the Crusade, a tax-free organization, were $63,000 in 1957, $380,000 in 1960, and estimated at $1 million for 1961.

nary. Thieme, who says 5,000 people come through his church during an average week, has orated at Christian Anti-Communism Crusade functions; the Birch Society, in his opinion, "appears to be doing a very fine job." Nine times out of ten, he says, folks who are conservative about the scriptures will be conservative politically. He interprets the stanch ultraconservatism of Houston with stark simplicity: "It's because of a wide dissemination of Bible-teaching in this area."

MONDAY NIGHT FIGHTS

THE role of Houston's officialdom during the rise of the patrioteers has been ambiguous. Tolerant and quiescent, perhaps through caution, the generally conservative fathers have avoided taking a stand on the superpatriots' issue-mongering. It was no surprise this July that when the Texas American Legion decided to ask Congress to investigate both the State Department and the Supreme Court, they were convening in Houston when they did it. The climate there is favorable—though certainly not every city official is a Bircher or a Minute Woman. Quite the contrary: recent mayors have been liberal or moderately so; city politics is free-wheeling and open.

The Houston school board, however, regularly sallies forth on ideological tangents congenial to the patrioteers. So much so that the board itself has become one of the most avidly discussed topics in town, and its televised sessions are sometimes called the "Monday night fights." The school board's politically colored actions began in the 'fifties when anti-UNESCO candidates ran in the elections; "Save the Schools from Socialism" was a favorite rallying cry; and textbooks were expurgated for sundry reasons. Liberal-conservative margins were often close, but there was allegedly a time when a majority of the members were either Minute Women or husbands of Minute Women. The present president of the board is a member of the DAR and a winner of the Houston Sons of the Revolution's award for her "continuing battle against socialistic liberalism in modern education." She has also been victorious in rejecting federal funds for milk for school children.

It would be difficult, in fact, to distinguish some of the recent actions of the board from the practical dictums of a Birch study cell. For example, this summer the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union wanted to rent one of the school auditoriums for a talk by its national executive secretary, Patrick Malin. But the board members, alert to all threats, promptly passed a motion (with one dissenting vote cast by Mrs. Charles E. White, a Negro and the sole liberal on the board) denying auditorium facilities to any organization or persons whose thinking "was not in keeping with that of Houstonians." This disposed of, the board later announced that two loyalty oaths would be required for future rentals: one by a representative of the applying group and another by the proposed speaker. "We don't want any Communist speakers or Communist group meetings in our public schools," the president said.

Again the board bestirred itself when a lady named Margaret Bleil, who had thirty years' teaching experience, was recommended for a higher position by both her school principal and the city superintendent. Unfortunately, she had been president of the Houston Teachers' Association seven years ago when that organization had invited the National Education Association to do a study of the Houston schools. The NEA made a rather unfavorable report. Although Mrs. Bleil as president of the teachers' organization had not cast a vote when the invitation was made, her promotion was not approved; as the vice-chairman of the board explained later, "Someone as controversial as that should not be promoted."

Yet another case involved a young history teacher named Kenneth Parker. A local Minute Woman had heard that Parker had dropped a few controversial comments in class. In order to check for herself, she invited him to her home. She played a tape-recording of a patrioteering speech and quizzed Parker on his opinions. Since she was not satisfied, she consulted her friend, the school-board president, who instituted a more formal check on the teacher. Meanwhile, the civic-minded Minute Woman reportedly received special reports from adults who came into Parker's classes and took notes. After a prolonged controversy, he resigned, affirming in exasperation that he was a Christian, a John Fitzgerald Kennedy Democrat, and an active Democratic precinct worker. The Minute Woman and her spouse commented that his departure was a good thing "because of his reluctance to tell us he was a Christian and the ultraliberal views he expounded in the classroom." The school board at first accepted his resignation; later he was merely suspended temporarily, then transferred to another high school and placed on "day-to-day" probation. Young Parker, who has since had a more lucrative teaching job offered in New York, was not a good sport about it; he said his

encounter with the Minute Woman was the beginning of an "eleven-month organized, anonymous plot to humiliate, embarrass, and harass me."

DON'T LET THEM TAKE IT AWAY

HOUSTON is "the last stronghold and concentrated seat of rugged individualism," says the director of city planning, and he goes back to the early ranch economy of the area to help explain it. On this rugged tradition has been superimposed the gloss of first- and second-generation wealth.

"Abolish the Income Tax"—that perennial slogan of the wealthy right—is a magnet for new patrioteers. As a local realtor likes to say in describing one of the inveterate contributors, "He'd rather get a part of the income tax abolished than be visited every night of the year by six sixteen-year-old virgins."

When H. L. Hunt, the Dallas billionaire, decided last spring to break a long public silence and come to Houston for some speech-making, it was like the entry of a saintly old warrior knight into a camp of medieval barons. "The country is so far gone," advised the man who subsidizes more political proselytizing than just about anyone else in the nation and who advocated in his novel, *Alpaca,* that the right to vote be based on wealth, "that I am willing to do anything I can to dispel the apathy of the people." He said, among other things: Calvin Coolidge was the last President he approved; 2 per cent of the American people are Reds, 2 per cent active patriots, 18 per cent Red sympathizers or dupes, and the remaining 78 per cent "dormand"; the $11 billion a year which business spends on advertising should be used to promote patriotic themes. At a press conference, his daughters sang new words to songs which expressed their father's views, such as this stanza to the tune of "School Days":

> Listen to what our Popsy says,
> Don't give an inch to any Red . . .

Although there are notable exceptions, rare indeed is the Houston magnate of new money who would not stand squarely with Hunt and Cal Coolidge in the political spectrum, several degrees to the right of the late Robert A. Taft. So much of the big Houston money was made overnight by digging a hole in the ground, or passed along intact from quick-rich fathers, that as one Houstonian explains it, "They've suddenly come into a lot of money, and they're afraid the government's going to take it away from them." Equally exasperated, large numbers of the more moderately rich have concluded that they are "working for someone else." They are looking for sweeping answers, and among the Houston patrioteers, sweeping answers are part of the business.

Four years or so ago, when the liberal movement in Texas began to cast a dark shadow across the city, a number of the Houston oil, gas, insurance, and utilities companies—usually the home-based ones—began importing firebrand speakers of the George Roberts type. (George Roberts, a former college teacher of hazy academic background, was hired as "industrial consultant" by several large Houston firms which felt that their employees needed their politics straightened out. He was also signed up to give five required lectures to all history, civics, and economics teachers in the Houston system.) Seminars for company executives became a standard practice. Freedom-In-Action, a semisecret political organization which is the brain child of Houston's own Elwood Fouts, an active Liberty Leaguer in the 'thirties, moved into the breach. For the city's growing class of junior executives, political-action movements of the conservative stripe have become just another part of getting ahead.

Many good ladies of leisure have likewise contributed to the rise of the patrioteers—housewives in Tanglewood and in the cloistered piney woods around Memorial Drive as well as in the newer and slightly less elite suburbs. "Their husbands are on the way up," one slightly cynical matron says, "and they suddenly become aware of this income-tax business." They are usually more vocal and more active in letter writing and the busier types of nagging agitation than the patrioteer male of the species.

The Houston Junior Chamber of Commerce, which sometimes likes to call itself the largest Jaycee organization in the world, has provided a central forum for the patrioteers, and serves as a fairly reliable gauge of the raging dissatisfactions of the younger business set. A recent president, William Hollis, is a full-time, salaried organizer for the political movement, Freedom-In-Action. Jaycee banquets have been well stocked with speakers like Strube and Fouts. At a recent Jaycee-sponsored political rally, one of the more vociferous local patrioteers—a candidate for Congress on the far-right Constitutional party ticket who has challenged Lyndon Johnson to fist fights in his speeches—was introduced as

the Houston Jaycees' "Man of the Year." The organization has also recently given an "Americanism" award to Fouts, which is at least tantamount to tacit approval of his organization's perfervid opposition to social security, unemployment compensation, foreign aid, the United Nations, and all the classic bugaboos of the patrioteers.

The contrast which Houston presents in relation to Dallas these days is striking. Big D, only 240 miles away, has been a traditional center of conservatism in the Southwest. It most assuredly has never been without what George Fuermann, in his excellent Texas study, *Reluctant Empire,* calls "a minority of fanatical nationalists." Anti-Semitism has never been a flaming issue in Houston as it has sometimes been in Dallas, and art exhibitions have never been expunged in Houston with such fine relish. Dallas conservatism, however, is more abiding. Houston could be a liberal city at some point in the future, as it has threatened to be on occasion in the past; but it will probably take a revolution for Dallas ever again to vote Democratic. Dallas conservatism, withal, is more sophisticated, just as the city itself. But Houston, says Hubert Mewhinney of the Houston *Post,* is a whiskey and trombone town.

Being more openly and ardently democratic, Houston is a city of taut ideological extremes. It remains the center of economic liberalism in Texas. It is a growing industrial city, and the clash between organized labor and management produces greater friction. The Dallas delegation to the state's lower house is conservative to the man. The Houston delegation includes two liberals, a moderate, and five conservatives. The Dallas conservatives, however, are not patrioteers; Houston's are.

SECRETS OF THE "FREE"

THE political leadership of the liberals in Houston is undoubtedly more liberal than anywhere else in the state. Correspondingly, the conservative leadership is more conservative. The middle ground has dwindled. In the recent seventy-man first primary to fill Lyndon Johnson's place in the Senate, it is significant that the candidates who finished one-two in the city were the most conservative and the most liberal in the race. Amid this growing polarization of political thought, the patrioteers have energetically interjected their rough-hewn idea that a man is either a Communist dupe or he isn't.

The active political arm of the patrioteers is Freedom-In-Action, a national but Houston-based organization which has never been wanting in appropriations to get through a difficult winter. It channels large sums of money into elections, lines up strength at the precinct level, and conducts programs on the heartier techniques of political in-fighting. Robert Welch listed FIA as one of the organizations his followers should support, and there is a great overlap in Houston membership. Although it is a semisecret society, FIA is undoubtedly at its peak strength in Houston. It maintains a selective recruitment policy, and its members must sign a written pledge to guarantee them, as its literature says, "free from the intent of subversion," and to prevent "being captured and taken over by subversives." The society's textbook is secret, and a Texas journalist kicked up a minor storm two years ago when he obtained a copy and published some of its juicier passages. The society's purposes are to stamp out "the poison of communism whether labeled as liberalism, socialism, welfare statism, or communism."

In 1957 FIA produced a movie drama direct from the Boris Karloff tradition. A politically apathetic doctor falls asleep and has a nightmare; doctors are socialized, farmers await production orders from Washington, gasoline is rationed, the government has taken over the schools. He wakes up, FIA goes to work on the harried fellow, and he wins his precinct convention from the Communists. "This will scare them a little," the producer said. It was a Houston story if there ever was one.

Among Houstonians who are suspicious of superpatriotic civic work the erratic gyrations of their vituperative and well-heeled antagonists is very frustrating. It is more difficult to carry out a hard-headed exchange with a Bircher, an FIA member, or Christian Anti-Communism Crusader than it is to induce a Soviet youth leader to debate the bourgeois merits of civil liberties.

The brooding provincial fears over a world not clearly understood, the rampant fundamentalism, the temperamental wealth, the passionate organizational work—such are the ingredients that help explain the Houston phenomenon. A Houston manufacturer who is deeply concerned with the current rise of the patrioteers perhaps is taking too dark a view, but he expresses an opinion which is shared by many: "All of our institutions have failed us when this sort of thing can happen in an American city. Maybe if they really understood what democracy is, they'd buy it."



A BIRD ON THE MESA

A Story by William Eastlake

THE blue mesa rose through the clouds like an atoll. From above there was nothing more to see, nothing, no land or life, not even water or sand anywhere, nothing, only this mesa in all the universe—nothing more.

Those on the desert floor below could hear an airplane in those clouds shrouding the mesa, the roar going round and round like a distant high whining toy held on a long twirling string by a child. Now they wondered when the airplane would run out of gasoline and sink to earth.

"It's been about an hour now."

"Yes. He must have been short of gas when he began to circle. I bet he can see the top of the mesa; why doesn't he land there?"

"Because he'd never get down from the mesa."

"That's true. Not without us."

The two very young men on horses—about fourteen, both of them—could have been sitting here on horses a hundred years before. That's the way they were dressed, in blue hard pants, rough shirts; and this land of northern New Mexico looked still raw and unshocked too, still virgin and bright, with gray-green sage and mesas that rose like undiscovered islands in the clouds.

"He must have all the gasoline in the world."

"He'll come down."

"We've got to be patient."

"It really doesn't make any difference to me. I've got all the time in the world."

"The cattle can wait."

"Boy, can they wait!"

One of the young men who thought the cattle could wait for the airplane to do what the airplane would soon have to do was a Navajo Indian called Rabbit Stockings and the other, with the lean, sharply cut, and burning face was the son of the man who owned the cattle and, of course, the horses they both rode, Sant Bowman. The Indian called Rabbit Stockings did not have the typical appearance, he did not have even the aquiline nose that most people associate with Navajos. Their friend, the son of Afraid Of His Own Horses, had one and so did Chee Bill Toledo, but not Rabbit Stockings.

"You're an atypical Indian."

"What's that mean?"

"You're not right."

"Oh, I'm okay."

"Your nose isn't right for an Indian."

"What else is wrong? Is my name wrong too for an Indian?"

"No, your name is fine, Rabbit Stockings."

They both watched up from atop their painted-in-quick-bright-splashes and nervous cow ponies to the thick, dark, swirling-in-gray, slow-moving clouds above, where the hornet buzzing of the plane whirred unremitting and mad.

"What would an airplane be doing out here in nowhere?"

"Oh, this is somewhere, Rabbit Stockings. The most important country can be nowhere now. If I didn't want to be caught or seen at what I was up to I would certainly go to nowhere to do it."

"Like the heifer we're following who's going to calve. She's going nowhere to do it."

"Yes, or that plane up there above the mesa."

"I wonder what they're up to that they came here to nowhere."

"Well, we're close to the Mexican border, they could be trying to smuggle something across."

"Like what?"

"People."

"You mean Mexicans? They can cross the river at night."

"They've got a high fence on this side now. This way they are flying them over that fence."

"To this mesa? It's a long way over."

"Yes, it is, Rabbit Stockings."

"You know, Santo . . ." Rabbit Stockings let the rein fall on the fabulous horse. "You know —how do you know there are people up there?"

"Well, it's not a bird above the mesa."

"That's true," Rabbit Stockings said.

YES, there were people above the mesa, but right now there seemed only one, the man at the controls of the old, gaudily painted DC3. The soft light from the fantastic and myriad panel of instruments lit only the bony jaw outlines, throwing the face and brow in hard relief. It was the face of a murderer. There seemed no one else in the ship.

"You can come out now," the pilot said, almost to himself, and then again, "I said you could come out. *Venga!*"

"Okay, okay, okay," a man said, getting off the floor, and then nine others rose. The Mexican up first leaned over the pilot and said, "We there?"

"No," the pilot said. "The weather's been bad all the way. We're going to have to land down there." He pointed. "It looks like a flattop wallowing in the ocean, doesn't it?"

"A what?"

"An aircraft carrier."

"You were supposed to land us near Albuquerque," the Mexican said, annoyed. He was the only one of the ten Mexicans who spoke English and he did all the negotiations with the Gringo who had agreed to fly them into the States of the United States for three hundred dollars apiece.

"Are we in the States of the United States?" a wide peasant-faced Mexican asked in Spanish.

"No," the tall, thin-faced spokesman who leaned over the pilot said. "We're over an aircraft carrier."

"Actually a mesa," the pilot said.

"*Una mesa*," the spokesman explained to the others.

"Can we get down off it?"

"I never heard of one you couldn't," the pilot said, adjusting a large red mixture knob. The interpreter translated this and all the Mexicans seemed satisfied except the wide-faced peasant who thought about it a while and then touched himself and said, "*Yo, si.*"

"What's that?"

"He says he has," the interpreter told the pilot.

"Well, we're going to land here anyway," the pilot said, and he touched back the throttle and he thought: I can land there all right. It's long enough to land. I don't know about taking off again with this load. I don't think so. The thing to do is land and conserve gasoline and when the weather clears I will take off again without the Mexicans. I'm very sorry but I have fulfilled my contract. I told them I would land them someplace near Albuquerque. I'll be sorry if they can't get down off the mesa. If they can't get down off the mesa then no one will ever find out I brought them in. After a reasonable time, when this bunch is dead, I could bring in another bunch. It could work forever. I guess half the people in Mexico would like to come to the United States. The top of that mesa is the United States. Well, anyway, you could get away with a few more loads. This is quite a discovery, a new island entirely surrounded by clouds.

William Eastlake of Cuba, New Mexico, is the author of a novel about the Southwest, "Go in Beauty," and of short stories about Navajos, rodeos, and sports-car fanatics. Mr. Eastlake grew up in the East and studied in Paris after the war. This story is part of a novel in progress called "Something Big Is Happening to Me."

The pilot felt like Magellan or Balboa, but lighted by the yellow deep shadows of the instruments he looked more like a pirate, a well-dressed, successful, and even bow-tied Captain Kidd. But no one walked the plank, just that mesa, he thought. The pilot kicked the plane into a long glide toward the high strip; the steep sides of the mesa were raked by long combers of clouds breaking in on the scrub oak and piñon and then sweeping back into the turbulent big sky. The port engine sputtered. The pilot listened and then the pilot heard, really heard, the engine sing perfectly again and he began to let her down. The Mexicans got down on the floor and held onto each other. She hit, then hit again and again, and then hit hard, awful, once more, before she held the ground and rolled to a perilous halt on one leg.

SANT leaned back and touched the crupper of the horse. "Whatever it was, it lit."

"The bird's on the mesa," the Indian said.

"And they can't get down."

"Maybe they'll take off again."

"If it could fly it would not have landed."

Rabbit Stockings tried to think of something wrong with this proposition but he couldn't so he confounded Sant. "Do you know what, Santo? We've never been up on that mesa."

"You sure?"

"Sure I'm sure. But maybe my forefathers . . ."

"Do you know what forefathers means?"

"Indians?"

"No, it means you had four fathers. Now, which one of them was on the mesa?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"I don't suppose it does. Did you hear that? It sounded as though the engine, the bird, started again and then quit."

"I like another idea now," said Rabbit Stockings.

"What's that?"

"That they're smuggling dope in that airplane, or running arms."

"What's 'running arms'?"

"It's an expression."

"I like our first idea best."

"Running people?"

"Yes. Running people is better than running arms. Running legs would be more apt."

There was a faint mechanical coughing on the mesa and then silence. "The idea of running people is ridiculous when you think about it." The Indian set his horse straight and felt secure in his judgment.

Sant swung around backwards on his saddle and looked over the long country, then up at the dark ceiling where the bird had lit. "Ridiculous when you think about it, yes," Sant said. "But so is Rabbit Stockings."

"What?"

"Don't think, Rabbit Stockings," Sant said.

THE man on the mesa, the pilot, was thinking into the overcast. The Mexican illegal entries tumbled out when the plane came to an awkward stop. The front right wheel was off the ground, the left leg of the plane was in a hole. The Mexicans were under the shadow of the wing and waiting for the pilot to come out and tell them where to walk to get to Albuquerque.

"First we better get this plane out of the hole, then I'll show you how to walk to Albuquerque," the pilot called from the cockpit.

The interpreter got the Mexicans lifting and pulling on the plane and soon they had the purple-with-blue-wings and red-tailed bird that had brought them so far sitting alertly on a yellow apron of sandstone surrounded by low junipers.

The pilot turned on the radio to try to get a weather report while the Mexicans began to scout the mesa for a way down and out to Albuquerque, excepting the Mexican with the thin mustache, the interpreter. He stayed put beneath the wing. The pilot could not call in for weather information because he had, of course, filed no flight plan. He had left a small field with his live cargo outside Guaymas, Mexico, five hours ago and he had hoped to land at the foot of the Sandias between Bernalillo and Albuquerque and get rid of the illegal Mexicans, then fly back to Guaymas for more if all went well. The radio gave him nothing but loud squawking so he turned it off and watched the sky boiling around him to figure when he could take off. It was too bad he would not be able to take the Mexicans but he had gotten them to their States of the United States and that was all he was hired to do. There was a hole in the weather now toward the east so he started up the engines and let her idle to be able to get off quickly if there was an opening. It would be best to get off while the Mexicans were looking for a way down. There was no way down.

"Shut her off!"

"What?" the pilot called down to the Mexican interpreter.

"Shut off the engines. You're not going anyplace without me."

The pilot killed the motors and the propellers finally coughed to a jerky standstill.

"You're not going to leave me here to die. I could see from up there that there wasn't any way down off this mesa."

"Let's not be melodramatic."

"What?"

"Let's make a deal."

"All right." The interpreter seemed relieved. This was the kind of language he was used to interpreting. He had made a deal to be flown along for half fare if he would do the interpreting. But he did not want to die for half price on this mesa. "What's the deal?"

"Keep the others in ignorance and I'll fly you off with me."

"What you want me to keep them inside of, did you say? Speak more clear."

"Keep them occupied when they get back."

"*Ocupado.* Keep them busy when they get back. It's a deal."

"It's a deal."

"Remember, the deal is we go off together."

"That's the deal," and the pilot wondered how he was going to get rid of this Mexican who seemed more than willing to interpret his comrades out of their lives. The bare sandstone stretched about twelve hundred feet and he doubted very much whether the ship could make it off the mesa with both of them—it would certainly be critical. Why take chances? There was not only the risk of not getting off, there was the risk of another living witness if you got him off. Why risk double jeopardy?—I think it's called. Wait. I think there was a real break in the clouds. I think I saw some blue.

"The *muchachos* are coming back," the interpreter called up. "Can we take off fast now?"

"Not quite now," the pilot said down quietly. "You'll have to placate them."

"Are you sure you're speaking English?"

"Con them."

"Okay." The Mexicans came up and circled the plane with folded arms, their legs wide apart. They stared at the plane with small dark eyes, with somber and certain knowledge. They all wore loose-fitting, once-white clothes, but not the enormous wide hats you see in the cartoons and the movies. They didn't have any hats at all, and their hair was very black, cut short, and stood up like coarse dark wire in continuous amazement, and now imminent attack, like the hackles of a bear.

"What did you find?" The pilot asked down calmly from his perch above the blue wings.

"*Es una isla.*"

"It's an island," the interpreter repeated.

"Yes," the pilot said surely. "But it's in the United States and it's near Albuquerque. What more . . . ?"

"*Qué más?*"

One of the Mexicans reached out a great arm and broke off a thick branch from a juniper tree and tapped it on the ground. "*Éste.*"

The translator did not have to translate the word "This" for the pilot. The pilot understood the weapon and he thought, well, I didn't want to produce my Smith and Wesson, a thirty-eight is very small and there are ten of them, but here goes because it is the only language that any of us seem to understand, and he reached under the seat and felt first with his fingers to feel if the clip was home and then he brought the blue gun over the wheel and pointed it down over the big blue wing straight at the faces of the marooned Mexicans. "*Mira!*" he said, using one perfect Spanish word and shaking the automatic. "*Mira!*" Then he said more quietly to the interpreter, "Ask them, ask them in Mexican, how they want to go." There was a great silence. The clouds, the ocean of solid clouds around the mesa began to shift and, if not yet to break up, then to allow the first white light to beat down on the quiet tableau around the big blue bird on the high island mesa. Now the pilot fired one single echoless shot in the high sky over the heads of the Mexicans to impress himself with his strength and the weakness of those beneath his wings.

I THINK we have been up on this mesa," Sant said.

"When?"

"When we chased the polled bull."

"No."

"When we lost the bronc."

"No."

"When we saw into Old Mexico."

"Not then either."

"When was it then?"

"We were never on this mesa, Santo."

"Then this will be the first time."

"No, someone else just made it."

"The first time for us then."

"If there is a way up," said Rabbit Stockings.

They stared at each other from their glaring splash horses. The horses wore identical yellow latigo hackamores on twin blazed white faces; they had crazed ceramic eyes, and now both pawed the red earth in furious attitudes of Greek bronze and cow-horse impatience.

"We should ought to find that heifer first."

"One heifer in three will need help having her first calf."

"So we should ought to find that heifer first, but . . ."

"Take this heifer though, I bet it's the two in three that don't need help. It's like you said, I think, about my four fathers."

"No, it's nothing to do with that, Rabbit Stockings. It's that you're right about it being the two in three. Why didn't I think of that?"

"You were distracted by the bird on the mesa."

"Yes. How are we going to get it down?"

"How are we going to get up to get it down?" Rabbit Stockings looked around wisely and then up at the heavens. "She's beginning to break up."

"Yes, the bird will escape. Let's see if we can find a trail up."

They couldn't. They walked, then trotted, cantered, finally ran their horses around the tall mesa, examining carefully the steep crenelated sides that rose like a Roman temple, but forever up into the sky, the mesa punching through, hiding and hidden and itself concealing—what was it? That noise, the big toy whir of a new bird on the mesa.

"I thought I saw . . ."

"What?"

"I thought I saw a way up."

"Where, Rabbit Stockings?"

"There. That cave."

"It's dark."

"And it goes in, not up," said Rabbit Stockings.

"And it's dark, very dark. You're right, it goes in, not up."

"I guess that's it." Rabbit Stockings placed his hands on his hips and looked around solemnly. "If we can't get up we better locate that cow."

"That heifer before it becomes a cow."

"If we don't, it may never live to be one."

"I said it much better," Sant said. "Don't always try to improve on what I say."

"After all, I'm only an Indian."

"It's okay to be an Indian, Rabbit Stockings, it's okay, but remember the war's over. Don't still try to count coup."

"What's that?"

"Take scalps."

"Keep me filled in on all the Indian lore, Santo."

"I'll fill you in with a rock in your head," Sant said. "Now, what are we going to do?"

"Chase the heifer."

"All right, we'll chase the heifer, but I hate . . ."

"Me too."

"It's only a plane that got lost. Soon it will take off and go home."

"Me too."

"No, no, Rabbit Stockings, see if you can pick up a track of the heifer. That's what Indians are supposed to be good at, but in my experience they tend to confuse things."

"The bird will escape, Santo."

"That's too bad."

"You had them smuggling dope, arms, people, legs, everything."

"It was a weak moment."

"No, no, no," Rabbit Stockings said and he swung his horse in repeated half circles to pick up the track. "No, that's good, Santo. It shows imagination. Why, in a little while, if you keep your nose to the—grindstone, is it?—why, soon you'll know as much about crime lore as Indian lore, if you rub two criminals together . . ."

Sant hurled his horse into Rabbit Stockings' horse and they bumped and swayed, pitching and tossing across the sage; then a shot rang out. They pulled up their horses and stared around, then up at the mesa.

"If we can't get up, there is nothing we can do," Sant said.

"Look," Rabbit Stockings remarked, pointing. "There's the heifer."

It was the track of the heifer and they followed it. It took a circuitous, wandering, faltering route, stopping and searching for something the way a heifer will, to find a perfect spot for her first calf. The animal is afraid, confused, worried, but proud and secretive too and wanting a high, dry sanctuary.

"Look, it's making for the mesa."

"The cave in the mesa."

"It might go up, after all."

"It's very dark in there."

"You shouldn't be afraid of that, Santo. Follow me. Follow the Indian."

They tethered each horse to its left stirrup with its own rein. The horse thinks it's tied. These did. Sant followed Rabbit Stockings and Rabbit Stockings followed the tracks until the light got dim, but the cave was narrow now and slanting upward so that the animal could not be avoided.

"We're going up, Santo. Just follow the Indian."

"Did you hear that?"

"Another shot. Don't be afraid, Santo. Follow the Indian."

I'd rather beat him in the head, Sant thought, but he followed the Indian, followed the faint dry noise, smelling old dust and cheap hair oil you bought at the trading post, smelling of secret places and Rabbit Stockings.

"Can you see anything?"

"Not yet, Santo, but we're going up fast."
"If you can't see anything . . ."
"Don't worry, Santo, follow the Indian."

ABOVE on the mesa, leaning out of the great airplane, the pilot with the long piratical face repeated down to his illegal cargo of Mexicans, but particularly to the interpreter, "Ask them how they want to go." While the interpreter translated, the pilot waved the blue gun for attention.

The pilot waving the small blue gun, who was very shortly to be killed, had now lived almost exactly thirty-four years. Three weeks short. His name was Peter Wingo and his friends, when he had friends, called him Wingy. Peter Wingo had been born and lived his early life in New Haven, Connecticut, until he was turned down by the Air Corps because of chronic conjunctivitis, whatever that means. Peter Wingo found out what it meant, but he didn't tell anyone else what it meant. Peter Wingo learned to fly but couldn't get a commercial license in the United States so went to Old Mexico, where he could not get a legitimate job either and was now hauling illegal immigrants. But he never thought he would have to use this gun. There seemed no other way out.

"Do they understand? Tell them to get out of the way. I am going to turn the ship around."

"Yes, but don't forget me," the translator called up. The pilot, Peter Wingo, started the engines and the great bird made a terrible roar as she began to pivot in a circle. "I won't forget you," Peter Wingo called down to the translator from the still open cockpit. Now he slammed the window and began to taxi the huge, awkward, slow-moving bird toward the other end of the mesa for take-off. The translator screamed something at the other Mexicans and they all ran after the slow, waddling DC3 and one after another threw themselves on the tail of the plane, flat, and held on so they were all lying and holding onto the tail as the plane trundled slowly down to the take-off point.

They are like flies on my tail, Peter Wingo thought. How could they be so stupid? I've not met people so stupid since those doctors who turned me down for the Air Corps for poor vision. My vision is not so poor that I cannot see them trying to get off this mesa on my tail, and my eyes will not be so bad that I will not see them brush off like flies when I get up some speed.

The pilot, Peter Wingo, now had the DC3 all the way down at the far edge of the mesa where he had so perfectly hit while landing. The sky was clearing nicely now and in a few hours he would be back in Guaymas. Peter Wingo applied full brakes and gunned the engines. He could see the Mexicans on the tail begin to flutter and stream like old rags, their eyes and tongues popping out when the giant, raging wind from the backwash of the roaring eighteen-cylinder engines hit them. But there's more to come, Peter Wingo thought. Wait till I get this thing up to two hundred miles an hour. There will be no more Mexican flies on the tail. As a matter of fact, they will be off before I get fifteen feet. As a matter of fact, there they go now.

The Mexicans could take no more punishment and they were fleeing the plane. Now they were all off. A few of them picked up sticks and rocks and hit the side of the tinny bird, making a hard, tinny noise, but even they now had fled from the great wind as Peter Wingo made the engines roar still more. Peter Wingo tried the ailerons and the rudder and checked out all the instruments. He could see the instruments fine and everything was okay. He was heading into the wind. He released the brakes and the great bird leaped forward for a perfect take-off, except that the heifer now moved into the middle of the runway. The heifer moved into the middle of the runway. The heifer moved into the middle of the runway; everyone said that a thousand times afterwards. Peter Wingo would never live to say it to anyone. Now he was saying everything is perfect, I'm going to get off, I'm going to get off. But he wasn't. He could see to a point of piñon and he knew when he passed this point as he thundered down the strip he could no longer abort the take-off, the plane then was committed to fly, and if something went wrong and she could not become airborne, then neither could she be stopped and the great DC3 with Peter Wingo, who could not quite see the heifer, would go skidding off the edge of the mesa and smash on the rocks nine hundred feet below.

Now he gave the twin engines full throttle and the plane leaped down, down the runway, speeding past the rock and cactus like a hurtling horizontal rocket. Now it reached the point of no return, the point of piñon, and at this exact second Peter Wingo saw the heifer where it had emerged from a motte of scrub oak, where it stood and gazed around at the high, big blue world. Peter Wingo killed the engines and touched the brakes and the hurtling bird lost all its grace and purpose and began to careen drunkenly at a wild speed as though it were being torn apart.

"Oh!" Peter Wingo saw the edge of the world coming up. "Oh, the damn cow. Oh God, the damn cow. How did a cow get up in the sky? Oh, the damn cow."

The plane bucked now on one wing, then began to skid at a ridiculous cruel angle and make a terrible cracking noise as it fled to the wrong side of the mesa and then flared out over the edge and dropped, wingless, flightless, like a house in a hurricane, to the awful rocks below.

"The cow. I never saw. I never saw. I never saw that cow in the sky," were Peter Wingo's last words on the mesa and on earth. Peter Wingo repeated them over the broken wheel as the plane fell; he mumbled with stubborn, pathetic repetition as though he had seen a ghost. And yes, was Peter Wingo's final thought, no one will believe, even with perfect eyesight, that there are cattle in the air after storms on the island mesas of northern New Mexico.

SANT and Rabbit Stockings peered out of the scrub oak, after the cow, just as the plane went over the edge.

"We missed it."

"No, there it is. The heifer."

"I mean the bird. It just flew."

"No, fell."

They both silently agreed about this, then looked around the high island mesa in wonder.

"Look, Santo, your heifer is going to become a cow."

And it was too, and all the Mexicans appeared from nowhere with advice. This was something they understood and knew a great deal about, something that was not shocking, mechanical, different and indifferent, but was the same in Mexico as it was, as it obviously is, in the States of the United States.



As the calf flew out now from the heifer, suddenly and quickly, like a dolphin, the flat-faced Mexican dropped his weapon stick and reached in quickly with his hand and broke the caul and the calf careened its head and breathed air, was alive for the first time on earth.

"Es un buen torito."

"What?"

"He said it's a beautiful little bull," the translator said.

"Yes," Sant said. "And Rabbit Stockings here is an Indian. He doesn't look too Indian, but he's an Indian, and you gentlemen, I presume, are all Mexicans," Sant said portentously, "trying the hard way over the border fence. Well, no matter. We came up here looking for an airplane, a big bird we heard . . ."

"That rhymes."

"Rabbit Stockings is conscious of poetry," Sant continued to the Mexicans. "He . . . Never mind. Follow me down. We—after all the noise, the shooting, we expected something terrible and we found life on the mesa. Life as we know it on earth. How am I doing, Rabbit Stockings?"

"Terrible. You should have quit while you were ahead."

"Rabbit Stockings doesn't understand," Sant called back to the others as they emerged from the tunnel.

"I'm only an Indian."

They marched past the wreckage of the blue plane before they got back to their horses. Sant laid his hand on the withers of the Appaloosa horse and looked up at the huge, lonely mesa that was all visible now.

"God never," Sant said, "nature never, I mean people were never meant to fly. If we were, I guess we would have been born with wings."

The Indian didn't seem to be appreciating this. Then Sant quickly mounted the high horse and said proudly, "Certainly people shouldn't fly without passports, not on Monday."

The interpreter translated this and the Mexicans scratched their black stiff heads and shrugged their shoulders and watched the boy on the Appaloosa horse. *"Quién sabe?"*

Now the procession led by two great horses wound through the bright purple butte section of Indian Country followed by the heifer, now a cow.

The lead Mexican, right behind the horses, bore the calf. He carried it as if the new life were a thing of great portent, a redeeming and saving angel that, by some mysterious mission, had arrived in the sky at a zero hour to return them safely to this grand earth and these beautiful, odd inhabitants of these States of the United States.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

JOHN L. CHAPMAN

The Uncanny World of Plasma Physics

In its "fourth state" matter exists in wild turbulence of molecules. . . . If scientists can learn how to rule this world, they may discover new ways to propel space vehicles, "limitless" energy, and the secret of the stars.

LIFE exists in less than a needlepoint on the immense scale of temperatures known to science. For all practical purposes, we live in a temperature range between 0 and about 120 degrees Fahrenheit—a span which lies only a few hundred degrees from absolute zero yet millions of degrees from the extremely high temperatures believed to occur in the hottest stars. Because we dwell in comfort in our narrow zone of life, we have made few forays into the unknown regions beyond, particularly in the realm of heat. In the kitchen, our baking ovens reach about 500 degrees and we cook on gas flames of about 3,000 degrees. We power jet aircraft on engine temperatures of about 1,700 degrees, burn automobile gasoline at about 3,400 degrees, and fire rockets at upwards of 5,000 degrees. Until recent years, the highest temperatures man was able to create for an appreciable length of time were on the order of 7,000 degrees F.

The atom and hydrogen bombs, capable of producing hundreds of millions of degrees for an instant, have led to radical changes in our approach to heat. Scientists now know how to achieve sustained temperatures up to 40,000 degrees F and how to duplicate fleeting temperatures near those at the star-like cores of the bombs. Actually, high temperatures *per se* have not been the objective; rather, they are a by-product of investigations into a fascinating new (but in some respects very old) world of physics—the world of the plasma.

The plasma of physics bears no kinship to the more familiar plasma of medicine. When a physicist speaks of plasma, he is referring to the agitated collection of atomic particles created when gases are heated to high temperatures. What interests the physicist is the fact that such gases are no longer gases in the strict sense of the word. Nor are they liquids or solids. They are what is now called "the fourth state of matter."

Plasma has become the object of animated and esoteric discussion in scientific and technological journals. Pages are filled with the terminology of several sciences, temperature readings that stagger the imagination, a twenty-letter word—magnetohydrodynamics (which, while it involves an important area of plasma physics, deserves unhurried assimilation)—and a host of intriguing drawings suggestive of stovepipes cut to odd lengths, doughnuts, pretzels, and telephone doodling of the wandering spiral variety.

Plasma physics has its complexity and its confusion, as do most scientific endeavors in the exploratory stage, but it is built upon a few fairly elementary scientific truths, and in its manifold activity lies a sense of purpose unmatched since the Manhattan Project of World War II. For plasma's practitioners, in their probing of the other-worldly environment of very great heat, are knocking on the door of controlled thermonuclear fusion, civilization's bid for virtually unlimited power. Along the way they seem certain to pick up new methods of space propulsion and new tricks in chemistry, electronics, and similar arts. Most important of all, they may unravel some of the mystery of what goes on at the heart of the universe.

Generally speaking, the threshold to the plasma world is crossed in the neighborhood of 7,000 to 10,000 degrees F. A gas consists of billions upon billions of invisible, constantly-moving particles called molecules, the molecules in turn being made up of various atoms in combination. As the gas is heated, these molecules begin moving much more rapidly, and in fact get to elbowing one another around like five o'clock commuters. The higher the temperature, the more vigorous the contact. Above 5,000 degrees, the pressures created in this unseen, submicroscopic fury can be put to powerful use inside rocket engines.

If the gas is completely enclosed in some sort

of container, and the temperature increased still more, the smooth and gradual transition to a plasma begins. Molecules, thrown into increasingly violent mutual contact, literally start tearing one another apart. The strong force of attraction which binds each molecule is overcome by the high-speed collisions. The molecules begin breaking down into atoms.

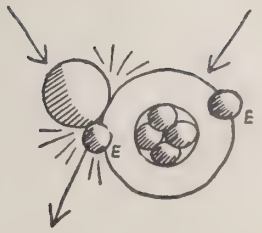
But the "destruction" is not over. The atoms, each consisting of one or more electrons (very light, negatively-charged particles) orbiting a tiny nucleus just as planets orbit the sun, continue the melee until the electrons, which must absorb the brunt of the hard knocks, are jarred from their atomic "moorings."

As electrons are knocked free, a subtle change takes place. An atom in its natural state is electrically neutral, meaning it always has just as many negative electrons in its orbiting "shell" as it has positive protons in its nucleus. When electrical neutrality is destroyed, two separate and distinct types of particles result—the mobile, lightweight, negative electrons and the main body of the atom, which consists of the nucleus plus any as-yet-unreleased electrons. The important thing about this process is that, once one or more electrons depart, the positive protons dominate the electrical character of the atom.

These positively-charged atoms are called ions. Together, the ions, the free electrons, and any still-neutral atoms constitute a plasma.

As the temperature is increased, particle collisions likewise increase and more and more atoms are "ionized." At about 20,000 degrees, depending on the nature of the gas, a significant number of atoms are ionized. In this state, with many of its originally neutral atoms converted to electrically charged particles, a plasma assumes its most useful characteristic: it becomes a fairly good conductor of electricity (and an even better conductor at higher temperatures).

The plasma's ability to conduct an electric current is only half the story. Whenever electricity enters the picture, so does magnetism. Electricity and magnetism are the Siamese twins of science. Their kinship was first proved more than 130 years ago by Faraday and other pioneers. A coil of wire spinning through a magnetic field produces an electric current. Conversely, the flow of an electric current produces



Collision of atomic particle (left) and atom (exaggerated) knocks an electron (E) from orbit around nucleus, thus "ionizing" the atom.

a magnetic field around and at right angles to the current's path. Both effects are fundamental to electric motors and generators. The coexistence of electric and magnetic fields produces electromagnetic radiation—the basis of radio, television, and radar.

The interaction of electricity and magnetism in the plasma state is highly complex and not fully understood. It has given rise to the tongue-twisting word, magnetohydrodynamics, which, thankfully, has been reduced to "MHD." MHD is the study of how fluids capable of conducting electricity behave in the presence of magnetic fields. It is important to plasma physics because magnetic forces can be used to shape, confine, and accelerate very hot particles. Electromagnetism provides the curtain which, *inside* a plasma "furnace," keeps the hot gas from touching, and melting, furnace walls.

WALLS THAT WON'T MELT

THE witches' brew we call a plasma was not invented in America, nor in Russia, nor in any other country. It is not even a product of the present generation. Plasma is as old as the universe. The sun and other stars are primarily plasma. Great streams of plasma are known to erupt from the sun, occasionally extending hundreds of thousands of miles into space. They appear to follow invisible, self-created magnetic lines of force as they curve back to the sun's surface or disintegrate in space.

Some charged particles shot from the sun (in solar flares) escape to the earth where they are trapped by our own magnetic field and become instrumental in familiar plasmas such as the aurora borealis and the Van Allen radiation belt. The earth's ionosphere is a plasma. So is a bolt of lightning.

Man has made several low-energy plasmas, including neon lamps, fluorescent lamps, and arc lamps used for street lighting, plus moderate-energy plasmas such as electric arcs (which date from the early nineteenth century), jet and rocket exhaust, and the hot sheath generated around

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the nose and leading edges of bodies traveling through the atmosphere at hypersonic speeds.

The only high-energy plasmas man has made outside laboratories are in the explosions of atomic and hydrogen bombs.

With so much evidence of plasma in our midst, it may seem odd that science did not take serious note of it sooner. Astronomers naturally have been interested in plasmas for some time, in connection with their studies of star matter. The stimulus for large-scale scientific effort, however, is usually a promise of significant material benefit, and none was foreseen in the plasma domain until about 1944, when the late Dr. Enrico Fermi, Dr. Edward Teller, and other members of the A-bomb team at Los Alamos began speculating —even before the first fission bomb test—on methods of sustaining fusion reactions.

Nuclear fusion was not conceived at that time. Astronomers suspected that fusion reactions (the joining of light elements to form heavier elements) were the "generators" which powered the stars, and physicists had actually achieved small-scale fusion (by bringing nuclear particles together in high-speed accelerators) while seeking the secret of fission.

But the creation of sustained fusion (or thermonuclear) reactions on earth was something else. It was recognized that extremely high temperatures of long duration would be needed. While this was a big problem, it was not considered insurmountable. The real difficulty was finding a means of containing intense heat of even short duration. Walls, no matter what they were made of, would melt long before fusion temperatures were reached.

Oddly enough, a means of creating the heat and confining it was inherent in theoretical papers published in the United States as early as 1934. These papers predicted that a stream of fast-moving charged particles would—through the interrelationship of electricity and magnetism—produce an encircling magnetic field at right angles to the stream's path, a field which in turn would exert an inward, "pinching" effect on the flowing particles. Constriction of the particles in this "magnetic bottle" would increase their kinetic energy and hence their temperature.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, at about the same time U. S. scientists were succeeding in development of a fusion (hydrogen) bomb, a few researchers independently arrived at the "pinch" approach to confining and squeezing hot, ionized gases. For some, the inspiration came from studies of star [illegible] and particularly from photos of the "explosions" on the sun, which did not follow the pattern of similar explosions on earth. In 1951, American efforts toward controlled thermonuclear reactions (as opposed to uncontrolled reactions in the bomb) were organized under the Atomic Energy Commission's Project Sherwood, where they were cloaked in secrecy until 1958.

FUEL FROM THE OCEAN

In fusion an enormous surplus of energy is released, as the H-bomb has proved. If this reaction can be controlled, as atomic reactors have controlled the power of fission, our energy problems will be solved for millions of years. With coal and oil reserves dwindling, and fissionable uranium in fairly short supply, fusion energy becomes especially significant. Moreover, a promising fuel for controlled fusion, deuterium, is plentiful in the earth's oceans.

It is estimated that the oceans contain some 50 trillion tons of deuterium, or about one-eighth of a gram per gallon. This one-eighth of a gram, however, could be extracted for about four cents and has a fusion energy content equal to about 300 gallons of gasoline.

Tantalized by the prospect of an almost unlimited energy source, physicists are justifiably anxious to build hotter and hotter plasma fires. But there are many obstacles. Fusion occurs only when two bare atomic nuclei can be made to collide. It will be remembered that atoms in a very hot gas are stripped of their electrons, *i.e.*, ionized. A nucleus in this state carries a positive electrical charge. Two such nuclei, bearing identical charges, are strongly opposed to the idea of marriage. Uniting them is something like getting two ping-pong balls together in a hurricane. A physicist has estimated that a nucleus near fusion temperatures often travels many thousands of miles—within its infinitely small environs—in order to avoid its neighbors.

If, however, the random-motion particles of a plasma can be confined long enough, and if enough energy can be imparted to them, the nuclei will overcome their repulsive forces and fuse. It is a gradual process, beginning with a few scattered fusions and, as more energy is fed to the plasma, building up to what is known as "ignition temperature"—the point at which the energy created in the many billions of fusions is sufficient to sustain the process.

The energy needed to make this possible is of a high order. In terms of temperature, which is merely a measure of heat energy, the range of fusion ignition is on the topside of 100 million

degrees F, which compares with about 35 million degrees at the center of the sun.

How do we get these very high temperatures in laboratories? One way is to pass an electric current through a gas, although this is limited to a high of about one million degrees. Higher temperatures can be produced through "magnetic pumping" (an alternate compressing and expanding of the plasma, performed by a separate magnetic field), compression by successive stages, and injection of particles already at high energy (to increase density).

A CAGE FOR WARM JELLO

IN Project Sherwood, three basic methods of containing a plasma are used. One is the "pinch" effect, mentioned earlier, wherein the plasma spins itself a magnetic cocoon, inside a metal chamber, the cocoon fulfilling a dual purpose of constricting the plasma particles and protecting the chamber walls from heat.

In the so-called "stellarator" concept, the confining magnetic field is produced by a current passing through coils spiraling around the outside of "endless tubes" shaped as doughnuts or figure eights. The plasma thus closes on itself, so the particles, as one scientist puts it, "won't know which way is out."

The third method uses converging magnetic fields at the ends of a straight tube to "reflect" particles back into the center of the tube; hence the name, "magnetic mirror."

In all cases, there are three principal objectives: high temperature, high density, and long confinement time. The necessary temperature (100 million degrees and up) has been achieved; the necessary density (about 10 million billion particles to a cubic centimeter) is possible; the necessary confinement time (a minimum of 10 seconds, in order to allow reaction buildup) is not as yet possible. So far, the maximum plasma lifetime has been about 1/1000th of a second.

Several problems stand in the way of longer confinement. For instance, when hot gases become very, very hot, the resulting plasmas don't always behave the way they are expected to. They develop "kinks," "burbles," and other strange quirks which physicists classify under the general heading of "instabilities." Turbulence can occur in a plasma in much the same way as water can become turbulent if flowing through a pipe too rapidly. Plasmas sometimes "sway" within their magnetic confines; Dr. Edward Teller compares this to holding lukewarm jello in a cage made of parallel rubber bands.

The general result of these instabilities is to destroy the plasma and its magnetic field before fusion reactions can develop. Particles may jump from one magnetic line to another, shoot through the "magnetic bottle" and strike chamber walls, where they cool and lose their energy. Or the entire plasma may undergo convulsions which destroy the bottle in less than a wink.

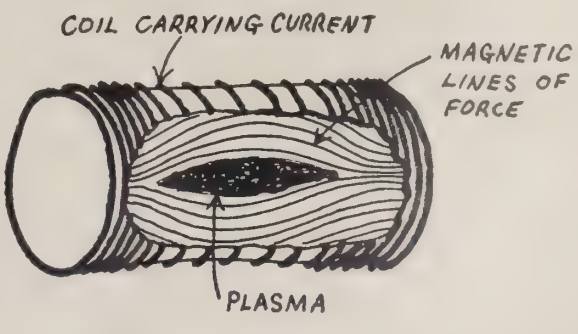
Stability is not the only worry. Electrons, dashing about in their new-found freedom, have a nasty habit of gaining more energy from the plasma's current than they lose in colliding with neighboring particles, with the result that they also shoot the bottle and knock contaminating materials off chamber walls. (Purity requirements are so high that the metal in a pinhead, according to one scientist's estimate, could ruin "several railroad tank cars full of plasma.")

Some plasma energy also radiates away in particle collisions. Obviously, if a plasma is to reach ignition temperatures, it must produce energy faster than it loses it.

Physicists are generally undismayed by these barriers. They point to the remarkable progress that has been made and give themselves a good chance of success in the work still ahead. One researcher puts it this way: "If we are armed with a complete, or nearly complete, catalogue of the various ways in which plasmas can become unstable and know theoretically the physical conditions for these instabilities to occur, then we can begin to make real progress toward eliminating them."

Presently, one of the more promising fusion experiments is centered around a 40-foot pipe, known as Toy Top III, at the University of California. The pipe consists of three sections in which plasma is progressively squeezed by magnetic coils. Two-section tests have come close to ignition temperatures. But even if three-section tests reach the goal, the very thorny problem of confinement time will still be around.

Plasma studies include some not-quite-so-warm



One type of plasma heating, involving use of heavier magnetic fields at ends of tube to form "magnetic mirror."

applications outside the AEC's Project Sherwood.

• An important area of interest is plasma propulsion for space vehicles. Magnetic fields can be used to accelerate charged particles as well as confine them. If one accelerates particles to such a velocity that a force of reaction develops in the opposite direction, one has the rudiments of a rocket. Such "engines" have already been tested experimentally, and with promising results. (Plasmas play a part in a related propulsive scheme—the arc jet, in which an electric arc heats a propellant gas to plasma temperatures preparatory to ejection through a nozzle.)

Plasma rockets are low in thrust (because the particles they throw out are very light) but will be ideally suited to long-duration, gravity-free operations in space, where rapid acceleration is not needed.

• Plasmas are used to create "artificial atmospheres" for study of hypersonic flight and missile re-entry problems. Shooting a very hot windstream against a model aircraft or nose cone—in a laboratory—gives an excellent approximation of a body traveling through the upper atmosphere at very high speeds.

• Chemists expect that plasmas may help produce synthetic materials that cannot be produced at lower temperatures. "Plasma guns" operating between 10,000 and 30,000 degrees are already used for applying refractory coatings to base metals, and for welding, shaping, and cutting. Such tools are reportedly capable of slicing through a two-inch-thick plate of stainless steel at a rate of 15 inches per minute.

• Scientists and engineers alike are enthusiastic about other plasma possibilities in basic physics, electronics, and communications. About 100 plasma research projects are in progress under U. S. government sponsorship: some 75 under the military, and 25 under AEC, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, National Science Foundation, and other agencies. Government expenditures for plasma work totaled more than $25 million in 1960. Industry and universities have an additional 35 or more projects at an investment of more than $1.3 million.

AN IMMENSE NEW PLATEAU

THE inevitable question arises as to what the Soviet Union is doing in plasma physics. Congressional committees are especially curious about this when questioning U. S. scientists. The breadth of Russian plasma research is uncertain, but the U. S. S. R. is definitely active in fusion development, and has shown considerable interest in a "magnetic mirror" device called OGRA. Dr. Paul McDaniel of AEC has stated that most American and European ideas on fusion power have also been conceived by Soviet scientists. He indicated that the Russians, in 1958, at least, did not seem to be working on any new ideas which had not been known and considered in the U. S.

Besides that of the U. S. and Russia, organized fusion work is going on in England, France, and West Germany; lesser activity is evident in Australia, Denmark, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, and Sweden. Certainly, a great deal of prestige awaits the nation which achieves the breakthrough. While there is no overt indication that we are in a race, it is not difficult to imagine the black headlines and ensuing Congressional storm should the first successful fusion power generation be announced by *Pravda*.

The full potential of plasma physics probably cannot be realized today. Practical fusion power, which scientists say may be as near as five years or as distant as twenty, may well prove a more significant achievement than the harnessing of the atom.

It is noteworthy that many parallels can be drawn between our tiny terrestrial plasmas and the gigantic plasmas of astronomy, and that our interest in such matters coincides with a growing need for knowledge of our spatial environs.

Fusion power generation, when attained, may help us learn more about these cosmic plasmas, which include our solar plasma, the sun. The sun, in effect, is a mammoth thermonuclear reactor, although it needs no magnetic bottle (its gravitational pull balances the outward pressure of its plasma) and has a substantial confinement time (100,000,000,000,000,000,000 years).

Magnetism, however, is very much present around the sun and stars, just as it is present around the earth. Magnetic fields also inhabit the vast regions between stars. Astrophysicists think these fields are influential in the acceleration of cosmic rays, the formation of new stars, and the fashioning of spiral galaxies, whose great, curving arms apparently follow magnetic lines.

Scientists have long sought to understand the fundamental roles of electricity and magnetism because they feel both are intimately tied to the forces that made and are still shaping the universe. Plasmas, besides offering many practical benefits, may be opening the way to an immense new plateau of scientific knowledge, may even be a key to man's mastery of his environment.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

MARTIN WILLIAMS

"The New Thing" in Jazz

The first radical development in twenty years is now making Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie look almost as dated as Haydn. (With a selective list of the key records by the new musical pioneers.)

AS THINGS go in jazz, twenty years is a long time. And for almost twenty years jazz has been dominated by the musical language introduced by the saxophonist Charlie ("Bird") Parker and the trumpet player Dizzy Gillespie. This music was rather unfortunately called "be bop" when it first found a following and it came —more fortunately—to be known as "modern jazz." Not too long ago the music of Gillespie and Parker often produced shock and outrage—even to some avid followers of jazz—but today popularized versions of it are commonplace. Almost every Sunday the featured comedian on the Ed Sullivan show runs off the stage to a little melody that is really a simplified version of an old Gillespie piece. And one TV comedy series uses a saxophone theme that is clearly a watering down of Charlie Parker's style.

Now a different kind of jazz is emerging and once again its striking and radical departures from the jazz that went before it are producing outraged protest in some parts of the jazz world. For lack of a better name, some call this music "the new thing"; others jokingly label it "space music"; with some accuracy it has been called "atonal jazz." Whatever it is called, practically everyone agrees that one of the leading figures involved is the saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Two years ago the composer and pianist John Lewis put down a reaction to Coleman's music which still describes some of the excitement of what is happening today:

"There are," Lewis wrote, "two young people I met in California—an alto player named Ornette Coleman and a trumpet player named Don Cherry. I've never heard anything like them before. Ornette is the driving force of the two. . . . They play together like I've never heard anybody play together. It's not like any ensemble that I have ever heard, and I can't figure out what it's all about yet. Ornette is, in a sense, an extension of Charlie Parker and the first I've heard. This is the real need . . . to extend the ideas of Bird until they are not playing an imitation but actually something new. I think that they may have come up with something, not perfect yet, and still in the early stages, but nevertheless very fresh and interesting."

To understand how the new music came about, we should forget earlier theories of jazz history which saw the music of the 'twenties and 'thirties geographically—as "New Orleans Style," "Chicago Style," "New York Style," "Kansas City Style," etc. It should be clear by now that from the late 'twenties through the early 'forties jazz was largely dominated by Louis Armstrong's style. With great personal power and brilliance, Armstrong made major innovations in the musical language that jazzmen had to work with, and his ideas of rhythm, melody, and harmony led to years of fruitful work by jazz soloists and composers alike.

By the late 'thirties, one composer was providing, with his orchestra, a sort of brilliant and personal synthesis of all of those years of Armstrong's dominance. That was Duke Ellington. Ellington's best pieces—*Ko Ko, Harlem Air Shaft, Concerto for Cootie* (for trumpeter Cootie Williams), *Sepia Panorama*—carry jazz beyond the improvising soloist or the series of striking episodes that a string of good solos can provide. He and his players offered orchestrations in which composer, group, and individual improviser all contribute to a whole with the total effect surpassing the sum of its parts.

Today it seems more useful to see the history of jazz in a kind of Hegelian scheme: we can trace a pendulum swing from major innovation (Armstrong in the 'twenties, Gillespie and Parker in the 'forties) to synthesis and form (Ellington).

Certainly such a view involves simplifications and a neglect of such important contributors and precursors as, say, Coleman Hawkins and Bix Beiderbecke in the 'twenties, Roy Eldridge and Lester Young in the 'thirties. But such a scheme does bring some kind of musical and aesthetic order into the relative chaos of jazz history and it certainly deals with its major styles and achievements more meaningfully than another of those tawdry trips up the Mississippi to Chicago, followed by a jaunt to New York in a Stutz Bearcat.

One thing immediately emerges: changes in jazz are not the result of caprice, and dealing with this music as an art is no delusion. Jazz does indeed behave like an art and its history responds to such aesthetic categories. Folk and popular musics do not behave this way. To a Flamencan guitarist, the highest achievement is to play just as much like his great-grandfather as he can. In most American popular music, the constant changes are surface devices that lead nowhere musically. In jazz, major changes lead to years of musical exploration and development.

The next question is obvious: Have the innovations of Parker and Gillespie found any kind of synthesis? They have, but no dominant figure has appeared. We find order and form in the work of a small core of composers, players, and groups.

One such group is the Modern Jazz Quartet. Its chief composer is pianist John Lewis, its chief soloist is vibraphonist Milt Jackson, but the group works together masterfully. It has been said that the MJQ engages in the kind of cocktail-lounge stunt work unworthy of a jazz group—that it borrows classical devices wholesale and without assimilating them into the jazz idiom. And it is true that an evening's concert by the Quartet may have its arid moments in which Milt Jackson's wonderful talent is wasted on some mechanically academic effects. It is also true that the Quartet's early fugue *Vendome* sounded suspiciously like "in the style of Bach" quackery. John Lewis studied composition at the Manhattan School of Music and the effects of this training are sometimes less than happy.

However, the Quartet's later fugues—*Concord* and *Versailles*—are real improvisational jazz fugues and remind us more of Jelly Roll Morton than the conservatory practice-room. And the best of the Quartet's pieces are things like John Lewis' *Django* and *The Golden Striker*—relatively simple themes plus recurring motifs and structures which give continuity, group textures, and over-all form to the improvising.

Django, for example, is a funeral piece for the French gypsy guitarist-turned-jazzman Django Reinhardt. It has a touching lyric theme, a recurring traditional blues motif (as old as jazz and echoing the exaltation of traditional New Orleans funeral music), plus an harmonic framework on which the Quartet's gifted players improvise melodies. The Modern Jazz Quartet has been improvising on *Django* for over seven years and its members still find it a vehicle for fresh individual and contrapuntal invention. Playing it has gradually changed the whole character of the piece, yet its compositional basis still endures.

Martin Williams, who contributes regularly to "Metronome," "Down Beat," and "American Record Guide," was formerly co-editor of "The Jazz Review." His anthology, "The Art of Jazz," was published by Oxford and has been reissued in paperback by Evergreen; and his radio show on jazz is heard on the Heritage Network.

THE DOUR PIXIE

ONE of the most remarkable recent masters of form in jazz is iconoclastic pianist-composer Thelonious Monk. In 1941, he was already making important contributions to the basic musical language of modern jazz. By the late 'forties he had become a major jazz composer. By the late 'fifties he was still soundly testing new ideas, but his work was also a kind of terse and passionate summary of all that had gone before him, echoing everyone from James P. Johnson through the younger Monk.

The most immediately accessible Monk is the one who takes a popular ditty, reharmonizes it to make a real piano composition out of it, and builds it into sets of strikingly original variations —often humorously and ingeniously rephrasing the theme itself throughout. The square can follow him, the aficionado is (as he is apt to put it) gassed. *Just You, Just Me* is a fine example of such a Monk performance. The individual variations are delightful (even the drummer Art Blakey recognizably employs the theme in his chorus) and the over-all design is praiseworthy.

In such playing Monk has profited by fifty years of jazz, and gone back to an earlier style. Instead of inventing new melodies out of a framework of chords—as have most jazz musicians since the mid-'thirties—he prefers to do variations directly on a theme, reminiscent of the early styles of James P. Johnson and Jelly Roll Morton. But rather than merely embellish or decorate a melody, Monk is apt to reduce it, twist it,

redesign it, fragment it to an outline of a few suggestive notes. The best comment I've ever heard on Monk came from a comparative square who said, "Most of these people seem to have good ideas, but Monk seems to finish things, to get them all said. I feel satisfied and sort of full when one of his things is over."

Examples of Monk, the major composer, are pieces like *Criss Cross, Off Minor, Four in One, Misterioso, 'Round Midnight, Straight No Chaser.* These are not "tunes" but real compositions-for-instruments—the best clue being that, as with Beethoven, we do not go away wanting to whistle them ourselves, but wanting to hear them played again. In 1958 fame finally began to reach this quiet yet powerful man—this "dour pixie," as he has been called. But Monk had already been a major jazzman for fifteen years.

At about the same time that Monk began to win the popularity polls, another sign of synthesis in modern jazz appeared. It came not from a composer or group but from tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins, an improvising horn man who was directly influenced by Monk's ideas. Rollins' *Blue 7* is surely one of the most remarkable jazz improvisations ever recorded. It is eleven minutes long and it unfolds from beginning to end with a direction and order that a good composer might have taken days to achieve and an immediacy that he could never achieve. The piano choruses by Tommy Flanagan are contrasts to the rest but drummer Max Roach uses the theme-proper ingeniously and Rollins uses it brilliantly. Roach commented, "Monk would say, 'Why don't we *use* the theme? Why do we throw it away and just run the chords?' We had that in mind when we made *Blue 7.*" Rollins teases, elaborates, fills in, reduces, praises, and parodies that *Blue 7* theme throughout, and hearing his variations is surely one of the great musical pleasures in jazz since Charlie Parker's death.

Charlie Parker



As I have said, some aspects of Monk's work outline new developments. One of these is his very free and original use of jazz rhythms. Another is the fact that Monk will let the melody he is building determine its own direction as long as it is aesthetically logical. In this he often overrides a pre-set harmonic framework. Actually, Monk has pushed jazz to the brink of atonality. And in the past three years, several authentic players have appeared who improvise atonally almost as a matter of course.

HYBRID OR FINISHED WORK?

BESIDES achieving its own synthesis, jazz has formed an interesting alliance in the past few years. This is the so-called "third stream," an effort to combine written classical forms and improvised jazz in single works. Of course, this is quite a different matter from the occasional and fairly superficial use of written "blue notes," quasi-jazz rhythms, or jazzy effects by Milhaud, Ravel, Stravinsky, *et al.* The "third stream" piece involves a rather concerto grosso-like structure combining both classical and jazz musicians on the same platform: the classical players serve as the *orchestra* and the jazzmen perform as the *concerti.* There have been some rather dismal failures in the idiom so far, and some out-and-out trash. (Some of those failures and some of that trash, by the way, have been commissioned for and performed by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.)

A decided success is Gunther Schuller's piece, *Conversations,* written for a 1959 Town Hall concert by both the Beaux Arts String Quartet and the Modern Jazz Quartet. The reasons for its success are readily apparent if we compare the piece to Schuller's earlier work, *Transformation.* In *Transformation,* the classical orchestra players begin in their own idiom and gradually evolve into a jazz style, whereupon the jazzmen take over and improvise. Little by little, things are reversed and the jazzmen turn into classicists, whereupon the real classicists take over and re-establish their manner. Aside from the merely technical difficulty of getting classical musicians to swing, this alliance seems to be sentimental, with each music politely deferential to the other.

Conversations works in precisely the opposite way. When the string quartet has built to a high pitch of tension, the jazzmen enter abruptly with strongly contrasting, relaxed, and fluent improvisation. And when the jazzmen have begun

to establish their own kind of tension, the strings re-enter behind, playing in contrapuntal argument. Throughout the piece, Schuller has let each music go its own way, maintain its own standards of emotion, melody, and rhythm. It is as if he had said that each music has its way of looking at things, and the basis of *Conversations* is the tension between the two idioms. Even the resolution is a kind of agreement to disagree. Perhaps most important, Schuller has used jazz in his piece for what it is with no apologies and has trusted his jazzmen to carry their part. Thereby he has produced, not an experiment or a hybrid, but a finished work.

Dizzy Gillespie



THE ROAD TO NEW YORK

DIZZY Gillespie has said that he, Monk, and the others, used to work out difficult chord progressions deliberately, to confuse the amateurs and keep them out of the experimental jam sessions that led to be bop and modern jazz. A young musician said the other day, "We keep changing the tempo and the key and leaving out the chords altogether when we play so those damned be boppers won't try to sit in with us." He didn't mean Gillespie or anyone like him, of course. But his statement is a reflection of the facts that very few of the youngest players in jazz are finding any real musical challenge in the language that Gillespie and Charlie Parker provided, and that many of the younger men who play that style play it in a derivative, mechanical, and conventional manner. Even the most searching and sincere players often seem so boxed in by the pre-set structures that they may appear to be running around like rats caught in an harmonic maze.

There have been rumblings of a change for at least five years now. Bassist Charlie Mingus saw the coming deadlock, reached for atonality, and often shouted to his players to "stop copying Bird." Another evidence was the fact that men were looking to Monk for guidance. A third came about when Miles Davis herded his men—saxophonists John Coltrane and Julian ("Cannonball") Adderley and pianist Bill Evans —into a studio to make a record called *Kind of Blue*. Instead of improvising on the usual preset chord patterns, Davis required his men to make up their melodies from scales and modes which he assigned them on the spot, and let the harmonies fall where they may.

Meanwhile other musicians were experimenting with freer jazz forms. One was a young pianist named Paul Bley, another a pianist-composer named Cecil Taylor. Then in 1959 Ornette Coleman came to New York. Charlie Mingus employed a reed man named Eric Dolphy. The composer George Russell formed a sextet. Even Jimmy Giuffre, decidedly from another generation, has been attracted to this new jazz and uses Bley in his trio.

Today, musicians working on "the new thing" are turning up almost daily in New York, and the players who are already known rattle off the names of other and yet unknown players with ease. Some of those who have been heard are good, some are not, some are merely faking—for free and atonal music may invite faking at this stage. At least one man is potentially a popularizer of the style. It seems undeniable that the things they are working on will dominate jazz for its next period.

For a sympathetic listener, some of these men can create a whole new sensibility. One is the pianist Cecil Taylor, who was academically trained at both the New York College of Music and the New England Conservatory. His playing clearly shows a knowledge of the classical composers of this century: Bartok, Stravinsky, Schönberg, etc. However, he is also aware of the jazz tradition and just as clearly displays familiarity with Ellington and Monk. But Taylor is a starkly emotional performer who does not like to talk about his work. He will say that he hopes his playing speaks for itself and, if pressed further, that he plays to give people pleasure.

Ornette Coleman came to atonal jazz by a very different route from Taylor's, and he deals with it very differently. A slight, soft-spoken, self-taught young man from Fort Worth, Coleman will talk about his music at length to anyone who is really interested, describing what he is doing modestly, candidly, in his own highly

intuitive and sometimes cryptic way. Coleman heard the jazz of the 'thirties played around him when he was growing up and he absorbed the work of Parker and Gillespie from records. He studied harmony from the stray books that were available. Soon he began writing his own pieces down in a personal style of notation that still gives other players some trouble. By the late 'forties, he was playing a style that some are still attacking as out of tune and in total ignorance of harmony.

One probably significant fact is that Coleman used his sister's piano book for study. It was in C, whereas Coleman's alto saxophone was, of course, in E flat. This happy accident may have set him on his path, but the point is that he heard tonal relationships as correct when only an avant-garde classicist would have agreed with him. He later worked out his ideas on tenor saxophone too. He hit on the same general direction that Schönberg did, but he did it in terms of jazz and with no influence from classicism—and no academic snobbery about "improving jazz."

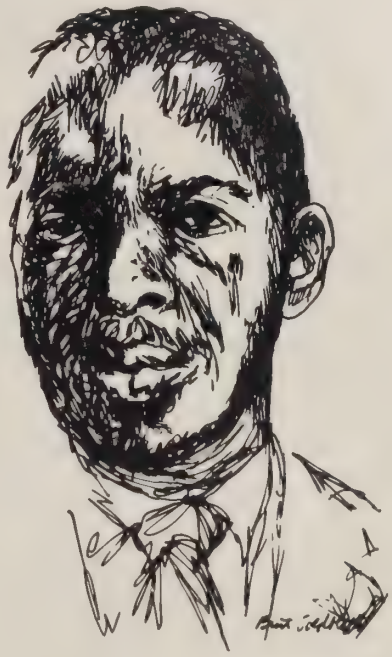
His idea as he puts it is, "once the technical basis is understood, to be as free as possible. Not to play the framework, but to play the music itself."

Coleman's first jobs were with the small "rhythm and blues" groups that flourished throughout the South—and still do—the more honorable progenitors of the rock 'n' roll style. Hostility to him ran high in most of the ensembles—he was thrown out of one for "trying to make a be bopper" out of the other saxophonist in the group, and it got so that another leader was paying him not to play.

Stranded in Los Angeles for the second time, still kept from playing at jam sessions by musicians who accused him of musical ignorance, he was nevertheless presented as a potential composer to a record producer named Lester Koenig, by the bassist Red Mitchell. But Coleman protested that he had no scores and he couldn't play his music on the piano. Instead he began performing *a cappella* on his saxophone and then Koenig wanted Coleman as well as his pieces.

Gradually things began to happen to him—help from John Lewis, a contract with Atlantic Records in New York—and by the fall of 1959 he had opened at the Five Spot in New York's lower East Side with his own quartet. Coleman was soon packing the house, attracting reporters (some of them intrigued by the largely extrinsic fact that he plays an inexpensive white plastic alto sax), and pulling in the intelligentsia—including a delighted Leonard Bernstein, an enthralled Marc Blitzstein, an approving Virgil Thomson, and an unsettled Kenneth Tynan ("They've gone too far!").

Ornette Coleman



COLEMAN AND EMOTION

THE lay listener should actually have far less initial trouble with Ornette Coleman's music than a musician whose ear searches automatically for the harmonic chord changes on which he expects jazz variations to be built. (Most musicians however agree that his writing can be superb. As one of them put it recently, "Those themes sound so fresh and beautiful. Then they start to blow and it's—Cape Canaveral!") As for Coleman, he says, "If I am going to play on chords, I might as well write out my solo," and, "I think a theme should set up a musical direction and a pitch for the solo."

Coleman's variations may, in fact, be made on any of several elements of any given theme: on the pitch or suggested scales; the emotion or mood; the rhythm of the theme rather than chords. The soloist's job becomes a free invention based on the general musical, rhythmic, or emotional areas that a theme suggests; the listener who says "he sounds like someone laughing, talking, and crying" is having the soundest sort of response. There is nothing really inaccessible about the *emotional* variations on Coleman recordings like *The Blessing,* the ironic *Tears Inside, Lorraine* (a memorial to pianist Lorraine Geller), *Lonely Woman,* or *Peace,* and most of the titles speak for themselves. And the rhythmic variations on *Ramblin'* (called by one man "a jazz version of hillbilly music") bring spontaneous responses from all sorts of audiences.

The role of the rhythm section in Coleman's group is almost reversed from previous jazz styles. Instead of the soloist following the rhythmic patterns set by the drummer and bass player, these musicians follow the soloist. This change is not as revolutionary as it might appear. It is often said that the appeal of older jazz is rhythmic and that the Dixieland fan is responding to rhythm. But the rhythmic progress made in the history of jazz is enormous. Think of it: In 1930 a bassist, a guitarist, a pianist's left hand, a drummer's right foot and both his hands, would all be thumping away at timekeeping. Today only the string bass and perhaps the drummer's right hand on a cymbal will be playing the basic 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Meanwhile, the melodies themselves have evolved with far more rhythmic excitement and complexity.

Coleman wants even more rhythmic freedom and wants the drummer to play a kind of percussive part *within* the music rather than merely "accompany" it. He told Nat Hentoff, "Rhythm patterns should be more or less like natural breathing patterns. I would like the rhythm section to be as free as I am trying to get, but very few players, rhythm or horns, can do this yet. Thelonious Monk can. He sometimes plays one note, and because he plays it in exactly the right pitch, he carries more music in it than if he filled out the chord. I'd say Monk has the most complete harmonic ear in jazz. Bird had the best diatonic ear."

Coleman's innovations are basically simple, inevitable, and authentic extensions of the jazz tradition—but they seem so only because his sublime stubbornness has made them. He has an eloquent answer to those who accuse him of inciting aesthetic chaos: "No. When I found out I could make mistakes, then I knew I was onto something."

His most far-reaching effort yet, called *Free Jazz,* took place in a recording studio. This is a continuous free improvisation by a "double" quartet—Coleman and Eric Dolphy, reeds; Cherry and Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Charlie Haden and Scott La Faro, basses; Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins, drums. The only patterns followed were a series of brief ensemble themes spaced so as to propel each soloist in turn. The rest is entirely unpremeditated, sometimes collective, improvising. And when they were finished the performance had lasted over thirty-eight minutes, long enough to fill both sides of an LP. It is a strong experience and the section with dual improvising by the two bass players is especially remarkable.

Louis Armstrong



THE REAL RENEWAL

FOR all his willingness to discuss it, Coleman's music is still largely a matter of doing, of playing, of testing ideas. The composer George Russell differs from Coleman in that he has a theory to offer. Russell's career goes back to the first successes of modern jazz; he wrote for both the Gillespie band and for Parker. He later evolved a theory of jazz "pantonality" based on the Lydian mode and several famous jazzmen have studied with him. Whether his rationale proves finally successful for the "new" jazz or not, it has meanwhile helped him find a renewed career as leader of an advanced sextet.

Russell's current trumpeter is a young Californian named Don Ellis, who often leads his own trios. They play a thoroughly pleasant and sometimes more or less "light-music" version of "the new thing." (I mean that in the sense that Johann Strauss and Jacques Offenbach wrote "light music.") Ellis' music is frequently reactionary: he knows as much about Rex Stewart's 1930s trumpet style as he does about Dizzy Gillespie's, and his groups are apt to abandon "modern" jazz themes and actually play familiar lines like *Honeysuckle Rose* or *Somebody Loves Me.* The soloist changes tempos and key at will, the accompanists follow. For several months, Ellis' group held forth in a Greenwich Village coffee house where a customer was heard to mutter, "Man you *gotta* drink a lot of coffee to play that music!"

Ellis names contemporary classical composers like Webern and Stockhausen as major influences. But players like pianist Paul Bley and saxophonist Dolphy have obviously begun as virtuoso modern jazzmen and pushed things a bit further. Bley has become a gentle lyricist. Dolphy still is a nearly ferocious technician, whose style lies

somewhere between Ornette Coleman's and that of an advanced and generally accepted modernist like John Coltrane. Dolphy readily acknowledges that Coleman "taught me a direction."

There are many problems still in Ornette Coleman's music. It is a fascinating and passionate experience now, and hearing it is like attending the beginnings of something new, frequently beautiful, and terribly important. But no one would contend that it is a finished music, only that it is an exhilarating move in an inevitable direction for jazz.

The most telling evidence of his importance is that he has introduced new ideas of rhythm and his melodies involve new ways of phrasing. Parker's way of phrasing still clings to the improvising of Dolphy, Ellis, and several others. But like Parker and like Armstrong before him, Coleman is developing a really new sensibility from a new rhythmic basis. When Charlie Mingus said of him that he sounded like "a million toned bongos" he went directly to the point. And jazz history clearly shows that anyone who tries to change jazz harmonically without revising his rhythms and phrasing, inevitably risks either a bloodless affectation of meaningless sound patterns or pointless showers of technique.

Ornette Coleman gets the same kind of extreme reactions both within the jazz milieu and outside that any radical innovator must expect. Like Monk before him, he is both praised and called a kind of fake—among all the men mentioned in this survey of "the new thing," Coleman is the one whose work still remains somewhat "controversial" in the fan and trade press. And this is natural, for his music takes the biggest step away from established convention into a real renewal of jazz.

DISCOGRAPHY

Duke Ellington's **Ko Ko, Harlem Air Shaft,** and **Concerto for Cootie** are on RCA Victor LPM 1715; **Sepia Panorama** is on Victor LPM 1364.

Basic Parker-Gillespie is on Savoy 12020, basic Parker on Roost 2210.

Columbia WL 127, which contained Gunther Schuller's **Transformation,** is now out of print, but the more successful **Conversations** is available on Atlantic 1345. Another recommended "third stream" piece is Bill Russo's **An Image** for saxophonist Lee Konitz and an augmented string quartet on Verve 8286.

The Miles Davis **Kind of Blue** session is on Columbia CL 1355.

I believe the best introduction to George Russell's sextet is a piece by Paul Bley's wife Carla called **Bent Eagle,** a part of Riverside 341. The same group is on Decca 9220. The newer Russell group with Don Ellis and Eric Dolphy is heard on Riverside 375. Ellis has his own recital on Candid 8004, and it includes the **Improvisational Suite** which uses a twelve-tone row.

Ornette Coleman's first LP was Contemporary 3551 and it includes **The Blessing; Tears Inside** and **Lorraine** are on Contemporary 3569. **Lonely Woman** and **Peace** are on Atlantic 1317; **Ramblin'** and **The Face of the Bass** on Atlantic 1327; **Free Jazz,** for the double quartet, is Atlantic 1367.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has recorded **Django** three times. The 1954 version is on Prestige 7057. Later versions are on Atlantic 1325 and 2-603—both of which LPs also have attempts to rescue the fugue **Vendome.** Of the more successful figures, **Concord** is on Prestige 7005 and **Versailles** on Atlantic 1231. **The Golden Striker** is a part of Atlantic 1248.

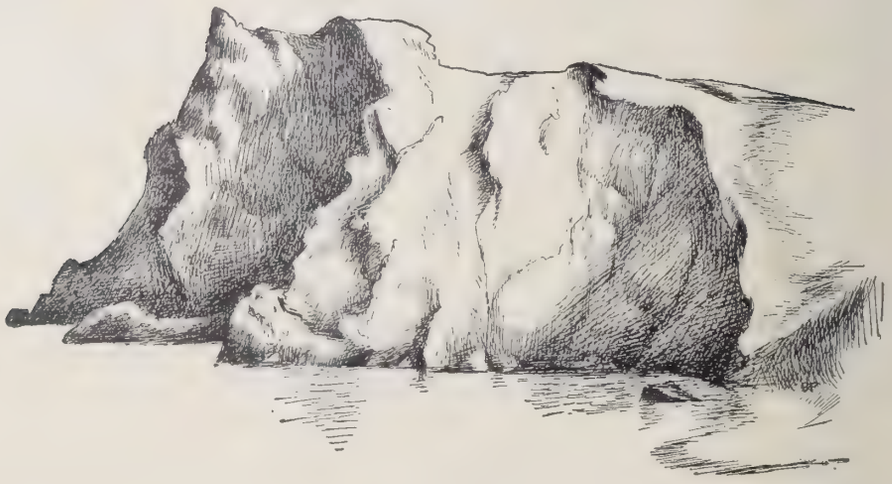
Riverside 12-209 is a Thelonious Monk recital with **Just You, Just Me,** and his best version of **'Round Midnight** is on Riverside 12-235. Blue Note 1509 includes **Criss Cross, Four in One,** and **Misterioso;** Blue Note 1510 has **Off Minor,** and 1511 **Straight No Chaser.** Monk's most ingenious use of rhythm and open space is probably on his extended solo on the Miles Davis "all star" **Bags' Groove** session (Prestige 7109). Those several Monk choruses on "take one" are based on developing a single, clearly recognizable musical phrase, by the way.

Cecil Taylor's best available LPs are Contemporary 3562 **(Looking Ahead)** and the recent Candid 8006, **The World of Cecil Taylor,** on which his version of **Lazy Afternoon** is a particularly good introduction to his work.

The new Jimmy Giuffre group with Paul Bley can be heard on Verve 8397.

Dolphy is heard in a nearly shattering recital with Charlie Mingus on Candid 8005. On his own LP on Prestige 8252, a piece called **Feathers** makes a good introduction to his playing.

Corsica Out of Season



WALLACE STEGNER

If you are fed up with autos, crowds, "tourist attractions," and rapacious hotel keepers, this blood-stained island might look almost Utopian . . . especially if you can manage to get there in winter.

THERE is a game that goes on between Italy and its *stranieri,* especially students and artists who stay too long to be covered by normal tourist routines but not long enough to become residents. Many of them have bought export cars in England, France, or Germany, and are driving on foreign plates as visitors to Italy. Never mind that some cars have been running around in a condition of happy statelessness for years; the law says they can stay only six months, and Italian law enforcement, good-naturedly intended not to catch too many, just might catch you. Moreover, the bureaucracy sticks like a sticky door at technicalities in the fine print of footnotes to bylaws. I have heard of many car owners who tried to have their papers extended; I never heard of any who succeeded. But any member of the bureaucracy will tell you how to evade the technicality he so impartially enforces, and without the discomfort of nationalizing the car and paying a third of its value in taxes. You drive to the nearest frontier, surrender your papers, drive across into foreign territory, make a U-turn, and re-enter Italy, whereupon they will issue you a new six-month permit.

That is how two families of us happen to be sitting in a harbor restaurant in Livorno during a February downpour, waiting to put our cars on a boat for Corsica. It is not the season for Corsica, and Corsica is exactly as hard to get to as it was a hundred years ago—overnight on a once-a-week boat. But Corsica is France. Moreover it is off the track, and it seems a more sporting way to get new papers than by tamely driving north to the French border on the beautiful, crooked, truck-choked, Vespa-haunted, appalling road to Ventimiglia.

The rain slants hard across the windows. In the deserted piazza the gutters riffle in a gust as if under a cone of bird shot. Light gleams off paving blocks, off the muscled backs of the four Moors cringing in their chains around the monument. We wait, and write postcards, and wait; when it is clear there will be no letup, we run for it. Behind the revelations of the windshield wipers we creep through drowned squares, black alleys, reaches of blighted wharf, until we find the *dogana* gate. From the customs shed the light shines out no farther than it would shine from a cave under the sea.

On such a night an official can enhance his

stature by six inches. This one finds something missing among my papers. His eyes gleam, he barks questions, he shakes his head. I will have to pay. With his girl helper he discusses animatedly how much I will have to pay—30 per cent on every liter of *benzina* I have bought with my *carta carburante*. But then I find the missing document. His face sours, his animation fades, the burdens of his office come down on him anew. He reads all through the paper as if he never saw one before. Wearily he shuffles my documents together and clips them. He beckons the man behind me, checks him through, beckons the next one and does the same. When no one else is waiting he tosses my papers into a basket and waves me past.

At the customs counter the rest of our party stand dripping, with all our dripping baggage: a customs man has insisted that all be brought in. Now as we wait, a little man on his way somewhere else chalks quick X's on everything and passes on without looking, and we can carry it all back through the tempest. When I devise my Utopia I shall look first of all for some means —mescaline, narcotic mushrooms, pretty girls, free movies, government gin, something—to make all small officials radiantly happy in their jobs, so that they do not have to put down helpless *stranieri* in figurative arm-wrestles.

IS THERE A HARDER WAY?

NOW we are out of Italy, and apparently out of the world. The docks are black, and there are no signs anywhere.

A hut containing three stevedores provides us with three conflicting directions on how to reach the *Asiatica*. Our headlights probe one possibility and discover the tormented sea, and we back up and go on groping. By trial and error we ultimately find a dock where, behind sheets of rain, sailors are loading cargo from a truck into the side of a little ship. It is the *Asiatica*, but it does not want us. It does not want our cars until the other cargo is stowed, and it cannot show the women to their cabins because the man who knows which cabins belong to whom has gone off to the *agenzia*. We sit listening to the rain for an hour. Finally the last truck backs away. There is a sound of demolition, a howl of anguish, and a sailor leaps like a leopard to the dock. The truck has backed over his motor scooter.

But we do not climb out into the rain to view the damage or listen to the furious debate going on behind us. We are wet and cold, we have driven all day to get here, through traffic incomparably Italian. And we have been six months in Italy, and the motor scooter has not our affection. All the trucks in Italy could back over all the scooters in Italy, and then back off the highest Ligurian cliff into the sea, and we would hum a tune, paring our fingernails.

Near midnight we drive one at a time into the worn rope sling and are hoisted on deck. The man from the *agenzia* arrives. We go chattering to the cabins and crawl into bed. The last word from the bunk below me is a litotic murmur: "Do you suppose there's some *harder* way to get out of Italy?"

When I awake and put my nose to the porthole I am saluted by a clean cold wind. The sky is clear and full of sunrise, the sea is blue and heaving, there is a rocky island to port and a promontory to starboard, and beyond that a high mountainside hazed with lavender light and crowned with a snowy horn. I dress and rush on deck, intending to slant into the sunrise like a carved figurehead. Five minutes later I slink back down, as predictable as a groundhog, and lie flat until all motion ceases.

When I emerge again, pale and with twitching whiskers, we are tied up at Bastia. The deck is jammed with Corsicans yelling down to people on shore. From the dock a man wearing one glove turns up his sweet imbecilic face and with rubber lips sings a toothless version of a "Tosca" aria. A man in corduroy paces with his umbrella hooked in his collar and hanging down his back. Down the dock a Franciscan brother hardly five feet tall suddenly tucks up his robe for some reason and runs like a rabbit, clattering his brogans, around the customs house. People shoulder paper suitcases and homemade chests and stagger down the gangplank. Two bandits with mustaches sticking six inches beyond their faces leap together and kiss like lovers. The sun dazzles off the harbor's chop, the wind is rushing innocent white clouds across the sky. On the air there is not the snarl of a single Vespa.

Ah, Corsica! Eccola! We have come all unprepared, have read not a single book or travel

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Wallace Stegner made his Corsican excursion while he was Writer in Residence at the American Academy in Rome. On sabbatical leave from Stanford (where he is Professor of English), Mr. Stegner completed his new novel, "A Shooting Star," recently published by the Viking Press. He is at work on two other books—one about the Saskatchewan frontier and one about the Mormon Trail.

folder. We have only come seeking new papers the sporting way. But the minute we are out of Bastia and are on the road driving around Cap Corse, we find that what we have landed on is incomparable.

One does not visit Corsica for the reasons one visits most places. Though there are exceptions such as Rogliano, Calvi, and especially Bonifacio, the towns are not very interesting, and the capital, Ajaccio, has little but its echoes of the Bonapartes. The monuments are few, the architecture distinguished only in a few fortresses. There are pleasant wines grown on Cap Corse, and Bonifacio's lobsters are held to be special, but otherwise there is nothing to make a gourmet tour of. French plans to "develop" Corsica with casinos and resorts have barely begun to come to pass, and in February what little there is of that kind is closed. Corsican handicrafts and costumes have little of the color of Sardinia's, and would lure nobody. Accommodations are often primitive, and in Ajaccio exorbitant. And one hardly visits a place for its history when its history of conquests, injustices, and blood is so peripheral that it might as well be the history of Indian tribes extinct before Columbus. Corsica always was a prey of Carthaginian, Roman, Genoese, Pisan, Spaniard, Moor, Frenchman, even Englishman; but it *affected* Europe very little.

WE ARE GUESTS

THE world went past on the freeway and left this wronged and bloody island, after three thousand years of habitation, as sparsely settled and nearly as primitive as I remember the Rockies forty years ago. The roads, built without the cut-and-fill ruthlessness of modern highways, are unbelievably crooked and sometimes as precarious as goat paths. But listen: in an entire day of driving we meet five cars; apparently few Corsicans own them, and there are no tourists except in summer. Without Vespas and diesel exhaust, we hear and smell so freshly it is like having new senses. Everybody yells and waves; I see a boy collecting our license number as I used to collect freight-car numbers in Saskatchewan a millennium ago. Except in Ajaccio, we meet none of the organized banditry of the tourist lanes. We aren't tourists, we are strangers and guests. People want to talk to us, and we have many conversations, in a mixture of Italian and French, with fishermen, peasants, women, operators of little cafés. As for scenery, which is what the well-advised traveler does come to Corsica for, this island's rough sixty-by-one-hundred miles contain more varieties in small space than anywhere I have seen in the world, and some of the varieties, particularly the western coastline itself, are superlative.

The Ligurian coast of Italy, or the Big Sur coast of California? Corsica is better. It starts getting better before you are around Cap Corse, and grows steadily more spectacular down beyond the Gulf of Porto and the Calanche de Piana. Above Ile Rousse the headlands stand out in the sea like roughly-hammered gold; farther south they are sheer, towering spires of blood-red porphyry. As you look away from the sun, the sea is dark cobalt; looking into it, it is crinkled metal foil. The mistral sweeps everything into motion. The sky pours with white clouds whose shadows darken and scatter over the running sea, and the *maquis,* the wild brush that clothes the mountains to their snowcaps, stirs and shivers under the blows of wind. We learn why ancient sailors called this the Scented Island: it is one vast garden of thyme, lemon sage, arbutus, rosemary; we pass square miles of rosemary in blue bloom.

Have you seen the living, profuse mountain water of the Yosemite high country? Here in February, although there are not the sheer falls, it is just as musical with water. There is a roadside fall or cascade every hundred yards, it seems, and if you stop for a drink you find the turf spotted with violets and crocuses, and the banks heavy with pale-green blossoms of hellebore, which we hear is used to poison fish. That reminds us of the story that it was used to poison Hamlet's father, poured in at the porches of his ear. We are content to leave it growing for its beauty without making even a symbol of it, much less a potion.

The Trossachs of Scotland, the English moors? Try Corsica's Desert des Agriates, a furzy upland with rocky outcrops where you can stop to commune with bands of merino sheep and smell the wind across aromatic plants and hear sheep bells in the stillness as brittle as the sound of hydrogen atoms being born. I have heard no such stillness since Utah and Nevada.

Do you know the Alps, the real mountains? You will not ski in Corsica, and at this season the highest country is still closed by snow, but Monte Rotondo, Monte Cinto, and the others show you their snowy horns rearing up in the central massif at the heads of deep, short, abrupt valleys. All along the west, Corsica plunges steeply toward the sea through *maquis* slopes

and moor country to olives, red roofs, Mediterranean towns, black sand beaches, round Genoese towers on promontories. In one look you see from Norway to Sicily, from timberline to orange groves.

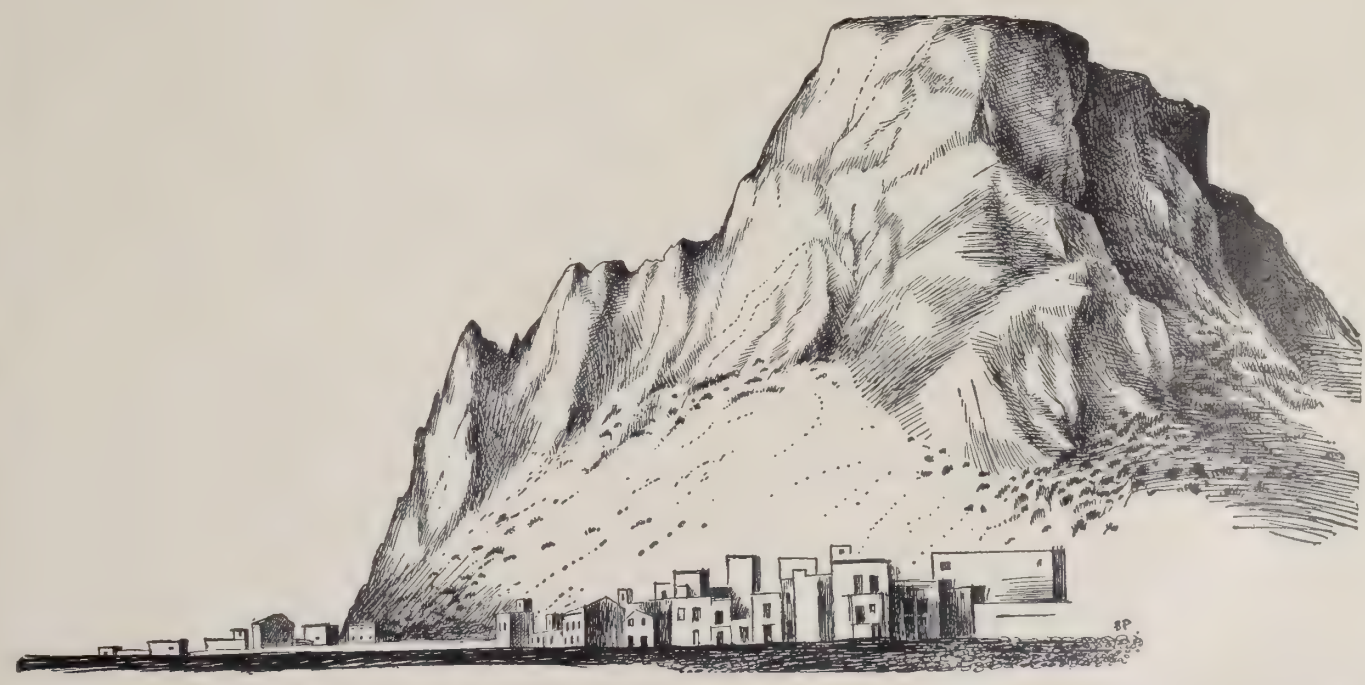
Or have you a nostalgia for the piñon smoke of New Mexico? Stand on the white rimrock above Bonifacio and sniff its evening chimneys and be translated in a breath to Taos or San Ildefonso. Yet if you look up at the fortress sheer on its cliffs undercut by sounding sea caves, or across the strait to mountainous Sardinia, or out to where horned islands lift above the blue like rhinoceros heads upthrown above wind-blown grass, then you realize afresh how changeful Corsica can be within the several directions of a single view.

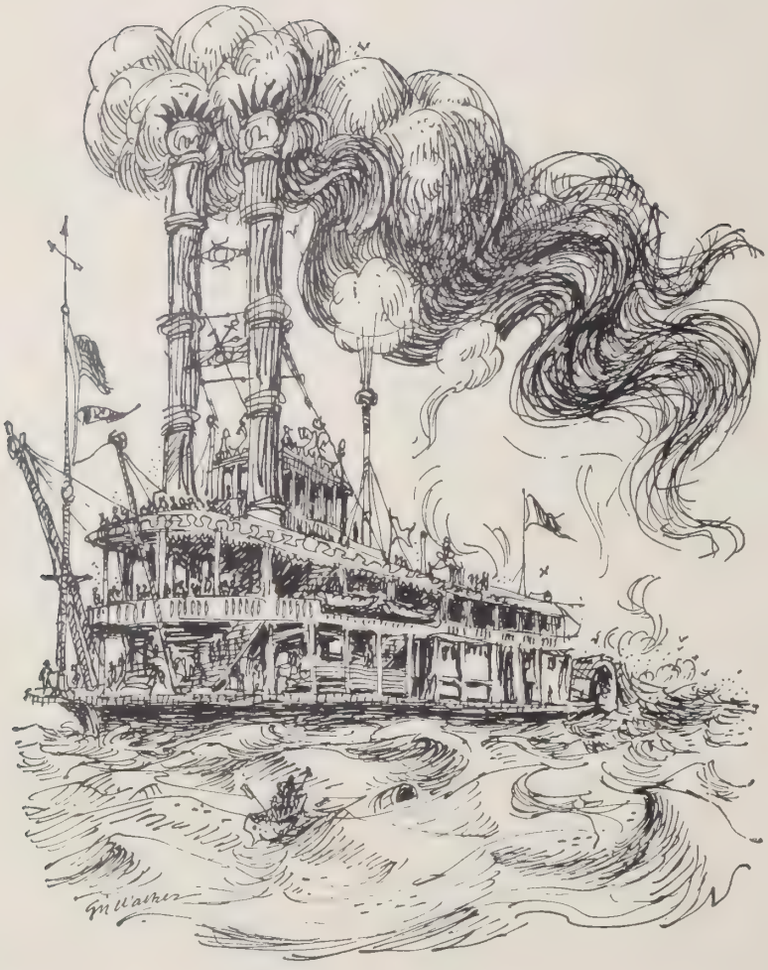
SICK OF AUTOMOBILES?

CORSICA is as hard to get out of as to get into, we find, for the little boat to Sardinia can take no car weighing over a thousand kilos (one metric ton); so we strip the cars, even removing the spare tires, to get aboard. But then we look back at the lovely and unexpected island surging up out of the sea to its central snow masses, at the channel widening between us and the secret, fiord-like, once-pirate-infested, citadel-crowned harbor of Bonifacio, and above that the red-boled forests of cork oaks. It seems to have come out of the sea that very minute, with the water still running from its white cliffs.

In an hour, at Santa Teresa, we will get new papers and be fit to live in Italy again. But meantime the bureaucracy has done us a favor we appreciate. In five days we have met only three other tourists, all in the bottleneck of Bonifacio. In an island with no winter accommodations we have found beds, though once we had to turn back twenty miles to do so, and made haven in an unheated, totally empty hotel with one of those sporting French hall lights that give you twenty seconds to make four flights. In a country with no cuisine we have eaten and drunk well, especially when we stayed with the country towns: we remember a robust mountain lunch at Serra di Scopamene, and a shore dinner at the fishing village of Centuri, this last ended with a *formaggio di capra* that was a gastronomic experience. My wife, who had a cold, said it cleared her head like menthol.

If we go again, we shall again go out of season: we do not like the thought of Fiat 600s boring around those curves warning the world in their impatient *castrato,* or of Calvi's bay full of yachts over from Monte Carlo and Nice. And when I create my Utopia, and have settled the happiness of all petty officials, I shall set aside Corsica as a sanctuary for people sick of the automobile and all its ways and works. I shall make it a permanent wilderness for people who might like to experience what the Mediterranean cradle of civilization was like before civilization began to whittle and carve it all up. I shall include myself in the prohibitions, and, papers or not, leave my car at the gate as cheerfully as a Muslim slipping out of his shoes at the door of the mosque.





The Proper Tool will do the Job

NORMAN HALLIDAY

THE ice in the Mississippi the last couple of winters has had everybody all in a dither. Actually, it was no ice at all, compared with what ice was in the old days, but everybody got into a dither anyway. Quite a few towboats were tied to the bank at Cairo, Illinois, unable to move north. This was not surprising, as they were diesel towboats. The ice wasn't so bad as it might have been; you could see water between the floes.

I remember one really bad winter for river ice, back in the 'thirties. The Mississippi at Cairo was jammed, and the Ohio was filled with crushing floes of heavy, moving ice fifteen feet high, that slowly rolled and turned like great, gray walruses as they floated by. In the Mississippi the gorge went from the Illinois to the Missouri bank and was piled as high as twenty-five feet in places. No water was visible, and down hard by the river, which has a pleasant gurgle in good weather, it was dead quiet. The ice had worked under itself piece by piece until it went all the way to the bottom, preventing the passage even of fish. That was over twenty years ago, and it remains in my mind how odd it was to see the usually voluble, boiling, and muddy Mississippi strangely changed into a path of white, jagged silence.

That year a goodly number of towboats (diesel) almost had to wait at Cairo until the ice moved out. But a way was available then to beat the solidly packed ice; they did it with a steamboat, which is, after all, the only possible way.

She was the old S.S. *Begonia Belle,* which was about the biggest steamboat ever built, as stern-wheelers go. It was considered to be a wise move to take a sandwich along when making the trip

from one side of the boat to the other, as from the starboard (river pronunciation: "stabberd") to the larboard ("labberd"), nowadays called the port side, was a long haul. When the stokers didn't get the signal that the boat was stopped at a town and so kept firing, she would pop off steam. This would break windows, burst people's eardrums, run off the dogs, and make women beat their children, besides drying up the cows, marking unborn children, and causing sows to farrow early and desert their young.

The pilothouse was glass all around and so big that it was often rented by small-town high schools along the river, when the boat was tied up at the right time of year, for use as a basketball court during tournaments. Also in the pilothouse was a beautiful, engraved, brass spittoon. (An old-timer told me there was "one o' them there nice, round leetle rubber mats, fer to set it on.") This spittoon had been the personal property of Mark Twain, given to him by Mr. Bixby. It was maintained and polished by a special crew of five men, one of whom was always in attendance, and it was removed and kept under guard during the athletic events for fear of souvenir hunters.

The famous time that the S.S. *Sprague* came down the river with seventy-eight coal barges in one tow was a special trip. That coal was needed to replenish some of the bunkers on one side of the *Begonia Belle,* which was tied up at Lower Hominy, Arkansas, using the steam from her boilers to heat the public buildings of six counties during a wood choppers' strike.

Begonia Belle was world-famous. When King Edward VII came over from England it was his greatest desire to see the boat, but at the time she was far up the Missouri, near Great Falls, Montana, with three hundred barges of baled clover hay for the last of the buffalo herd, which had been isolated by a blizzard and was in danger of starvation.

She was often borrowed by the U. S. Army Engineer Corps. Once, when the silt had built up the New Orleans delta so much that the river there was nearly dammed, the *Belle* dropped down to a little above the blockage, stern downstream, and with seven fast turns of her stern wheel washed the silt forty miles out into the Gulf of Mexico. Any more work of such a nature has been unnecessary since.

But the badly gorged ice I mentioned happened during a crisis. There was in St. Louis a critical shortage of hops, sorely needed by a major food industry there, and eight towboats (diesel) and their tows carrying the necessary relief were stranded at Cairo, tied up on the Ohio side of town. Their crews were near exhaustion from fending off the moving ice with pike poles, while St. Louis cried aloud for hops.

Nobody knew what to do, except a few maligned men who had always known and spoken of the superiority of steam power. Finally, after much acrimonious discussion, the authorities were persuaded of the necessity of sending for the *Begonia Belle.*

She moved up the river from Vicksburg, where she had been to deliver the samples and exhibits to the annual convention of the International Association of Chitterling, Fatback, Corn Pone, Collard Green, Black-eyed Pea, and Grits Producers. Arriving at Cairo, she swung the diesel towboats and their tows up in her lifeboat davits and backed down the river to about Columbus, Kentucky, to get a running start in relatively clear water.

Then with three off-shift men from the Cuspidor Custodial Force sitting on the safety valve, she surged ahead and plowed easily through the packed ice, hurling huge chunks of it as far west as Diehlstadt, Missouri, and east to Olive Branch, Illinois. Her momentum would have carried her to Keokuk, Iowa, but the engine was backed at about Ste. Genevieve, and she dropped off her cargo of mercy at the foot of Market Street, St. Louis. She was highly maneuverable.

It's a shame that they don't build that kind any more, and the *Begonia Belle* is gone. She was sent to Russia under Lend-Lease during the late war to keep the harbor at Archangel cleared during the winter months, and they refuse to give her up.



A native of Cairo, Illinois, a combat officer in World War II, wounded in action, and a graduate of Northwestern, Norman Halliday is fascinated by rivers, boats, and tall stories.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

HERBERT KUPFERBERG

THE CULTURE MONOPOLY AT LINCOLN CENTER

In spite of its breath-taking architectural promise, some New Yorkers are beginning to wonder whether it really will help the artistic and entertainment life of their city.

IN THE days when Lewisohn Stadium, scene of New York's summer concerts, was being built, a story was told of three planners who were consulted on its design and operations. The first said: "We'll charge two dollars a ticket and cover the seats with velvet." The second said: "No, we'll charge one dollar a ticket and cover the seats with cloth." Whereupon the third smiled wisely and said: "You're both wrong. We'll charge a quarter a ticket and cover the seats with people."

And that is how Lewisohn Stadium was built, as anyone who has sat upon its hard concrete tiers (cushions a quarter extra) can attest.

No such homely philosophy prevails at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, the vast agglomeration of cultural edifices now beginning to rise in midtown Manhattan. Nothing can so well describe both the scope and the spirit of Lincoln Center as words taken from one of its own promotional brochures issued during its untiring fund-raising campaigns:

> Lincoln Center will be unique. On a fourteen-acre site in the heart of New York it will build seven theatres, concert halls, and educational buildings to be used to bring the finest art to the greatest numbers. The Center will be unlike any other in the world today. Nowhere else will there be such an assemblage of great institutions. . .
>
> The buildings at Lincoln Center and the park and plaza which will surround them will give New York a new landmark that will stand for more than a hundred years as a proud monument to American architectural skill. Future generations of visitors from America and abroad will come to Lincoln Center as they now visit great landmarks in Venice, Athens, and Rome: just for the joy of being there. Lincoln Center will make New Yorkers proud. It will make America proud.

It is doubtful whether the builders of St. Mark's, the Acropolis, or the Colosseum were half so sanguine about their enterprises. But if the prose of Lincoln Center's public statements has too often been that of the real-estate developer rather than of the servant of the arts, the project's reason for being is essentially an artistic one. The point is constantly stressed that its aim is to "strengthen our performing arts," "whet the artistic appetite of the nation," provide a "bold and timely answer to the 'cultural explosion' taking place in America today," "make New York City—indeed make America—the performing-arts capital of the world."

Originally, the Lincoln Center project received its impetus from the need to find new homes for two of America's major musical institutions, the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic. The former need was longer-standing, for the Met's 1883-vintage house has long been inadequate; but the latter was more pressing, for when the Center was started, the Philharmonic's house at Carnegie Hall was believed to be doomed to demolition. As it turned out, these fears were as exaggerated as Mark Twain's premature obituary, for without the Philharmonic's directors' lifting a finger to help, Carnegie Hall was saved by a few determined citizens bright enough to enlist the interest of the state and city governments.

But with buildings for the Metropolitan and the Philharmonic as its nucleus, with Fordham University building a downtown campus just below it, with new apartment houses on its

western fringes strengthening its status as a slum-clearance project, Lincoln Center was able to expand and diversify with all the zest of a supermarket opening up new departments. A generous gift of $3 million from Mrs. Beaumont Allen assured the addition of a repertory drama theatre. The Juilliard School of Music agreed to come in as the major educational institution on the scene, even though this involved substantial changes in its traditional pedagogical patterns in order to provide a new drama department and to concentrate on advanced students of music rather than undergraduates. The New York Public Library decided to move its musical departments into the new complex, despite objections of scholars who were used to the old locations. And to accommodate ballet attractions and possibly light summer entertainment, a Ballet-Operetta Theatre was added to the plans.

Lincoln Center, as an entity, does not intend to run these various enterprises—or at least it intends to run them as little as it can. Instead, it regards each of its constituent members—the Met, the Philharmonic, the proposed Repertory Theatre, Juilliard—as master in its own house. And yet at Lincoln Center, according to an official brochure, "The whole is greater than the sum of its parts," and the constituents will seek for "common artistic goals." But what, exactly, will be the artistic policies that control the operations of Lincoln Center? Who, if anybody, is really going to run the show? What does the cultural, artistic, and entertainment life of New York City stand to gain from Lincoln Center—or does it stand to gain anything at all? And where, among the graceful arches, glass façades, climbing columns, and spacious promenades, will that well-known but sometimes neglected patron of the arts, the cash customer, find his place?

THE MET GETS ITS WAY

ON ANY map or model or diagram of Lincoln Center as it will look when it is completed, one institution dominates all the rest. At its front and sides, soaring arches open out upon the Center in three directions. From its rear rises a seventeen-story office tower. Around it are clustered, like satellites, the Center's other buildings and facilities—the Dance Theatre and Philharmonic Hall flanking its approaches, the Drama Theatre and Juilliard on its left hand, a band shell and a park on its right.

This key building, this center of the Center, is of course the Metropolitan Opera. It will be by far the most imposing, the most elegant, the most costly ($37,400,000), the most elaborate (just one of its facilities is a restaurant seating 300 diners). But the Metropolitan's dominance of Lincoln Center extends to other realms than the physical. For even more significant than its height, grandeur, and placement is the simple practical fact that it contains the largest auditorium on the premises, a hall seating an audience of 3,800—the only auditorium in Lincoln Center that actually represents an increase over the one it is intended to replace. And the mere possession of the most capacious theatre not only in Lincoln Center but in the entire city (aside from movie houses) will give the Metropolitan a powerful voice in determining who besides itself uses that theatre—and when.

Actually New York today is far less of a big-theatre town than it was a generation ago. An old-time (but still very active) impresario, Sol Hurok, can reel off, like a stockbroker reciting quotations, the capacities of theatres past: Hippodrome—4,700 seats; Manhattan Opera House—3,300 seats; Century Opera House—3,200 seats; Lexington Opera House—3,100 seats. "Those," says Hurok with nostalgia, "were the days of theatres."

Nowadays, when an impresario like Hurok brings over a major ballet company like the Royal or the Bolshoi or the Moiseyev, he can play it profitably only at the Metropolitan Opera House, which has 3,600 seats and room for 200 standees. That means he is forced to time its arrival for the early fall or the late spring months, before or after the Met season. And since not even an extended run at the Opera House is always sufficient to meet audience demand, Hurok sometimes plays a few extra shows at Madison Square Garden just to take care of the overflow. In effect, no big ballet or opera company from abroad can play in New York from October 1 to April 15, while the Metropolitan Opera is in town either performing or rehearsing.

Lincoln Center's design will perpetuate this situation rather than remedy it. It will do so,

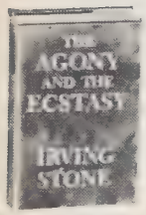
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Herbert Kupferberg is an editorial writer and record critic for the New York "Herald Tribune." Among other musical and theatrical events, he has covered the Salzburg and Edinburgh Festivals, and he teaches critical writing at Fordham University in New York.

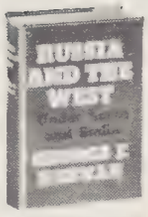
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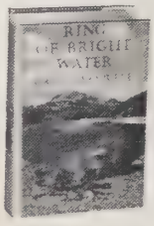
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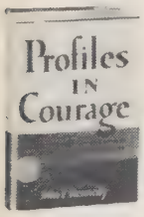
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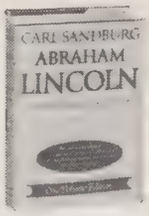
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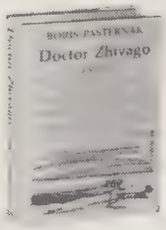
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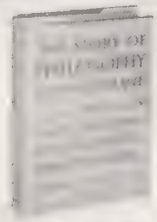
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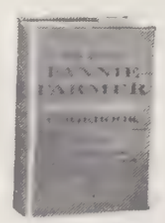
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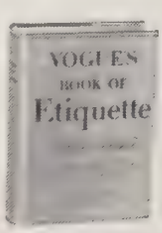
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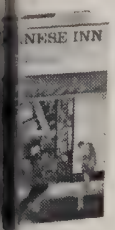


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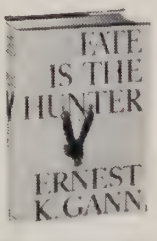
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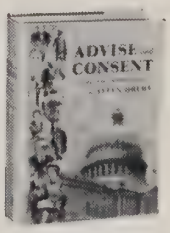
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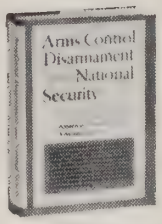
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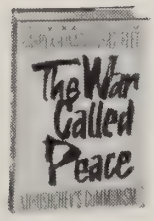
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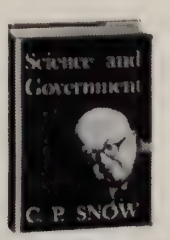
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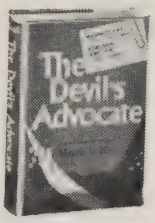
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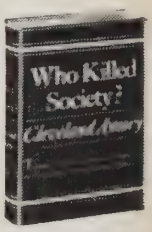
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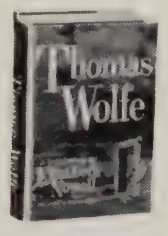
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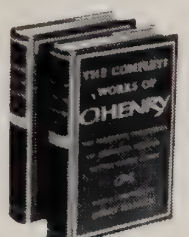
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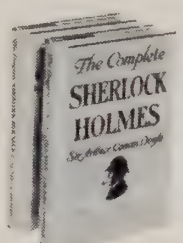
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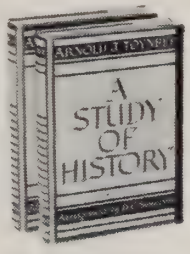
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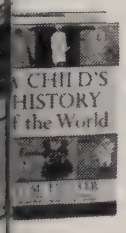
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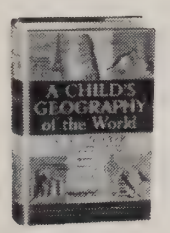
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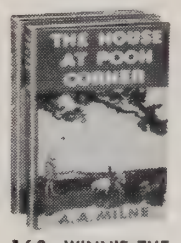
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moreover, at a time when, thanks to increasing international cultural exchange and to jet transportation, more such visits are going to be in the air—literally as well as figuratively—than ever before. Lincoln Center's answer to this problem is to propose not a change in building plans but a revolution in New York's concert- and ballet-going habits.

"We're trying to force the expression 'off-season' out of the vocabulary," says Reginald Allen, the Center's executive director of operations. "We're spending a fortune on air conditioning to assure year-round operations, and we expect to keep the new Metropolitan Opera House open and occupied forty-six weeks a year —forty-two at the minimum."

To which one concert manager replies: "The season is the season. In July and August people are gone from the city, and in June who wants to go to the ballet, even with air conditioning? Even right after Labor Day is too early. The off-season is definitely out."

The chance of a major foreign opera company coming to New York during the most desirable months of the year will be even dimmer than those of a ballet troupe. Despite the fact that most Metropolitan directors are living exemplars of the free-enterprise system, no prospect displeases the Met more than the prospect of competition. No resident company has given it serious trouble since it bought off Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera opposition in 1910 for $1,200,000, although the young company that plays at the comparatively humble City



RUTH KRAUSS

VARIATIONS ON A LORCA FORM

When I live again
put me with my cablecar bells
by a bay

When I live again
among the dark alleys
and a golden gate

. . .

When I live again
put me with my antipasto
in a little backyard

When I live again
under the ailanthus trees
and the falling caterpillars

When I live again
put me, if you will,
in a Saturday night

When I live again

. . .

When I live again
put me with my wings
on the rim of the world

When I live again
with my eyes
full of glaciers

Center for Music and Drama on West 55th Street has been a minor irritant at times. Now at last, visits by La Scala and perhaps other European companies for short seasons here appear to be both possible and likely; indeed, such trips are spoken of quite openly by Metropolitan officials . . . under certain conditions. One high executive of the Met puts it this way: "Sure, we'd like to have other opera companies come over here to play. We'd like to have a visit from La Scala, and we'd like them to play at our house in Lincoln Center. But we want them to come after our season. And we want them to come with co-ordination and planning, not only on timing but on repertoire.

"Let's say we're putting on our new production of *Turandot*. How would it be if La Scala came over a month before and put on their *Turandot*—and with the same singers in the leading roles? A conflict like that could be disastrous—that's why we want to proceed on a co-ordinated basis."

To help avoid such disastrous—or at least discommoding—conflicts, the Metropolitan is doing its utmost to assure that when it moves into Lincoln Center its old house will be demolished—without any loophole to permit its preservation, in the manner of Carnegie Hall. Last March 7, a long-term lease was announced whereby the old Met site will be turned over to developers who are to begin demolition work for an office structure immediately after the Met moves out. Payments to the Met will begin at $200,000 and increase gradually over the years, but the purpose is not exclusively economic. The unexpected preservation of Carnegie Hall was a shock to the Center's planners, and they dread even more the prospect of a Save-the-Met campaign developing in the three years that remain to the old house under present schedules.

Nothing better symbolizes the Metropolitan Opera's unchanging artistic outlook than its plan to carry over to Lincoln Center—in a cultural landmark "that will stand for more than a hundred years"—the traditional architectural pattern, that acme of opulent ill-design, the nineteenth-century grand-opera house. The plans of the new Met's interior from the start have included a row of well-displayed boxes, and tiers of balconies in the old-fashioned horseshoe shape. To be sure, the Met is taking care to modify its horseshoe so as to permit its side-seat patrons the novelty of an unobstructed view of the stage. But at Lincoln Center, no less than on 39th Street, the orientation of the Metropolitan Opera will continue to be more toward the nineteenth century than the twenty-first. Its conduct of its labor negotiations last summer, when the fate of the 1961-62 season was at stake, did nothing to dispel doubts either as to its modernity of viewpoint or its sense of responsibility to the nation's musical public. Nor are its prices expected to undergo any reversal in their steadily upward course since the war. The Met's top last season was ten dollars and, although not yet publicly announced, an increase is anticipated with the beginning of the 1962-63 season. Whatever price scale is finally set for the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center, it's obvious that opera-going there will be a more costly undertaking than ever.

The Metropolitan's ticket scale will be doubly important because it is bound to have a magnetic effect upon admission fees in other theatres at the Center. And while the Met's audience, however it may grumble, can and undoubtedly will pay increased prices, the faithful customers of the New York City Center very possibly can't and won't.

GIVE UP A DOLLAR A YEAR?

THE question of the City Center's relationship to Lincoln Center is one of the most intriguing aspects of the entire project, and one which is still far from being resolved. The New York City Center was founded less than twenty years ago in the administration of Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia as a kind of experiment in municipally sponsored culture. Today the New York City Ballet, run by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine, is commonly regarded as the finest of American dance companies, and the New York City Opera has brought a fresh, imaginative, and generally successful approach to lyric drama. The City Center also puts on seasons of drama, of musical comedy, and of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. And not least of its contributions to New York life is its availability to visiting dramatic companies such as the Comédie-Française, the Kabuki Theatre of Japan, the Deutsche Schauspielhaus, and others.

The City Center is unique in New York not only for its variety but for its low admission charges. At all times, the best seat in the house costs $3.95, making it—as it has no hesitation in mentioning in its advertisements—the city's biggest entertainment bargain. In part this low price scale is due to the nominal one-dollar-a-year rental charged by the city for the use of a cavernous, reconverted Masonic Temple on West

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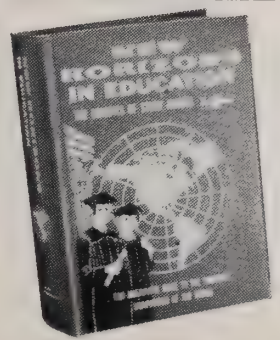
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55th Street, which was municipally acquired for nonpayment of taxes in the 1930s. But essentially the $3.95 top reflects the size of the theatre which, barn-like as it is, has 3,000 seats, nearly all of which, like those of Lewisohn Stadium, are usually covered with people.

When Lincoln Center was first being planned, a good deal of hesitation was exhibited over whether, and in what form, the City Center should participate in the new enterprise. It is no secret that while some Metropolitan Opera authorities were willing and even eager to have the New York City Ballet come to Lincoln Center, they wanted no part of the New York City Opera, with its vastly lower prices and its not inconsiderable artistic achievements. However, the City Center's directors made it plain that the ballet and opera wings of the institution would continue together, come what might. In April of 1961 it was revealed that the Met's board of directors—which evidently had veto power in the matter—had "voted unanimously" to withdraw its objections to the City Center's participation, and had consented to extend an invitation.

As of now, that invitation has been neither declined nor accepted by City Center. The position of Lincoln Center today is that "it is hoped" City Center will participate. The position of the City Center, as expressed by its chairman of the board, Newbold Morris, is that it would like to participate, but doesn't know whether it can "afford to" financially, and that in the meantime, "we're happy where we are."

SEATS FOR THE FAITHFUL

A MOVE by City Center to Lincoln Center is not a simple matter of packing up its belongings and shifting to new and more elegant quarters. The theatre tabbed for the use of the City Center is the 2,700-seat Dance and Operetta Theatre, which bears the official name of the New York State Theatre. It will be paid for by the state government, and will be operated, for its first year at least, in conjunction with the New York World's Fair. From the City Center's standpoint there are at least two things wrong with it. One is that its capacity is 300 under that of Mecca Temple, its present home. The other is that its rental costs will run far higher than the present token fee.

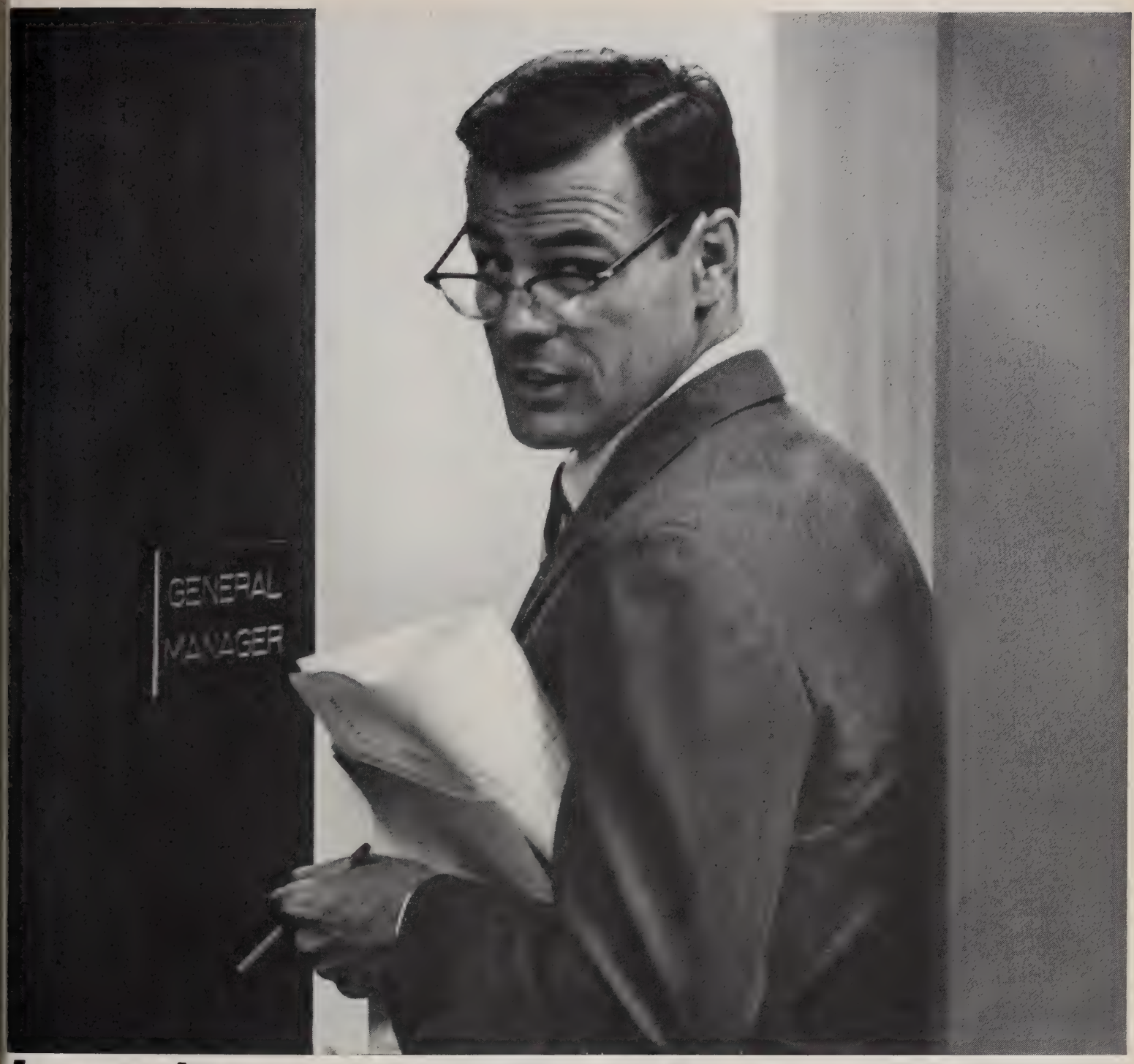
As it is, the City Center is not making money. Its total operating loss in the 1960-61 season—one of the most successful it has ever had, both fiscally and artistically—was $200,000, of which $165,000 was made up by contributions from foundations and individuals. The Center's officers passed the hat among its friends to get the rest. In the Dance-Operetta Theatre it is doubtful that the City Center would be able to maintain the $1.95 to $3.95 price structure which is the hallmark of its service.

The Dance-Operetta Theatre is regarded by some as a kind of miniature Paris Opera in design. But it's an open question how well this horseshoe-tiered, garnet-red-and-white auditorium will serve the needs of the City Center and its audience. Aside from the subtle but not necessarily inconsequential effect that a change to lavish surroundings might have on a theatre that has thrived by making a virtue of adversity, there is the very real and urgent question of what a drop in seating capacity might mean both in audience response and price scale. In defense of their decision to limit the Dance-Operetta Theatre to its present size, Lincoln Center authorities assert that modern building codes would require such an extensive structure for a larger auditorium as to make it prohibitively expensive, and also that the present City Center Building is filled to capacity only over weekends and during holidays, such as Christmas week, when twice-daily audiences of school children jam the hall for Balanchine's incomparable production of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*.*

But it's not difficult to find City Center customers who will argue that in a $140-million project it should be possible to build a ballet-operetta theatre at least as commodious as the one in use now. As for the argument that the City Center is usually filled to capacity only weekends and holidays, one large hall advocate commented sourly, "So is Yankee Stadium."

So the City Center is in a dilemma. If it goes into Lincoln Center it will find its costs up, its audiences down, and its price structure endangered—it may have gained a whole world of marble and glass only to lose its artistic soul. And Lincoln Center is in a dilemma, too, for if it leaves out City Center it will not only have to find another resident ballet company for its Dance-Operetta Theatre, but it will also be without the artistic stimulation and audience loyalty of New York City's one truly popular theatre of music and ballet.

*Actually the capacity of the Dance-Operetta Theatre has risen steadily, according to the architect, "in answer to popular clamor and newspaper editorials." Lincoln Center's original announcement gave it as 2,000, which was subsequently raised to 2,500. Final plans put it at 2,700 with 100 additional seats available in the absence of a pit-orchestra—*i.e.*, for events other than ballet or operetta.



Impostor He calls himself a manager. And he can back his claim with the title on the door and his M.B.A. diploma on the wall. Ask him about mark-ups, inventories or profits, and he'll fire back facts and figures fast. But ask him *more*. Question him about sit-ins, disarmament, corporations' responsibilities to society, the wide and rapidly-moving world in which he lives. He'll argue, "That's not in my job description." But isn't it, really? Mustn't a business manager, worthy of the title, possess more than good business skills? Can he forget the fact that he and his firm are, after all, only in business to satisfy human needs? If so, isn't a manager who forgets *man* an impostor?

P.S. At our soon-to-be opened Management Center, Nationwide executives will sharpen their professional administrative abilities and take part in "mind-stretching" seminars on social, political and ethical topics. Through this program we hope to help our managers grow toward a blend of outstanding business performance plus an increased awareness of human and social values.

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The City Center's proposed new home, like that of the Metropolitan Opera, so far exists only on paper. But the New York Philharmonic's, a $14,500,000 auditorium, is actually under construction, with its opening set for next year. Despite the impossibility at this late date of further changes in Philharmonic Hall's design, its history is nevertheless instructive as to the peculiar outlook of its planners—aside from the irony of their original rush to build a new home while their old one was waiting to be saved all along.

In Philharmonic Hall the designers did not start from the premise that assuming Carnegie Hall was doomed, New York City's need was for a concert hall where the largest possible audience could comfortably listen to symphonic music—an auditorium at least as large as Carnegie, with its 2,760 seats. Instead, they conceived the notion of a hall that would be "the finest musical instrument in America," a hall, in other words, with acoustics as perfect as possible. In this hall there would be room for only 2,500 seats—2,400 when the stage was enlarged to accommodate a chorus.

When criticism was voiced of this arrangement on the grounds that acoustics is among the most inexact of sciences, that Carnegie Hall with 260 seats more is widely admired for its sound, and that New York's need, at a time when Leonard Bernstein's Philharmonic concerts were drawing capacity crowds, was for a larger rather than a smaller hall, the Center's officials replied with public pronouncements that "the biggest is not necessarily the best" and "there can be no compromise with quality." It was nevertheless found possible, almost at the moment concrete was being poured for the foundations, to squeeze in one hundred extra seats by adding two rows to the auditorium.

Important elements of New York's musical community are unhappy over Philharmonic Hall's 2,600 capacity, feeling that the audience, rather than acoustics, should have been the starting point in the planning, and that it never was necessary, in any case, to sacrifice the interests of one to the other.

SAME SORT OF PEOPLE

THE decisions that have shaped Lincoln Center have been those of a board of directors headed by John D. Rockefeller 3rd and made up predominantly of successful business executives known for their interest in the arts. They are the same sort of people who run the Metropolitan Opera and the Philharmonic; indeed, they are in several instances the same people. Of the thirteen-member board listed in the Center's progress report of June 1959, four were directors of the Met and two of the Philharmonic.*

The board has subsequently been expanded to a membership of twenty-one, including Robert Moses, director of the New York World's Fair; Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., president of the New York City Central Labor Council, who will represent organized labor; and General Maxwell D. Taylor, former Army Chief of Staff, who was appointed President of the Center in January 1961, but resigned in June to become President Kennedy's military adviser.

Besides the advice of its architects, acoustical experts, construction engineers, etc., the board has available to it the artistic counsel of a group known as the Lincoln Center Council, which consists of the operating heads of the various constituents—Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Met; George E. Judd, Jr., managing director of the

* The thirteen were:

Frank Altschul, chairman of the board of General American Investors Company, Inc.

Robert E. Blum, vice-president of Abraham & Straus; president of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

John W. Drye, Jr., partner in Kelley, Drye, Newhall and Maginnes; president of the Juilliard Musical Foundation; director of the Metropolitan Opera Association

Clarence Francis, former president of General Foods Corporation

Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., president of Steuben Glass; chairman of the New York Philharmonic

C. D. Jackson, vice-president of Time Inc.; director of the Metropolitan Opera Association

Devereux C. Josephs, former chairman of the board of the New York Life Insurance Company; trustee of the New York Public Library

David M. Keiser, chairman of the board of the Cuban-American Sugar Company; president of the New York Philharmonic; trustee of the Juilliard Musical Foundation; director of Juilliard School of Music

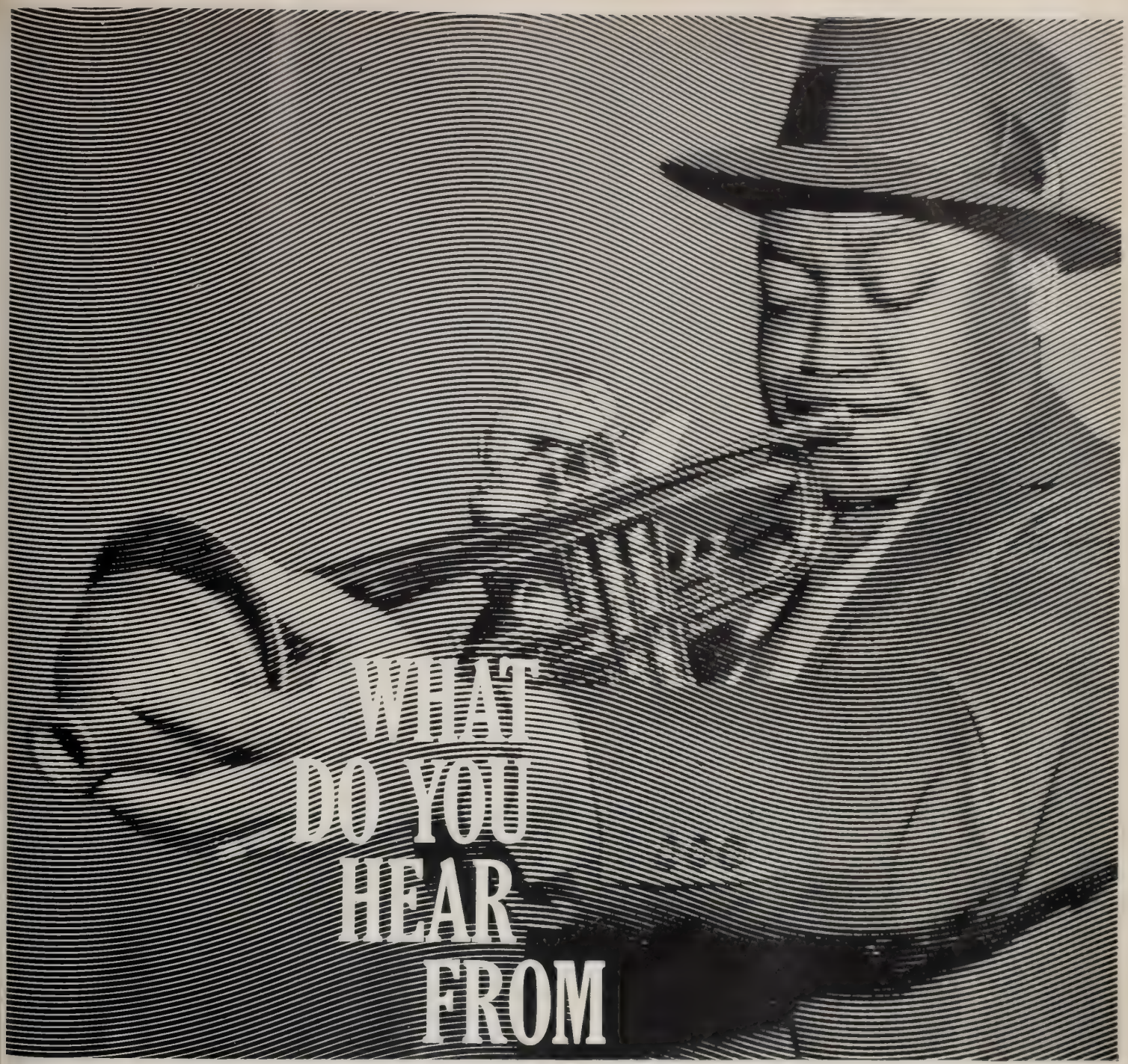
Rev. Laurence J. McGinley, S.J., president of Fordham University

Irving S. Olds, member of the law firm of White & Case; director of the Metropolitan Opera Association; trustee of the New York Public Library

John D. Rockefeller 3rd, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation

Charles M. Spofford, member of the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland, and Kiendl; chairman of the executive committee of the Metropolitan Opera Association; trustee of the Juilliard Musical Foundation; director of Juilliard School of Music

George D. Stoddard, dean of the School of Education, New York University; trustee of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy



JONAH?

Have you met Mr. Jones? Jonah goes a long way toward proving that the quality of trumpetry is not measured in decibels alone. Today's outstanding exponent of the muted trumpet plays a quiet line that lets you listen, never pins your ears back. To blow a muted horn, however, takes lots of lung; and Jonah can (in case of fire) let go a fierce Gabriel-like blast on the open pipe. The happy compass of Jonesian sounds is but one pleasant segment of the colorful sonic rainbow you command with today's SCOTCH® BRAND Magnetic Tape!

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Philharmonic (until his death this summer); William Schuman, president of Juilliard; Robert Whitehead, producing director of the Repertory Theatre, and Reginald Allen, representing the Center itself. The council's role, although it may grow in importance once actual operations begin, is purely advisory.

Although the Center is devoted to the performing arts, there are neither performers nor artists on the board of directors. The closest approximation was Lincoln Kirstein, managing director of the New York City Ballet, who was in the original list of Board members announced in September 1957. Kirstein, however, resigned in May 1959, an action which was not widely publicized at the time. He has since made it known that he felt there was little interest in the ballet as such, that he was unhappy over the dance theatre as finally approved, and that even more basically there was "neither principle nor policy nor patronage for the arts" at Lincoln Center.

COME EARLY, STAY LATE

DESPITE criticism, delays, and obstacles, Lincoln Center's directors, and those of the institutions committed to it, express confidence in the way it is progressing and in its effect upon the cultural life of the city and the country. Advertisements appealing to the public for funds continue to stress such supposedly mass-level attractions as Philharmonic Hall's "5,498-pipe organ that will take more than a year to build, and five months to install" and its removable floor enabling café tables and chairs to be installed for summer "pops" concerts. The Center, they say, "is going to be great theatre, great music—and *great fun*"—italics theirs. Arrangements will be made for guided tours of the premises, and an agreement to co-operate has been reached with the New York World's Fair, which is scheduled to open the same year that the Center reaches full operations, 1964.

In the Center's brochures, emphasis is placed upon the promenades, the plazas, the façades, and the lobbies—one of which, that of the Dance-Operetta Theatre, is designed to double as a banquet room and reception hall for civic functions. Prospective contributors are invited to "picture the Philharmonic audience of the future strolling outdoors from the orchestra level to view the surrounding gaiety of illuminated trees, fountains, and sculpture, joining thousands of other music and theatre lovers attending performances in other Lincoln Center halls."

The purpose of some of these amenities is not entirely decorative, for they are also intended to minimize the transportation problem that is going to be created when thousands of music and theatre lovers pour out into the night at the same time. Lincoln Center will have an underground garage for eight hundred cars, but it is served by only one subway line as against a multiplicity accessible to Carnegie Hall and the present Metropolitan Opera House. What the Center wishes to do is to make its grounds and extra-theatrical facilities so attractive that departing audiences will be tempted to linger.

"We hope to attract people early with our dining facilities," says Mr. Allen, "and to keep them late. We'd like to change the New York pattern whereby a couple comes out of the show and runs for a taxi. We are seeking a gracious approach to the arts."

But with its major orchestra playing in the smallest auditorium it has had in seventy years, with its most popular ballet company an uncertain and perhaps unwilling participant, with no room for a Bolshoi Ballet or a La Scala Opera except during the traditionally worst months of the year, New York can perhaps wonder, What price graciousness? For while there can be little doubt that the city is adding a striking and shining architectural complex to its skyline, there is much less certainty that it is increasing its capacity to bring art closer to the people, or the people closer to art. After all, the usefulness of Lincoln Center will be determined not by how many people come for guided tours through its edifices, but how many come to hear, see, and participate in the artistic experiences it offers.

In a purely physical way, Lincoln Center has already done much to change, for the better, the face of New York. An unsightly, unhealthy slum area between West 62nd and 66th Streets is gone. Better homes have been found for 1,647 families in the neighborhood. Impetus has been given to improvement plans for the entire West Side. All this was accomplished eighteen months ahead of schedule. As a real-estate project, Lincoln Center is already a magnificent success.

Yet the challenges it must answer and the needs it must serve are basically artistic. And in this realm, Lincoln Center, as it is currently being designed and developed, shows signs of replacing old problems with new and, when it is finished, of leaving the artistic life of New York ornamented but not enriched. And if it does only this, can it fairly be said to have accomplished its promise of becoming—in its own words—"a seed-bed of artistic progress" and a "picture of America's cultural maturity"?

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

OUR FRIENDS THE RUSSIANS

HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

Oblonsky told them of a shoot on the estates of a well-known railway magnate, Malthus, of the great luncheon tent that had been pitched beside the marsh. "Lafite with luncheon is very nice, but doesn't the sumptuousness of it revolt you?" asked Levin.

—Tolstoy, Anna Karenina, *1878*

THE tent so gaily striped, magenta, pink,
Came from a caterer's in Moscow:
The wine like rubies filled each crystal glass,
And sparkling in the summer sun at noon
    Washed down the Flensburg oysters, turbot, beef,
    The macedoine
As sportsmen waited for the evening light, the shrouding crepuscule.

After some laughing hours the brightness paled
To amethyst; and grooms led out the dogs,
The setters—gray or black or mottled brown—
To startle on command above the reeds
    A sudden whirr of wings, to turn the sky alive with flutter.
Cr-ack-crack; and crack and crack and powder smoke adrift
    Through twilight.

Now everywhere the circling snipe
Dropped down beside the alder grove,
The woodcock tumbled by the slimy pool. . . .
Next afternoon the waiting wagonettes
    Conveyed the victors under willow trees
    And crescent moon
Prince Stiva saw as yellow diamond brooch—a gift
    For ballet girls.

Then back to Malthus' lawns; to princesses
Awaiting, with their pretty breathless cries
Of "Bravo," overburdened shooting bags!
Swift sportsmen changed at once to proper dress
    For candlelight and golden plate and cachet blanc
    Champagne for toasts
To niveous throats—to jeweled hands—to sport—to
    Midas Malthus.

Outdoors again for brandy—starlight now
And lime trees; flowered terrace to the fore
With scent more costly than *parfum parisien.* . . .
Thus was the pillared paradise once reared
    By Russia's Iron Horse that summer long ago—
    Marred but by Levin's faint
Prophetic voice that asked: "Does not such sumptuousness revolt you?"

        And though the answer proved
            to be a *da*
        That burst into a certain
            scarlet star,
        A weary world is waiting,
            waiting yet
        For some response that shall
            not be *nyet.*

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



The Lady from Oregon

How Maurine Neuberger has earned a respected place in Washington—not just as the widow of a beloved Senator, but as a wise (and efficiently ladylike) politician in her own right.

WASHINGTON—To be a gentleman in Senatorial politics is surely no handicap, even though history has a few instances which might suggest the reverse. But to be a lady in Senatorial politics is a very good thing altogether.

I had long suspected this to be true, on the basis of the considerable experience of Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine. I am now quite sure it is the truth—and bipartisan truth, at that. For the record and manner of Senator Maurine Neuberger, Democrat of Oregon, during her first session in Congress, together with Mrs. Smith's earlier record, provide overwhelming evidence that the qualities of the lady are quite useful in what was once the most exclusive male club in the world.

Maurine Neuberger carried a subtly ironic burden when she arrived here last January in succession to her late husband, Richard Neuberger. Dick Neuberger had made a special place for himself in the Senate as an institution, and in the minds of his fellow members. At the start, the omens for his success were poor. He was widely regarded here, at first, as far too [illegible] and professionally liberal; as something of a political accident; as a fellow likely to talk too much and push his way forward too soon. In the oddest—and also most moving—victory of a man over a stereotype that the Senate had seen in my time around here, he reversed within two years this curiously premature and unfair verdict. He became a man deeply respected—and, actually, loved.

This was because he was a superlatively honest man, one of the most quietly courageous I ever knew in politics. He was also a man of a true liberalism, with a ready and almost overflowing tolerance. Though he never abandoned his principles, nor sought to curry anybody's favor, he became the familiar, in the best sense, of the best men in the Senate. This was sometimes because of what he thought; but it was always because of what he was.

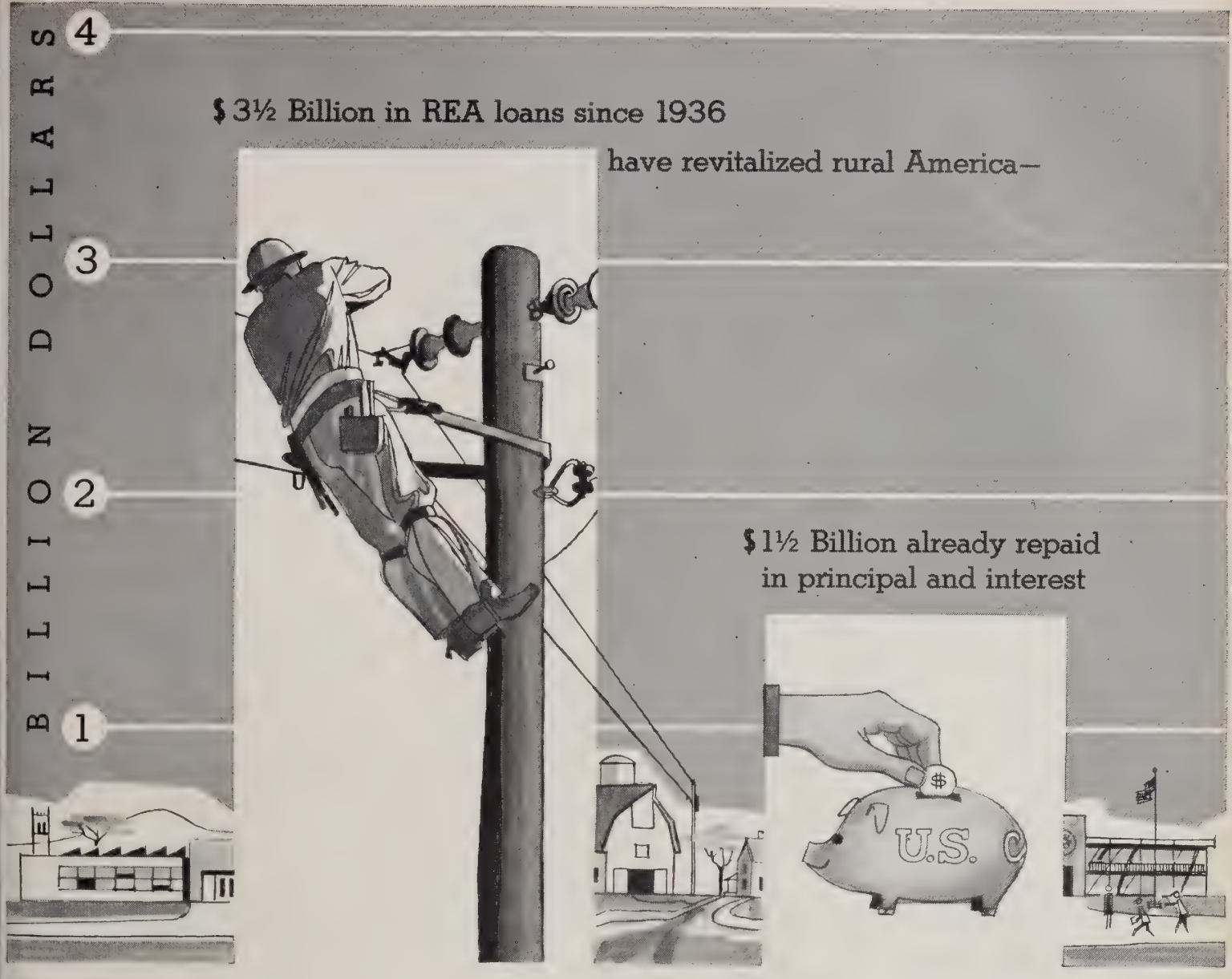
At first glance, this would seem to be a spiritual legacy which would surely be useful to the widow who now came forward to take his seat. In fact, however, it was not this at all. For Maurine Neuberger came here not merely as the relict of Richard Neuberger; but also as Maurine Neuberger. She did not seek, nor was it good for her to receive, the automatic affection which had been earned by another. She wanted to make it, or lose it, on her own. She had rightly felt and said in her campaign that the voters' choice should not be based on memories of another Senator, however fond, but on the hard but honest concern: What kind of a Senator would the *new* aspirant make, all sentiment aside?

She was aware, of course, that she would never have reached the Senate but for Richard Neuberger. But she felt reluctant to seek an office or to gain success in it for reasons so deeply personal. So, the long and short of it was that she had to work her own passage in spite of the personal friendships made by her husband. This, in my judgment, she has largely done. She had, in a word, to *surmount* kindness; neither to trade on the past nor be mortgaged to it. For she was, in fact, much more than Dick Neuberger's wife. She had been a working politician as long as he; and, in the view of some unsentimental observers, perhaps in some ways a better one.

WHAT SHE KNEW

SHE had met her husband when both were members of the Oregon Legislature. And when he came to the Senate she came too, as an able and perhaps even an indispensable, assistant. Much of the active work in his office (and a great deal of it, indeed, in practical matters like taking care of home affairs in Oregon) had fallen to her. In consequence, she knew from the beginning more about the facts of Senate life than any of its other freshman members, all male, and incomparably more than some of them.

Still, when she came to take her seat, she knew that she had problems of a special kind. While any new Senator would make a great mistake by being either very vocal or very demanding, she, as a woman and as



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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

the recent widow of a Senator, would need to be very restrained, indeed. This quality of restraint she set about at once, calmly and unworriedly, to gain and maintain. A woman in politics, as she puts it, can begin very easily to "sound like a Carrie Nation," particularly in a body so long reserved for men. So, all through the session, she stayed on her back bench and kept her counsel, except for rare and brief exchanges on the floor.

She made friends with the only other woman Senator, Mrs. Smith of Maine, but she dreamed of no arm-in-arm feminist bloc of two; nor did Mrs. Smith.

A tallish, willowy woman of considerable natural reserve, Mrs. Neuberger thinks of herself as not much of a politician by instinct. This notion, maybe, arises from the fact that she has no interest in political techniques for their own sake; she spends little time in delightedly examining the inner workings of political organizations or movements. She is a "good Democrat," meaning that she is a party woman who attends caucuses, eager to be a working member. She is in this sense, indeed, rather less "independent" than is Mrs. Smith, toward whom the Senate's organization Republicans are inclined to turn bleak and impatient eyes.

But to Mrs. Neuberger politics is only a tool by which one hopes to accomplish certain results in public affairs. Though something of a heroine to the very-liberal, and though most of the time she votes the very-liberal line, she lacks both the vehemence and the deep partisan feeling of that group. She cannot, for illustration, find it possible to hate, or even to dislike, Republicans as such, not even the most ultra-conservative.

She takes little part in purely organization politics in Oregon, and serves on few committees which prepare resolutions. She looks upon her following at home as pro-Maurine Neuberger rather than strictly Democratic or liberal or whatnot. She is pleased that she has the backing of a good many Republicans, and hopes to have it again. She does not, however, expect either to solicit any backing or to retain it by "making a record for Oregon interests." She

NEXT MONTH IN

Harper's *magazine*

HOW TO DESTROY THE CHURCHES

Why Americans who believe in organized religion must prevent shortsighted clergymen from knocking down Jefferson's "wall of separation" between church and state.

By Edmond Cahn

INDIA TRIES BIRTH CONTROL BY SURGERY

Report on a drastic, but promising, experiment to check Asia's rising tide of population.

By Rowland Evans, Jr.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON ON PHOTOGRAPHY

A unique interview with the camera-shy modern master of the camera.

By Yvonne Baby

UP TO OUR NECKS IN SOFT WHITE SUDS

They may be easy on mother's hands . . . but detergents are a mounting menace to our lakes sewage systems, and drinking water.

By Maya Pine

THE CULT OF PERSONALITY COMES TO THE WHITE HOUSE

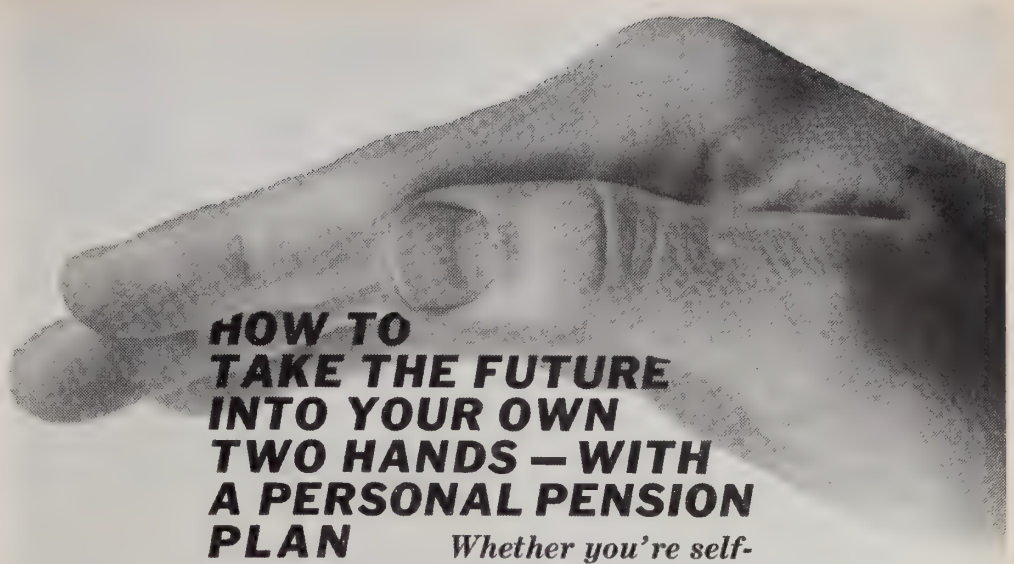
Is there a man on horseback on the horizon? An analysis of the pitfalls ahead for our new hero President.

By William G. Carleton

resses the first two words in the
ırase, "*United States* Senator."
She wants to become a national
olitician; though she is in no hurry
out it. As a sensible woman, she
certainly not anxious to offend any
me political group, but I suspect
e would in the bitter end never
pport such an interest over the
erriding national interest. She
ould, I think, "vote for the coun-
y"—for the country in her own
ghts, that is—resembling in that re-
ect such otherwise not similar
aracters as Harry Byrd of Virginia,
hn Stennis of Mississippi, Hubert
umphrey of Minnesota, Leverett
ltonstall of Massachusetts, John
ooper of Kentucky, and—yes—
erett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois.
She is, that is to say, a lady in
olitics, in the basic sense that they
e gentlemen in politics—a sense of
blesse oblige toward the United
ates of America in any ultimate
isis.

A downright woman, she lays no
aim in private conversation to this
eful and uncommon quality. She
s no hero-dust in her eyes; no
lendid death-wish, any more than
the others I have mentioned here.
is simply that she is aware that
ere are some things, if a very few,
ore important than personal politi-
l survival, and that—on rare oc-
sions—her high office puts upon
r the requirement to act with a
gh responsibility worthy of the
b.

Thus, while she takes no greater
ting risks than did her late hus-
nd, she worries a great deal less
out the ones she must take. Neu-
rger was the very model of the
erconscientious worrier. Maurine
uberger frets little, once she has
ıde up her mind what to do, about
ıat constituents or others will
ink. She simply accepts the in-
itabilities of life. Letters pour in
her, as they did on her late hus-
nd, from out of state. She does
t try to answer them—as he did—
cept in rare cases. She knows that
e simply has not got the time. It
much the same with speaking in-
ations. She reckons that a Sen-
r's job is in the Senate; so she
nost never goes away from here
"make talks." And, on the same
derstanding of her real job, she
ıkes none of those compulsively



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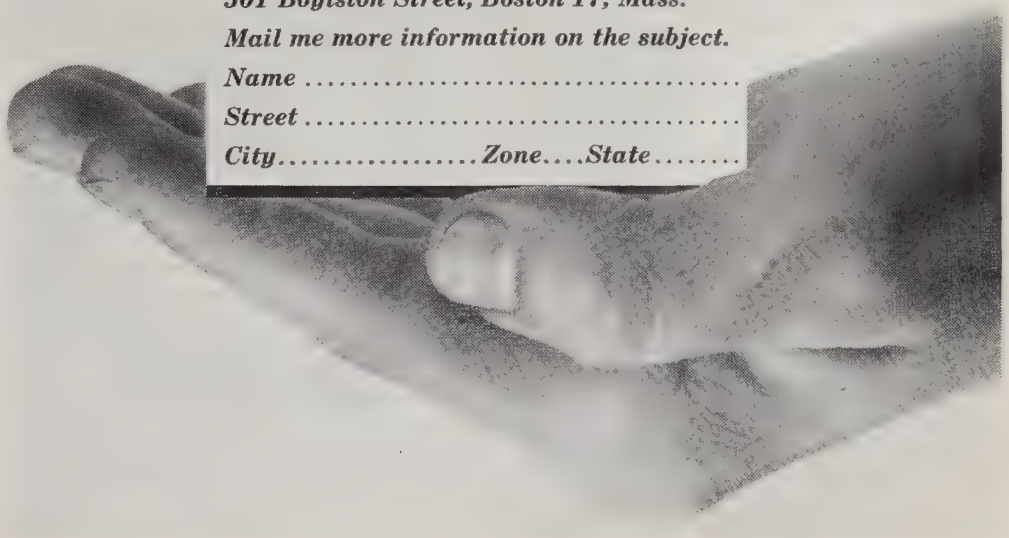
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frequent returns to the home state which so many Senators make.

NO POPPER-UPPER

SHE has, therefore, a traditional view of the Senate, ironically far more like that, say, of Senator Russell of Georgia than like that of those Senators with whom she normally votes—men like Clark of Pennsylvania, Douglas of Illinois, and Morse of Oregon. The ladylike quality of reserve keeps her—to the great pain of young male members of her staff who want her to "get in there and make a name"—not only out of the Democratic side of the Senate clubhouse, the Democratic cloakroom, but also out of that condition which she defines as "popper-upper."

A "popper-upper" is a Senator who is forever popping up in debate with observations intended to put him on the side of the angels. Reserve, however, does not inhibit her from carrying out whatever normal tough political activities are really needed. Once, for illustration, in seeking a patronage job from the Department of Agriculture for a political backer, she ran into a roadblock.

She carried the contest forward with a determination no less firm for being, by definition, feminine. She lost the game in the end; but she observed in parting from the bureaucrat who had frustrated her: "Very well, if you *must* deny this job, then I suppose you must. But I really must say to you *honestly* that if you do I am terribly afraid I shall not have a very warm place in my heart hereafter either for you or for your proposals up here in the Senate."

The fact that this threat was trimmed with lace did not diminish its effectiveness; Senator Neuberger was thereafter on a firmer footing with the Department of Agriculture. Nor has she been inhibited, in acting in her role as a member of the Committee on Agriculture, by being pretty far out in left field, along with two other strictly nonrural types, Senators Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota and Philip Hart of Michigan.

The old boys who run the Committee on Agriculture do not precisely shun Senators McCarthy, Hart, and Neuberger; but they do not eagerly demand the views of these

ty-slicker types. Maurine takes this ll with the same wryly demure umor which she exhibits in the enate chamber when one of the old oys up front is being cut down to ze among her seat mates in private ommentaries resembling those of nior officers at the far end of the ess table when a windy general is olding forth above the salt.

On such large and rather less than ompelling topics as whether women-n-politics have it tougher or easier an men-in-politics, Senator Neu-erger is quite objective. It is her ublic position that distinctions of is sort are nonsense; for of course e has no wish to promote whatever nti-feminism may still exist among e unenlightened.

HOW FEMINIST?

HE concedes privately that of ourse there are distinctions. She as found, however, that in the Sen-te after a short time a Senator is mply a Senator. Small deferences re, of course, paid to her. A male enator will naturally stand back for er to enter an elevator, and that ort of thing. But when important usiness is afoot, she finds that she a vote from Oregon, and that is hat.

Thus her view is that a special roblem does exist for women in olitics; but not in her performance n office. Where she is up against a alpable discrimination is in getting lected in the first place. Mrs. Neu-erger takes the line that this is a ct of life; that very little can be one about it; and that the most onstructive approach to it for a oman politician is just to forget bout it as much as possible.

She declines, both as a matter of xpedience and a matter of principle, debate the proposition whether omen *ought* to be in politics, and ecifically whether they ought to be n the Senate. She puts no chintzy bjects in her office, but on the other and she does not feel that the his-oric principle of equality between he sexes is absolutely undone if me chap happens to tip his hat to er in passing.

In summary, Senator Maurine euberger is a sensible type, indeed; nd we could use a good many more f this kind of woman-in-politics.

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ALFRED KAZIN

Notes on the Writing of History Today

Since his first book, "On Native Grounds" (1942), Alfred Kazin has been one of America's leading critics. A new book of his essays—entitled "Contemporaries"—will be published this fall by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

IN THE hot dawn of July 18, 1936, a group of Spanish Army officers, backed by the Church, by the Falange, and the wealthy classes, began a rebellion against the legally elected government of the Spanish Republic. By the time the Civil War had ended, early in 1939, over 400,000 Spaniards had died (the figure is often given as a million), and to millions of people throughout the world the struggle of the Spanish Republic against all that was most selfish, superstitious, arrogant, and inhuman in Spanish society signified what an American historian has called "the last great cause." Even the Soviet officials and specialists in Spain (Stalin sent enough aid to keep the war going indefinitely, not enough to enable the Republic to win), began to feel a new surge of revolutionary hope for their own country as they watched the ordinary Spanish folk fighting for their lives. The last twist in the history of this unexpected opposition to Stalin is that many of these Soviet citizens, returning to Russia in the midst of the great purges there, were shot along with thousands of other Communists whom Stalin feared as real or potential critics of his monolithic regime.

To read Hugh Thomas's **The Spanish Civil War** (Harper, $8.50) is to realize the distance we have traveled in this generation from even the idea of a "great cause." For what makes Mr. Thomas's superb and scholarly history so peculiarly affecting to me is that he is able to evoke, from the records alone, the magnificent hope that appeared to so many people—and then to make one feel, against the background of everything that has happened since 1936, the impressive pity of so many hopes and the horror of so much bloodshed. He makes even the most passionate partisan of the Spanish Republic feel—along with the political defeats and dismay of our own period—the futility of so much hope in the past. Reading his book, I, too, like Neville Chamberlain and Anthony Eden and the French Foreign Office, could not wait for the war to end, though this meant the victory of Franco. So that what affects me is the fact that even the Spanish Civil War now becomes just another of the many causes that our generation has learned to be wise about. And the reason why even this war can appear so in Mr. Thomas's book is not that he was born in 1931—when before our time would a man of thirty have seemed "young?"—but that he was able to undertake his book and to finish it because of the enforced sense of "moderation" and of historical "balance" that *everyone* in our generation is so strong in. We are so exhausted with past wars and future cataclysms, so disgusted with the human animal that made Guernica and Almería, the Moscow Trials, Auschwitz, and Hiroshima, we are so frightened that what happened to the Basques and the Jews and the Gypsies could happen to us, that virtually *all* historical action in defense of a great cause now seems to us not merely vain but mad. We are so alive to the horrors of the next war that we can no longer be just to the past ones—even the Spanish Civil War, even the American Civil War, are no longer seen as historical surges but as unfortunate historical accidents. We are the generation that comes after wars and revolutions, exterminations and purges; the generation of retrospections and reconsiderations, the generation that knows that human nature is not to be trusted and that this will have to be enough to save us.

No wonder that reading *The Spanish Civil War* against the background of the only period that could have commissioned or sustained a scholarly work of such exquisite fairness, one's buried loyalties and enthusiasms occasionally steal up from the unconscious like forbidden thoughts. Franco's most terrible shock troops, the Spanish Foreign Legion, used to cry *Viva la*

The Swivel Chair



Swivel is a good word for it this month. The chair turns irresistibly, steadily and comes full circle. From the delights of space speculation to the terror of inner collapse, — there are books to tempt a pause at a dozen points of the mind's compass. First there is the cosmos as illuminated by a writer who is equal parts scientist, poet, and synthesizer-extraordinary. There are two novels of two recent wars, one of an American POW in Korea — and readers of this will never use the word brainwashing lightly again — the other a subtle exploration of a man vis-a-vis an inexplicable enemy. There has to be one beautiful woman in this circuit and she, like Scarlett O'Hara before her, is a woman wholly of another age, wholly of our own. Another turn of the chair, this time to the infinite variety of a collection of short stories even more diverse than usual. And thereafter to the chronicle of a bizarrely wrong-and-right marriage that produced out of its agony some of the world's great writing. Then, and here the chair dips in homage, to a novel that, by controlled understatement, may be fairly described as eagerly awaited. The next direction is toward nursery and the teen-ager's home territory — a book for parents and grandparents, for uncles, aunts, and cousins to the fourth degree. On the home stretch, dedicated aficionados — of ballads, and of bullfighting. And last, a book of cosmic tragedy, limning the tortured world of the dope addict.



The chair rests its case, let the critics take over.

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Savanna by **Janice Holt Giles**
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Best American Short Stories 1961 edited by **Martha Foley** and **David Burnett**
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The Fantastic Lodge, The Autobiography of a Girl Drug Addict edited by **Helen MacGill Hughes**
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muerte! Abajo la inteligencia! ("Hurrah for death and down with intelligence!"), and when you read in Mr. Thomas's book of the Foreign Legion in Seville under General Yagüe forcing the workingmen out of their houses into the streets, where they were knifed to death, or that in Galicia the rebellion "was only to be assured after terrible street-fighting, for the grave and poverty-stricken peasants came in from the country in carts and on foot as if to a *fiesta,* resolved to fight to the death," you suddenly remember that the Spanish war did seem to enlist the world-wide forces of intelligence against the age-old Spanish forces of death. No wonder that the war was, for the Western world, "a most passionate war. . . . For intensity of emotion, the second world war seemed less of an event than the Spanish war . . . the great moment of hope for an entire generation angry at the apparent cynicism, indolence, and hypocrisy of an older generation with whom they were out of sympathy."

COOL, SKEPTICAL, AWARE

Mr. George Kennan's **Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75) seems to me a masterpiece of detached and profound understanding on this cruelly urgent subject. I have never seen anywhere such clear and final insight into the limited possibilities we face vis-à-vis the Soviet Union today. Yet the deepest side of his book is his demonstration that the 1914-18 war was entirely catastrophic in its effects, and that the Allied insistence on keeping Kerensky's Russia in the war even after the March revolution was as much to blame for the Bolsheviks' coming to power as the Allied insistence on punishing the Weimar Republic for the sins of Imperial Germany was to blame for helping to bring Hitler to power.

Mr. Kennan writes as an expert diagnostician, one might almost say pathologist, of the period since 1917 that now seems to us an unrelieved history of illusions, mistakes, and crimes. Though his tone is urbane, his analysis is so severe that it is hard to escape the impression that the writing of history in our time *has* become a form of psychopathology. The diplomatist in Mr. Kennan, with his particularly cool and skeptical awareness, makes the ideal historian of these matters. Mr. Kennan, whose distaste could not be plainer for the Communist glorification of tyranny and its particularly aggressive materialism, nevertheless tends to be as cool about ourselves as he is about the Russians. Describing our own parochialism toward the outside world, he can actually say that "We represent, all of us, a society in which the manifestations of evil have been carefully buried and sublimated in the social behavior of people, as in their very consciousness . . . the mainsprings of political behavior in such a country as Russia tend to remain concealed from our vision." He says—in regard to Allied suspicion of Russia from 1917 on—that "It is characteristic of those who think of themselves as nice people (and to this category we Anglo-Saxons outstandingly belong) that they are slow to react to provocation but once they feel their interests or their security to be seriously jeopardized, they respond with a peculiar violence and vindictiveness and with a notable lack of political discrimination."

He notes the insanely vindictive food blockade of Germany that the French kept up for more than a year after the 1918 armistice—which of course starved the poorest and most defenseless elements of the population and the children; the now unbelievable aggressiveness that the Allies showed against the democratic Weimar republic just before they began to appease Hitler; their equally irrational insistence on the war debts. "The war, which Allied statesmen still insisted on viewing as a contest supposed to yield to the victor all the just fruits of virtue triumphant, had been really a shocking, irreparable act of self-destruction on the part of Europe as a whole, a debauch of violence so destructive and so injurious to all concerned that no hopeful approach to a repair of the damage could be founded on allegations about who had owed what to whom at one stage or another before or during the calamity."

No wonder that with this somber awareness that violence, whether in war or by revolutionary fanaticism, creates a political atmosphere in which it is impossible for reason to function, Mr. Kennan sees so little objective political significance in Stalin's purges of the 'thirties. Mr. Kennan believes that Stalin was morbidly jealous of the Westernized Communist intellectuals who had been in exile before the Revolution, and that he was deeply afraid that international socialism would turn against him. Though Stalin controlled the party from Lenin's death in 1924 until his own in 1953, "he seems never to have lost the fear that if his rivals ever succeeded in enlisting against him the moral force of Socialist opinion *outside* of Russia, his rule could be shaken and he could be lost. . . . He wanted to hide his fear of foreign socialism and communism, and to disguise the measures he took to defend himself against this danger, behind an apparent concern for the security of the Soviet Union. . . . Trotsky, and all that Trotsky represented, was Stalin's real fear; Hitler was largely his excuse for fear. That is why his measures of defense against Hitler were singularly unreal and ineffective. He was prepared for the pretense, the artificial bugbear, of capitalist intervention, but not for its reality."

But though Mr. Kennan calls Stalin a man of incredible criminality he insists that Khrushchev

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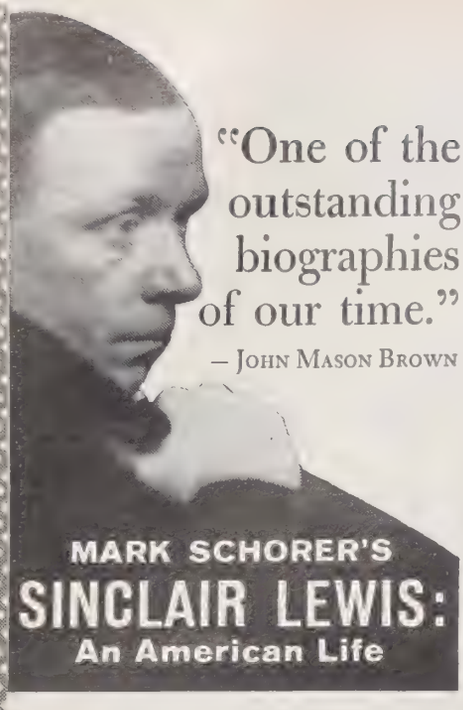
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has at least made possible a more reasonable exchange of views within the Communist party and between ourselves and Russia. So that today "the illusion of total antagonism can be created only by a complete absence of effective communication"; and for this reason Mr. Kennan is "inclined to doubt . . . whether an enemy with whom one can communicate is really entirely an enemy, after all."

PERILS OF OFFICE

THE psychological tone of Mr. Kennan's particularly brilliant chapters on Stalin is interesting by the side of Robert Vincent Daniels' **The Conscience of the Revolution: Communist Opposition in Soviet Russia** (Harvard, $10), another fine work by an American scholar from the Russian Research Center at Harvard. For one of the most fascinating examples of Stalin's pathological jealousy (he was himself of Napoleonic stature) is the fact that "all the prominent survivors were notably short men"! Of course, Professor Daniels does not trace the fate of Stalin's opponents and victims to personal obsessions alone; the conclusion of his brilliantly concentrated study is that the opposition represented true Marxist and Western values but was hopelessly swamped by the Leninism which became the natural successor to Tsarist oppression and of which in its turn Stalin became the natural heir.

Similarly, the English scholar James Joll has written an interesting book on **Three Intellectuals in Politics** (Pantheon, $4.50), which shows how in France so virtuous a statesman as Léon Blum, and in Germany so idealistic a foreign minister as Walther Rathenau, both succumbed to the more powerful forces of reaction and race hatred. Mr. Joll's book is interesting, though of no particular consequence (his third "intellectual in politics," the Italian Futurist and eventual Fascist, Filippo Marinetti, was not really *in* politics as were Blum and Rathenau), and the biographical emphasis seems to be inadequate to the dimensions of the subject. There is nothing in Mr. Joll's chapter on Blum that makes the administrative difficulties of a great idealist in of-

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e so painfully clear as in the id passages of Hugh Thomas's ok showing Blum in despair over e blockade of arms to Loyalist ain forced on him by the English d by the right-wingers in his own vernment. And since Blum, while ll in office, was almost killed by ti-Semitic Fascist thugs and althor Rathenau was assassinated 1922 by right-wing extremists, as uch for being a Jew as for being reign minister of the hated Wei- ar Republic, I suspect that the oblem of being an "intellectual" politics is perhaps less of a gen- l problem than that of being a w in office.

VULNERABLE TODAY

N this particular point there has st come to hand a staggering and valuable book, Raul Hilberg's **ne Destruction of the European ws** (Quadrangle Books, Chicago, 7.50), which is a double-columned ok of almost 800 pages and the st fully documented study of the wish fate under Hitler that I have er seen. *This* is the other way in ich history has to be written in r time—in tables of the dead, in ief accounts drawn from the trials war criminals of the incredible elties visited by Rumanian Fasc- s against five-year-old children, in e horror of Italian Jews arrested d sent off to death virtually from der the Papal windows, in the in- ely detailed legislation about cial mongrels of the first and sec- d degree." Frankly, I do not see w anyone can read this book with- t recognizing how vulnerable eryone is today to this kind of as- lt.

THEORY ALONE

N D by the same token it is diffi- lt for me to take seriously those l-fashioned and majestic theories history, whether by Toynbee or arx or whoever, which seem to ve been written out of theory ne, without benefit of the fright- l knowledge that our age is privy Toynbee's **Reconsiderations** (Ox- rd, $10; Volume XII of *A Study History)* is an answer to his many itics and as learned as ever, but yone who has ever *lived* even one

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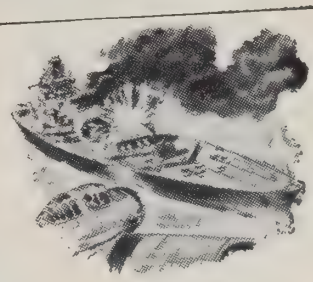
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of the innumerable topics to which Mr. Toynbee comes with so many scholarly suppositions is likely to feel that, comprehensive of the entire human record as this writer is, he somehow lacks a sense of the insoluble conflicts and the indescribable agony that history has been for so many in our time.

MYSTERIOUS TREASURE

BY contrast, Hannah Arendt's **Between Past and Future: Six Exercises in Political Thought** (Viking, $5) seems to me a book to *think* with through the political impasses and cultural confusions of our day; I recommend it heartily to anyone who wants to read a philosophical contribution to politics in the grand style—to politics as a branch of reflective literature.

Miss Arendt is an "original," as the French say, for she is a scholar who writes with deeply moving personal urgency about politics in its classic signification—when it meant not contest for office or administration but the public realm in which alone, through action, man knew freedom. She begins her new book by speaking of the disenchantment of intellectuals in the French Resistance who had briefly and dangerously enjoyed something like this political and objective exercise of freedom. And in a phrase that sums up the condition that I have been trying to suggest in these notes on the writing of history today, she remarks that the history of revolutions, from the summer of 1776 in Philadelphia to the autumn of 1956 in Budapest, forms the tale of an age-old treasure which appears abruptly and mysteriously disappears again. After escaping from thought into action by way of revolution, modern man, having acted, now feels himself forced back into thought alone. This crippling sense of division within himself—which in the past seemed peculiar to the activity of thought, a property of the mind alone—has now become a general sense that we live in the gap between past and future. For tradition, the tradition that man's highest end is in contemplation and rightful action, was ended by Marx. Marx, as Miss Arendt sharply paraphrases him, really did feel that "philosophers have interpreted the world long enough; t time has come to change it." As s says, "Our tradition of politic thought began when Plato d covered that it is somehow inhere in the philosophical experience turn away from the common wor of human affairs; it ended wh nothing was left of this experien but the opposition of thinking a acting, which, depriving thought reality and action of sense, mak both meaningless."

Miss Arendt's technique in the "political exercises" is by referen to classic values, as these are still e bodied in our vocabulary. By tr ing key words back to the permane human interests and insights th they express, she shows us th "tradition" is not something which we can actually return but t repository of past human awaren that is essential to us. The peculi impressiveness of her book lies in t sense of tradition as a resource of t human spirit, our buried treasure, it were. And the substance of h book, as in her previous books *The Origins of Totalitarianism* a *The Human Condition,* refers to t peculiar homelessness of a gene tion cut off first from traditio understanding of what human bei may hope to accomplish, and th alienated over again, as it were, this absence of key terms and histo human ideals.

WHAT man has lost today is ab all the sense of inhabiting a c mon earth, of possessing life common with all others alive on t common earth. This sense of hav lost a common world is what M Arendt returns to as the loss of f dom. For men are not free *in* th selves alone, free in introspecti they are free only in this comm realm, the classic domain of poli where men can act. "The field wh freedom has always been kno not as a problem, to be sure, bu a fact of everyday life, is the polit realm." Freedom is not an attrib of the will, but an accessory of do and acting. In our time, of cou the only quality that so many pe attribute to freedom is that i freedom *from,* private, hidden- deed, that freedom is perhaps the privilege of thinking about f dom. But as Miss Arendt says, "M

are free—as distinguished from their possessing the gift for freedom—as long as they act, neither before nor after; for to *be* free and to act are the same."

There is a beautiful sentence by D. H. Lawrence that says something like this, from the same profound source—men are free when they are in a living homeland, when they are most unconscious of their freedom. But today we embrace the term "freedom" without this reality; we embrace the term almost *because* the reality escapes us. But so little is Miss Arendt a "traditionalist" in the academic sense, so clearly can she point out the essential values we have been cheated of in modern life, that in a majestic essay on the shallowness of American education, she can say with superb and moving appropriateness—"Education is the point at which we decide whether we love the world enough to assume responsibility for it and by the same token save it from that ruin which, except for renewal, except for the coming of the new and young, would be inevitable." A profound book and a great spirit.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Clock Without Hands, by Carson McCullers.

In one way Miss McCullers makes it easy to describe her book. "It is about response and responsibility—" she says, "of man toward his own livingness." But isn't that what every serious novel is about? So we must start over again. . . . The four main characters in the story, set in a small Georgia town called Milan, are the town druggist; his friend, a thoroughly unreconstructed ex-Congressman and Judge, chief citizen of the town; and two boys, one the grandson of the Judge, the other a talented though uneducated blue-eyed colored boy. The Judge is in

A great writer throws fascinating light on the creative process ... and himself



PHOTO BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THOMAS MANN

THE STORY OF A NOVEL

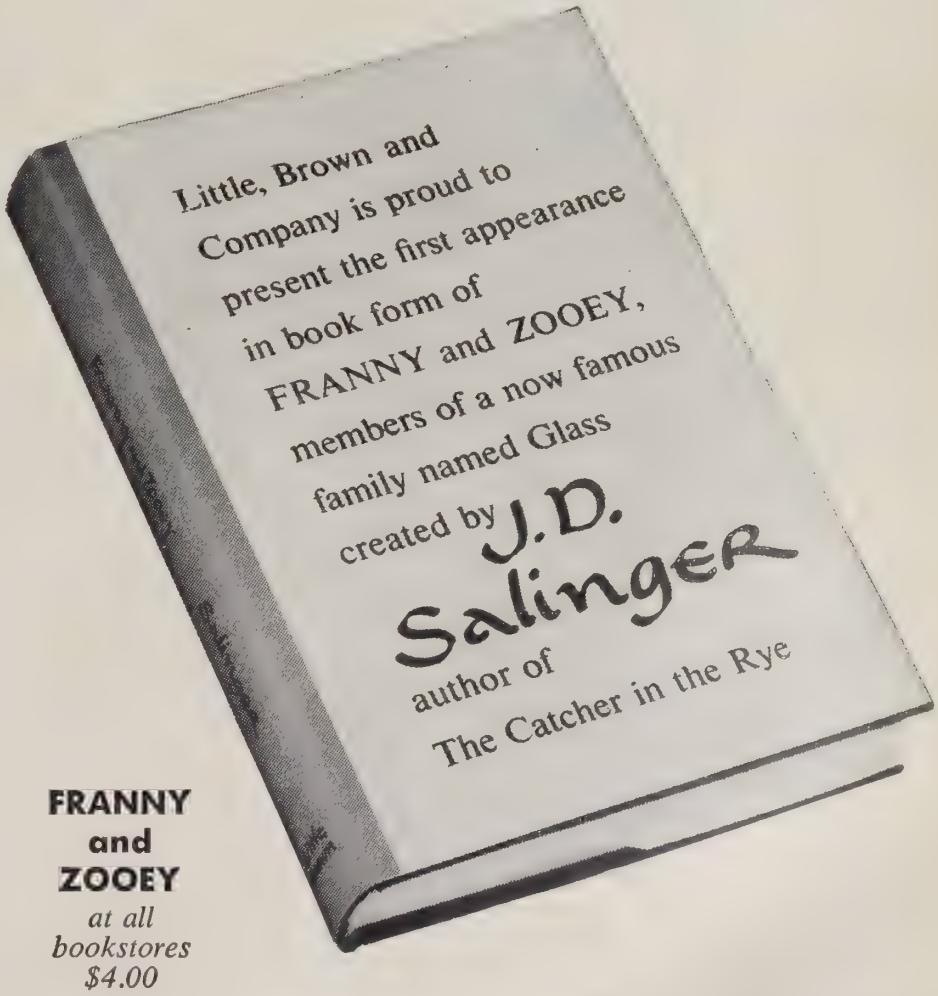
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– CHARLES ROLO in *The Atlantic*

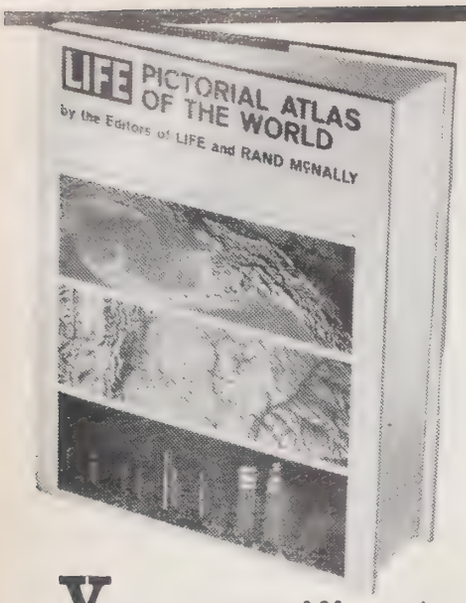
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constant rebellion against his son's suicide some eighteen years before; against the state of his health; and against the federal government in Washington. Malone, the druggist, has just—as the book opens—learned that he is dying of leukemia. The relationship between the two boys is ambiguous even to themselves but their conversation as they try to impress each other provides whatever comic relief there is in the book. But it isn't a funny book; it isn't meant to be.

The helpless loneliness of the druggist facing death and wondering what became of his life; the exasperation of the old Judge as he sees his way of life disappearing; the grandson's anguished puzzlement over his father's suicide; and the suicidal gesture which the Negro boy makes because he doesn't know who he is, weave the pattern of this slow-moving yet tightly knit Southern novel. The inexorably approaching death of the druggist, "the clock without hands," is the quietly ticking timetable which gives heightened tension and drama to all else that occurs. The novel is not for everybody, but it is surely about response and responsibility.

Houghton Mifflin, $3.75

When My Girl Comes Home, by V.S. Pritchett.

A short story by Mr. Pritchett tells more about life—often terrifyingly more about life—than most full-length novels. And takes the reader through a whole cycle of emotional reactions, curiosity, recognition, amusement, surprise, and even when, as often, horror and dismay are added, one comes finally to satisfaction at the end because yes, that's the way it had to be. . . . Here are nine stories, odd and wonderful all. The first, the title story, is almost a novella. A girl from London's dreary and middle-class Hincham Street who had married a Japanese and was trapped in the Far East during the war comes home at last to her relatives. She had, in a way, been the focus of their war-encircled lives for so many years that now when she had finally come home she was, for certain remarkable reasons, "far more remote to us than she had been all the years when she was away." Though Mr. Pritchett reveals his stories slowly in a kind of shorthand of gestures and homely actions or observations—in the enumeration of baggage here, in the way a man looks at a wheelbarrow there—and nothing is quickly given away—there is never anything slow or obscure in the narrative. Indeed vivacity and vitality are at the heart of it always.

Knopf, $4

Franny and Zooey, by J.D. Salinger.

Salinger had an eager audience by the time *Franny* came out in *The New Yorker* in 1955. *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Nine Stories* had aroused critics and English professors and casual best-seller readers, but nowhere was the thirst for more Salinger greater than among college students, and of course *Franny* was *their* story, even more than the others had been. It was talked about on campuses for months afterward. It was debated hotly; there were articles in the school newspapers and subsequent letters from the readers. Above all it was gossiped about—the insensitive young men saying that Franny must have been pregnant—nobody passes out from any old spiritual experience—and the furious girls saying that they had missed the whole point.

Zooey appeared two years later in *The New Yorker*. It was less empirical than *Franny*. There was more of Salinger (or his "alter ego and collaborator Buddy Glass") to explain things. (Franny wasn't pregnant. She was simply having a "tenth-rate nervous breakdown.") Zooey, Franny's actor-brother, was just as weary, even more cynical than Franny, but he was a few years older and less tortured by adolescent despair.

This book contains both stories and an introductory note to *Zooey* by the author. Salinger is an instinctive, effortless storyteller, who is most natural when he lets his characters speak for themselves. Certainly, the dialogue is splendid, honest, realer than real. When Salinger, the author, intrudes into his stories, even slightly or whimsically as in the introduction to *Zooey*, the writing becomes stagy and unattractive. Fortunately, for the most part, he seems to enjoy remaining detached, and his writing is narrative art in pure and glowing form.

Little, Brown, $4

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

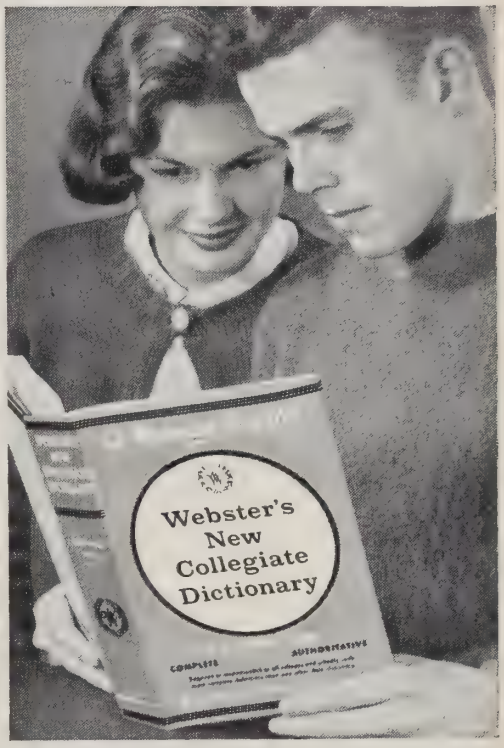
NON-FICTION

Kidnap: The Story of the Lindbergh Case, by George Waller.

The very enormity of the crime—the kidnaping and murder of the young son and namesake of a national hero—makes it, of course, of consuming interest. The author tells many (up-till-now) unpublicized details of the long and relentless search for the abductor or abductors; the stories behind the heartbreaking false clues; the works of the police, both good and bad; above all, the work of the wood expert whose tireless efforts tracked down (at least so he believed) the very shipment of wood from which the ladder came from Georgia to its destination in the Bronx; the work of the psychiatrist who with only the few ransom notes and Dr. Condon's testimony to go on not only reconstructed the nationality and approximate age, temperament, and physical looks of the criminal but also pinned down to an area of about one square mile of inhabited country in the Williamsbridge section of the Bronx, the place where he believed the authorities would find that he lived. Mr. Waller tells of the slow and for so long unrewarding work in tracking down the ransom bills; he recreates the ghastly atmosphere of the courtroom and the trial and the question as to whether under the circumstances justice was or was not done.

All this, of course, makes the most absorbing reading, and the author has done a masterful and painstaking job of research and honest, quiet reporting. The facts themselves make the drama and there is no attempt at sensationalism. But the book has already made sensational news in the publishing world. It is Book of the Month for September; it has been chosen for condensation by the *Reader's Digest;* and it will have, one guesses, about as wide a distribution as a book can have. I don't know clearly what the rights and wrongs of this may be. Perhaps "the public has a right to the facts" all over again. But one thing that comes clearly from the book is the torture by publicity that the Lindberghs endured at the time of the crime and the trial. It seems almost inhuman to

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think that now thirty years later they —who did not choose their parts in the tragedy—and their other children must go through the pain and especially the publicity all over again: torture by book.

Dial, $6.95

Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait. Letters Revealing His Life as a Painter, selected by W. H. Auden.

Mr. Auden has chosen from that magnificent but prohibitively expensive three-volume collection of Van Gogh's letters edited by Vincent W. Van Gogh and published a few years ago only those letters which reveal his life as a painter. Even so, it is a 400-page volume illustrated with twenty-seven of his drawings and eight tipped-in color plates of paintings exemplifying his various periods. The painter's nephew, son of "Theo" to whom so many of the letters are addressed, has written a biographical sketch as a background for the letters and all in all it is a most illuminating and affecting documentation of the life of a tragic and passionate genius. . . . One paragraph from a letter to Theo in May 1882 will give the temper of his tortured and dedicated struggle: "Mauve takes offense at my having said, 'I am an artist'—which I won't take back because, of course, these words connote 'Always seeking without absolutely finding.' It is just the opposite of saying, 'I know, I have found etc.' . . . As far as I know, that word means, 'I am seeking, I am striving, I am in it with all my heart.'"

N. Y. Graphic Society, $10

The Will Rogers Book, compiled by Paula McSpadden Love.

The only trouble with reading a book of Will Rogers' "Sayings" with the idea of writing something about it is that you want to quote the whole book. Or else you have to go out and find somebody to read it to. Whether he is talking about Presidents:

> Presidents become great, but they have to be made Presidents first.
>
> [Washington] was the most versatile President we ever had. He was a farmer, civil engineer, and a gentleman. He made enough at civil engineering to indulge in both other [illegible].
>
> Papers today say, "What would Lincoln do today?" Well, in the first place he wouldent chop any wood, he would trade his ax in on a Ford. Being a Republican he would vote the Democratic ticket. Being in sympathy for the underdog he would be classed as a radical progressive. Having a sense of humor he would be called an eccentric.
>
> Here comes Coolidge and does nothing and retires a hero, not only because he hadent done anything, but because he had done it better than anyone.
>
> An awful lot of folks are predicting Roosevelt's downfall, not only predicting but praying. We are a funny people. We elect our Presidents, be they Republican or Democrat, then go home and start daring 'em to make good.

Or Education:

> Everybody is ignorant only on different subjects.

Or Travel:

> Nothing thickens one like travel.
>
> If you have never written an autobiography, you havent signed a foreign hotel register.
>
> It's pronounced Neece. Not Nic. They have no word for nice in French.

The collection, interspersed with short biographical notes and many pictures, is compiled by Will Rogers' niece, now curator of the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore, Oklahoma.

Bobbs-Merrill, $3

Last Things First, by Sidney J. Harris.

This is another collection of witty commentary, selected by the author from the columns which he does five days a week for the Chicago *Daily News.* This means, alas, that except for a short section of "Purely Personal Prejudices" in the back, many of his observations are too long to quote. But when one reminds the reader that Mr. Harris is the author of another collection of earlier columns called *Majority of One,* which reviewers compared to Charles Lamb, to H. L. Mencken, to Oscar Wilde, it is obvious that here at work is a witty and discerning mind. . . . Although his columns could be quoted

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

in part, for they are full of aphorisms and pithy bits of philosophy, they are in entirety so neatly constructed that much of the pleasure comes in following the thought to the end.

But as a final comment, which does not at all apply to *his* book, let me give one brief quote which should delight the heart of any book reviewer or reader thereof: "The best one-word critique of a new book I have heard was expressed by a friend of mine some time ago: 'Underwhelming.' "

Houghton Mifflin, $4

FORECAST

Jack-potpourri.

The publishers' lists for fall and early next spring are dotted with titles and authors that are bound to make a splash, some in the best-seller columns, some in the critical, some in both. There is Norman Vincent Peale's *The Tough-Minded Optimist*, coming from Prentice-Hall; MacKinlay Kantor's huge *Spirit Lake*, from World. Simon & Schuster are publishing Alexander King's *I Should Have Kissed Her More* and Viking announces *A Marianne Moore Reader*. Doubleday is heralding Taylor Caldwell's *A Prologue to Love* and Ilka Chase's autobiography with an Edna St. Vincent Millay title, *The Carthaginian Rose;* and Little, Brown is bringing out a biography of Clark Gable by the woman who was his secretary for twenty years, *"Dear Mr. G—,"* by Jean Garceau with Inez Cocke

The Book of the Month has chosen for October *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life*, by Mark Schorer (McGraw-Hill), and for November Volume I of Bruce Catton's monumental *Centennial History of the Civil War*, this one called *The Coming Fury* (Doubleday).

The spring of 1962 already looks lively too, with Françoise Sagan's new novel, *The Wonderful Clouds*, coming from Dutton, and Katherine Anne Porter's new-old and much-heralded and looked-for novel, *Ship of Fools*, scheduled at last by the Atlantic Monthly Press in association with Little, Brown. Readers will remember that sections of the book appeared in *Harper's*.

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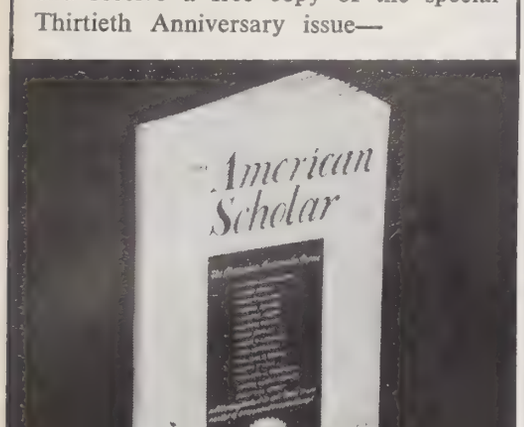
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FROM HUNGARY TO HERE

Bartok's powerful prewar quartets still sound uncompromising and new—and may be the greatest contribution to the form since Beethoven.

Béla Bartók, who died in 1945, was a small, quiet and introverted man who composed some of the most vicious, powerful music of all time. The word vicious is used advisedly. In the music of Bartók's middle period there often is a snarling, biting sound, expressed in a medium of extreme dissonance and rhythmic savagery. Like so many composers, he went through three broad periods. The first is neo-Lisztian, in which Hungarian folk elements are expressed in a more or less orthodox manner. The second period (roughly, in the 1920s) is one of dissonance, complexity, and intensity. The third, represented by music composed during the last few years of his life, is quieter, more traditional, and quite melodic.

But from beginning to end, Bartók was a nationalist. For the most part his nationalism is not the obvious kind as expressed in the Liszt rhapsodies. He seldom quoted folk melodies. What is ever-present in his music, as one becomes familiar with the idiom, is an unself-conscious use of various folk formulas —melodic fragments, rhythmic devices, and modal-sounding scales that weave their way into the very structure of his music. He was a nationalist in the Mussorgsky-Dvorak-Smetana sense; but unlike them he dealt with a language that really was an *ur*-language: a type of response that touches something primal.

His six **String Quartets** have recently been recorded by the Ramor Quartet (Vox VBX 19, mono only, 3 discs). The nationalistic element in these quartets is not as pro nounced as in some other works and to the casual listener it ma pass unnoticed. But to those fami iar with Bartók, it plays a stron part in the composition. Man qualified scholars have gone o record calling these works, whic were composed between 1908 an 1939, the greatest contribution t the form since Beethoven. And, lik the last Beethoven quartets, the pose some knotty problems.

Bartók was an avant-garde com poser, constantly experimentin and going his own way. Yet h managed to avoid eclecticism When he heard Henry Cowell tone clusters, for instance, he w fascinated with them; but he ende up using them in a way peculiar his own. As early as the Quartet N 1 he had found a completely inc vidual style, and he owed little anybody. The great figures of t period he studied with interest; a yet there is in his own music Schönberg, no Stravinsky, no Prok fieff or Debussy. And, despite t apparent complexity of so much his writing, the emotional message direct. Not only direct, but simp

Few Would Dare

Nevertheless it can be difficu listening. Bartók was an unco promising composer, and his tor combinations can assault the ear. H also was apt to use instruments in unconventional manner. Th strange glissando effects in t Fourth Quartet still sound nov (One reason is that they are so u usual, and so personal with Bart that very few composers have dar imitate them.) The first two qu tets represent him feeling his w and they are the most conventio of the six. The others provide a fi day for the analyst, for perform musicians, and for the music lo Each is different, and yet the

our quartets have the same kind of echnical and emotional unity found n the last five Beethoven quartets.

It cannot be repeated too often hat Bartók's message takes time to nfold. It cannot be approached vith the standards of the nineteenth entury in mind; and it could be hat a certain type of mind will ever respond to Bartók's music. But t is music that all intelligent listenrs certainly should make the effort o understand. For (as with all great nusic) the effect that one gets out of is proportionate to the effort one uts in.

The new recording by the Ramor Quartet, a Hungarian group, has nany things in its favor. That inludes price. Vox has packed the hree discs of the six quartets into its ow-priced series (three discs for 7.98). The recorded sound is clear. As for the performances, they are echnically adroit, with first-class, acurate intonation, and strength of onception. About the only reservaion one might raise about the playng is a tendency to fall into a nonotonous dynamic layout. That , long stretches of mezzo-forte playng with little variation. But this oes not happen too often. This alum is a superior buy of very superior music.

The Pulitzer Piece

Two other important pieces of ontemporary chamber music are lliott Carter's **Quartet No. 2** and Villiam Schuman's **Quartet No. 3,** oth recorded by the Juilliard String Quartet (Victor LM 2481, mono; SC 2481, stereo). Schuman comosed his work in 1939. Carter's is etter known. Composed in 1959, it





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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

won a Pulitzer Prize and the New York Music Critic Circle award for 1961.

Carter's previous string quartet, composed about ten years ago, made an enormous impact at that time. It was long, complicated, avoided superficial prettiness, and provided a model for all serious, industrious American composers to follow. Many of them did. The new Second Quartet is somewhat shorter, but it has the same kind of Bartókian power and intensity, plus the same kind of difficult writing and rhythmic flair. Carter is no mere imitator of Bartók, but of all composers he seems to owe most to the Hungarian. Carter, again like Bartók, is uncompromising in his demands. He does not make it easy for the listener. He fortunately has enough strength, personality, and resource to keep his music from being nothing but a mass of dissonance. A certain sharpness and flair, a certain individuality, mark his writing. The Second Quartet is an unusually fine piece of music.

Separating the Players

The recording is interesting also as a stereo demonstration. Carter has asked that the players separate more widely on stage than is customary; he considers it integral to the music. This makes for a perfect stereo approach, and the Victor engineers have gleefully fallen in line, creating stereophonic separation effects that are not normally associated with string quartet writing.

Bartók plays a part in the Schuman quartet too. Again there is the kind of slashing, biting rhythmic attack that the Hungarian composer introduced to music. But Schuman in this work is quite genial about it all. It is more "American" than the Carter work. Its Americanism is hard to pin down in words, but it is there: vigorous, brash, breezy, full of optimistic bounce. And also confident. It is on the whole a quite attractive piece of music, fully deserving of a place in the contemporary repertoire, especially in this kind of brilliant performance by the gifted players who make up the Juilliard String Quartet. In contemporary music there probably is not an ensemble in the world that can approach them.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

SOME STEREO

AS IN the early days of hi-fi, with stereo you still do not always know what you are getting. The home phonographs vary tremendously, from the best (and best situated for the "depth" illusion) to portable machines that qualify chiefly by virtue of having two loudspeakers. The records vary, too, both in degree of separation between the two channels, and the degree to which the same is intelligently related to the music. Those noted below are meant to be representative of stereo's use, where possible successfully, in jazz.

For the sound engineers, of course, the temptation is to play with this new toy, simply to see what it can do. An example, albeit a good one, is the Warwick "Soul of Jazz Percussion," in which the effects of three channels and a fifteen-microphone intermixing panel are so complicated that the liner notes have to give a running account of which musician is now supposed to be where.

Percussion particularly profits from a spatial effect, and so in a similar way does "experimental" music like George Russell's "Jazz in the Space Age," where a certain eerie atmosphere probably helps make innovation more accessible than it might otherwise be. Atmosphere, again—in this case, that of a Palm Springs club date—adds to Charlie Barnet's "Jazz Oasis," by giving his somewhat old-fashioned sound a quality of night-club platform blast.

But to my ear the best results come from the small ensembles—an octet like Dave Pell's, a quartet like Buddy de Franco's, or even a trio like Bernard Peiffer's. Perhaps this is simply a logical continuation of hi-fi's encouragement to chamber music of all kinds; perhaps it is a consequence of the greater discrimination between instruments possible in a small group, of the ear's relish of tonal flavors sharp enough to accentuate one another. Here, at any rate, I am ruefully and belatedly compelled to grant stereo some of that strange power that hi-fi had when it was first arriving—the power to make sounds new again.

The Soul of Jazz Percussion. Warwick W 5003 ST. **Jazz in the Space Age.** George Russell, with Bill Evans. Decca DL 79219. **Jazz Oasis.** The Charlie Barnet Quartet. Capitol ST 1403. **The Old South Wails.** Dave Pell Octet. Capitol ST 1512. **Pacific Standard (Swingin') Time.** Buddy de Franco–Tommy Gumina Quartet. Decca DL 74031. **The Pied Peiffer.** Decca DL 79218.

THE COLLEGE SCENE

TABLE OF CONTENTS



e Next Thirty Years in the Colleges	Christopher Jencks	121
x: The Problem Colleges Evade	Milton I. Levine, M.D., and Maya Pines	129
e Young Negro Rebels	Charlotte Devree	133
ger Swarthmore	David Boroff	139
e Wasted Classroom	Nathan Glazer	147
e Examination: A Poem	W. D. Snodgrass	154
e Mirage of College Politics	Philip Rieff	156
tes on Polish Student Life	Reuel K. Wilson	164
e New Campus Magazines	Richard Chase	168
d in the Colleges	Michael Novak	173
ance What Comes: A Poem	Christopher Z. Hobson	177
hat They'll Die for in Houston	Marjorie K. McCorquodale	179
otographs of the Eastern Colleges	David Attie	
awings	Norma-Jean Koplin	





FOREWORD: *The future, we are told, rests with the young people in our colleges. But what is really going on in the colleges?*

More than half of the students who enter college drop out before graduation. Those who do graduate are often uneducated. Their instructors, in fact, have few incentives to become good teachers: they are not rewarded if they do, or punished if they don't. All the existing rewards and punishments urge them instead to produce "research" and "scholarly publications." The result is an avalanche of books and papers which are, in the words of one foundation executive, often "worthless or at least of questionable value."

Yet we are told that during the next generation we shall have to double our national investment in this kind of education, at a cost of some $20 billion.

In this supplement, scholars, teachers, and critics try to probe beneath the surface of an ailing college system which seems afraid to face itself: What kind of education are our young people actually getting? . . . How well does it prepare them to cope with a world in upheaval—or to become mature and responsible adults? . . . How do they feel about religion, sex, politics, their own future? . . . What changes seem desirable (or unavoidable) in the college life of the coming generation?

Some of the answers offered by our contributors are hopeful, some alarming, many unexpected. In a few areas—student politics for example—they differ sharply. In no case do they pretend to have the final answers, nor do they try to cover all the controversial issues in American higher education. What they do attempt is to begin an exploration, at least, of some urgent questions which have been too long evaded.—THE EDITORS

THE NEXT THIRTY YEARS IN THE COLLEGES

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

Before long nearly everybody will "go to college," but what sort of education will they get? Christopher Jencks' surprising—and troubling—answers grew out of a survey he made of many schools across the country while working with David Riesman. A graduate of Harvard's College (1958) and School of Education, Mr. Jencks is now associate editor of "The New Republic."

Universal college education has already become inevitable in America—although it probably will not be accepted for another generation.

- In 1900 the average American left school when he was twelve and had finished elementary school.
- By 1930 his children knew that they needed to stay in school until they reached about fifteen if they were to get the kinds of jobs they wanted.
- In 1960 four young people out of five took a high-school diploma, two out of five were enrolling in college, one in five was actually earning a B.A., and one in twenty was going on for a graduate degree as well. The average age for starting work had risen to eighteen.
- By 1990 automation will have installed a higher proportion of the population in white-collar jobs, and built-in unemployment will probably assure that anyone competing for such a job will need to claim some sort of college experience. The average age for starting work will almost certainly have risen to twenty-one, and people seeking top professional and administrative jobs will have to stay in graduate school well beyond this age.

This apparently unlimited extension of leisurely adolescence is a peculiarly American phenomenon. No other society has shared America's collective conviction that even dimwits grow up more healthily when doing make-work in the classroom than when doing "real" work in an office or factory; and few have accepted our faith that convivial collegiate life brings young people to fuller maturity than the tedium of nine-to-five routines. Even the English, with their Oxbridge tradition of aristocratic indolence, provide the majority of young people with very little time to waste. Most English young people are forced to work quite hard, and are normally ready for their chosen job two or three years younger than they would be in America. Other industrial nations allocate more leisure to their young than England, but none is so generous as America.

Why do we do it? If education were merely a matter of shrewd and productive investment in human resources—as some argue—most women would be kept in school only long enough to acquire a taste for dish washers and self-service shopping centers. The fact that they aren't suggests that many American parents have noneconomic reasons for educating their children so long. They seem to want to assure their children a certain kind of life, and until the child has safely navigated the dangerous backwaters of late adolescence, such a life remains inaccessible. The teacher whose eighteen-year-old daughter wants to marry a garage mechanic, the doctor whose son has earned his high-school diploma and wants to become a beatnik poet in Rome, and the accountant whose newly-free children show signs of grabbing the quick money and closed future available to stenographers or steel workers—all see college as a promising form of child therapy. Such parents may not have much enthusiasm for the eccentric scholarly ideals of their children's more erudite instructors; they may even be somewhat suspicious of the odd friends their children acquire in college. But they still prefer fraternity beer parties and coeducational cram sessions to street-corner society or early marriage or military service, which are usually the alternatives.

Thus our American romanticism about "college life" dooms in advance all proposals to ra-

tionalize higher education by confining it to "suitable" students. Of course some of these proposals deserve short shrift. In many cases "suitable" is merely a euphemism for "intellectual" or "bright." The advocates of such plans would emulate the Europeans by confining higher education to those who have already demonstrated their academic gifts. Yet research has repeatedly shown that great numbers—perhaps a majority—of the most talented young people show very little scholastic promise while still in high school. Hence if every American college accepted the definitions of suitability which govern admission to Yale, Caltech, or Bryn Mawr, a very substantial proportion of our country's intellectual manpower would go down the drain.

But some definitions of suitability for higher education might prove more defensible. Looking at the superior records of students who marry or do military service before graduation, or otherwise prove to themselves and others that they are grown-up, a psychologist might well conclude that late adolescence is not the most suitable time to attend a good college or university. Instead, he might reasonably suggest that high-school graduates should first marry and work at a regular job; then they might well be sufficiently mature for serious higher education or professional training or at least for a stimulating holiday. Such a scheme would not only assure scholarly lecturers of the serious audience they deserve, but would assure students an opportunity to taste adult life and responsibilities before committing themselves to a particular line of work or style of living. But so long as America makes competition for top jobs into a waiting game in which the spoils go to the most patient—those who stay unemployed until they have acquired a full portfolio of degrees—no change in educational chronology will ever be tried. (A revised sequence of work and school would also require a greater fiscal investment in education, and might not yield sufficiently higher returns.)

The next thirty years, then, will probably bring about a society in which most of our children will enroll in college. And with what result? Will the colleges be organized so that young people can benefit from the more leisurely pace at which they will be allowed to grow up? Will they encourage the students to try out new skills and new self-portraits without suffering seriously for their inevitable miscalculations—and will this policy really produce alumni who are more experimental and more imaginative than those people who have spent the adolescent moratorium [illegible] papers or dissertations? Will the colleges really offer young people any understanding of the world in which they themselves will live, or will they be taught only about the world of their professors?

THE IDEAL FRESHMAN

In an effort to answer some of these questions I began working with David Riesman early in 1959 on an unsystematic study of several New England colleges, especially Harvard. Subsequently, I visited about a dozen institutions around the country: Catholic, Protestant, and secular; Yankee, Negro, and Irish; Eastern, Midwestern, and Californian; residential and commuter; public and private; male and female; traditional and experimental; land-grant and teachers' colleges. I have also studied the newspapers and publicity of many other institutions and talked with their migrant professors, alumni, and occasionally undergraduates. Such experience is far from comprehensive. I know very little, for example, about the South, and not much more about the smaller Midwestern schools, especially the sectarian variety. Nevertheless, speculation about the future can hardly wait until the present is fully understood.

From my observation, the great dividing line among undergraduates separates those seeking what I will call "a college education" from those seeking "a university education." A college education is a four-year affair, leading from high school into a year or two of near-remedial general education, through a couple of years of semiprofessional training, and culminating in a B.A. and a respectable middle-class job. A university education, by contrast, begins with four years of largely general education, leads through two to five years of graduate professional training, and may culminate in an M.D., LL.B., Ph.D., etc., and an influential upper-middle-class or upper-class career. Both these sequences involve spending four years at a place called a college, both lead to a bachelor's degree, and in the early stages at least there may be a good deal of migration between them.

Nevertheless, I think one can see that most college curriculums either lead naturally to graduate school, or else lead naturally to a job. Individual students may rebel against these natural tendencies, but that does not alter their existence. Young engineers often decide that their B.S. is not enough, but enrolling in graduate school does not alter the terminal character of their undergraduate work. Conversely, young historians may decide after earning their B.A. that

the management-training program at A. T. & T. promises a more interesting life than, say, Michigan's history department, but this common decision does not alter the probability that their undergraduate work in history was organized as a prelude to further graduate training.

The crucial differences between these two styles of education can be illustrated by examining two patterns of education I know fairly well: the "Ivy League" pattern of university education typified in Harvard and the California pattern of college education typified in its State Colleges.

A Harvard education today falls into two parts: first there is a four-year apprenticeship to some humane or scientific discipline; second, there are from two to four years of graduate professional work in business, law, medicine, architecture, physics, philosophy, or whatever. Not all this work is normally done at Harvard, but even when part of the work is done elsewhere, the sequence remains the same. Only a minority of Harvard B.A.s attend Harvard graduate schools, but four out of five go to graduate school somewhere. Furthermore, most of these other graduate schools differ from Harvard only in prestige, rather than in their essential purposes or programs. Similarly, while Harvard's graduate schools recruit only a minority of their students from Harvard College, almost all the others come from comparable liberal-arts colleges, staffed by Harvard Ph.D.s or their ilk, and committed to the proposition that the B.A. is merely the beginning of higher education, not the conclusion. Some of these colleges are administratively associated with universities, and some are independent; but all are linked to the universities by patronage and ideology. Together, they number perhaps one hundred, and taken along with about two dozen graduate schools, they constitute a largely self-contained American university system. More than two thousand other accredited and unaccredited institutions are marginally attached to this system, but if they all went out of business tomorrow the system would survive intact for at least the immediate future.

The kind of education offered by any university, including Harvard, is shaped by the fact that the professors are professional scholars and scientists. By "professional" I mean that their self-respect depends more on their standing with fellow experts throughout the world than on their standing with administrators, students, or other local "clients." The Harvard professor is primarily a writer for an informed international audience, not a lecturer for an ignorant adolescent audience. Indeed, a Harvard professor's whole experience encourages the assumption that research is his vocation, and teaching merely a time-consuming sideline. Most professors have had elaborate technical training in the "methodology" of research, but few would ever think there could be such a thing as "methodology" in teaching. In the less scientific fields, graduate students often must teach to support their struggle toward a Ph.D., but no graduate school in the country treats this classroom apprenticeship half so seriously as the apprenticeship in library or laboratory. In fact, hardly any organized effort is made to improve the art of teaching, or to discover books or experiences which will arouse undergraduate curiosity. To establish standards of teaching excellence would be regarded as an invasion of the privacy of the classroom, which at Harvard is almost as sacred as the bedroom.

In practice, if not always in intention, undergraduate instruction at great universities like Harvard is primarily a device for training—or simply recruiting—academicians. If the freshman is to justify the money and energy expended on him, many faculty members assume that he must become an amateur chemist, economist, philosopher, or the like. If he is "really talented," moreover, he is expected to go on to a Ph.D. and a research career. Professors often seem to judge their own undergraduate programs by the number of graduates who undertake doctorates. As the former dean succinctly put it, "Our ideal freshman is somebody whom we would appoint to the faculty the day he enrolled."

Some undergraduate instructors are more conscious of this attitude than others. Ask a chemist what value his courses have for future lawyers, and unless he is an eccentric who teaches one of Harvard's General Education courses aimed at nonscientists, he will almost certainly agree that his lectures are solely for career specialists. Most historians, on the other hand, will insist that every educated man should study history. Nevertheless, when they choose reading lists and topics for lectures or essays, the majority of history professors weigh the needs and interests of potential scholars more heavily than those of aspiring doctors and journalists, even though the scholars constitute a small minority of the class.

Since the end of World War II the danger of making Harvard College into a mere cram school for graduate study has become increasingly obvious, and there has been a spirited effort to develop a program of General Education—that is, education aimed at turning out intellectuals

rather than chemists, doctors, economists, architects, or some other sort of professional man. This dream attracted some of the most gifted men on the faculty, especially those who had themselves been through Harvard College in an earlier era, or had at least accepted the New England ideal of a cultured gentleman. But the whole scheme has gradually lost its impetus and been adapted to the needs of particular departments. General Education courses for freshmen and sophomores increasingly serve merely as introductions and recruiting stations for particular disciplines, while those for juniors and seniors have largely been supplanted by departmental offerings. One reason for this is that General Education, as such, provides no career for the intellectual teacher whose interests and methods do not assure his promotion by a regular department. Since all these departments exist to train graduate as well as undergraduate students—and since none shares the view of certain Oxford dons that specialized knowledge has nothing to do with high culture and is not a fit subject for conversation—the so-called generalist rarely survives long in the race for tenure.

The fate of General Education at Harvard is dramatically paralleled by the demise of the experimental College at Chicago—another venture conceived by a militant minority who hoped to develop a distinctive form of education for intellectuals rather than scholars. Even when judged by the achievements of the alumni in graduate school, this College was an undoubted success. Products of its broad general-education program were more likely to enter graduate school and did better when they got there than the products of conventional departmental curriculums. (Chicago's experiment reflected the experience of other institutions: doctors are better off studying French poetry than biochemistry as undergraduates, and philosophers benefit more from reading undergraduate physics than undergraduate Hegel.) Yet none of these statistics impressed the professional scholars in the University of Chicago graduate school. These men saw the College as a threat to their academic integrity because it offered jobs to men who had neither scholarly credentials nor ambitions. The graduate-school professors wanted to use teaching positions in the College to enlarge their own departments, and to provide jobs for their more promising graduate students. Eventually, the College succumbed to this demand.

The destruction of these ventures at Harvard and Chicago does not, of course, mean that the young people for whom they were designed have simply disappeared, or even despaired. Among the diligent, curious, and relatively self-confident students who come to the better university-linked colleges, a growing minority succumb to the faculty's invitation to play at scholarship for four years, but the majority still resist. From observation at Harvard, I would say that less than a third of the students are seriously interested in the kinds of questions which preoccupy their professors. This does not, however, mean that the majority do not benefit from being at Harvard. They are often interested in the gaps in their own knowledge, even if they do not care about the gaps in the faculty's. When they write a senior Honors Thesis, as half now do, they are perfectly capable of turning out something "interesting," at least to themselves and often to their instructors, even though they do not turn out anything "significant."

Despite the often pedantic and technical demands of the faculty for specialized excellence on competitive examinations, a university-linked college is still probably the best place for the student who wants a general intellectual education. (Need I add that to my way of thinking these students who buck the system—rather than becoming docile departmental timeservers—are the primary *raison d'être* of their colleges?)

THE DWINDLING MARGIN

It is difficult to say exactly how many people are getting the sort of university education offered by Harvard and similar institutions. Today about 15 per cent of the students who enter college will eventually take some sort of graduate degree. Many of these students will, however, not get a strictly academic undergraduate training, nor will their graduate degrees represent work of truly professional caliber. This is notably true of the majority of master's degrees awarded in Education. Of the million students now applying each year to college, certainly no more than 100,000 are looking for the sort of university education I have described. Few colleges which draw on more than the top 10 per cent of the undergraduate IQ pool have had much success in sending substantial numbers of alumni into graduate work.

Perhaps the limited demand for university education is a covert piece of good fortune for educators, since the supply of university scholars is barely adequate for even the minority of students who want their services. Our graduate schools turn out about 10,000 new Ph.D.s each year, but nearly half take nonteaching jobs with

government, industry, or university research groups. Many of the remaining men do not think of themselves as potential astronomers, anthropologists, or literary critics, but simply as potential professors. After a few years of teaching they gradually stop following their professional journal, and give up their dreams of contributing to it. They tend to slip into comfortable jobs in colleges which send relatively few students to graduate school, and thus they soon lose contact with colleagues elsewhere. Thirty years from now they will probably be distributing ideas they picked up in graduate school, and will have made little or no effort to formulate new approaches suitable to the new generation before them.

When such men have been written off, we are left with no more than 3,000 authentic new scholars and scientists joining the teaching force each year—little more than enough to replace the 5 per cent annual turnover in a profession of perhaps 50,000 individuals. Since the ratio of undergraduates to scholars at most reputable academic institutions is ten or twelve to one, the number of people who have an opportunity to get university-style instruction is today not much more than half a million, and is not growing very fast. Even allowing for some attrition (and attrition rates are much lower among such students than among the undergraduate population as a whole), there is not going to be enough manpower to accept more than about 140,000 university students in the immediate future.

No doubt 140,000 places for 100,000 deserving students seems a reasonable margin of error even for my rather haphazard guesswork analysis. Yet the complacent should remember that as the number of people doing mindless repetitive jobs declines—and as the number of people who can find time and energy for such indoor sports as reading increases—the proportion of the population seeking a university education is likely to rise sharply. We should beware of the neo-racist view that large numbers of people are biologically inferior, incapable of enjoying the fruits of high culture, both now and forever. Research on intelligence, like research on race, has been through many conflicting phases, but the trend in contemporary work suggests that intellectuality has far more to do with one's environment and personal experience than with one's biological equipment. It does not, therefore, seem rash to predict that the number of people seeking a university education will rise at least as fast as, and perhaps faster than, the over-all number seeking some sort of education beyond high school. If this is so, our university system will be asked to accommodate at least 200,000 new students annually by the end of this decade, and perhaps even more. It is unlikely to do so.

EDITORIAL MENTALITY

Since nine students out of ten do not seek the sort of university education available at Harvard and similar institutions, America's system of educational free enterprise has developed other sorts of institutions more suitable to their demands, and perhaps even to their needs. In California, for instance, universal higher education is closer to realization than anywhere else in the world. Three high-school graduates out of four eventually find their way into a college classroom, and so-called "terminal colleges"—which award nothing higher than the bachelor's degree—have emerged in almost every community. There are now fifteen four-year State Colleges and more than sixty two-year Junior Colleges, providing local students with a mixture of general education and semiprofessional training.

What goes on in these colleges? Only a few are geared to the requirements, or even the scholarly outlook of the great graduate centers at Berkeley, Stanford, and UCLA. They are providing instead a continuation of the local high school and in fact they are predominantly staffed by upgraded schoolteachers rather than downgraded scholars. Occasionally they even speak of the freshman and sophomore years as "13th and 14th grade." They also tend to perpetuate the high school's assumption that students are immature and irresponsible youngsters who must be told exactly what to do and shown exactly how to do it. Course requirements are detailed and often absurd, but are justified on the ground that mere undergraduates cannot possibly judge what is good for them. Nothing in the course of study leads a student naturally toward graduate work (except in Education, where state certification often requires a year of work beyond the B.A.).

Students in the California colleges are not taught by scholars who see their lectures as groundwork for the "real" problems on which research is being done. They are taught by men whose work is spiritually akin to an editor's—men who do not write books or articles themselves, but merely try to make other people's books attractive and easily accessible to the public. Such a teacher is constantly in danger of assuming that his objective is merely to bureaucratize knowledge into thirty-two lectures, each

fifty minutes long, which will exactly fill the number of empty hours between the beginning and end of the term. Such thinking culminates in the production of a textbook which "covers" the entire field in forty hours of reading time and a vocabulary of 5,000 words. Faced with such instruction it is hardly surprising if students come to speak of having "had" Shakespeare in freshman English, or of having "done" European history in Social Science 10. Ultimately, the whole college program becomes an obstacle rather than an opportunity, and the student's relationship with his professor is confined merely to "figuring out what he wants"—and giving it to him.

Faced with such attitudes, many teachers in terminal Junior Colleges or State Colleges have tried to work out programs which might somehow be more relevant to the students who enrolled. Superficially this seemed easy enough. "Introductory Psychology" became "Problems of Family Living." "Freshman Composition" became "English Style in Business Correspondence." But while the new labels may appeal to the high-school students reading the catalogue, the old subject matter is no more exciting to freshmen cramming for exams. The final result is often only to alienate even the teacher from his course, making him feel that he is offering something shoddy and second-rate, not quite up to his (often brief) graduate-school experience—without even appealing to the students for whom the courses were designed. At least under the Harvard system, where most courses reflect the professor's special interests, there is usually one interested student in the classroom. And unscholarly students can benefit from hearing a professor talk about ideas for which he cares deeply.

In talking with undergraduates in these California colleges I often got the impression that no faculty, no matter how ingenious, could overcome the students' impulses against taking books and ideas seriously. Such students did not seem to want to become involved in academic life, for they did not want to feel guilty about not completing assignments, much less about not inventing extra assignments for self-improvement. They wanted their college to be just like any other office, at which they would arrive at nine o'clock to put in eight hours of work for a decent wage of grades and course credits (convertible in due course to degrees and hence cash). And then they wanted to leave at five, free men. These students were the nemesis of fraternity organizers and school boosters and I have no doubt that they will one day be the despair of corpo- [illegible]writers and morale boosters. They saw both colleges and corporations merely as meal tickets, rather than as communities which offered a way of life.

This reserve of the California students toward their colleges is hardly surprising in a state like California, where almost nothing is done to make the student feel that going to college represents a decisive commitment, or a sharp break—either with the past pattern of his adolescent life, or the future pattern of working life. Everything about these colleges, from their modern "open" architecture to their colloquial, picture-studded catalogues, makes them seem part of the larger workaday world. The student is not even asked to undergo entrance examinations, or to accept the long period of indecision—the ordeal-by-uncertainty—which make entrance to a university-linked college seem a prize gained. In California it would be more accurate to speak of "promotion" than of "admission" to college, for attending college is a right rather than a privilege, and the pupil's high-school record merely determines whether he initially goes to a Junior College, State College, or State University. Wherever he goes, subsequent transfer is both easy and common.

Furthermore, the actual process of attending college does not usually require that the student move away from home or abandon his adolescent friendships. In many cases he merely commutes to another part of town. Under such circumstances even the healthy social shocks of Catholic meeting Protestant, Chinese meeting Italian, working class meeting middle class, future teacher meeting future businessman, or even boy meeting girl, can all be cushioned or eliminated by retreat to the old familiar contacts of the hearth and street corner. But perhaps this is inevitable. California has made higher education available to students who formerly regarded it as utterly alien. It follows that most of the initial effort at adjustment has to come from the colleges—not from the students.

It does not, however, follow that mass education at California's public colleges is necessarily stifling the creative capacities of all adolescents, any more than mass production or the mass media are necessarily restricting the choices of all buyers or readers. Special purpose colleges, like specialty stores and little magazines, flourish on the West Coast. Private colleges like Stanford, Mills, Scripps, and Reed are not undermined by such public institutions as UCLA and San Jose State. They cater, in fact, to the sons of the public college alumni. And even at their worst, after all, the terminal public colleges help dis-

perse at least some of the old "cultural pluralism" which allowed Bible-ridden teachers in fundamentalist colleges to denounce Catholics as agents of a Papal plot and immigrant Italian parents to disown their daughters for marrying Irish boys. Almost every comparison of college freshmen with seniors shows that the intervening years have depleted the reservoirs of bigotry and provinciality which still dampen so much of American life.

MORE THAN MELTING POTS

Needless to say, many professors at terminal colleges such as California's want to do more than spread the liberal, suburban, "all-American" values. Even the less scholarly faculty would often like their colleges to be more than mere melting pots from which students emerge without form or color.

In some cases this longing has led to experimentation with new curriculums, as at San Francisco State. But none of these experiments has really bridged the gap between teachers and students, or helped breed a distinctive sort of alumnus, for none has been able to recruit teachers who have come to terms with the kinds of lives these alumni would lead. Most professors, even when they are not active scholars, simply cannot imagine a satisfactory life in the settings for which their pupils are headed, and they cannot do much to equip these students with the social or intellectual skills they will need. Instead, they ignore the obviously unscholarly undergraduates, try to convert the more promising students to greater ambitions, and measure their success by the number of students they siphon into graduate school.

It is difficult to see how this pattern could really be altered. Since the State Colleges pay quite decent wages to their teachers, they have become attractive employers to many serious scholars. Like all institutions, the State Colleges are impressed by scholars, and by their professional accouterments like Ph.D.s and research articles. Faced with a choice between two teachers, they tend to grab the one with the most scholarly distinction—since purely teaching ability is almost impossible to evaluate. During the last decade the number of professional academicians has increased rapidly, and a drive for university status has taken shape. The scholars have demanded, among other things, administrative autonomy comparable to the State University, higher admission standards, and the right to develop graduate training and research programs.

In the last year all these demands have been granted, and no doubt this will give the more ambitious faculty an opportunity to contribute to higher learning, and thus escape morbid preoccupation with their inability to contribute to student learning. No doubt terminal undergraduates will be increasingly left to educate one another, or to catch what wisdom they can from the unscholarly professors who will remain part of most State Colleges for a long time to come. (Even California cannot support twenty research centers along the lines of Berkeley, or find the thousands of scholars each year who would be needed to convert the State Colleges into wholly scholarly institutions.) It is easy to deplore the faculty's indifference to the average undergraduate, but so long as the parents of most students are unable to communicate with their late-adolescent children, or to compete with schoolmates in forming children's destinies, it is asking a lot to expect the hired help to do better.

Despite these developments, California's terminal colleges remain more interested in experimentation and in improving undergraduate instruction than most of their counterparts elsewhere. The State Colleges may be unduly interested in gaining acceptance in university eyes, but ambitious colleges elsewhere are positively obsessed by such activities. As I have said, the number of university students will undoubtedly grow during the 1960s and much of this growth will no doubt be handled by changing terminal into university-linked colleges. But at most we cannot look forward to the emergence of more than a hundred new centers of scholarship during this decade. Yet four or five hundred institutions are trying to make the grade. (In practical terms this struggle is expressed in attempts to attract scholarly professors; the proportion in most colleges is slowly declining, while in a fortunate few it is rapidly increasing.) Most colleges are going to fail in their university ambitions. And, while failing, many will waste large chunks of their budgets to acquire some of the trappings of university scholarship—highly paid professorships, research facilities, etc. Stuck with students who don't want a university education and a majority of teachers who are unfit to give them one, they will be merely bitter—rather than making the most of their considerable potentialities.

It seems clear that the task of reform during the next thirty years should be to develop and finance a fruitful pattern of undergraduate life for unscholarly undergraduates. But unless the academic system changes radically, terminal col-

leges like San Francisco State are unlikely to have any better record in this regard than university colleges like Harvard and Chicago, or university-linked colleges like Amherst and Oberlin which accept the academic ideals of the professional schools for which their students are headed.

A SLENDER REED

Nevertheless, taken together and judged by traditional standards, America's college and university systems come closer to satisfying the demands of the young than any other I know:

- For the one per cent of all freshmen who want serious scholarly or scientific training, there are universities with facilities and instructors as good as any in the world.
- For the perhaps 2 per cent who want a more general intellectual education, there are both university colleges and liberal-arts colleges which offer a vast choice of books, lectures, and classmates, and only mild penalties for failing to become technically proficient in a particular academic discipline.
- For the approximately 5 per cent of all freshmen who want an introduction to upper-middlebrow culture and upper-middle-class conviviality, followed by technically distinguished graduate training, suitable combinations of fraternity life and classroom diligence are available.
- For the one freshman in about five who wants technical or semiprofessional training, terminal colleges are as painless, as cheap, and probably more effective than most European schemes of apprenticeship or technical institutes.
- For the one in five who merely wants certification as an ambitious and respectable potential employee, college diplomas can provide social security even in the face of unemployment.
- Even for that half of the national freshman class which does not know what it wants and never takes a degree, college is often a valuable moratorium for finding oneself or one's talents.

Yet while American higher education may satisfy an unprecedented proportion of the explicit demands made by its clients, the fact is that most young people have very limited ideas of what they want, and they need above all to be given some bases for deciding. In dealing with such unexpressed needs our colleges fail badly—and in doing so they fail our society as a whole. For if the function of a college is to help its pupils to formulate the problems they face, or will soon face, and to help them foresee the consequences of the various solutions among which they must choose, then most American undergraduates are, at most, half-educated.

Unlike academic specialties, human problems do not fall into neat departmental categories, and most college alumni have little basis whatever for choosing between such things as political parties, newly published ideas, or methods of bringing up their children. In most cases they have merely acquired the collective wisdom of their fellow-American adolescents, which is not so slight as some adults think, but is still a rather slender reed to lean on. Few have been brought to see the world through the teachers' eyes, much less through the eyes of all the preceding generations which, since the Hebrew prophets, have recorded their wisdom, their visions, and their warnings. Nor have most students been helped to see their problems as young people in other nations would see them; the world of the Frenchman, the Chinese, and the Zulu are all equally closed to them. So, for that matter, is the world of the painter and the physicist.

The failure of college students to gain a sense of the possibilities of life—to go beyond the hackneyed alternatives presented by our everyday culture—is never precisely recorded, either by official college accreditation reports or by statistical studies of college alumni. The unwritten books by potentially gifted students, for example—or the cliché thinking of those college graduates who still equate "deficit financing" with communism—are never weighed in the balance when we assess the quality of our colleges.

Yet considering all the benefits which do come, occasionally, from higher education, we shall deceive and cheat ourselves badly if we do not confront the immense gap between the possible and the actual in college education today. For if the quality of life is to improve anything like as fast in the second half of this century as the quantity has grown in the first half, our colleges will have to become enthusiastic promoters of new ways of thought and new styles of life.

In this light the most damning single fact about higher education today is that among nearly 2,500 accredited and unaccredited institutions there seem to be fewer than half-a-dozen radical experiments dedicated to testing new conceptions of what college life, and hence adult life, are capable of becoming. Unless not only the scholars and teachers and administrators who launch new ventures, but the parents and philanthropists who support them, all show more courage and imagination in the next decade than they have in the last, the fruits of universal higher education are likely to taste rather tinny.

SEX: THE PROBLEM COLLEGES EVADE

MILTON I. LEVINE, M.D.
AND MAYA PINES

Because the colleges are afraid to deal frankly with the normal sexual drives of young people, the consequences for students can be tragic. Dr. Milton Levine, who has written widely on the sexual problems of youth, is an Associate Professor of Clinical Pediatrics at Cornell University Medical College. His collaborator, Maya Pines, is the author of the book, "Retarded Children Can Be Helped," and a contributor to "Harper's" and other magazines.

When college girls by the dozen come to their childhood pediatricians desperate and in tears because they are pregnant, it is time to question what is being done in the colleges to protect them.

Every generation, of course, has had to deal with the problem of illegitimate pregnancies among young people, some on the college level. And as the Harvard *Crimson* put it in a recent article, "in sheer wildness today's college students do not compare with their fabled predecessors." Two factors, however, make the current crop different: (1) premarital sex in all its forms is much more widespread and openly discussed among students; and (2) in the midst of this apparent sophistication, at a time when highly reliable methods of birth control exist, the majority of students are nearly as ignorant of the facts as the poorest, illiterate Indian peasant.

The girls who get pregnant usually tell the doctor that they *thought* they knew how to prevent conception. Some had gone through early sex-education courses in which they had learned about birds and bees and the romance of sperm and egg. They had studied marriage and the family in sociology courses, "body mechanics" in physical-education courses, the human body in biology, and in some cases had even taken special series of lectures given by local physicians under the heading of freshman orientation. All these courses had remained on such a high plane, however, that the students' ideas about how conception actually takes place were incredibly vague—a composite of old wives' tales plus, perhaps, the reading of *Peyton Place*.

As a result, the students are no better off than in the quaint old days when hygiene courses simply taught girls to say something like, "I am a Wellesley girl and, I hope, a lady." They are worse off, in fact, since times and the definition of a lady have changed and, in the words of one college physician, "the attitude of the younger generation today is pretty much free-for-all sex."

Few colleges have any clear-cut policies on how to deal with this attitude. Some are downright contradictory: On the one hand, rules have been relaxed to the point where boys and girls at one co-educational college in the Midwest, for instance, are allowed to spend the night in sleeping bags in an adjoining park, as long as five students are present—a supposedly magic figure; on the other, the colleges severely penalize anyone who gets caught in "illicit sexual relations." One young man and woman were suspended from the same college recently—despite the fact that both were in excellent academic standing—for producing a baby only six months after they were married.

Other colleges limit themselves to the role of policemen. They have a wide and rather comical array of regulations about who may visit a student dormitory, where (in downstairs lounges, called "passion pits," or in student rooms), when, and how (doors open, lights on, four feet on the floor). While the boys are given considerable freedom, the girls' dormitories impose strict cur-

fews—which occasionally backfire, as when girls stay out all night rather than be punished for coming in too late. A number of schools go so far as to outlaw student-owned cars, at least for freshmen (sometimes for lack of parking facilities, as well as for moral reasons, to be sure). If nothing else, such restrictions may succeed in obstructing ordinary friendly relationships.

"You never have any privacy," a serious-minded Oberlin girl complains. "So you change your whole concept of what should properly be done before other people. There's no place for a couple to talk, nowhere to go where you're not in everybody's eye. If you break up after six months of going steady, you must do it in public. Normally you don't expect to see someone crying hysterically in the street; yet it's fairly common—a boy and girl standing there and one of them weeping in front of everybody, because there's no place where they can be alone."

The futility of such attempts to abolish privacy is obvious. Young people who really want to have love affairs while they are in college will do so anyway. These are the very years in which the majority of Americans get married, the years in which boys are most active sexually. If they do not find a way on campus, they will meet off-campus on weekends, or during college vacations. A recent informal study by a dean of women showed that nearly all the current pregnancies among her well-protected brood could be traced to spring or Christmas vacations out of town.

In varying degrees, every college has its share of unwanted pregnancies, although college girls under twenty actually have very much less premarital intercourse than any of their contemporaries, according to Kinsey. Only 17 per cent to 19 per cent of the college girls aged sixteen to twenty lose their virginity, as opposed to 38 per cent of girls of the same age who never went beyond elementary school, and 32 per cent of those who never went beyond high school. Differences based on educational levels tend to disappear as the girls grow older, however. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, over 30 per cent of all unmarried girls have some premarital relations. The figure increases a little with every new generation.

Carelessness is not an uncommon reason for college pregnancies. And, of course, no existing contraceptive technique is 100 per cent reliable. But all evidence points to the fact that the girls' patent ignorance about how to protect themselves is the chief factor involved. The result, according to rough student estimates, is four to five unwanted pregnancies per year for every thousand coeds. If this is true, and one adds the pregnancies in women's colleges, it comes to a total of well over a thousand pregnant and unmarried college girls each year.

When such widespread tragedy occurs, how can institutions of higher learning be excused for their suppression of information on this vital aspect of life? It mocks the "freedom of ideas," "education of the whole man," and other clichés of the academic world.

College pregnancies seldom appear in the published figures on illegitimacy (which have been rising throughout the nation) because the majority of them end in abortions. Through an abortion grapevine which exists around most colleges, these desperate girls try to find their way to some doctor, rather than to a quack. If they are lucky enough to find one, they arrange to have the abortion performed over the weekend, so they can be back in class Monday morning. Usually their parents know nothing about it. Of course the girls are taking enormous chances, for if the operation is badly done, they risk death.

Other girls decide to have their babies. They drop out of school and out of sight, then usually surrender the child to an adoption agency. As psychiatrists have found out, however, few young women who give up their own babies ever recover completely from the feeling of guilt and remorse.

The third possibility is for the couple to marry—even though they may be far from ready for it emotionally, or may be totally unsuited to each other. This sort of beginning loads the dice against them and their children. Even without immediate parenthood, a disproportionate number of early marriages end in divorce.

SEX IN THE ABSTRACT

Colleges should face these facts realistically. Besides their primary purpose, education, they cannot escape responsibility for the emotional and physical life of young people on their campuses. Since they know that a certain number of students will have premarital sexual relations despite official disapproval, the colleges should try to make sure that all students know how to avoid the most serious consequences.

"If only the girls knew what they were dealing with, what was safe and what not safe, these things wouldn't happen," says a budding medical student bitterly, reflecting on what he saw during his years in college. "The college's ostrich attitude is responsible for these pregnancies."

The administrators themselves are sometimes

quite aware of this problem. At least one college president would like to make information on contraceptives part of the required freshman orientation lectures but does not dare do so. College officials are afraid of pressure from the Catholic Church and from Protestant fundamentalists; they are afraid of parents, alumni, and trustees; and they are afraid that contributions from big business and conservative philanthropists or even state governments would stop. From a public-relations standpoint, they are afraid that merely mentioning the words, "birth control," would tarnish the good name of their college.

Human reproduction is still a taboo subject in some of the nation's public schools. In Los Angeles, senior high-school biology teachers can get fired for mentioning it. Even on the college level, biology teachers often skirt around the subjects of reproduction and contraception.

When a college goes to the trouble of offering a required hygiene course in which it shows films on human reproduction, however, with lectures, models, and charts on physiology, fertilization, pregnancy, and birth, it comes as a shock to learn that the course conspicuously omits any discussion of contraception. Yet this is the case at Hunter College and other New York municipal colleges today, where, because of pressure from religious groups, authorities specifically discourage teachers from taking up the subject.

Hygiene courses in general have fallen in disrepute among students, and their number is gradually diminishing. Even at Hunter there are plans for changing the name of the course to a supposedly more inviting one, like "Concepts in Modern Living."

A refreshing exception to this decline may be found at Barnard College, where the college physician teaches a one-semester course for freshmen simply labeled "Hygiene—a study of the principles of physical and mental health." Among lectures on nutrition and all phases of normal growth, the course takes up prenatal development, the birth of a baby, and birth control. "I answer *all* questions," says Dr. Marjory Nelson, who developed the course, "and I've been doing it since 1948."

A few other enlightened colleges offer such information through freshman orientation programs or discussion panels. Vassar, for instance, conducts two or three "sex panels" for freshmen and sophomores during the academic year, at which the head of the department of zoology, the college physician, the college psychiatrist, and the assistant to the president answer any questions



the students wish to ask. A large number of the questions always deal with contraception.

Some students feel that attendance at any lectures or discussions about contraception should be made compulsory, or else "Who would go? It would be too embarrassing," a State University of Iowa coed pointed out. "Unless it were required, people wouldn't take it because of the social reaction to it." Others claim that for religious reasons, attendance should be a matter of choice. Possibly the way to handle it would be to make attendance required, except where a student states in writing that it would go against his religious convictions.

At any rate, every college student should be exposed to something of this sort—an objective review of the facts, presented in a climate of free discussion.

Whoever undertakes to guide such a session should be prepared to face without blinking such typical questions as, "Would you describe the contraceptive diaphragm"; "Is it possible to be-

come pregnant without complete sexual intercourse"; or, "Can repeated petting to the point immediately before intercourse have the psychological effect of making normal sexual relations difficult after marriage?"

FACTS VS. SERMONS

Instead, some colleges create a very tense and punitive atmosphere in their "sex education" lectures. "Go ahead and do what you want," a physician tells men at a Midwest college, "but we'll be treating your psychiatric disorders, your pregnant girl friends, and your venereal disease!"

All too often lecturers selected by the colleges are more interested in upholding conventional standards than in presenting any facts. Official attempts at indoctrination sometimes boomerang, however. When Oberlin invited two well-known family counselors, Drs. Sylvanus and Evelyn Duvall, to talk about "Men and Women in Courtship and Marriage" last spring, the campus newspaper ran an editorial criticizing the speakers' moralistic approach.

"Although we were amused by the Drs. Duvall's statements," wrote the *Oberlin Review*, "we also see serious overtones in them. Here, as in the freshman seminar program, the College seems to be trying to inculcate students with a specific moral view under the guise of sex education. It is certainly the privilege of the College, or any individual, to take a certain moral position and expound it at length, but any exposition of this type should be clearly labeled. Opinion offered as fact is little more than irresponsibility, no matter what position that opinion advocates. The administration could easily squelch this issue by establishing a dispassionate, factual, compulsory program for freshmen under the auspices of the zoology department to replace the present physical-education program, which often is handled subjectively. Until then, opinion will continue to encroach upon fact."

To answer the Duvalls, the Oberlin Student Government then invited the bête noire of college moralists, ex-Professor Leo Koch. Dr. Koch, formerly assistant professor of biology at the University of Illinois, was fired a year ago for stating that he saw no reason to condemn premarital sexual relations between mature and responsible students who were aware of the consequences. This led to a huge protest demonstration in which about two thousand Illinois students rallied in Dr. Koch's defense, brandishing posters with slogans like "Not Free Love, but Free Speech." While continuing to fight his case through the courts, with the help of an illustrious "Committee for Leo Koch," Dr. Koch has been touring the country and giving lectures. At Oberlin, large numbers of students came to hear him attack the "moral fascism" of universities which try to impose Victorian standards on modern youth.

Obviously no college could officially advocate free love and survive in our society. However, there is a world of difference between such action and merely giving honest answers to questions which trouble students. One way to answer many of these questions in advance would be to provide each freshman with a recommended reading list of reliable, forthright books, such as Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher's *Babies by Choice or by Chance* (Avon, 1961, 50 cents) or his more detailed *Complete Book of Birth Control*, just off the press (Ballantine, 50 cents). Both paperbacks are easily available at newsstands or drugstores as well as at bookstores. The *Complete Book* gives full descriptions of all accepted techniques and includes what is probably the clearest explanation of the rhythm method, the only method approved by the Catholic Church.

To help students use this book knowledge wisely and well, the colleges should provide easy access to a sympathetic adviser—physician, psychiatrist, or psychologist—for individual counseling. Students who wish further information could then be referred to an off-campus physician, who would deal with them as with any one of his private patients. Another important function of the colleges would be to sponsor frank, open discussions of the whole subject.

For a good many students, this would simply be a useful introduction to family planning in marriage. The others would have a chance to weigh their actions without benefit of half-truths. As Kinsey found out, fear of pregnancy has never been a major factor in preventing premarital experience. When the new oral contraceptives become widely available, as they soon will be, pregnancy as retribution and as a deterrent will become even less significant. The major influence then, as now, will be what Kinsey classified as "moral considerations."

Certainly the colleges could help students understand better the psychological, social, and moral implications of their sexual maturity. To do this effectively, however, they should take into account the sexual activity that exists on campuses today and try to match their policies to deal with it as realistically as possible. As a practical matter, all the colleges in America are still a long way from this goal.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

THE YOUNG NEGRO REBELS

CHARLOTTE DEVREE

The most widely publicized student activity in recent years has been the struggle of young Negroes in the South for equal rights. But the inner thinking of the students themselves is—as Charlotte Devree shows here—very different from the kind of protest sympathetic Northerners might expect. A graduate of Sarah Lawrence, Mrs. Devree has worked for "Look" and the Sunday "New York Times," and is the wife of the art critic, Howard Devree.

What lies behind the impassive, familiar faces of the rebellious Negro students of the South—the faces we see in the daily photographs of sit-ins and Freedom Rides and jailings? This spring I accompanied a number of the students on one of the first Freedom Rides, spending days talking with them as our bus drove from Washington to Alabama, stopping off at the Negro college campuses and churches on the way. As we traveled I wondered how close a white woman in her forties—a bookish liberal new to the South—could come to the reality of the young Negro revolt. The more I was with the students, the more sharply different they seemed from any Northern students, or young people anywhere, I have ever known.

Even to try to understand the Negro student movement in the South means that one must cast aside all one's usual notions about "political action" in colleges. For example, at a time when religious concern among most young people seems staid or perfunctory, many of the Negro students are Christian revolutionaries. The street photographs do not show the hymn-singing and prayers and religious meetings out of which the decisions to act in the streets have grown. And the Negro students do not indulge in the traditional group hysterias or casual hatreds of student movements—the shoving demonstrations and the jeering cries. Refusing to strike back at an adversary, insisting they do not hate, they bring an extraordinary restraint to the crisis they have created—as well as a passivity perhaps inherited from the acquiescent past.

Certainly they have little in common with the radical student intellectuals in the North. Although they have broken beyond doubt with the accommodating attitudes of their elders, rebellion comes to them not so much from books but from looking around. Those I met, at least, were usually very poor, very haphazardly educated, very little interested in sweeping economic or political change. But they were on fire with their purpose and, in their frequently bad speech, talked of little else. Making an end to segregation had obviously given their lives far more focus than the thin studies offered them possibly could. But, more important, it seemed to me that their truly desperate struggle—the beatings, the reprisals, the jailings—was rewarding them with the very identity and pride that Negroes in the United States have so long sought in vain. This is already their secret triumph.

When I first met the group of Freedom Riders in Washington—including a number of poor college students from the South—it seemed to me that their driving pressure, their controlled excitement, would inescapably be contagious to the other young Negroes we met. But the situation is not so simple, and my first lesson was that, in general, the upper stratum of Negro students does not respond. When our group visited Howard University in Washington, it seemed clear that the children of the well-to-do took little interest in rebellion. (Howard is called the Harvard of Negro education, but on entering most Southern Negro campuses one does well to forget the leading white universities of the North

altogether. Their longer traditions and immeasurably higher achievements put them in a separate category.)

A suave philosophy major described his generation: "We entirely lack the Negro radicalism of the 'thirties and we are not race-conscious," he said. "Here you see the Negro elite. These students couldn't care less how Negroes travel on buses. They'll drive home in their cars. Farther down in the poorer South you'll find more support."

We lunched with some Howard students. It was a cool meeting, exasperating to our students from the moneyless Deep South. "That was the Black Bourgeoisie for sure," they said afterward. They are not of it. A Howard student named Henry Thomas showed me a clipping from his wallet which quoted Robert Frost as saying, "In this country they put helpless old people in the hospital. They put helpless young people in college." Thomas, a sophomore on scholarship, left his books to join our ride. He had commandeered friends and their cars for weekend trips to Virginia and Maryland, where they had successfully sat-in at counters and restaurants. He had known violence and jail in the Deep South and set himself apart from his luxury-loving schoolmates.

WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT

At Virginia Union, a group of Baptist colleges on one campus in Richmond, I found a small group of the alert living side by side with an apathetic majority. The difference seemed to turn on whether they had taken up the challenge of segregation. What I saw of their education made me doubt if it could stimulate even the most determined students. (Southern Negro denominational colleges, though now fighting uphill, have in general a standard below most others in the country.)

Uncut grass, untrimmed hedges, stoops needing paint, the central flower bed a mass of weeds—these did not signify concentration on high learning, but simply poverty and listless education. One heard none of the usual sounds of student industry—no typewriters clicking, no advanced music playing on records or pianos. Indeed it was a silent campus. When I tried to converse with some students on the paths, I found their speech so crude and badly formed that I scarcely caught a word. With other dark young men, well-dressed though they were, one sensed emptiness, nothingness. A lack of response followed the ordinary friendly question. They seemed not to be alive inside and I felt their answers came from some vacuum that continued to absorb them as we talked. Educated white men in our group shared the disheartening impression.

But a small group of the intensely articulate and rebellious came to chapel in the evening. The boy next to me, lithe and shining as a young seal, whispered after the last long prayer that white students were joining the cause. They seemed to understand: the time had come for the end of segregated life. Whites had written from campuses North and South, he said, to ask how they could help. He'd already been to a secret meeting organized in a Southern city—over a hundred white and Negro students had come, from all over the country. I asked: was this a conspiracy of his generation alone, something that excluded the older whites? No, he thought it wasn't. Then he grasped my hand and walked quickly away.

Later in a cafeteria I shared a table with Charles Sherrod, a campus hero of the sit-in movement, recently returned from jail. As we sipped ice water and words rushed from this slight, immaculate student, he seemed burned pale by cold fury. He condemned the college administrators who, after the success of student sit-ins at Richmond counters, forbade a planned movie stand-in. "We initiated the sit-ins! I say to them, let us carry on, don't direct us, don't stop us!" His anger extended to divided national Negro leadership. "They're not getting results. We have discussed a death-fast to bring them together. Some of us have to be willing to die."

Like some other sit-in leaders I had met, Sherrod talked with an oddly stiff, overcorrect diction that became colloquial and natural only when he spoke very swiftly. He was bitter about the gap between himself and his timorous elders. "They want you to try for a good job with the telephone company and all that, but it's not enough to live that safe life. You see, we young people, we want to challenge frivolous ways with *our* drama!"

He insisted that the sit-in idea was not as new as it appeared: his generation had always been contemptuous of the Negro role in America and it had always rebelled in small ways. As a boy he staged solitary kneel-ins in white churches, and if he was sometimes given a place up front for show, the churches did not desegregate. "We have been looking for a way to act, and now we have it."

The central experience for him is the thrill of action with others his age. "You get ideas in jail," he went on; "you talk with other young

people you've never seen. Right away we recognize each other. People like yourself, getting out of the past. We're up all night, sharing creativity, planning action. You learn the truth in prison, you learn wholeness. You find out the difference between being dead and alive."

As I wrote down the unlikely, full-blown phrases, it seemed doubtful that people would believe that a modern young man talked in just this way. But then it is altogether unlikely to most educated Northerners that a young man should both take the Bible seriously and think of himself as reborn in jail. "Think of the faith his own youth gives a man! You know, I want to launch out, I want to share emotion and adventure with my generation. Life should be open, open! I don't know the consequence of living freely or the shape of the future but I mean to *live*, and find joy. I want to go ahead in a new way—maybe not the way the whites have shown."

This is a kind of revolutionary temper, but what kind? Though Sherrod's childhood had been poor, his family more than once "on the city," he is no more interested in rebellion to attain economic equality than a kitten. His concern is the human right: "We are *not* the puppets of the white man. We want a different world where *we* can speak, where *we* can communicate." Nor did he think it appropriate to revolt against what seemed to me the narrowness of the education or the college. He had found himself on this campus, he said—life and thought had opened up for him there. He hoped to go on to a Northern theological seminary in preparation for the Baptist ministry.

What a puritan he seemed—so impatient in the cafeteria at my wanting a cigarette, forbidden in Baptist buildings. When he asked what I read, and I mentioned some European writers, he disapproved instantly. He did not read the writings of atheists. Radicalism in its familiar forms had not touched him.

"ONE RACE"

Not until Atlanta had I a chance to talk to Negro girls. Paine College, its pretty campus well-kept, has six hundred students, only two hundred of them men. As usual we were met by undergraduates and young faculty. The higher administrators did not wish to be photographed with us. No one blamed them. They had enough difficulty trying to improve their colleges without associating themselves with trouble.

The librarian said with pride that her stacks contain 32,000 volumes, but the reading-room, with its expanses of cream-color wall between a few partially filled oak cases, was strangely bare. One case, though, was jammed with heavy volumes: five shelves of bound copies of the *National Geographic*. A boy at a table, whom I asked about the college bookstore, closed at that hour, said that it sells mostly textbooks. Any paperbacks? A handful.

In my room in the women's dormitory in the soft evening I listened to the riotous shouts in the corridor. Girls ran to the phone to call their young men, then ran to their rooms where their friends waited, to tell what was said. I looked; except possibly behind a few closed doors, no one was cracking a book. There was a banging at my door; when I opened it six girls in nice nightrobes filed in and sat on the beds. They saw my cigarettes. Did they smoke? Laughter. It was against the rules but they all did. We talked on and on. They constantly planned sit-in demonstrations with signs, as other young people might plan picnics. Where? At the movies, the stores, at the golf course when "Ike" shows up. This is their Saturday fun.

They will be teachers and laboratory technicians. A student nurse said that one of her classes in a hospital in town is divided, white girls from other training schools on one side of a line, Negroes on hers. The teacher talks only to the whites; when Negroes raise their hands, they are not called on. The girls were angry too at the editor of the local paper for a recent page-one editorial declaring that segregation must remain on local buses because Negroes are syphilitic and dirty, not fit company on seats for whites. "And they want us to prepare their food and handle their babies."

My question: do you hate whites? I asked for frankness. No, they said, no, we do not want to fill ourselves with hate. Really, we do not hate. Another question: what is your vision of an integrated society? Shy smiles, and then, all at once, "One race, one human race! We might as well say it. We're all mixed up already. It's been going on since the first day of slavery." Quietly, they went off to their rooms.

At Friendship Junior College in Rock Hill, South Carolina, it seemed plain that the money-starved, segregated education of the South is not in itself the main cause of student rebellion. There are exceptions, of course, but this is one of the poorer Negro colleges: small brick buildings, their porches rotted, stand around a tilted little croquet field, the wickets awry. In the women's washroom a hole in the floor goes

through to the basement. Everything was clean as a whistle. In the recreation-room, a bit more substantial than a shack, a committee of students —all militant veterans of picket lines and jailings—welcomed us. They had swept and washed the whole place, and in jackets and slacks, their neckties printed with the message: "Jim Crow Must Go," were dressed in their best for us. As they sat in folding chairs in a semicircle beyond us, watching silently our tired group, they struck me as being the gentlest of creatures. One, on a picket line a month or so before in town, had been stomped to a bloody mess and hospitalized. Plastered with bandages, he returned that day to the lines, where he so impressed the whites that in subsequent hours they touched no one on the line. I asked the student nearest me if he hated the embattled whites. "No," he said, "no, I do not hate. I feel sorry for them. I do believe I am my brother's keeper."

I attended two classes. In the first, in American history, the teacher spoke very slowly and monotonously, as if he were dictating a book, and repeated topic sentences to be sure everyone wrote them down in full. During the entire lecture students kept their heads bent over large notebooks, copying what they could. At the end of the lesson, on the *Trent* affair, when the teacher asked a question, two students, thumbing through notes, read back unrelated material. A third, who had more time, found the answer.

In European history the teacher went chaotically, I thought, through ideas and events leading to the French Revolution. The blackboard behind him was full of students' scrawls—"Freedom Freedom," and "We Will Arise"—words of songs students sing constantly. The teacher made no connection between the words and the subject of the lesson, nor did any student. The revolutionary democracy of Rousseau may have lighted the minds of African leaders but in Rock Hill the connection is not made. Again, there was much note-taking. When a student raised his hand to ask why, because the French king was so far from his people, did *that* lead to revolution, the teacher, though he tried, had no answer. Nor could he say, when asked, why Versailles was not destroyed. Yet he was an attractive, eager young man doing his best.

A DIM OLD MOTION PICTURE

One cannot understand the young Negro rebels without understanding their versions of Christianity. I learned more about this from John Lewis, a short, muscular 23-year student in our group who is taking his degree at American Baptist Theological Seminary in Nashville. When our bus stopped in a Virginia town, John was asked to preach in a Negro church which took up a collection for the Freedom Riders and I listened to his blessing over the plates which had been filled with dollar bills by a poor and elderly congregation. "Give us the courage and spirit to be willing *to turn our world, our nation, and especially the Southland upside down*—until freedom becomes a reality for all men."

John was born on a farm in southern Alabama where his family still lives—one hundred acres in corn, cotton, peanuts, and hogs. He is the only one of ten children to finish high school. From the first to the sixth grade he went to a small school housed in a church, the county supplying books and one teacher, the parents everything else. John carried wood, fired the stove, swept the floor and knew that this was no education. "I always hated the run-down school. I resented the whole system as far back as I can remember."

He never had encouragement from teachers. "They weren't interested in students. They were victims of the same system themselves, segregated education. They had no education. Marks didn't mean a thing. Even an A was only fooling." John read what he could find. "Maybe my mother motivated me. It was her thesis, get an education and you don't have to be a slave, you don't have to work a farm, you can help the mass."

When he was six he was given a Bible for Christmas. "I still have it, I cherish it. I've always read it, I've always been in love with it, since I was small." Later on, an uncle going to college brought him Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, and biographies. "After the Bible, my favorite book is *Up from Slavery*."

At the high school near his home, "it was real old-fashioned paternalism. You know, teaching the boys to be handy men and the young ladies to clean house." John planted cotton and corn and he hoed. "It wasn't a good technical school in agriculture. We did what they call landscaping, cut wood in the forest and built dams and all. I did this for four years. In between we had a few subjects, like physics without a lab. This is still going on near my home."

Desperate for books, John went again and again to the public library in nearby Troy, always to be refused. Once he sent the library a petition with attached pages of signatures, but got no answer. Nor did he when he applied to a normal school six miles away. At home in the evenings, after tending the chickens, he fresh-



ened up for the important hours—for reading the Montgomery *Advertiser* and, when he could get it, *Time*, and always, the Bible. He told me how he had consciously tried to form a personal code from the Sermon on the Mount, citing the phrases: "Blessed are the meek . . . whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also . . ."

During the years in handy-man school and since, John has preached, often on Sundays all day long. At divinity school in Nashville, he began to interpret the Scriptures differently, taking the life of Christ as social gospel—the body as well as the soul of man is to be saved. He read a CORE pamphlet on non-violence—based on the ideas of Gandhi—and attended an action workshop. Finally he helped instigate the sit-in demonstrations in Nashville and was arrested at a lunch counter. His distraught parents had begged him to return to his old religious ideas. "My parents are in-turning, fatalistic. They think if they are good and live right, things will be better some time. I couldn't go along."

On John's twenty-first birthday he found himself in a Nashville jail. He had his Bible and, taking as text Matthew 10:34, he preached to fellow prisoners and jail police. The text: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." This he took to mean that truth must not be sacrificed to false peace. The old order is to be stirred up to bring the best from the worst.

John wants to travel and then return to Troy as a Baptist minister. What is perhaps most striking to a Northerner about his ideas of Christian revolt—and those of other young Negroes—is their combination of realism and extraordinarily patient hopefulness. For he knows as well as anyone the difficulties he will face back in Alabama, and he is as shrewd as anyone could be about the tactics to be used. But he does believe that ultimately a community of loving individuals will exist there, and indeed he seemed to regard our little group of riders as a tiny sample of what so far-off a world might be like. He willingly accepts that he may be called upon to give up his life before he is through, but "I love this life and I don't want to die. This is a great time to be alive."

A few days later at Rock Hill, John opened

the screen door at the bus station and found his way blocked by white men, their sports shirts hanging out over their trousers. He said, "I have a right to come in here," and with his hands at his sides he walked slowly into their flying fists, and was badly beaten.

Perhaps in the end it is impossible for the visiting Northerner to understand completely how such a stance—and I found it again and again among the students—is formed out of Southern religion. The suffocating little church in which I'd heard John preach seemed a place for spirit to be oppressed and quietly defeated rather than quietly inflamed. Everything on the platform before me—the patched carpet, the thronelike brown chairs, the Bible stand—had an air of being cast off long ago by the white world. After the church service itself I felt I had watched a scene enacted decades in the past as if someone had forgotten to turn off a dim motion picture. Yet the young minister who had introduced John had spoken of Christian rebellion in the same tones, demanding the desegregation, in that town, of the courtroom, the hospital, the parks, the schools, the public library, and the graveyard. Race signs must come down from the municipal building; Negroes must be given city jobs above janitor. . . .

HANK

During my trip it sometimes seemed to me a miracle that Henry Thomas, the Howard University sophomore I had met the first day of the Freedom Ride, survives at all. Hank is sassy and brave—all six feet three of him—and this combination is not the safest for young Negro rebels. Once in a church, when the hymn-singing became leaden, he passed me a note: "Charlotte, if this goes on I'll just die." When he was arrested at a bus stop during our ride, the police let him out of jail alone at night and took him to the nearest bus station. A group of white men stood watching him and yelled, "Go in the nigger waiting-room." But Hank went into the white waiting-room, bought candy at a machine, and walked quickly around the crowd waiting for him, got into a dump truck driven by a Negro, flashed seven dollars, and drove away.

Unlike so many of the rebelling Negroes, Hank puts little stock in religion. When he stays with his aunt in Georgia she kneels by his bed and prays that the Almighty guide him to cease the desegregation activities—while Hank falls asleep. But then, it seems that since his early days he's been a rebel against authority; he was born out of wedlock, one of ten children in a miserably poor Georgia household run by a drunken stepfather. He worked on road crews and chopped cotton and learned little in a ramshackle school where the work seems to have consisted chiefly of building maintenance for the schoolhouse itself.

"In those days," he says, "a Negro would do anything for a smile from a white man." But he refused to enter the Saturday night fights on which the white men bet, and one day he laid down his hoe and swore he'd never again walk onto a cotton field. What seems to have saved Hank from serious trouble was a very lively intelligence—not that he was always a model pupil. After a high-school chemistry class he and a friend experimented with free chemical samples kept in a closet—lacking a laboratory, the teacher simply read the textbook aloud—and he made noisy small explosives which emptied the school when he set them off in the locker-room. But the teachers stuck with him, his marks improved, his pranks diminished, and finally he was given a scholarship to Howard. "Most of the boys I ran with back in Georgia are in jail now—they did their rebelling all at once. I guess I did mine in small bits all along."

When I talked to Hank at Howard, and later on our trip, he wasn't sure how far he could carry the nonviolent attitude. "When I'm with the group and we all have the training, okay. But when I'm alone, if a white man beat up on me, I fight. Okay, some of us got to die in this thing now but I don't want to."

When I last saw him, he spoke differently. Our bus had been stormed and burned by whites at Anniston, Alabama, and Hank had suffered painful smoke poisoning and been hit on the head with a billy as well. We gathered for a final meeting at the house of a militant Birmingham minister. The living-room was crowded with newsmen and cameramen, and Hank sat outside on the porch swing holding his head. "You know," he said, "I don't hate anyone for yesterday. For the first time I think I see what Martin Luther King means when he says suffering *is* redemption. It's easy to say that some of us are going to suffer if an understanding is to be reached, but now I think I know, and I'll take *anything* to see an end—injuries, crippling, even death. I got to see the world as a place where all that counts is the individual."

Hank doesn't know what he'll do after graduation. He thinks of going to Africa, or studying law, or returning to Georgia. "Wherever I am, I'll be in politics," he said.

EAGER SWARTHMORE

DAVID BOROFF

The students at Swarthmore like to whip up storms of verbal and animal energy, but underneath it all David Boroff—an Assistant Professor of English at New York University—finds one of the best college programs available in America. His report will appear in his new book, "Campus USA," to be published by Harper & Brothers.

Among the *cognoscenti,* there are even those who rank Swarthmore College above Harvard. It is a small school in a time of academic empires, but its claims to superiority are persuasive. In a study of the collegiate origins of scholars who attained the Ph.D. or other distinctions, Swarthmore ranked first for men in its productivity index. On the Medical College Admissions Test, Swarthmore students recently attained a 99th percentile, the highest possible ranking. The school's division of engineering—the country's smallest accredited engineering school—ranked seventh in the percentage of alumni in *Who's Who in Engineering.*

Swarthmore graduates contemplate a feast of abundance tendered by universities and foundations. The Class of 1960 picked up $85,000 in grants and fellowships, a goodly sum shared by the 123 out of 200 departing students who were headed for graduate school. Fourteen won Woodrow Wilson Fellowships (apprenticeships for college teaching), making Swarthmore number one among small colleges. Even among the giants, this figure was equaled or exceeded by only eleven institutions. And among academic people one finds a solid consensus about Swarthmore: that it is one of our very best schools, that it has a remarkable capacity for inspiring academic passion in its students.

By virtue of its imposing credentials, the college is able to attract a freshman class of almost terrifying virtuosity. The Class of 1964 (144 boys and 115 girls) were culled from 2,263 applicants. Their median score on the College Entrance Boards was in the upper 600s. Among the freshmen there was a strong show of academic and extracurricular talent: fifteen National Merit Scholarship winners, eight class presidents, seven student-council presidents, twenty-five editors-in-chief of school publications, and, somewhat astonishingly, 101 varsity letter winners. (Swarthmore contradicts the wan stereotype of the bookish student. Many of her students—male and female—are athletes, hardy and tireless.)

The college was established in 1864 by one branch of the Society of Friends, the Hicksites, who were bent on providing an education "equal to that of the best institutions of learning in the country." The founding fathers' philosophy has a contemporary ring: "What we Americans have most to fear is a dead level of mediocrity in the education of our people. Many persons seem to suppose that a moderate education, if joined with good common sense, is sufficient for all the purposes of life. It may be all that is needed for ordinary occasions, but not for the higher objects of our existence."

The college was originally housed in Parrish Hall, a huge, ungainly Victorian pile, which is still the administrative center, with offices, dining-rooms, and a women's dormitory. But there are now some forty-four buildings in all, including a new science building and a recently opened women's dormitory. The buildings run from lacy Gothic to the unrelievedly plain lines of a Friends Meeting House. The campus, a rural refuge of three hundred acres surrounded by well-to-do suburbia (eleven miles southwest of Philadelphia) has a lovely sweep of meadow and a stretch of honest-to-goodness woods.

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Swarthmore has 960 students (500 men and 460 women) and 110 faculty members, which gives it a luxurious teacher-student ratio. The tone of the place is intimate, and faculty discussions are likely to turn on what "works" with a particular student. The college is assiduously introspective. While Harvard has an impervious self-assurance, Swarthmore is in a constant fever of self-appraisal, for few schools have united such disparate elements.

What is Swarthmore's personality? It is at once bookish yet high-spirited; Quaker yet mundane with that heavy overlay of sophistication only the young can muster; inward yet careerist; bold yet conservative; individualistic yet fiercely social-minded. "What I like about this place," a girl said, "is that you can be listening to radicals one minute and playing bridge the next."

Two factors give the college an effervescence and excitement that all visitors on campus quickly notice. ("I've never been so drained as I was at Swarthmore," a lecturer who gets around campuses remarked.) One is simply the sheer concentration of brainy kids. Harvard conveys the same sense of intellectual plenty—an untamed precocity which is almost comic when it is not intimidating. But Harvard boys take fewer chances intellectually. Swarthmore students have far more warmth and color and recklessness.

The second factor is the Quaker tolerance of diversity. There is no unifying ethos at Swarthmore—except that the life of the mind is good—and one can find warring camps in a state of highly vocal co-existence.

THEIR CHERISHED SPLITS

The most celebrated split is that which separates fraternity men (and their feminine satellites) and the bohemians whose Holy City is the Mary Lyon dormitory for men. Swarthmoreans make dramatic capital out of this schism. Freshmen like to think that they have to make an ideological choice—between the gay insipidity of fraternity life and black-garbed dissidence. The lines are rigidly drawn—at least in theory. Fraternity men are likely to be athletic, conservative politically, solid if tame citizens of Philistia. ("How many regular guys are there at Swarthmore?" a townie asked a football player. "About thirty," he answered forlornly.) The intransigently bohemian males—disheveled, bearded, and sandaled, given to intellectual and artistic pursuits, addicted to folk music and green bookbags—are even fewer.

But there are complex modulations to this neat scheme. At exam time, fraternity men are prone to let their beards grow. And a fondness for folk music is very much a part of Swarthmore. Fraternity men, with the local receptivity to ideas, will on occasion invite a bohemian to talk to them about "Individuality and the Dangers of Fraternity Life." On the other side of the barricades, the bohemian-artistic group shows an unexpected athletic flair. And one of the deans remarked, "The kids in blue jeans and beards who call themselves bohemian will read to the blind in Overbrook or run square-dancing programs at Norristown Mental Hospital."

A graduate whom I talked to looked back nostalgically on what he thought were the school's great days (only three or four years distant): "There were fraternity men on one side, and the others on the other side, and you knew what you stood for. These days there are a lot of vociferous neutrals who botch up the ideological lines."

"At some of the large universities," Swarthmore's President Courtney Smith told me, "you find your interest group—it could be Arabic or chess—and you stay with it. You're sealed off from other groups. At Swarthmore, precisely because it is small and intimate, you have to defend your interest against many others."

There is a beguiling touch of the zany about Swarthmore. An engineering student bought a hearse for use by the Engineers Club—and for the very best reasons, he argued cogently. Not only is its carrying capacity superior to that of most cars but also its motor had not been abused in dolorous journeys between funeral parlor and cemetery. In a philosophy class I saw a boy pass his pipe to a pretty girl, a combed-hair type, who puffed reflectively a few times, then passed it back. Up front, the professor lectured on the mind-body problem.

The Quaker spirit is subtly present, but its influence is difficult to appraise. The college is nonsectarian in control but Quaker in tradition. About 15 per cent of the students come from Quaker families. The tendency to hold authority to a minimum (even if students say the minimum is too high), an inclination to think well of people, an admiration for old-fashioned inner-directed character—all of these may be Quaker in origin. The honor accorded kitchen and custodial employees upon their retirement—announced in the same fashion as the retirement of professors—seems to attest to a die-hard Quaker simplicity. And though the *thee's* and *thou's* of an earlier era have vanished, there are

still traces of Quaker idiom in First Day (Sunday) and Collection (assembly).

I attended a Quaker Meeting, which is not, by the way, an official College activity. Though the usual opportunities were provided for the expression of the "inner light," those in attendance seemed reluctant to speak out spontaneously. After a long silence, one woman got up and talked about a visit to a home for unwed mothers with a curious mixture of Quaker piety and sociological jargon.

There is a strong centripetal pull on campus, and the college is curiously isolated—students rarely go to Philadelphia, only a half-hour away. Residents of suburban Swarthmore—it is called The Ville—and the college community view each other with remote and polite distrust. *The Phoenix,* the student newspaper, describes the town as "the real world" where "police can be friendly," reflecting the view of former President Frank Aydelotte, who characterized Swarthmore as "a town of contented dogs and happy children." The students are affronted by the suburb's homogeneity (few Jews and Negroes) and by its Organization Man blandness. They are sometimes taunted by local children with the name "Turkey" (bookworm), or are asked by adults, "Is it true you have absolutely no standards of dress?" To many *villeniks* (I take the term from *The Phoenix*) the college reeks vaguely of socialism and unbridled sex, although there is also a grudging admiration for the school's intellectualism. It is possible, too, that the students, contemplating this trim upper-class town, bristle at the image of suburban *Gleichschaltung* which awaits them.

The college administration watches the town-gown relationship morosely. ("One of the primary aims of the college," *The Phoenix* quipped, "is to keep the village happy.") And it has other headaches. The official philosophy is that "it values values." Given hundreds of intense young people, their values, sometimes flamboyantly proclaimed and practiced, can be an administrative nuisance. The same is true of the school's philosophy of "individualism," which, in practice, can prove nettlesome, especially in a conservative community. (Swarthmore has been described as radical in ideas and conservative in social behavior—the latter, assertedly, is the price the students are expected to pay for the former.)

The upshot of all this is an unremitting contest between students and administration, with the students complaining of being policed too much and college officials reluctant to bring into play the apparatus of authority so vulgarly applied elsewhere. To the outsider the tone of the college seems briskly libertarian. Swarthmore was one of the first schools to repudiate the disclaimer affidavit in the National Defense Education Act and to disengage from the benefits of that program. When an Assistant Secretary of the Air Force appeared on campus to discuss modern weaponry, a letter to the school newspaper protested his appearance in the light of the Quaker tradition. He talked—but so have Linus Pauling, Harry Bridges, and other representatives of dissenting groups. The college jealously protects freedom of inquiry, though an official report modestly suggests: "This freedom can best be defended if the invitations to speakers are thoughtfully issued, and if students are aware of the variety of opinions already scheduled to be heard."

PACE-SETTING HONORS

Swarthmore's most imposing quality is its academic zeal. The administration may intone grandiosely about the goal of the well-rounded student (well-rounded *on a high level,* it is quick to add), but the truth is that Swarthmore is simple-mindedly and gloriously bookish. The impassioned academic life is what attracts students and also kills them off. (The drop-out rate is a high 25 per cent as against Harvard's 10 per cent—about half for academic reasons.) "Ours is one of those off-beat colleges," a senior observed, "where someone when asked how he spends his free time may answer in all honesty, 'I study.' "

About half of Swarthmore's girls go on to graduate study—a far higher percentage than at most of the good women's colleges. Unlike women at many other schools, the girls are not prone to play down their intellectual talents for fear of pricing themselves out of the marriage market. At Swarthmore, the men and women are intellectual peers. During the first two years, the girls actually get higher grades, but their performance declines somewhat as compared to the men's during their last two years when the marriage pressure may become grim.

Academic arrangements are a blend of the advanced and conservative. Swarthmore's Honors Program was one of the pace-setters of American educational reform almost four decades ago. On the other hand, it is ironic that a school which is so robustly social-minded and international—no crisis is too remote for the students' sympathy



Swarthmore last spring . . .

or indignation—should lack sociology and anthropology departments. Moreover, not a single painting or short story is done as part of course work. (The campus jumps with creativity, but it is entirely extracurricular.) Then there are odd interstices in the curriculum. Swarthmore never became involved in the enthusiasm for the Great Books or a comprehensive humanities department, and more than one student has been dismayed to discover that in no course on campus is it possible to study Dante.

Swarthmore students and faculty take pleasure, not unmixed with pain, in their strenuous academicism. A classics professor who taught at Columbia related how if he failed to give an [illegible], quietly exultant, would fail to remind him. At Swarthmore, they would be sure to prod him.

"It's highly competitive," a student said. "Nobody asks what you got on an exam, but it's there just the same. The academic atmosphere is what I like, but I don't like being pushed or dragged. Even on vacation, students will work six or eight hours a day."

Campus heroes are not merely the A-makers, but those handy with ideas. A fatal dispersion of energy may result—perhaps best exemplified by a pretty girl who said, "I've been trying to study for a physics exam all week, but I've been preoccupied with a philosophic problem."

A Radcliffe girl who visited Swarthmore summed up the difference: "At Swarthmore I get the feeling that a student is encouraged to believe that his ideas have significance. At Radcliffe you feel that everything has been said and that you're hopelessly naïve."

All the intellectual hustle begets a mocking reaction. A sign on a Parrish Hall bulletin board magisterially announced the formation of the Peripheral Information Society for the Advancement of Nonspecialized Knowledge—the first speaker, Hubris Johnson, an authority on such things as the average height of mango trees.

The first two years of study at Swarthmore center around a general-education program requiring all students to take courses in such areas as the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences before they go on to specialize. This is a fairly recent innovation, designed to guard against intellectual chaos and assure a core of common learning. The great turning point for the better students comes when they are admitted to the college's celebrated Honors Program during their junior and senior years. Back in the 'twenties Frank Aydelotte pioneered in developing this system of independent study in order to break what he called "the academic lockstep." After more than three decades, it remains a model that very few colleges can match.

About 40 per cent of Swarthmore's upperclassmen take Honors. Instead of the usual four courses, carried by other juniors and seniors, an Honors student carries two seminars each semester. The eight seminars he will complete —in no more than three fields—are expected to fall into a coherent academic pattern, in effect comprising a major field and two minor fields, *e.g.*, literature, philosophy, history. The rationale of the program is that instead of the usual one-way transmission of knowledge from teacher

to student, the young scholar should work on his own in areas that have intellectual urgency for him, should achieve some depth and sophistication in those areas, and should share his experiences with a small community of scholars.

LEVELS OF MEANING

Each seminar meets once a week, often in the professor's home, for a session of at least three hours. The groups are small—usually six or seven students—and though some seminars do assign readings, the core of the process is discussion of the students' papers. These are subjected to merciless appraisal, which goes on and on long past the allotted three hours. The only break is provided by the faculty wife who interrupts the gladiators with coffee and cake.

The seminars seemed to me to approach an authentic community of scholars, since not even examinations—that ugly trauma that separates professor from student—disturb its unity. At the end of his senior year the Honors student takes eight three-hour written exams prepared by outside examiners. ("Discuss Convention in Renaissance poetry. Whenever we put two emotions in juxtaposition, we have what we can properly call an idea. Illustrate from several poems by Donne. . . .") The examiners appear later for a follow-up oral quiz. (They are often so impressed by Swarthmore's intellectual muscle that they send their own children there.) The student and his professor, therefore, are intellectual partners who make common cause. Dr. Daniel Hoffman, a gifted poet and scholar, acknowledged that many of his ideas come out of seminar discussions.

The Honors Program has its critics. A former Swarthmore student, now a professor elsewhere, asked testily: "Is it better to have a group of students talk about something they know very little about than to have a structured lecture by a professor who knows a lot?" There are those who object to the cult of Aydelotte ("Aydelotte was God, and we are his prophets"). Others complain that the seminars are either too well-organized and thus differ little from course work, or, on the contrary, too flexible and discursive.

The students groan about the exams at the end of senior year: "Two years work in ten days . . . terror and breakdown!" Certainly, the Honors Program is a kind of intellectual Olympiad for most students. And the experience of a girl, while doing graduate work in journalism, was revealing. Asked to do a practice piece on a UN committee, she researched seventeenth-century precursors of international co-operation so exhaustively that her professor was provoked to say: "Fine, but are you writing for the man in the subway or for the faculty of Swarthmore College?" No remark could have pleased her more.

I attended a seminar in modern European literature. Sitting on a couch were two girls with unkempt hair, bobby socks—and flawless manners. A male student, resplendently bearded, was wearing a tie and jacket (almost-mandatory dress for seminars) and army combat boots. The professor opened the discussion with the question: "By what means does Dostoevski implement his nonconceptual communication in *The Brothers Karamozov?*" The discussion flowed—some of it mere verbiage, some of it impressively formulated. One boy described Smerdyakov as "a kind of diseased limb." "Yes," his professor answered, "he is the degeneration of the life-affirming impulse."

At a modern poetry seminar, T. S. Eliot was esoterically analyzed. ("What I meant by the third level of meaning . . ." a student began.) The seminar papers ranged from inept imitations of *Sewanee Review* to highly perceptive textual analyses. Along with solid scholarly work, there were the usual sins of precocity—overingenious formulations, shrill pedantry, and turgidity of style.

In the poetry seminar, Professor Hoffman, with a poet's eye for precision, criticized a line that included "an offshoot that is geared . . ." The student bristled. "That is my diction," he muttered politely. "That's all very well," Hoffman countered, affable *and* firm, "but it's untenable."

A SPORTING CHANCE FOR LOVE

If Swarthmore students are ardent about things many college students are indifferent to—the world of ideas—they also seem to make a point of their indifference to social life, the vital center in the lives of most college students. A Saturday night date, for example, is not *de rigueur,* and students will casually get together at Somerville, the snack bar, and pick up companions for a movie. Nor are there restrictions with respect to class and age. A senior girl loses no status by going out with a suitable freshman boy. There are the usual dances, but as a student summed up, "Some people think they're fun, others go ironically, and then there

are those who won't even get out of their sneakers."

Nevertheless, spring comes as explosively to Swarthmore as anywhere else. "In the springtime," a girl said, "there's the great domestic idyll—couples everywhere." But they must run an obstacle course. Cars are outlawed on campus except for use by organizations. Visiting in the dorms is limited to Saturday and Sunday afternoons—"It's less immoral during the day," a boy said—with the door open six inches.

Then there are the Lodges, social rooms in what used to be sorority houses before sororities voted themselves out of existence. Students, even couples, may reserve these rooms for a few hours to study over a cup of coffee or to prepare a meal. Marriage on campus is virtually proscribed. One of the marrying parties must leave school—unless they are both over twenty-one, have their parents' consent, and are exceedingly good students. For amorous dalliance, therefore, this leaves only a few possibilities: climbing into dorms—a perilous business in defiance of college regulations—or, weather permitting, Crum Woods, a popular source of local folklore.

One of the issues separating fraternity men and bohemians concerns the opportunities for privacy in fraternity houses—often called "little dens of immunity." This is hotly denied by both fraternity men and the administration. However, when I visited a fraternity house one afternoon, under a photograph in full color of Miss Playmate of the Month, a couple hastily disengaged themselves from an embrace as we entered.

Fraternities seem to have a distinctive cast at Swarthmore. Discrimination is far less flagrant than in fraternities elsewhere—one of the five local chapters has already disaffiliated nationally—and the hazing is free from sadism. "It's stylish to criticize fraternities," a boy remarked. And some young men even join with reformist intent: they hope to make the fraternities go local or even liquidate themselves.

In any case, fraternity men and bohemians—and those who rally around no ideological banner—meet amiably on the playing fields of Swarthmore. For a school so enchanted with intellect, it is astonishingly athletic. Fifty-five per cent of its male students participate in eleven intercollegiate sports including football, and the teams are able if aseptically amateur. Football is not king at Swarthmore. Soccer, lacrosse, and cross-country seem to arouse a special ardor [illegible] the girls, too, show the same affinity for locker room and sweat shirt, with 35 per cent of them on teams. For no obvious reason, they are invincible swimmers and have won countless meets.

DOVECOTE FOR THE FACULTY?

By all accounts, the faculty at Swarthmore is superb. At a time when faculty-raiding is the big sport of academia and universities dangle fancy laboratories and gifted graduate students under the twitching nostrils of professors, how does Swarthmore keep its best people? One answer is that Swarthmore has jacked up its salaries—about 67 per cent since 1954. Salaries now range from $5,400 to $17,000, with the average for assistant professors, $7,500; associate professors, $9,600; and full professors, $12,700. Fringe benefits are enticing: leave as often as every four years, either a half year at full pay, or a full year at half pay. The teaching load is nine hours a week in the humanities and social sciences, and twelve hours in the sciences which have laboratory sessions—no cinch for a conscientious teacher but not crushing either.

Although academic excellence is a condition of employment, the yardstick of publication is not applied coarsely at Swarthmore. "Large universities because of their size and impersonality can't evaluate their faculty except by counting bibliographical items," a college spokesman explained. "It makes professors run out to get quick results. We don't have to do that here." They do publish, however, in reputable scholarly journals, and the research that goes on, moreover, takes place virtually in the students' laps.

But the principal attraction is an intellectually bracing atmosphere. "It's a happy cycle," President Smith said; "strong students draw strong faculty, who, in turn, draw strong students."

Faculty conferences are a lively blend of Roberts Rule of Order and Quaker Meeting. If a vote is close, the discussion continues until greater harmony is attained. At Swarthmore one just falls in the academic line anywhere. "If there are young Turks on the faculty," a young professor said, "it's merely on procedural matters." A gifted young professor, who was not given tenure and has since moved on, expressed a harsh minority view. "There is an Establishment here," he said truculently. "What counts is family, manners, chic—knowing which books are discussed in the *Literary Supplement* of the London *Times*. There is a measure of

arrogance and self-satisfaction here that can be infuriating. Swarthmore isn't the *only* college that really means A when it bestows one."

The college did not keep one of its most scintillating professors, described by *The Phoenix* as "a charismatic culture hero." Nimble in disputation and shatteringly handsome, this philosophy professor was, implausibly, a kind of modern Renaissance man interested in the philosophy of science, car design, psychoanalysis, and psychic phenomena. An articulate spokesman for dissenting views, he was described by one student as "the new God in the Pantheon since he dethroned the old Gods." This may be a case of life imitating legend too faithfully. He was so richly in the Swarthmore grain—so venturesome, buoyant, and intellectually uncompromising—that it was difficult for him to avoid becoming a kind of campus gadfly.

Some of the faculty argue that the admissions policy, though it is under constant review, is unsound. The children of alumni (10 per cent of the student body) allegedly drag down the academic level. (They tend to do a little below average.) These critics assert that talk about "a balanced community" is merely a device for circumventing a purely intellectual measure of admission. One professor derogated the "sentimental extravagance" of the personal interview. "We've had remarks like, 'He's a fine American boy,'" he said. "Hell, we don't care about that. We want to know if he can work—not if he has a crew-cut."

Swarthmore likes to see its deans as "amateur administrators," with one foot firmly planted in the classroom, and in fact it has managed to avoid much of the ponderous administrative apparatus which plagues so many colleges. (It has no department of personnel service: counseling is rather informal; and the deans are people who read books.) Moreover, there is no dean of faculty—on the grounds that professors need no buffer between the president and themselves.

Dr. Courtney Smith, Swarthmore's able president since 1953, has had a productive tenure. A former Rhodes Scholar from Harvard and an English professor at Princeton, Smith has raised salaries, built up endowment, and energetically maintained the college's tradition of excellence. He is good-looking, shockingly youthful, crew-cut, and has a cool, unblinking composure. (Intensity is more in the Swarthmore style.) One professor suggested that Smith has been, on balance, "a force for conservatism," another

The Common Predicament

TEACHERS are often dismayed to find at the end of a term that though they can, according to the bell curve they grade by, award five A's, only two or three students are worthy of this distinction. The teachers have mistaken stupefaction for attentiveness. Their students have never mastered the knack of thinking and expressing themselves but the fault is not chiefly the students'. Their high-school education has not adequately prepared them for mastering the methodology of the higher academic world into which parents have by hook and crook managed to send them.

Faced with the naïveté of the college freshman, the college instructor does nothing about it. He does not even motivate or orient the undergraduate in his very new studies. A college class large or small should be a quest for values, led by the teacher because he is the one most skilled and knows the terrain better. Instead it is but a burrowing amid ideas, symbols, and facts which seem to lie scattered beyond the students' ken. When final term papers are in, many of them deplorably late, the instructor assumes that most of his students are dead wood. This is definitely not true, nor is it true that his students have been undermined by personal problems. They have simply been cast afloat without any stars to steer by or pilots to point them out. The professors, all except a few, behave like stokers not pilots. The result is that they train stokers not pilots. Because of this predicament, many young people miss their calling, and many more graduate from college condemning scholarship.

—From a letter to *Harper's* by Judy Roses, Barnard, 1960

argued that the new faculty prosperity had elements in it of "a demeaning paternalism." But most felt that he has been vigorous and successful with a sound instinct for giving his professors lots of autonomy.

TALK, BUT NOT ALL TALK

When they deplore their apathy, Swarthmore students do so with great verve. They write polemics on a variety of issues and stick them on the bulletin boards, or they tack up manifestoes in firm expectation that someone will rise to the challenge. (And someone always does. These exchanges can go on for weeks—with marginal notations by intellectual kibitzers.) *The Phoenix* has little of the cool disdain or imperturbability of the Harvard *Crimson;* it is often stormy, and sometimes can be howlingly funny. And nowhere in the country do students write such long, erudite, and doggedly argumentative letters to the editor.

What is it they care about? There are first the public issues—nuclear policy, sit-in demonstrations, and civil rights—that have recently shaken up college youth all over the country. Swarthmore students have been in the vanguard of all these movements. A busload of students participated in the Youth March for Integration, another group attended Congressional committee hearings on the Vienna Youth Festival, and students picketed Woolworth's during the sit-in demonstrations in the South. Locally, a student committee sat with Negro families during the troubled time when they moved into an all-white suburban community. And one mettlesome girl on a visit to Cuba, marched right into the headquarters of the secret police, who proudly showed her how clean the cells were.

But political action these days seems to involve more than bare-knuckled idealism; it has, in fact, a sophisticated flavor. Some Swarthmore students are not satisfied with the mere thrust and shove of student demonstrations. Schooled in the techniques of power, operators as well as visionaries, they advise themselves to be more expedient and politic. Picketing Woolworth's was followed by a meeting to discuss its efficacy. A student leader dismissed the March for Integration as "merely inflammatory" and explained his strategy for applying pressure at sensitive points. Swarthmore is the headquarters of *Albatross*, an intercollegiate magazine which publishes copies of political letters written by students and graduates to men in public life. These letters may become, it is hoped, effective social instruments, which public officials will not easily ignore.

Local affairs provoke rough-and-tumble discussion. The fraternity men and the antis belabor each other periodically. There is grumbling about mandatory attendance at Collection, and there are self-styled conscientious objectors. A perfervid discussion was unleashed when President Smith, in a Collection talk, urged the students to dress more attractively. "Smith wants to create a kind of Quaker Princeton," a boy said. In any event, the columns of *The Phoenix* churned for weeks thereafter.

A more somber note was struck by a spate of editorials in *The Phoenix* expressing horror at a number of thefts at the school. An alumna recalled an episode at a bar in a nearby town when her companion, a Swarthmore student, deliberately picked up the hat of an innocent man standing nearby. Another drinking companion then emptied out his pockets and proudly displayed six ashtrays which had been deftly appropriated.

"There's a kind of innocent amorality about some of the students," she explained. "They're so bright, they feel they can achieve anything, do anything. When they get out into the world, they have to get used to restraints again."

Such unfortunate occurrences—which get less notice in a larger community—have to be measured against what seems to be a genuine desire by many of the students to be socially useful. the stern morality of the college's conscientious objectors, or the young couple seriously determined to create a utopian colony in British Columbia.

The casual visitor to Swarthmore is struck most of all, perhaps, by its unexpected ebullience. But, for all the college's special mannerisms, one can, I think, best sum it up by pointing out what it is not: it is not a dependency of a great university, dominated by powerful departments for whom the teaching of undergraduates is a neglected chore; it is not a place where students come to study "business administration" or "education," their eyes firmly on the immediate future; it is not a convenient step on the ladder of social prestige, the center of four pleasant years interrupted by anxious regurgitation of packaged lectures in perfunctory examinations. It is a place where college students are expected to take ideas seriously, and study them rigorously, and a good many do, eagerly. And this makes Swarthmore all too rare.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

THE WASTED CLASSROOM

NATHAN GLAZER

A great deal of college "teaching" is merely a futile way of passing the time, in Nathan Glazer's view, and he charges that academic people have shown precious little concern about it. Educated at City College and the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Glazer has taught at Berkeley, Bennington, Smith, and Columbia. He is the co-author, with David Riesman, of "The Lonely Crowd" and "Faces in the Crowd," and his book on "The Social Basis of American Communism" was recently published by Harcourt, Brace.

It is understandable that there should be so little fundamental criticism of our colleges and universities. Most original thinking still comes from them, but this is less because they are such good places for it than because there is hardly any place else with even the minor advantages they afford. Few students are unbiased or competent critics. Journalists too often today reproduce others' views rather than develop their own—and the views they would reproduce on colleges and universities would be those naturally of the "experts"—presidents and admissions officers and professors. Perhaps most important, most people are too worried about getting their children into college to be concerned much about what goes on once they get there.

But there are extremely serious problems in the colleges. And despite the millions of dollars now being spent on research in higher education, we are not doing much to make college education more than a huge boondoggle—which is what most of it is today.

From where do I draw my evidence for this view? Aside from my own experience as a student (City College in New York, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia University), I have been a college teacher: I taught sociology for a year at the University of California in Berkeley, a year at Bennington College in Vermont, a half-year at Smith College—a crude sampling of our better universities and colleges. I have lectured or engaged in research at a half-dozen more colleges and universities, and have friends with whom I have talked about teaching and its problems at almost every important university in the country. Of course I am aware of exceptions, but I am confident that my general conclusion about college holds.

And that conclusion, a sober and not extremist one, is that a very large part of what students and teachers do in the best colleges and universities is sheer waste. It is not particularly vicious waste, except insofar as it dulls minds and irritates and frustrates students and teachers. Nor does it prevent useful and necessary things from being done in the colleges. But it is worth speaking about the waste, not only because it is vast, but because, despite the common awareness that this is so, so little is done about it.

There are, I found, three main sources of waste in college teaching: the classroom system, the examination system, the departmental system.

No doubt certain college subjects do require both classroom teaching and as many classroom hours as are now given to them. But this is not the case with most college subjects. As to what goes on in the sciences, I cannot say—the fact that the radios work, the bridges stand, and the atom bombs explode, that this complicated technical system works, suggests that teaching in the sciences and technical subjects is not waste, and I will say nothing about them (although I suspect a great deal could, and should, be done to improve the teaching of fundamental scientific concepts to nonspecialists). But I know how classes in literature, in history, in political science and psychology and anthropology and sociology are conducted. In these subjects a single classic mode of organization dominates our schools. Classes meet for three hours a week, some for more, some for less. These classes are conducted by the teacher in a lecture-discussion style—that is, in-



formal lecturing (or in large classes, more formal lecturing), which is often accompanied by some "discussion" initiated by students or teachers. In fact, during most of the class time, the teacher talks to the students.

There are, however, few college subjects in the humanities and the social sciences in which forty-five hours of the teacher lecturing and the students listening can be useful. Perhaps some individual courses may require groups of fifteen to 125 students to meet three hours a week for fifteen weeks with a teacher. But when we realize that most students are expected to take four or five such courses, and most teachers to give three of them, it is perfectly clear what actually goes on. Teachers can perhaps (if they are good) give one or two series of good lectures a year; students, unless they are brilliant, may have something to contribute to an occasional discussion. As a matter of fact, however, most teachers give lectures that are not as good as the average texts in their fields—which are not very good—and most students have not read enough or heard enough to make the kind of contribution that is worth making in a class of fifty students. But both accept with amazingly little complaint the strait jacket of the "course."

Now it is true that this strait jacket is broken at certain times—particularly by seminars in which smaller groups meet only once a week with teachers. The seminar system is an enormous step forward: (a) the teacher generally lectures only once a week (and can consequently lecture better), and (b) the students work in small groups, on a single subject, and their personal confusion about some matter—which is normally suppressed or, if raised, is a waste of time in a large class—can be carefully dealt with in a small group. More important, the students have a better chance to discover that true education can only result from their own attempts to organize and clarify a problem, something which is seldom encouraged by lectures to large classes which read textbooks.

In other words, the seminar is the obvious and proper model for education in the humanities and social sciences. But it is rare. It is generally reserved for the graduate school and the graduat

students (as if only they really have to learn anything); it is available only to seniors in most colleges, and even then is often reserved for honors students (again, as if only they need to learn).

But let us come back to the problem of the course meeting for forty-five hours a semester (and never forget—there are four or five of these for each student, two or three, in the best schools, for each teacher, and quite often four or even five). The advantage of talking or lecturing to someone is that he gets something in a form he cannot get from reading a book or listening to the radio or looking at television. If lecturing is to be worthwhile it should be personal, fresh, original. Perhaps at the beginning of European university education, students were willing to listen to the same lecture repeated year after year because books were in manuscript and rare, and one in effect had to record one's own book in the form of notes from the lips of the teacher. Perhaps too in an earlier epoch there was the feeling that knowledge was esoteric and should be communicated orally. Obviously such considerations no longer prevail, although thousands of students still scrawl endless pages of notes, often while sitting in a vacant daze.

This is not to say that there are no justifications at all for lecturing. There are teachers who are in effect writing their book as they lecture—if it is an important book (like the books Hegel was writing), then scholars will come to listen, rather than wait for the book itself. On the continent today a course of lectures, I understand, is often this book in process—it is the work that a man is doing, being presented to minds ready to understand and profit from it. And it can be argued that lecturing has its value as stimulation and entertainment—the art of lecturing is one that every academician appreciates, and that many students do too, and it certainly has a place in the university.

A teacher can indeed perform useful functions in his lectures: he may argue with what the students have been given to read; he may supplement it or arrange it for them. But he does not need forty-five hours a semester to do this—the students would be better off reading more books, thinking more, working more, and taking fewer notes. I have heard a lot of lectures in my lifetime as a student, researcher, and teacher, and I would ask college teachers to honestly consider in how many courses a dozen good lectures would not do all that could be done—in the form of *lecturing*—for a class.

But the timetable traditionally called for forty-five hours, and now the students expect it, administrations demand it, and even teachers have become convinced there's no harm in it, although many are hard put to fill up the forty-five hours usefully. Hardly anyone thinks of beginning at the beginning, forgetting the system, and deciding when and where this form of course organization is best.

In the sciences, with their special laboratory periods, the courses are somewhat better arranged. And recently, one of the worst victims of the standard course arrangement, the teaching of languages, has also been freeing itself from the three-hours-a-week standard. But no such revolution in the arrangement of the course seems imminent in the social sciences and humanities, though the need is just as great.

THE COLD HAND OF CATECHISM

Fortunately for the system this first skeleton is propped up by a second—the examination system. If there is no other way of making fruitful use of forty-five hours of class time, at least one can use this time to prepare the students for an equally fruitless practice required by the system—the examinations. Once again I remind the reader that I have limited myself to the humanities and social sciences. In technical subjects—sciences, mathematics, languages—subjects which develop specific skills and transmit (for the moment) a fixed body of laws, principles, and procedures, examinations are not only possible but necessary. One can arrange a language (I mean in learning it as a skill to use—not its literature) or a science or mathematical discipline into sections of hierarchal levels of complexity so that one must pass a test in step one before taking step two, and so on.

But in the humanities and the social sciences this kind of ordering often is literally not possible. I recall once being asked by the college administration what were the "prerequisites" for two courses I was going to teach in sociology. Since the students had to take Math I before Math II, it was assumed that Sociology I—whatever that is—must come before Sociology II. But in fact I saw no reason why the students could not take the courses I was giving—one on American ethnic groups, another on cities and their problems—without having taken any other course in sociology. (Of course, it may be useful and illuminating to have studied one aspect of philosophy or history, or literature, or the social sciences, before another; but this is not a prerequisite in the way Math I is a prerequisite.)

The nature of examinations in the humanities and the social sciences must be different. For what are the examinations to contain? We do not transmit fixed bodies of law, principle, or skill in which students can be drilled and then examined by a simple and unambiguous test. Plenty of information is transmitted, but, in general, the mastery of pure facts or methods is not the essential skill in question. The aim in these disciplines is understanding, appreciation, discrimination, reasoning; and drill in them is only possible if they are taught badly, in catechistic fashion. When drill occurs in the social sciences and the humanities—as it often does—the teachers and students are likely to feel that they are still in high school, and they are right.

I have been told that if you ask a Soviet philosophy student what pragmatism is—or who Dewey or William James was—he can recite to you the definitions and brief one-sentence accounts from a Soviet philosophical dictionary. It is possible to drill the Soviet students in these subjects only because they are not learning them. And once again, we see the cold hand of the medieval university in the notion of examinations in the humanities and social sciences, for there too one could be drilled catechistically in received knowledge. But how silly to ask for the "right" answers to questions about poems or complicated movements in history or literature or complex social problems! However, one teaching skeleton props up the next. Since teachers are required to give courses and grades, they too often run their courses by feeding out neat interpretations which can be properly regurgitated at exam times, and marked "right."

Certainly not all courses are conducted like this. In some colleges, the requirements for grades are met by something far more adequate than the usual examinations—the student's own work. He is asked to apply what he learns from reading and discussion to the analysis of a piece of literature or the consideration of a problem, and in answering such an essay question the student may theoretically have an opportunity for a modulated presentation of a subject which catches up some of its complexity.

But the matter is not so simple. Many of the elementary courses in college are given in large lecture rooms, supplemented by discussion groups conducted by graduate students. How can the essay questions presented to large classes be graded so that equality and justice can prevail? What often happens is that factual questions are presented in essay form. The graduate students or assistants who administer and mark the tests get together and decide that in answering a particular question a student will have to refer to, say, four or five points, each to be given so much credit. This settled, they begin plowing through the stacks of papers.

But how can this bureaucratic system of marking take account of what is essentially important in any essay—understanding, a general grasp of the material, a capacity to see it freshly and originally? For teachers of the sciences, engineering, and languages, these qualities, of course, may not be essential. They want the students to get it right. But what good teacher in the humanities merely wants it "right"—wants, in effect, a textbooky reproduction of his lecture which will be forgotten in a few weeks? Since the teacher is, in fact, forced to lecture, and forced to give examinations and grades, he will too often settle for this and could not in all justice give it a bad mark—but it is not what he is looking for. If it is, he is a bad teacher.

There is an obvious answer to this problem. For the examination, there could be substituted the demanding paper, the job of work, just as for the class there could be substituted the seminar. And yet, just as the seminar is something special and reserved for the graduate student, so too the paper is something special—the student may do one, but he still generally must take a meaningless examination, and somehow it must be graded. Since the system demands grades, no one questions them—and no one asks whether it really was worth it to have spent all that time deciding the marks for a hundred students. (Suppose this time was spent in going over a student's research paper with him—something that is seldom done.)

Observing the examination system in operation, I have become more and more persuaded that it is fundamentally unjust to the student, for it assumes that the student is being graded for his work in the course. There is a certain rough truth to this when technical subjects, scientific skills, languages, and the like, are being studied. In the social sciences and humanities, this is simply not so. The student's grades reflect his general ability to use language, to organize, to think rapidly, at least as much as they show what he has gained from the course. Indeed, after working in schools where the atmosphere is dominated by the rituals of examinations and grades, I have often thought that it would be useful to give the examination the first day of the course and get that stupidity out of the way. This would at least turn the

attention of the students to the substance of the course itself. For in fact, as the system now operates in most colleges, those who are gifted in the art of taking exams—who can write fluently, think quickly, regurgitate systematically—will generally do well in any case, and the relation of the amount of time and interest invested in the course to final grades is often accidental.

The entire concept of college examinations, in short, needs radical review. Even when students taking courses in the humanities and social sciences are asked challenging essay questions, and marked carefully, their performance must depend not simply on the specific matter that has been presented to them but on the entire world of reading and experience and perception they bring to the subject. In effect, they are being tested not on the specific course but on the sum of their work in the broad area of knowledge in question. Why bother, then, with specific course examinations and grades—why not give the student a limited number of general tests toward the end of his college career, with a few over-all grades? If colleges emphasized intensive reading and seminars rather than lectures —and individual papers rather than sterile course exams—this kind of examination would seem natural—if examinations were required at all.

SHORTCHANGING THE STUDENTS

Finally, we come to the third evil of college teaching today—the departments. If the classroom system needs grades to justify its existence, it also needs the departmental system to fill up the class time and decide what to ask on the examinations. Once again, let us divide what is necessary and useful from its distortion. The departments of knowledge have a long and honorable history. To be a member of a department means that a man owes his loyalty to his field of knowledge as well as to his university. Indeed, the department, or rather the discipline (which is expressed in the form of the department in each college or university), is more important to him generally than the school in which he happens to teach. He may shift schools but scarcely ever will he be able to shift departments. His advancement, within his college or from a job in one college to another, will depend not on his virtues as a teacher (who is to judge that?) but on his standing in his discipline, and this standing is measured by (a) his doctoral degree (granted by a group of people who have such degrees in the same discipline); (b) his publications (in the journals of his discipline); and (c) his research grants (given by persons drawn from his discipline). And of course he has been trained in that discipline, in a graduate school.

What this means is that it is much easier for a man to think of himself as a psychologist, a historian, a sociologist, a classicist, a specialist in Elizabethan drama than as someone who is engaged in liberal education. And he is more concerned in *communicating his discipline* to the students than in *educating* them. Obviously this is a large and general charge and there are exceptions. But since it is the discipline that has prestige, the professor is oriented generally to what is most characteristic of the discipline. This means the newest thinking in his specialty, the most abstract concepts, the things about which scholars do research and publish papers. In psychology, for example, he would think he was engaged in the worst kind of sellout if he paid attention to the psychological problems that concern the students rather than to those that concern psychologists.

In effect, the making of scholars in the graduate schools, while it does produce some good scholars, certainly makes many poor teachers. But there are more pernicious effects of the system of departments than the role of the discipline itself. There is first of all the competition among the departments, for status, for students, for prestige. This means that there is constant bickering over how many courses a student must be required to take in this or in that subject. And the central concern of such arguments, unfortunately, is not what the student needs for a good education (though certainly such a motivation *does* play a role), but the interests of the department: Can we require fewer courses in our department than others require in their departments? Can we accept the fact that our discipline plays a less essential role in education than others? (The answer is usually no—departments fiercely insist on equal status.) Can we (and this is a most important consideration) accept the fact that if we allow this or that course to be dropped from the list of requirements, we will have to let a man go, or not be able to make a new appointment?

These questions are the very stuff of academic life. The question of building and teaching a curriculum relevant to the needs of the college-educated citizen is far less pressing.

Departmentalization thus means that liberal education is hurt in another and crucial way—educational programs that cannot be fitted into the departmental scheme are shortchanged. Ev-

everyone knows that sociology, anthropology, social psychology, political science, and history today deal in large part with a common subject matter. But joint courses in this general field must usually be conducted by people whose primary loyalty is to their discipline. Indeed, it is almost impossible to find distinguished people who are ready to devote themselves to interdepartmental courses in the social sciences. Professor Lewis Feuer, who conducts such a joint course in the social sciences at the University of California in Berkeley, is able to transcend these silly battles between disciplinary representatives, in part because he is a philosopher; Professor David Riesman, who gives a general course in the social sciences at Harvard, is also able to transcend them in part, because he has been formally trained in none of the competing disciplines. (He is a lawyer who trained himself in them.) But even when one finds such rare individuals to take over the so-called interdisciplinary courses, they are hampered in finding assistants and associates—for all advancement, as I have pointed out, is made through achievement in the disciplines. And if a graduate student or professor should devote himself to acquiring and teaching what everyone agrees is most important for a liberal education—the broad grounding that is common to a number of disciplines—how would he achieve advancement?

The predictable result of departmentalization —and I have not even begun to analyze the reasons for the strength of the departments—has been that the great experiments in liberal education of the 'twenties and 'thirties have been grinding to a close.

Let us see what has happened. For many years the University of Chicago gave perhaps the best undergraduate education in the United States. Departments were entirely abolished in the College and all students were required to take broad courses in the Social Sciences (sociology, anthropology, political science, economics, etc.); the Humanities (drama, fiction, poetry, philosophy, etc.); the Natural Sciences (physics, biology, geology, astronomy, etc.); as well as Mathematics. Much of the instruction took place in seminars. It emphasized the intensive reading of original texts (not textbooks), and some of the most distinguished scholars in the University were willing to conduct small classes in the College. The admirable premise here was that the college-educated citizen should be exposed to important ideas and methods in the major fields of knowledge, whatever his ultimate choice of specialty, within the university or without. But now the College is succumbing to the power of research-oriented departments, and it is becoming more traditional in its approach.

Similarly, the Contemporary Civilization Course of Columbia College—another famous attempt at interdepartmental education—recently abandoned its second year. And, as Christopher Jencks' article in this supplement makes clear, Harvard's once ambitious General Education courses have failed to challenge the domination of its departments.

Indeed, as one looks over the American college scene, it becomes clear that American education has never been more conservative than it is today. Why is this so? It is not because the experiments in changing the undergraduate program have failed. It cannot be said that the students at Antioch, Bennington, and Sarah Lawrence are worse educated than those from more traditional schools. Nor have general-education courses at Columbia, Harvard, and Chicago produced inferior students. Quite the contrary. What has happened is that the emphasis on achievement in the traditional departmental disciplines has become nearly irresistible. In recent years it has been reinforced by the enormous research funds which have been made available to the departments by government, industry, and foundations. As a result, the numbers and effectiveness of those men and women who might be interested in new approaches to undergraduate education have been radically reduced. For a young scholar to devote time, thought, and energy to developing general-education programs may well involve risk to his career. Thus the general-education movement is being crushed, and the plague of departmentalization now grows even in the small progressive colleges.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

No doubt, a good deal more is wrong with higher education. I speak from an intermediate level, higher than the students and lower than the administrators, and this is what I have seen, and I am not alone.

Recently, for example, a group of college teachers drawn from four colleges in the Connecticut Valley—Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst, and the University of Massachusetts—spent some time thinking of how to set up a new college that would give an education as good as these colleges are reputed to give, at lower cost. They proposed a New College, one of whose main principles is the elimination of the usual classroom lecturing, in favor of seminars on the one hand

and a few lectures on the other. The expectation is that in such a program students could do a better job educating themselves (with the serious help of their teachers) than in one where they were spending the best hours of the day going through the ritual of the classroom. Another major proposal for the New College was that it should not try to have a full roster of departments, with all the evil effects that this must entail in undergraduate education.

Perhaps it is another straw in the wind that the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California, has announced a radical reorganization in which students will take only three courses a semester, each course meeting five hours a week. Students' eligibility for graduation will be based on final examinations of proficiency and on the recommendations of tutors. Except for the fact that the new plan—apparently concerned that students and teachers will not put in enough time—assigns *five* hours to each course, it seems a hopeful one. One new experimental college, Monteith, recently founded at Wayne State University in Detroit, is carrying on the general-education approach that is declining at the University of Chicago. One of the most serious efforts to establish a strong general-education curriculum is being made by the new York University in Toronto. And while it is true that general education is declining in the big universities, some of the small experimental colleges of the past—Antioch, Sarah Lawrence, Bennington—with their individual and nontraditional approaches, still seem strong. Their problem, however, is to find young teachers who do not have a narrow disciplinary approach.

Unfortunately, no one has suggested any way of dealing with this problem, which I believe is the crux of the matter. Educational reform must be the work of the administrators and the professors who are truly concerned about the minds of undergraduates. A few have indicated what they implicitly think of most American college education. But the rest . . . alas, the pleasures of research are real, the disciplinary training is powerful, and not many of them think that much is wrong with college education. Nor does the general public seem worried. Higher education does after all train technicians, enough to keep things going; it does hand out diplomas that qualify people for higher status and better jobs. But the fact that it is largely a huge waste for our young people who spent some of their best years there, and for the thousands of teachers who spend most of their lives there, does not seem to bother many people. It should.

How They Might Teach

THE present situation of the younger university teacher is probably more exciting than that of any of his counterparts since the mid-seventeenth century.

The reasons for this are obvious. Behind the modern professor lies an enormously significant intellectual revolution, in front of him sit rows of students largely unaware of the implications of the revolution, and the question how to effect a vital engagement of the two forces is no longer unanswerable.

What *is* the answer? Like everything in teaching, it takes the form of an obligation, a duty.

When students bring him snippets of random sexology in (unconscious slander of) Freud's name, the teacher must confront them with a whole new vision of the nature of the mind.

When they appear in his classroom dressed in caps and cloaks of seventeenth-century psycho-dualism on which are appliquéd, like tinsel stars, such nonce phrases as "relativity theory," "indeterminacy principle," "existential gap," he must seek to turn them out (by drawing on whatever of the new psychology, physiology, and physics can be quickly taught) with an intuition of the "world" as a process, an uncertain act of continual human creation.

When they offer him gabble about conformity and the organization man, he must show them (by furnishing relevant anthropology and sociology) that the old icon, the individual, is only another image in the civilizing but risky dream of the West.

When they brandish exegetical notes taken during prep-school sessions on *The Waste Land*, he must press them toward the perception that a revolution has taken place in all the arts—a revolution made inevitable by the imagination's effort to master orders and systems of reality which, unlike those of the past, are in no part the invention of artists.

When fake issues, idle arguments of adolescent "Democrats" and "Republicans," or boyish current-events talk about Red China hating Red Russia, threaten to fog the glass, he must aim at the revelation of the mass state as the chief political and social phenomenon of the age, East *and* West. And at every moment he must insist on the necessity of bringing alive in reflection whole continents and civilizations that hitherto have barely existed in the Western mind.

His duty, in short, is to teach new heavens and a new earth, to show his students into the world of Now, to drive himself toward that full consciousness of the times which is the only armor left against mere irony or mere wanness.

—Benjamin DeMott, in an article in *Commentary*, September 1960

THE EXAMINATION



W. D. SNODGRASS



UNDER the thick beams of that swirly smoking light,
The black robes are clustering, huddled in together.
Hunching their shoulders, they spread short, broad sleeves like night-
Black grackles' wings; then they reach bone-yellow leather-

y fingers, each to each. And are prepared. Each turns
His single eye—or since one can't discern their eyes,
That reflective, single, moon-pale disc which burns
Over each brow—to watch this uncouth shape that lies

Strapped to their table. One probes with his ragged nails
The slate-sharp calf, explores the thigh and the lean thews
Of the groin. Others raise, red as piratic sails,
His wing, stretching, trying the pectoral sinews.

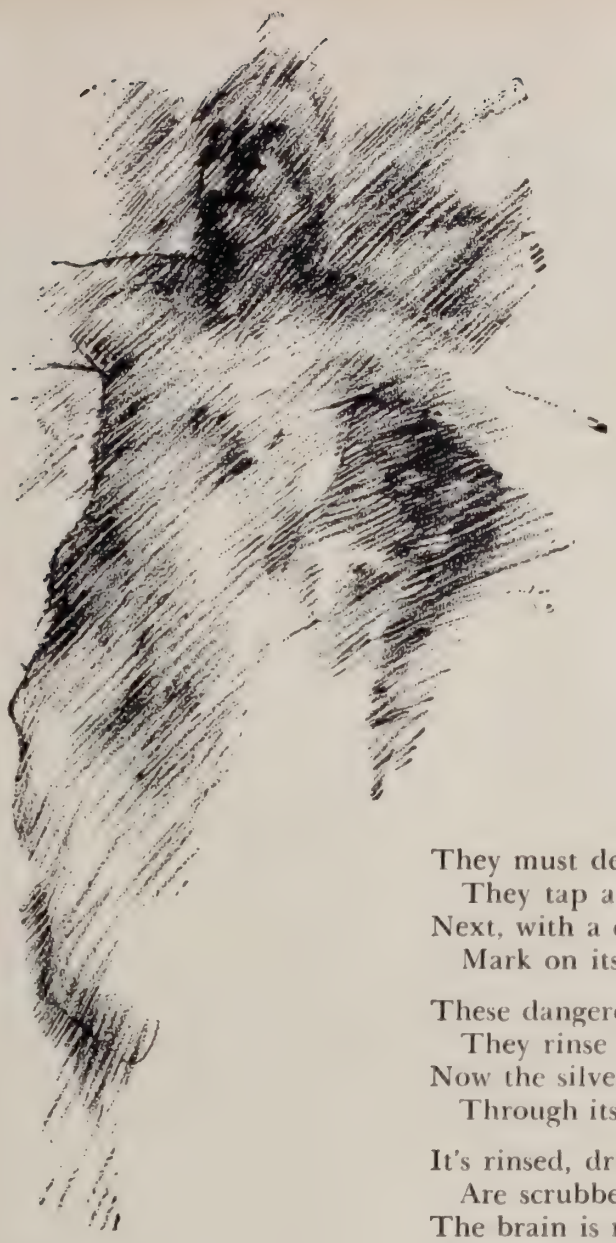
One runs his finger down the whet of that cruel
Golden beak, lifts back the horny lids from the eyes,
Peers down in one bright eye, malign as a jewel,
And steps back suddenly. "He is anaesthetized?"

"He is. He is. Yes. Yes." The tallest of them, bent
Down by the head, rises, "This drug possesses powers
Sufficient to still all gods in this firmament.
This is Garuda who was fierce. He's yours for hours.

"We shall continue, please." Now, once again, he bends
To the skull, and its clamped tissues. Into the cran-
ial cavity, he plunges both of his hands
Like obstetric forceps and lifts out the great brain,

Holds it aloft, then gives it to the next who stands
Beside him. Each, in turn, accepts it, although loath,
Turns it this way, that way, feels it between his hands
Like a wasp's nest or some sickening outsized growth.





They must decide what thoughts each part of it must think;
  They tap at, then listen beside, each suspect lobe;
Next, with a crow's quill dipped into India ink,
  Mark on its surface, as if on a map or globe,

These dangerous areas which need to be excised.
  They rinse it, then apply antiseptics to it;
Now the silver saws appear which, inch by inch, slice
  Through its ancient folds and ridges, like thick suet.

It's rinsed, dried, and daubed with thick salves. The smoky saws
  Are scrubbed, resterilized, and polished till they gleam.
The brain is repacked in its case. Pinched in their claws,
  Glimmering needles stitch it up, that leave no seam.

Meantime, one of them has set blinders to the eyes,
  Inserted light packing beneath each of the ears
And caulked the nostrils in. One, with thin twine, ties
  The genitals off. With long wooden-handled shears,

Another chops pinions out of the scarlet wings.
  It's hoped that with disuse he will forget the sky
Or, at least, in time, learn, among other things,
  To fly no higher than his superiors fly.

Well; that's a beginning. The next time, they can split
  His tongue and teach him to talk correctly, can give
Him memory of fine books and choose clothing fit
  For the integrated area where he'll live.

Their candidate may live to give them thanks one day.
  He will recover and may hope for such success
He shall return to join their ranks. Bowing away,
  They nod, whispering, "One of ours; one of ours. Yes. Yes."

Mr. Snodgrass, who teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1960 for "Heart's Needle," his first book of poems, published by Knopf. "The Examination" was written for the Phi Beta Kappa ceremonial at Columbia last spring.

THE MIRAGE OF COLLEGE POLITICS

PHILIP RIEFF

Whether American college politics are left or right, loud or silent, Philip Rieff contends they operate in very peculiar ways—completely different from those abroad, and scarcely understood here. Now Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Rieff has taught at Berkeley, Harvard, Munich, Brandeis, and the University of Chicago. He is the author of "Freud: The Mind of the Moralist."

Once again we are hearing a good deal about the "politics of college youth"—not only in this country but abroad. Magazine articles solemnly report "new" currents—new conservatism, new radicalism, new enthusiasms for working overseas and demonstrating at home. Few campus phenomena seem to be so widely reported and, at the same time, so oddly distorted; for there has been very little careful analysis of what, precisely, is new about the present student activity, and even less concerning the ways in which it is, and is not, political.

One reason for the distortion, I think, is that so many of the reactions to the political moods of college youth today come from my own generation of the radical 'thirties and 'forties, and these views are likely to have no firmer basis than our own autobiographies—our own exorcism of our youthful Marxism and other creeds and our subsequent reconciliation to the America of the 'sixties. Because we are now the parents and teachers of the young, we assume they are acting out some imitation of our radical past and will follow the same path we did. Therefore, we whisper to them, "Be careful of the Communists"; we applaud and express concern over their "new" unrest; and yet behind our parental interest I detect a complacent assumption that the young are merely reliving our experience, laying away a kind of moral credit against the future bankruptcy of adult life. Students seem to have become keepers of the American conscience, something like the religious, who in their world apart pray for us.

What — the young themselves? My own experience of them as a teacher and inquiring sociologist indicates to me that they are well aware of the role into which they have been cast. They have been told, often, that their elders have become both disenchanted with ideologies and lacking in ideals. And, for this good reason, they refuse to listen to anything else we have to say. Like our old enemies, the Communists, we too have become ghosts, and we are ghosts that are generally ignored. To be compelling, a ghost needs a Hamlet to instruct, but our college youth are interested in playing neither Hamlet nor Oedipus now. They neither heed—and avenge—their fathers, nor destroy them. Lacking continuing leadership, they play a fickle game of father figures. For a time, indeed, it appeared that Adlai Stevenson would become Hamlet's father—there was perhaps no more admired figure among political youth in the colleges; instead Mr. Stevenson chose to play Hamlet. Built up into a father-figure for the student young, he finally tore himself down and out of the political arena until now he has the harmless neutral honor of being "father of the year," a mate title but hardly one to compel a youthful following.

The fact is that no one compels the young today. Therefore they must compel each other like children left without their parents. What passes for politics among them may be more accurately described, perhaps, as their mood

excitement at discovering that they are alone and without direction from the adult worlds of power and responsibility. And precisely because it is so leaderless and unconnected with the real world of parties and power, the present discontent of the student young ought to be taken seriously.

We must remember, however, that a lack of connection with power and responsibility is an established quality of college life in America. Until the 'thirties, this isolation was taken for granted by the students themselves—they happily pursued other interests. From the 'thirties until today there has been a slow—and very partial—development of a different style of political life, closer to that found in Europe where students have long been more involved in real politics. In effect, American students still remain in their comfortable ghetto, apart from the political process, but some no longer think this condition is a fortunate privilege, and they try to express their feelings about it.

POLITICS BY DEFAULT

This comparison with Europe is not irrelevant. On the contrary, I believe it is impossible to understand college politics in America—and visualize its possibilities—without seeing it against the background of the very different activities of youth elsewhere. Looking at youthful politics around the world, we can immediately make a number of sharp distinctions. First, we can define youth anywhere as that group which runs roughly in age from fifteen to twenty-five and has not yet put down many deep stakes in the national economy by acquiring jobs, families, homes, salaries. Secondly, we can see that in advanced Western societies—the United States, Great Britain, France, much of Western Europe —where youth are on the margin of political and economic power, they have little decisive effect on their national scene. Finally, we see that in the new societies of Asia, Africa, the Near East, and Latin America, youth are most emphatically and directly in politics. (So are they in the Communist countries, but in a quite different way.)

By far the most significant activity among college youth today is taking place in the underdeveloped areas where students have moved into politics by default. Their countries have become sovereign nations with little preparation for twentieth-century politics and without anything like a twentieth-century economy or social structure. The older leaders are often unable to deal effectively with modern realities, and a new elite of students is in effect attempting to serve as a local substitute for a European-style middle class —the group that has been the historic carrier of modernization in Western society.

Iran can serve as an example. It is a very poor nation with an archaic social structure. A small court aristocracy hovers around the Shah's throne and is counterbalanced by a larger tribal aristocracy more loosely tied to the throne—rather like the relation of the king to the nobility in medieval Europe. Between the two there are numerous rural peasants and nomads and a small industrial working class. Except in Tehran, the middle class is nonexistent. However, instead of a middle class, there is a growing and self-conscious student class, which identifies its own quest for status with the national quest for power. The importance of the students far exceeds their numbers. There are some 12,000 of them in Tehran, and the Shah often consults—and sometimes debates—with them, acknowledging a voice already powerful in the nation. Moreover there are 20,000 Iranians studying abroad, almost all of them in fields that bear very directly on the immediate problems back home—agriculture, medicine, economics, the sciences, etc. (Very few are studying the arts or humanities.) Of course these students are sponsored by the Iranian government and in that sense they are not independent political forces. Yet they show promise of being able to perform as the European middle class did in the nineteenth century, being both nationalistic and committed to technological change.

The model for such forced and official breeding of an elite group of students developed in the Soviet Union in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties when the Communist party recruited a corps of students dedicated to the national interest, giving highest priority to training for the task of modernizing the Russian economy. Essentially the same policy has been continued under Khrushchev. The underdeveloped nations are now imitating the Russian emphasis on building up the student class, not because they believe in Communist ideology but because they have the same need to modernize.

But students as a group are no more grateful than other groups and the sponsorship of a student elite by a regime raises sharp problems. A rising status breeds quite as much grasping anxiety in students as a declining status does in other groups. In Russia the regime has found that the students have become too jealous of their elite status and Khrushchev has announced that they will have to spend more of their time

doing manual labor to assure that they remain "proletarian" in taste and outlook. And where students see themselves as the *only* group expressing the true will and interests of the nation —however inarticulate the nation may actually be—the government that sponsors them runs the risk of creating a powerful opposition.

Indeed, the great question in the emerging countries is not whether the students will exert political influence—they will—but in what ideological direction they will move. From 1789 to 1848 the European middle class conceived of itself as representing the true interests of the nation—and in fact it became the dominant class. As the student classes of the underdeveloped countries join positions of power, they may well be able to perform the historic function of the European middle class as the vehicle of nationalism. This does not mean, of course, that they will acquire a European middle-class viewpoint. For, unlike the Europeans, they are directly sponsored by poor governments and their nationalism—more than ever before—is likely to develop internally along statist lines, with a predominantly collectivist organization of the political economy. But if the new nations are to modernize swiftly, student leadership is indispensable, for only they can give their unshaped countries the unity they now lack.

SHOCK TROOPS FOR ELDERS

In this, the college students of the new nations are in striking contrast to most students in the West. If we date the history of modern politics from, say, the French Revolution, the evidence tends to confirm this generalization: *Political youth has done no more than follow, often with decisive effect, the lead of its elders.* There are exceptions, of course. One would seem to be the case of Cuba where Fidel Castro, a student leader, led a small and determined cadre of student revolutionaries to depose a regime that had lost favor with the older middle-class groups, partly because of its brutal treatment of students. But most youthful political activity has run along lines laid down during the French Revolution. As one student of that period puts it: "When the adults were radical, the youths were radical; when the adults were reactionary, the youths still followed." Indeed, when adults turn reactionary, youth turns the same way with a vengeance. Jacobin auxiliary youth clubs were active in the French Revolution itself, but during the counter-terror the most sinister political gangs in Paris were the "Gilded Youth"—bands of dandies who re-established their identification with authority and enjoyed the protection of high government officials.

This classic pattern—in which youth serves as the shock troops for older age-groups—has been followed again and again in Western politics right down to our own time. Many European political parties have organized youth auxiliaries along Jacobin lines, allowing the student leaders of proven effectiveness a voice in their councils. For the most tightly organized of the youth groups, an analogy can be found in Church history: It was an essential part of the Jesuit theory of the Counter Reformation that a militant elite —devoted to the interests of the Church—be trained in Catholic schools for the eventual recapture of Europe. Essentially the same doctrine is applied in Soviet schools with the state replacing the Church as the focus of responsibility. As early as 1902, Lenin wrote off the "weary thirty-year-old ancients" as unlikely material for the revolutionary movement and called for an effort to recruit youth into the Party. Since the Revolution, student youth groups like the Russian Komsomol—the Communist Youth League—have become instruments of official policy throughout the totalitarian world, pledged to total dedication to the state, and called upon for special effort in time of emergency. Nevertheless, in Russia the League of Communist Youth is no longer the elite outfit it once was. Its membership of twenty million remains a main feeder into the Communist party (now eight million) but the organization is fairly open, and membership in it is now simply a way for the ambitious Soviet youngster to clear the way for success in Soviet society.

(Some Russian experts count on the aging of former students within the Communist movement to act as a dissenting or moderating force on the Party. It remains to be seen whether by rigorously training a large student elite, the Soviet government has created a "new class" from which some measure of internal opposition can be expected. It would conform more to the pattern I have sketched out if the "new class" remains obedient to the state, exacting only those concessions necessary to keep up its new status in the Communist world.)

Both the German and Italian totalitarian movements were quick to learn basic lessons from their Socialist and Communist rivals and organize the young in the service of the state. By the early 'thirties large numbers of German students and jobless youth had been incorporated into the Nazi apparatus and sent into the lecture

halls and streets to compete with the Red Front organizations and officially sponsored republican youth groups. All over Europe similar efforts were made—often with less success—to build up the existing youth auxiliaries of European parties; and to a large extent European youth was politicized in the 'thirties. Throughout the Continent today we can still find student groups acting within the major political formations, despite the postwar decay of ideological fervor.

THE STUDENT AS ARISTOCRAT

Meanwhile, what was happening in the United States? It is significant that the effort to marshal young people—particularly students—into national or party organizations largely failed in this country in the 'thirties. This was not because similar conditions of unemployment did not exist here but because the parties and the American government had different attitudes toward the young. The Civilian Conservation Corps, established in the fateful year of 1933, was essentially a device to keep young men from becoming hoboes. Although the American Communists were quick to label it a Fascist threat, they could not have been more in error. The Corps never became a political weapon and the more than a million young men who enrolled in it from 1933 to 1935 received no ideological training.

In its statements on the Peace Corps, the Kennedy Administration has seemed to indicate that it has something like an international CCC in mind. It is unclear, however, how such an organization could avoid developing political functions abroad, and there are some signs that in fact the Peace Corps members will be expected to involve themselves in the local politics of community development. It is too early to tell just what will become of the Peace Corps but it is significant that in the Administration's publicity about it the emphasis has been on the constructive labor the students will perform. Whatever ideological mission it may have, it has been expedient to present the Peace Corps' purpose in practical rather than political terms.*

Both of these American youth corps help to illustrate a basic distinction. Because our politics developed in a fundamentally different way from Europe's, the place of youth in American politics has been altogether different. In Europe, doctrines based on "self-evident" first principles unleashed the revolutionary impulses—and it took a sense of shared purpose and danger to send the young students out into the street. But such doctrinal politics passed from the American scene soon after the Revolutionary period and even then did not command the unqualified respect of the American Revolutionary leaders. Unlike the sponsors of the French Revolution, with their emphatic doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the American Revolutionaries did not organize auxiliary youth groups and the party politicians who followed them were not interested in bringing students into adult political life.

In fact, through most of our history, American students have been both uniquely free of adult politics and notoriously uninterested in them. The politics of the established middle- and upper-class families which sent the students to college could be safely taken to stand for those of the silent students themselves. In the 'thirties, something new occurred. Students were organized into more or less disciplined college units of adult radical political organizations—Socialist, Communist, Trotskyist, etc. Significantly enough, this first appearance of politically conscious student groups paralleled the appearance on American campuses of non-Anglo-Saxon, first-generation Americans with some family history of Continental political experience.

Thus, American student politics of the Continental sort came first—and almost exclusively—at those great urban universities which admitted considerable numbers of East European Jews and other children of recent immigrants in the 'twenties and 'thirties. These students found themselves both socially and politically outside the usual patterns of American student life. The occasional old-family American who found his way into their radical organizations was welcomed, of course; indeed, he was often elected to office, and, along with the earnest girls from New England, became a useful front for the group as a whole.

However, because it was dramatically different, it is easy to overinflate the importance of this first generation of radical students—not only the quality of their political programs and their relevance to American life, but also their numbers. Although they did make a few large and important inroads into a few schools—the City College of New York, Columbia, Harvard, Chicago—they never succeeded in reaching any sizable number of students outside the first-generation circles in which they were likely to make friends. The average student remained more

* See Benjamin DeMott's article on "The Peace Corps' Secret Mission" (*Harper's*, September 1961).

interested in sports, fraternities, and his career than in socialism or political action—and in this he was following an example his father had set in his own day. If something had been added to the content of student politics, the form of student life remained the same.

What is this form? Essentially it springs from a conception of American student life as something set specially apart from any other time. During his late school and college years, the American student leads a kind of aristocratic life unique in American culture—he is given extraordinary privileges of unearned leisure, and is catered to in many ways which seem to astonish no one except, now and then, the faculty. Not long ago I walked through the main gate of the University of California at Berkeley with a mathematical colleague who suddenly waved his arm and exclaimed, "They have been given everything—what more do they want?" He was pointing to the university's glittering new Student Union which some students like to call the "Berkeley Hilton."

ENVYING THE NEGROES

But the students are expected to pay a price for their privileges in the form of good behavior. For misbehavior implies an affront to those who are supporting them during their privileged and bracketed years of grace, before they go out into the world as it really is. To be idealistic and, above all, to try to carry that idealism into demonstrative political action is to take unfair advantage of one's special situation as a student. It is to perversely reject the pleasurable and cozy isolation from the real adult world—"the best years in life"—which has been arranged by a great deal of adult effort and expense.

Thus, in order to maintain his status and his privileges, the student is supposed to keep out of trouble. His politics, like his other extracurricular activities, must be conducted in approved ways. And the way most approved is a mock version of adult national party politics called "student government." This is encouraged, not to give the students an opportunity to govern themselves, but as a way of rendering genuine political interest innocuous. Student government is most acceptable when it mimics—indeed parodies—adult politics: the furious campus election campaigns, complete with posters, speeches, parties, factions, lookying the office. All the political trimmings are there *except* the real issues and the real relation between action and power which are the very substance of politics. Such a relation might be built by an attempt to imitate the European model, in which students would be given a disciplined and active role in adult politics and would in return have some voice in adult political decisions. But even during the 'thirties this was repugnant to most of the students themselves as well as to their elders.

Of course there are student political groups in America on the European model, many of them European in origin: Socialist Youth, Zionist Youth, church-related youth groups which take positions on social issues. And there are the college Democratic and Republican clubs which generally count for very little with party politicians. But whatever the organization, the university authorities can exert control by sealing off "on-campus" from "off-campus" activities. Anything approaching serious and controversial politics runs the danger of being considered "off-campus" and not sterile enough for student participation.

An excellent case in point recently occurred at the University of California when the student organization called "SLATE" was banned by the administration for calling itself a "political party." This group of several hundred students was involved in the San Francisco demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1960. Since then it has been trying to consolidate itself as a continuing force on the Berkeley campus. In banning it, Professor (later Chancellor) Edward Strong, the school's chief administrative officer, said that a university must be "entirely independent of all political and sectarian influences"—a perfect statement of the hygienic concept of the campus that dominates the minds of the officials who run our college system. Here again there is a sharp contrast with Europe, where the student politics are national politics brought into the university. We prefer mock politics, all empty gesturing and no substance.

This is not to say that mock politics cannot be played to real effect. For example, in England the Oxford Union remains a training ground for party parliamentarians, with the House divided along national party lines, prominent guest debaters from the national parties, and the very design of the debating hall a replica of the House of Commons. But our collegiate debaters and politicians have no such elite institution to make their training a genuine stage in a political career. For the reasons I have outlined, they lack a stable or continuing connection with



the politics of the adult world into which they will be inducted only on their graduation. When they become lawyers or businessmen and put down stakes in some community, they will finally be eligible for adult political life.

Recently there has been a striking exception to this rule. Negro students in the South—the most backward area of the American college world—have with their sit-in demonstrations and Freedom Rides developed a kind of student politics that aims to relate itself directly and immediately to the adult world. This is a rare instance of youth leading age, and in fact it bears comparison with the role of the students in the underdeveloped countries. For the Southern Negro students have also stepped into a situation where the older powers are often impotent. Their skill and articulateness—as well as their conscience—are really useful to the adult Negro community because they cannot be supplied in adequate quality or quantity by the older Negro leadership.

Yet even this exception contains an element that proves the rule, for the Negro students arose only after Martin Luther King, a relatively young religious leader, had offered them a compelling example of disciplined, nonviolent protest that could strike at sensitive spots in the Southern towns—a workable alternative, in effect, to the formless resentment and acquiescence of the past. Even though many of the active Negro students are not directly linked to Dr. King, he has given them crucial direction.

The example of the Negro students has stirred their white contemporaries in the North not merely to sympathy but to imitation in the form of demonstrations and even trips to the Southern jails. But this imitation cannot be carried very far because, unlike the Negroes, the white students do not have a community which needs or wants their support. Nor have the white students a Martin Luther King to give them not only a strategy but also a faith in their capacity to redeem themselves and others. The would-be political students I have talked to in the Northern colleges can only envy the vitality of the Negro student movement. More than a few of them are, in effect, a second generation of politically conscious liberals and Socialists, the children of the first generation of college radicals I have already

described. Their parents passed along to them the ethics of political activism, yet demonstrated their own incapacities during the McCarthy era. But they have found no opportunities like those of the Southern Negro students, however much they may dream of them.

WORDS MUST SINK

Nevertheless, there have been insistent claims that, after years of apparent deadness, American college life has recently undergone a mysterious political quickening. As late as May 1959, *The Nation* magazine made the standard generalization that college youth were "apathetic, silent, conformist, indifferent, confused." But early in 1960, some brisk change of attitude is said to have occurred, blowing away the defeatism and apathy of the 'fifties.

I would argue that no such major change has taken place and that beneath the publicized flurries of student political activity, the same basic attitudes continue. In the first place, the students involved in the new activity remain a small minority—the great mass of students remain quite apathetic and resigned. And what this minority has done has been to shift the politics of youth toward a more explicit and demonstrative protest against the politics of the adult world itself, after the more silent protest of the 'fifties.

But this is not a major change, for the politics of American youth has always been a negative anti-politics. The chief actions the students have taken recently have been protests against abuses of power by their elders and indeed against power itself. For example, in California since 1960, students have demonstrated against the execution of Caryl Chessman; against the House Un-American Activities Committee; against military service in the colleges; against nuclear weapons; and against unjust treatment of Negroes in the South. And the same or similar issues have attracted college students elsewhere.

No doubt all these demonstrations involved a satisfying discharge of moral conscience for the students who took part. But looking deeper into the attitudes behind the protest, one finds little that is political at all. At first glance, the student radical seems to be a determined protector of intellectuals and an apprentice intellectual himself. Most politicians appear to him as Babbitts, "phonies," and professional moralizers, lacking culture and sensitivity. And above all he is suspicious of "phoniness" which he detects everywhere around him: the old patriots he finds reactionary; the old Marxists discredited; the old liberals compromised. All are dismissed and distrusted as "word slingers." If silence was the student rhetoric of the 'fifties, noises and marching would seem to be the rhetoric of the 'sixties: both indicate intellectual scorn for professional moralizing.

But, for all this scorn, there is a deep-rooted anti-intellectualism among the politically sensitive young. Words, they consider, sink a subject; action enlivens it. They have no political theory or program, either Marxist or non-Marxist. To protest against the House Committee, Chessman's sentence, or Woolworth's is still to "play it cool," for it implies no further responsibility, except perhaps to march again, and so can have no real effect on adult political decisions.

This denial of any link between student action and adult political power shouts from the very walls of the dormitories. During the last election, for example, I would see signs reading, "Vote NO for President," as well as, "Ban the Bomb," and Stevenson posters hung around the rooms of my radical students. I often wondered just how superior they were to their apathetic or conservative fellows in their understanding of, say, racial discrimination. Many, it seemed clear, would rather cherish their sentiments for equality than study carefully the complex questions involved. If such students could grow less sentimental and more analytical it might help them take their first steps toward participating in the organized worlds of power and responsibility now ruled by the philistine representatives they reject.

On the campus itself, the radical young are, predictably, anti-organization men. Their own organizations function as gadflies to the main body of student organizations which are generally conservative. And in the last year or so, overt student conservatism has become more vocal and publicized than ever before, as large college audiences have turned out to cheer Senator Goldwater. Some teachers have observed among the professedly conservative students both articulate criticism of organized mass society in all its forms—"big corporations" as well as "big labor" and "big government"—and a kind of nostalgic individualism.

My own observation of the campus conservatives is somewhat different. These students seem to me to be rejecting not only radicalism but the advanced college culture. They are able to focus both resentments on the campus intellectuals, who are generally to the left and culturally more aspiring—they tend, for example, to choose scholarly over business careers. In effect, the

young conservatives form an aggressive minority of nonintellectual students who now stand openly for the traditional college culture which implicitly approved of athletics, fraternities, old-fashioned patriotism, and the virtues of good business as opposed to good works. By turning to Senator Goldwater, they proclaim their loyalty to the American business community, into which they hope to graduate; and at the same time they challenge their liberal and leftist contemporaries who have for years made "big business" and "organization men" their targets.

Moreover, by bucking the campus liberals and their many mentors on the faculty, the conservatives do demonstrate an old-fashioned American individualism of a sort—they play the role of "agin-ers." And since they can sometimes spot worms at the core of standard liberal policies, they feel superior to the liberal establishment, which they see as dominating campus thought.

The student radicals and conservatives are thus strangely alike: both feel embattled and both can only protest. Lacking political solutions of their own, the radicals now pit their ethical consciences against the dangers of the political game itself. For example, their agitation against the moral horror of nuclear weapons is absolute, with no attempt to visualize political costs or alternatives. And while the newly vocal conservatives may voice more or less well-founded suspicions of liberal gospel, they show no signs that they have ever tried to visualize concretely a society in which both public welfare and foreign aid are drastically limited, as Senator Goldwater advocates. It is in this sense that the politics of college youth may be fairly called antipolitical.

INEVITABLY POLITICAL ANIMALS?

Moral indignation is one expression of student antipolitics; snobbery of taste is another. Indeed, if any single quality is apparent among intelligent students in the 'sixties, I should say it is a sense of cultural superiority over the generation of their parents. For example, the youthful sentiment for Adlai Stevenson seemed more centered on him as an attractively civilized man than as a political figure. To be radical politically has become thoroughly confused with a belief in a minority culture and the students have not even begun to sort out the problems and contradictions.

It is, however, only too easy for members of the adult generation to criticize college students today—to condemn the apathy and dim belief that characterize the large majority, and the precocious cynicism and fruitless protest that set apart the few. Adults would do better instead to examine their own political institutions. For, as I have pointed out, when college youth become really involved in politics, they have generally followed the lead of elders who inspired and organized them; who presented them with ideas and programs in which they could believe, and gave them a definite role to play in senior political life. The plain fact is that in our complex society most college students are not able to formulate political beliefs and programs of their own. And they are not old enough—or involved enough in adult political and economic realities—to accept an adult political system based on responsibility for decisions, compromise of convictions, and the balancing of opposed interests. They have not yet acquired worldly interests of their own. They look for ideals and men in which they might believe, and quickly reject them when their acts are at odds with their words. They have not yet learned, in short, to act without conviction.

It is certainly true that exemplary men and programs are hard to come by in any modern industrial society, but every generation of students continues to need them for models if it is to commit itself to political action. The masters of Russian society are well aware that none of them can pretend to be anything like exemplary men, and in pasteboard figures like Yuri Gagarin they have tried to provide Soviet youth with substitute heroes. In France and England more and more young people have felt so estranged from adult leadership that they have entered their own phase of vocal protest against adult politics itself.

Lacking direction from any group above, most of our own political youth remain stranded. They can only devise attitudes of protest against the possibility of dying without a cause they deeply believe in and without leaders they can love. Unless our society can produce political leadership and ideas which will compel their positive emotions, we may expect that the more aware among our college students will continue to act out their kind of rejection of all power and politics I have described in this article. For this is their one sure way of hedging against the disappointments and betrayals and compromises which the most respected and intelligent among their elders have told them are the inevitable lot of decent men when they become, as they must, political animals.

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NOTES ON POLISH STUDENT LIFE

REUEL K. WILSON

Study in a Communist country can implicitly throw into relief the unappreciated privileges and possibilities of our own college system. Reuel Wilson, who took his degree in French literature at Harvard in 1960, wrote this report while spending a year at the University of Cracow in Poland.

Coming from a highly competitive Eastern university in the United States to study in Poland is a strange and disorienting experience. Through a veil of bureaucracy, the innocent Harvard Slavicist dimly perceives a university system that seems to be the reverse of his own. He begins to wonder, though, when he learns the students' inclinations and habits. Just like an American, the Polish student, male, is interested in automobiles, sports, current events, jazz, and vacation excursions; the Polish student, female, is preoccupied with vacation excursions, clothes, and the next date.

Because of the single-party system here, a politically minded Polish student must either keep his views to himself or join a bureaucratized government organization at the school or university level. This does not mean that the administrators or members of the ZSP—the national Student Union—are necessarily vehement Communists. Theatre tickets, social activities, trips abroad, and other material benefits are available to members at reduced rates. Scholarships, some of them to other countries, are also provided. Although membership in the ZSP is not compulsory, 90 per cent of the students belong to it.

The labyrinthine system of university instruction is bound to shock the American guest. Once the hour and place of a given lecture have been ascertained (and granting that the professor materializes), the behavior of the students distinguishes itself by lack of discipline. Because of the persistent static-like whispering, the foreigner is well advised to find a front-row seat. Serious students are more frequently met in philosophy, history, or philology than among the Romanists—Romance language majors—or fashionable Polonists. These latter, the students of Polish literature, correspond to the ubiquitous English majors in America. The humanities are, inevitably, most vulnerable to the increasing pressure of Marxist-Leninist ideology upon education in general, though at the same time, unlike the sciences, they are neglected by the government. The sciences are encouraged and rewarded, while the humanities are understaffed and taught under constraint.

A graduate in science can automatically expect a government job and not infrequently he is sent abroad for a year of training. The humanities major generally expects neither a well-paid job nor travel. Strangely enough, a young college graduate who wants to write has a better chance for early acceptance than he would have in the U. S. If he has not already had some association with a Catholic periodical, the government encourages him to write for the press. The pay, however, is negligible—three or four dollars for a half-page newspaper article.

Nearly all students live at home, with relations, or in enormous cement dormitories. The acute housing shortage in Poland is perhaps hardest of all on the youth. The idea of "going

away to college" hardly exists here—one attends the nearest and most convenient school. Even the two-year military service is usually incorporated into weekly sessions during the academic year and continued during summer vacations. The competitive pattern of a socially and intellectually absorbing "campus life," as we know it in the United States, is unheard of. The university is simply the means for a diploma; nothing more. It is even possible to study law and medicine simultaneously. In the humanities the minimal requirements are generally easy to meet and the student is free to work very little. The three or four English departments in Poland, small and understaffed, are the exception to this; overwhelmed by masses of applicants, English teachers have to insist on fairly high standards of preparation.

You cannot be a "professional student" in Poland. The postwar government has exerted itself to democratize education and everyone who passes the national entrance examination receives a scholarship to college; but the scholarships are small—600 zlotys or $8.40 a month at the official exchange rate for Poles—and there are no graduate schools. At the end of five (not four) years, the undergraduate may write a master's thesis. As in America, it is customary to teach while working for a doctorate, but the salaries paid are miserable. A student who depends on his scholarship alone cannot afford to drink much, go to restaurants, or drive cars. There is no self-consciousness about college being the time for song-singing, window-breaking, football games, and summer-vacation affairs while touring abroad. The university is primarily an adjunct to ordinary existence.*

The brighter students have all read a quantity of Western contemporary and classic writers. After the "thaw" of '56, such authors as Hemingway, Faulkner, Camus, and Sartre appeared and immediately sold out. Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, and now Eugene O'Neill have been performed and acclaimed all over Poland. Shakespeare is played as frequently in Warsaw as in London. The actors, stage designers, and even the directors tend to be youthful. A good many of the theatrical people—as well as the painters and writers—I know in Cracow are already well established in their fields while still in their twenties. At the same time, they have read a great deal without restricting themselves exclusively to professional or academic interests.

As in the rest of Europe, American things are in great demand here: shoes, sweaters, cigarettes, instant cocoa, the works of Steinbeck and Caldwell and Saroyan. Except for the books, these hard-to-get commodities sell for very steep prices. I often feel like the Great Gatsby in Cracow. There in a sordid chamber more suited to Lovelace than to a Fitzgerald character, I introduced my friends to that deadly American institution, the cocktail party. Frequently, at the insistence of an audience of curious and excited Poles, I must strew the bed with a profusion of many-colored ties, shirts, and sweaters.

THE PASSIONATE BLACK SWEATER

Like everything else in Poland, the life of the colleges must be seen against the background of the national dilemma. The country's geographical position is as unfortunate today as it was when Catherine the Great's troops overran most of it before the Second Partition in 1793. It is not surprising that the Poles, constantly invaded, partitioned, and exploited by their neighbors, have become nationally neurotic. While it is possible to criticize and make fun of the Soviet Union, the subjects of the Oder-Neisse boundary, German rearmament, and the Eastern territories taken over by Russia are strictly to be avoided by the foreigner. Intelligent conversation about Germany is impossible here.

Not for the first time, the Poles are trying to reconcile a certain amount of independence with a threatening *force majeure* to the East. Despite the relative autonomy obtained by the "peaceful revolution" of 1956, Soviet power is once more asserting itself. "Socialist realism" is again being periodically encouraged in the art academies. Criticism in the press is less tolerated than before. The unfavorable balance between possibility and necessity especially penalizes the younger generation. There are many young people who admire the Soviet Union's power and remember her as a liberator from the Nazis. There are also those who wish to remain apolitical and lead their own lives. To neither group does religion seem to be a solution. During the Stalin era, students went to church to spite the government; now they don't. The long-suffering Catholic Church in Poland has remained intel-

*In dispensing scholarships, the government favors the children of peasants and workers over those whose background is aristocratic or professional, and one sees the mass media used to propagate the image of the diligent, clean, and intelligent worker-student. On a recent TV discussion program a group of high-school students displayed abysmal ignorance of Polish and foreign literature. Suddenly a *dea ex machina* appeared in the form of a chic proletarian girl who talked about Sartre and other okay leftist writers.

lectually respectable, but religion, like politics, is a topic rarely discussed by students.

The uncertainty of the Poles' economic and political situation is reflected in student social life. Among my contemporaries, I have noticed bizarre combinations of beatnikism and aristocratic manners: a turtle-neck sweater passionately kissing the hand of a pale black-stockinged *"Belle Dame sans Merci."* They seem to be acting out a kind of modern Romanticism, based on ideas of bravery, nonchalance, and wealth, as seen in film heroes and heroines. The exhibitionistic side of the Polish character requires an audience. The presence of *"towarzystwo"*—the group, society—is indispensable to most social intercourse.

Living in Poland, one encounters a variety of well-established but sharply separated in-groups. For instance, in my university town of Cracow, I found one extreme represented by the official café club of the ZSP, located in a series of tomblike and garishly painted rooms. Here the students are served up a distasteful mixture of rock 'n' roll, lifeless cultural discussions, small concerts, and official gatherings to repeat slogans of world communism. Only a few steps distant, across the main square—but miles apart in conception—is the Pivnica (cellar). This bar is perhaps comparable to one of the Paris existentialist hangouts of fifteen years ago. The patrons, most of them still students, are painters, theatrical people, musicians, writers, and hangers-on. Several times a week, there are revues or "cabarets" that parody everything from Brecht to the Battle of Grünwald.* The audiences are delighted with these incongruous, disorderly performances.

There also exists the Krzystofory, an actors' club café in a spacious and graceful Gothic cellar. The waitresses are citified gypsies, and the atmosphere is brassy but lively. The club sponsors both art exhibitions and plays. Their most recent production, a wildly experimental pre-Dadaist work of Witkiewicz, was directed by a well-known young painter, Tadeusz Kantor. The Krzystofory serves as a gallery, theatre, and meeting place for students and intellectuals and is operated for the amusement of the public on a noncommercial basis. It is difficult to imagine a similar enterprise in America.

In student society, jokes, imitations, and anecdotes are used to deal with every conceivable subject. Stock national stereotypes such as the phlegmatic Britisher, Mr. Peterson, or the ever-resourceful and wily Jew turn up in lengthy narratives. Political figures are represented in grotesquely comic situations. An exchange of good stories and bons mots generally replaces gossip, and sex is hardly mentioned except in connection with humorously compromising circumstances. For example, the young man who had just seduced a girl calmly remarked: "Well, that completes my sociological investigations."

Partly as a reaction to the attempted government promotion of folk traditions after the war, Polish young people are usually ignorant of or sour about the old dances, songs, and proverbs. In a country permeated by folk customs, modernization and socialism have encouraged people to substitute anecdotes for allegorical narratives and pithy sayings. The national self-consciousness continues, though, to express itself in colorful terms. One hears contemporary Poland compared to a radish: red on the outside, white on the inside. This is clearly a folkish image adapted to modern contingency. The Polish mind is still endowed with a fondness for emotional and arcane categorizing.

Jazz seems to be a predominating general interest among students. I remember the time Stan Getz was scheduled to play three nights in Cracow. I attended the second night. Every seat was sold and all the hipsters, dressed to kill, were there. The audience excitedly milled about waiting for the main attraction. Cheap vodka was selling phenomenally, under the good old capitalist principle of private enterprise and large profits. During the first few hours of a projected all-night jam session, Polish bands performed vigorously. The one thing lacking was the star, Stan Getz. Actually, Mr. Getz, infuriated by his dealings with the Polish bureaucracy, had already destroyed the recordings he made here and had gone back home to Denmark. The crowd had to be satisfied with three very beat Swedish boy-musicians who finally staggered onto the platform blind drunk.

A similar incident happened while I was writing this article. An anti-capitalist-imperialist demonstration, inspired by the murder of Lumumba, was staged in several cities. This trumped-up affair was advertised as the spontaneous protest of Polish students. Its organiza-

* At Grünwald in 1410, the newly united Polish-Lithuanian confederacy defeated and broke the power of the Teutonic Knights. Recently a colossal film adapted from the Sienkiewicz novel about the battle has been released here. The Pivnica habitués then shot their own film version of Grünwald in a field near Cracow—a hilarious procession of familiar faces disguised in armor, oriental dress, and flapper costumes of the style of the 1920's.

ion, to be sure, emanated from those misty Kafka-esque heights whose workings are invisible and whose ends require no justification. The students in Cracow, unperturbed by the absence of a Belgian diplomatic post, demonstrated in front of the French Consulate.

The absurd occurrences, so frequently met in everyday life, perhaps account for the fact that an idealist is a "white raven" among the students.

The nationalistic Poles have always excelled in the role of the oppressed. Their most celebrated Romantic poets, Mickiewicz and Slowacki, went into permanent exile as young men. This phenomenon, the flight of an entire literary generation, resulted from the failure of the revolution against Russia in 1832. Today flight and exile are neither popular nor very possible. The nineteenth-century Romantics thought that Poland's unlucky lot must be due to God's selection of her as a holocaust for the whole world. This mystic but hopeful view can hardly be resuscitated by the present generation of Busy Polish Young Moderns. No one is unaware of a growing authoritarianism which more and more limits contact with the West. Yet the young people I have come to know in Cracow remain sanguine and unafraid.



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THE NEW CAMPUS MAGAZINES

RICHARD CHASE

One of America's most distinguished literary and social critics, Richard Chase recently read through the new college magazines—most of them hotly political—and reached rather different conclusions from Philip Rieff's article in this supplement. Mr. Chase (Dartmouth, '37) is Professor of English at Columbia and author of several books, including studies of Melville and Whitman and, in 1958, "The Democratic Vista."

President Kennedy will never be unseated by a march of students on Washington, nor could a visit to this country by someone like Generalissimo Franco be banned by students, as in effect the Japanese students banned President Eisenhower. But it is no longer news that the younger generation in our colleges has become restive. Some of the students have attracted national attention by taking action, opposing authority, and learning about politics. Witness the much-publicized protest riot against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco and, more important, the sit-in campaigns of the Negro students and the Freedom Rides.

It is not so well known that in their efforts to clarify their thinking, present their views, and consolidate their influence, American students have come up in the last year or two with a bumper crop of new magazines. They come from all over the country, bearing names like *Albatross, Analysis, Cambridge 38, Advance, New Guard,* the *Yale Political, New Freedom, Activist, Venture,* and so on. But widely dispersed as these magazines are, they are not regionalist in spirit. For example, the impressive *Studies on the Left* at the University of Wisconsin does not trace its views directly, if at all, to the radical traditions of Wisconsin politics, and most of the editors are from New York.

Some of these journals are published by undergraduates, like the *Albatross* at Swarthmore and the *Activist* at Oberlin, a mimeographed magazine which in the one issue I have seen expounds pacifism and nonviolent resistance. *Cambridge 38,* edited by undergraduates at Harvard and Radcliffe, devotes a full issue to African problems and presents, along with some excellent photography, articles by research fellows, diplomats, and students from Africa. In most of these magazines the emphasis is on the left, but all shades of opinion can be found. Some of the undergraduate editors make a point of *not* having opinions, even less an ideology. As one of them writes: "In the 1930s students were Communists or democratic Socialists; we are activists."

Like *New University Thought* at Chicago, *Studies on the Left* is produced by graduate students. Both these journals come in fairly expensive-looking formats and carry articles not only by students but by young professors, and some not so young. Like the new magazines generally, they are literate but they are seldom literary; they are edited by students of history, economics, political science, law, and sociology, as well as the humanities. By contrast, purely literary magazines like the venerable *Advocate* at Harvard and the *Columbia Review* (Columbia—once a hotbed of radicalism!) seem, even though they are the best of their kind, oddly outmoded or at least old-fashioned. In a recent editorial the *Advocate* promises to do all it can to avoid being guilty of the charge that it is a coterie magazine; but when it comes to this, what is the future? Literary magazines like the *Advocate* and the *Review* are predicated on being coterie and are likely to flourish only when new literature is genuinely a part of the intellectual avant-garde—which it was, say, from 1912 to 1940 but which it no longer is.

Unless my memory fails me, the best of the

new journals are intellectually several cuts above the utterances of the campus radicals of twenty-five years ago. Furthermore, one of the first things that strikes the inquiring reader is the consciousness the students have of being a group —not merely a generation (a vague term at best) but a kind of class or public in itself, almost, in fact, a "proletariat." This will surely be a source of great strength in whatever undertakings the young rebels decide on. Unlike the college rebels of twenty-five years ago, they do not identify themselves with the working class. There is still some argument about this in the magazines, but generally speaking they see the working-class proletariat as a Marxist myth, especially under American conditions. And they see in themselves more solidarity and sense of being a "class" than the working class sees in itself. A sign of this is that they speak of themselves unabashedly as "intellectuals." The campus radical of yesteryear was likely to disown this title—certainly he did not wear it proudly as a badge of identification.

The new radical is likely to be terribly professional about everything. His troglodytic ancestor of the 'thirties may have been more colorful, with his sense of himself as a "revolutionary" or a "worker" and with his generous anarchic or mystic or merely Stalinized impulses. But the young people of today are far more sophisticated, efficient, and dutiful. A reader brought up on the amateurish little magazines of the past, which sported their amateurishness as a virtue, will be amused to find *Studies on the Left* admonishing contributors about the preparation of their manuscripts: "Bibliographical and footnote form must follow that in the revised MLA [Modern Language Association] style sheet." (Someday I hope to get hold of a copy of that venerated guide to correctness, never yet having seen one, revised or unrevised.)

The more ambitious of the new student journals print articles on social and political problems which are sometimes close to stupefying in their apparatus of argumentation. Often there are long charts and lists of statistics. *New University Thought,* for example, has an exhaustive account of the brief, lamented Congressional career of William H. Meyer, a Democrat from Vermont (who writes, by the way, an angry-young-man letter in the *Albatross*). The article includes a chart showing the voting by counties, although it maybe a question as to how many people in Chicago are interested in the electoral situation in Chittenden County, Vermont.

This alliance of pedantry and rebellion, scholarly sobriety and impassioned protest, professionalism and dissent, seeks a political program and is, more or less distantly, Marxist. Both *New University Thought* and *Studies on the Left* complain in editorials and essays about the fragmentation of intellectual activity which they perceive as they listen to their elders on the podium or read them in the scholarly journals. *New University Thought* declares that it is:

> a political magazine. It is also a scholarly journal. And it is a journal of opinion. These functions appear to be disparate only because they have been so long dissociated from one another in our overspecialized thought.

New University Thought is less militant than *Studies;* the editors speak of their audience and of themselves as "liberals and radicals," whereas *Studies* makes it plain that it is "radical." But they both question very severely the academic shibboleth of "objectivity"; one can find in both magazines searching essays on topics like "Objectivity and Commitment." In general they see in the vaunted objectivity of their academic elders a fear of posing real questions and raising dangerous issues. They see in it a legacy not only of the intimidations of the McCarthy era but a retreat from intellectual responsibility induced by a disinclination to confront the really vital problems of the Cold War.

The academic tone of these magazines contrasts rather sharply with the freer journalism of the young British radicals who put out *New Left Review* (formerly the *Universities and Left Review*), from which in many ways the American left magazines seem to have taken their cue. The academicism one finds in the American magazines—the long articles on Senator Borah, Woodrow Wilson, chapters extracted from Ph.D. dissertations, and so on—must be attributed in part to the uncertainty of the young rebels about themselves and their place in society. Relatively speaking, their British counterparts *know:* they are Socialists and they are allied with the Left-Labor movement. This gives them a dynamism and self-assurance, so that they are not tempted to resort to the isolated world of footnotes and charts.

The new student magazines unite in complaining about the liberalism of their professors. This "liberalism of the Establishment" they identify with people like John Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Professor Daniel Bell of Columbia. They reject as defeatist Professor Bell's thesis that we have come to an "end of

ideology"—although they have not, so far as I have seen, disproved it. They oppose what they regard as the prevalent belief among the older intellectuals: that however well radical ideological solutions to social questions may have fitted other times and places, America has become a unique society with built-in restorative powers which work so well that no large-scale reconstruction is necessary or applicable. The conception of the mixed and affluent society (Galbraith) with its vital center (Schlesinger), where contending social forces, economic contradictions, and clashing power groups find a tolerably harmonious balance and stability, seems to many of the new radicals to be a form of mysticism.

Rejecting the idea of America as a unique and self-regulating country, they think of it, or at any rate of themselves, in a context with Cuba, Russia, China, and Japan. They imply that America may not be exempt from revolutionary upheavals. And they sometimes seem attracted to C. Wright Mills' thesis that power in this country is not balanced by mutually compensatory forces but is in the hands of a relatively small elite of financiers and militarists to which the liberal, Stevensonian professors pay witting or unwitting tribute.

Attacks are also launched against the liberalism of professors by "conservative," or, as I would prefer to say, right-wing-radical student magazines, like *Analysis* at the University of Pennsylvania. An editorial statement in the first issue of this journal hails the "emerging conservative generation" and expresses strong dissatisfaction with "the monolithic atmosphere so often found among the faculties of our schools." The metaphor may be dubious, but the meaning is clear: too many professors have a belief in the Welfare State and Keynesian economics and this is a belief which shades off inevitably into socialism and, from there, to communism.

Analysis allies itself with the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, which is devoted to "the advancement of conservative thought on the campus" and which publishes a newsletter called the *Individualist*. *Analysis* acknowledges that it is an offspring of other "conservative" journals, notably *National Review*. An article called "The Myth-makers at Penn" is aimed at dispersing the conformism among liberal faculty members and students, who, we are told, have become so accustomed to their monopoly on thought that they have made "responsible discussion" impossible. The new magazine aims to bring to the campus "articulate, diverse viewpoints."

Analysis has some of the acuteness and intellectual agility of such rightist mentors as William Buckley of *National Review* and Senator Goldwater (or his ghost writer). Unhappily it also shows the shallowness and negativism of the "conservative" position. Often effective on the attack, *Analysis* gives the familiar impression of never having looked at the facts of life in a world whose population may before long approach three billion people. When one reads that "there was a time when every man was free in every sense of the word," one can only be astonished. And when one is told, in the words of Professor Albert H. Hobbs of the Wharton School of Finance, that among student conservatives "an awareness dawned that Pie in the Sky takes a great deal of dough," one reflects that both the conservative students and their teachers have a long way to go before they can match the literacy, learning, and essential seriousness of their left antagonists.

The Swarthmore *Albatross* should be mentioned here, although it has perhaps not yet quite succeeded in defining itself. Modest in format but full of ambition, it describes itself as nonpartisan. This journal consists entirely of letters written by students at various colleges to public officials on such matters as the Cuban situation, the Un-American Activities Committee, the Peace Corps, foreign policy in Africa, and the sit-ins. A student who wants to write his Congressman is urged to send a carbon copy of the letter to the *Albatross,* which then informs the Congressman (who perhaps hasn't opened his mail yet) that a letter to him is being printed in a magazine read by "several thousand students and adults." The laudable purpose is not only to make Congressmen attentive to the letters but to inform and consolidate student opinion.

Some Congressmen have responded—a brief, temperate defense of our Cuban policy by Senator Fulbright and a mean-spirited defense of his Un-American Activities Committee by Representative Francis E. Walter which is ably rebutted by a Dartmouth student. In recent issues the magazine has taken to soliciting "letters to the editor" in order to achieve more point and coherence in each issue. Although welcoming letters from the "conservatives" (it has a long one from Fulton Lewis III), *Albatross* has in practice shown a largely liberal attitude. At present the magazine is attempting to launch a Spanish edition for distribution among students at Latin American universities.

Albatross is all for direct action in the spirit of the Peace Corps and the sit-ins. Theories do not clash nor ideological sparks fly in its pages. But as I have already suggested, they do in some of the other magazines. One is tempted to argue with *New University Thought* and *Studies on the Left*, for example, because they are full of prickly statements. Clearly in a Popular Front mood, the contributors to these magazines occasionally fall, perhaps without knowing it, into a Leninist-Stalinist rhetoric one had supposed was long ago discredited. This is especially true of their discussions of Cuba, which are unreservedly pro-Castro. *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution*, a frankly pro-Castro work by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, they take as gospel or at any rate presumptive truth. They seem to believe, with Huberman and Sweezy, that Batista was swept into the ocean by a revolutionary uprising of the peasants—otherwise known as the "rural proletariat"—in a mass action which also included the urban workers. But there is very little evidence of any such mass action and much evidence that the shaky Batista regime collapsed in the face of the Castro threat because of its own internal weaknesses and in the face of middle-class fear and resentment of Batista's terrorism.

A reviewer of the Huberman-Sweezy book in *New University Thought* notes the optimism of the authors concerning Castro's agricultural co-operatives. "Their optimism," he says, "is based on the assumption that, because of [his] peculiar experiences, the peasant is less bound to the concept of owning his own land than to bettering his living conditions; and that this will facilitate his entry into agricultural co-operatives. . . ."

The late George Orwell would have been interested in this sentence. He might have pointed out that it is easy to sit at a typewriter and speak of a man's feeling for the land as a "concept," just as it is easy vicariously to "facilitate" the entry of "peasants" into co-operatives. How does the student reviewer know that in many cases "facilitate" should not be translated "force at gun point"? Many people have been facilitated into various havens in this century, including several millions of Ukrainians, during the period of planned starvation and mass deportation imposed by Stalin, Khrushchev, *et al.*

As for the Communist party in Cuba, some of the students on the left apparently believe that it is sincerely helping to advance a humanitarian revolution conceived by Castro entirely without Communist tutoring. "Communists work very hard," we are told, "and there is no indication that their loyalty is anywhere else than with Fidel and the Revolution." But scarcely three years ago, there was no indication that their loyalty was not with the Batista regime, which it was.

However, this is not the occasion to argue but to try to sum up the burgeoning and heterogeneous political thinking on the campuses. It is not easy to do, but certain facts have clearly emerged. Despite its sallies into ideology, mistaken or fruitful, the student liberal-left movement remains pragmatic and eclectic, like everything else these days from psychiatry to government. The students are for immediate action on any front where they think it can be made humanly significant and might at least open out the possibility of profound political change (as do the sit-ins, for example). Intellectually, they agree that they must avoid commitment to the apologetics of all the great powers; they preach dissent of a thoroughgoing kind as the first step toward liberating the world from the ironclad and potentially disastrous polarization of thought and policy that has come about as a result of the Cold War.

The second step, which they admit to being uncertain about, is the establishment of an "organizational center" on the left. Except for a few doctrinaires, the young radicals seem prepared to do this in whatever way it can be done, and without ideological preconceptions—for example, as to whether they are socialist or not. But the difficulty in establishing an organizational center is that it seems to require an alliance with some group, class, or community which shows signs of evolving into a vital political and cultural force strong enough to change the life of the nation. This is where the major uncertainty comes in. The vital force does not seem to be in the labor movement, as to some extent it still is in England (is the Teamsters Union a cultural force!). Lacking this historic base of radical change, the students look, on the home scene, to the Negroes and to themselves. *Studies on the Left* says:

> The pressures of almost one hundred years of oppression that forced the Negro to define himself as an outsider, a marginal man, have produced a quantitative difference. The old symbols are losing their attraction; the common experience moves in a different direction—toward community. To be proud of a separation from the community or to deny or ratify a personal failure with unconcern is becoming anachronistic. . . . But this sense of community is not limited to the South. In the North, numbers of stu-

dents, for the first time in decades, have been moved to militant action, have felt a sense of belonging to something more relevant than "prom" committees or apprentice political clubs.

The students find solace in C. Wright Mills' theory, expounded in his "Letter to the New Left," that despite the enormous forces at work in the modern world and despite its overwhelming population the definitive power is still wielded by small elites and that the "young intelligentsia" can become one of these elites.

What kind of society do the young intellectuals look forward to? When they ask themselves this question, the important thing seems to them to be how life is to be lived. Often repeated in their editorials and essays are the words "community," "solidarity," participation," "humane," "humanism," "rationality." Except for a few zealots left and right, they do not, as did their predecessors of twenty-five years ago, profess to know what specific structure society should have, or what dialectical stages it is destined to go through. One might almost say that they don't care, so long as the coming society provides the human values they cherish. For the moment, they are fascinated by the Cuban revolution—one would gather from their magazines that a city called Berlin does not exist —and many of them see in *fidelismo* the principle of "direct democracy." This appears to them attractive, even though "direct democracy" by-passes such civil processes as free elections.

The impulse toward activism, directness, immediacy gives a certain power to the students of the new left. It is not surprising that under American conditions they should have difficulty in rationalizing and implementing this impulse with a coherent body of ideas. If the campus radicals can evolve an adequate ideology, they will become, as they grow older, a strong force in American society. Perhaps they will anyway, ideology or no ideology.



GOD IN THE COLLEGES

MICHAEL NOVAK

Although he writes as a Catholic, it seems doubtful if Michael Novak's critique of college faith will please many religious leaders anywhere. Mr. Novak graduated from Stonehill College in Massachusetts, took a theology degree at Gregorian University in Rome, and is now a Teaching Fellow at Harvard while studying for his doctorate in philosophy. His first novel, "The Tiber Was Silver," has just been published by Doubleday.

The professor looked into the faces of the freshmen in Philosophy 1. "How many of u," he asked, "believe in the existence of God?" He walked up and down a little. The class was ellectually alive and usually argued. No hands nt up.

"Good. I'll give you Anselm's proof for the istence of God." In a few minutes of lecturing, e professor presented Anselm's proof. "Now," paused. "How many of you see anything ong in this proof?"

No hands went up.

"Well, then, some of you now believe in God. ow many?"

Still no hands went up. When the professor d about it later, he shrugged. "What can you when thinking doesn't seem to make any dif-ence?"

The experience of this professor is not a soli-y one. The fact that the life of personal con-tion is separated from the life of academic telligence is frequently remarked in university e. The phenomenon is not even confined to is country, for it is well known in England. In *cky Jim,* Kingsley Amis makes fun of the non-mmitment and the sham which he finds in iddle-class education; Wilfrid Sheed's Amer-an-English novel, *A Middle Class Education,* tends the observations well beyond the class-om. In our day it is precisely this that educa-on in England and America has become: iddle-class. John K. Galbraith's *The Affluent ciety* brought the emergence of the new and merous educated class to our attention: it is ere for anyone to see.

The present essay pretends to no special statis-cal wisdom; its material has been gathered from long-time interest in religion and the univer-sity, from reading, from conversations at Harvard and other colleges. Undoubtedly, the essay has fuller relevance for the liberal-arts college; I have hardly broached the problem of religion in the scientific and technological schools. In the smaller colleges and the huge state colleges, the focus may be somewhat different.

How does God fare in a middle-class education? What happens to religion in a middle-class education?

First of all, we must remember that since medieval times the West has been becoming a middle-class civilization. The rise of the bourgeoisie has been concomitant with the rise of technology. And underneath the social and economic changes that made Europe capitalist and then industrialist, there was a change in world view. Even though the bourgeois classes might cling to the conventions and forms of an older tradition and an older faith, the impersonality of business and the objectivity of scientific method were molding their weekday spirits and their habitual attitudes. The very bourgeoisie that nourished the technological and scientific revolution, nourished within itself an intellectual avant-garde that strove to point out to it how very empty its forms had become. The avant-garde was usually increasingly irreligious: from Voltaire and Hume, Comte and Zola, to Shaw and Russell, it has come to take its battle *vis-à-vis* religion as won. For its point has been that our culture is now *at base* irreligious, that the bourgeois businessman who pretends differently is either hypocritical or blind. Catholi-

cism was long content with the status quo, and Protestantism for a long time praised the thrifty and the rugged and the strong. Thus the war on poverty which Marxism declared and which the democracies have taken up is (though it need not have been) a secular war, and the ideals which international civilization now pursues are secular ideals: the abolition of poverty and disease, of ignorance and indignity, of colonialism and tyranny. Giving itself to science and technology, our culture makes religion not central but optional, and the avant-garde has been trying to point out—and to form—the change.

Secondly, it is necessary to see that while Europe was torn nearly to its death by the ideological and physical contortions of recent revolutions and wars, America and England have tried earnestly to go on as before, as if nothing has happened. The war washed away the intellectual foundations of Europe's past, and intellectuals like Camus, Sartre, Marcel, Barth, and Guardini have fought desperately for intellectual starting points—whether they deny or affirm the possibility of religious faith. But in America and England, philosophy and art showed little such desperation; men tried to pick up where they had left off, a little more tired, a little more angry, worried about the bomb, but not fundamentally changed. Moreover, education in England and America has become financially cushioned as never before. The government, corporations, unions—all give grants for specialized research or simply for the maintenance of students and professors. A distinctly comfortable and entrenched kind of existence is growing up. The small, modestly optimistic world view which Europe shared before the wars is still almost possible. The radicalism of the American 'thirties has been fragmented by prosperity and by disillusion with ideology.

Although the colleges pride themselves on the awakening of young minds, on the asking of the Big Questions of life (who and what is man, whence has he come, where is he going, what is love, what is passion, what is reason, is there a God?), it is soon clear to college students that the Big Questions don't count—either in academic standing, or in later life, or in research grants.

In the first place, the standing assumption is that ultimate questions are in principle unanswerable, and hence not worth asking seriously. This assumption may not discourage freshmen, but over a four-year period it is pretty well driven home. In the second place, nobody is much interested in students' answers to such questions, or deems them worth putting in competition with anybody else's. Even among the professors it is assumed that ultimate questions are nonintellectual, personal, and if matters of supreme importance and self-commitment, nevertheless not matters for passionate academic dispute. The university, on principle, concentrates on statistics, historical facts, historical intellectual positions, logic modeled on the discourse of the physical sciences, and ample documentation. Even the literature courses, under the impact of the New Criticism, have the students noting the occurrences of words, running down allusions, and abstracting from the conditions of history. The Anglo-American university has committed itself to all that is "objective," countable, precise, publicly verifiable. Though this commitment suits the middle-class temper capitally, it stifles religion almost to death.

A TINY TASTE OF REBELLION

Not only religion is stifled. More fundamentally, it is possible—it is even common—for a student to go to class after class of sociology, economics, psychology, literature, philosophy, and the rest, and hardly become aware that he is dealing with issues of life and death, of love and solitude, of inner growth and pain. He may never fully grasp the fact that education is not so much information and technique as self-confrontation and change in his own conscious life. He may sit through lectures and write examinations—and the professors may *let* him do merely that—collecting verbal "answers," without really thinking through and deciding about any new aspect of his own life in any course. The dilemma of education has always been to combine merely mental skills with personal experiencing and growth. The educational currents in American colleges tend to oscillate from one pole to the other; and at present the attention in college to the formal and the public easily leaves the inner life of the student untouched.

It is true that in a place like Harvard, or among more serious students everywhere, the young collegian may experience beneficial crises of growth. He gets a taste of rebellion against his origins; he may become, for a while, "avant-garde." The folks at home find him restive, critical, hostile, in his approach to a world he had hitherto peacefully shared. He has learned to despise the organization man and the many patterns of conformity in mass culture; he has learned a certain contempt for suburbia and its

lues. Yet he likes the comforts of home. Worst all, in college he has not really had to rebel xcept perhaps against not having Latin on his ploma). The college gave him rebellious, crit- l books, but also gave him a cool grove to ıd them in. No commitment, no crusading, no roism is asked of him. The college merely nts him to "have the facts," to show mental ntrol of the concepts. Yet he, so everyone tells n, is not at all like the collegians of the irties, or even of the 'forties. He is cautious, iet, studious. And no wonder. So is the in- tution in which he is studying. The higher- wered institutions are committed to testable formation and techniques; the patterns of con- mity in lower-powered institutions do not far nscend the interests of the society that fosters em.

"SAY NOTHING"

Middle-class Christianity—the bourgeois Christianity which Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, guy, Bloy, and others so hated—was always udent, small-visioned, secure. It dared little, ch its gaudy-colored plaster statues, or its de- es to protect the little world of the entre- eneur. In the person of many university pro- sors, middle-class secular humanism is not ch more daring. It thinks of itself as humble its agnosticism, and eschews the "mystic ghts" of metaphysicians, theologians, and eamers; it is cautious and remote in dealing h heightened and passionate experiences that the stuff of much great literature and philo- phy. It limits itself to this world and its con- ns, concerns which fortunately turn out to largely subject to precise formulation, and nce have a limited but comforting certainty. has a particularly comfortable ambiance if works within the physical sciences, or mathe- tics, or the statistics of sociology and eco- mics.) If we cannot control the great uncertain estions in the universe, nevertheless we can ke a universe of little certainties we can ntrol.

The agnosticism—atheism would be too strong word—of the classroom is not militant. It only, in principle, unconcerned. It is bour- is Christianity all over again, to so great an ent that, in college, in spite of differences in ief, the behavior of agnostic and of religious n is pretty much the same.

The agnosticism of the classroom does not ve to be militant. Once upon a time it was hting for its life; now it is an accepted part of the college scene, in fact the predominating part. The old battles between positive science and religion which delighted, or angered, our grandfathers—about chance and design, monkeys and Adam—seldom resound now in academic halls. The distinction between empirical and theological activity seems pretty well recognized —each side preserves a certain calm and only occasionally do tempers flare. Perhaps psychologists more than others are given to writing off religion as illusion; anthropologists, in turn, are habituated to data on revelations and recurrent religious themes, and correspondingly casual about the traditions of Judaism and Christianity. One school of analysis in philosophy, of which Russell and Ayer among others are examples, believes that nothing that cannot be reduced to sense experience can have meaning, and most religious questions of course lie outside this restricted zone. Some partisans of another movement, linguistic analysis, following the later Wittgenstein, do not require the discourse of faith and theology to conform to other kinds of discourse, but study it in its own right; but religion does not lie in words.

Professional disciplines aside, a bland tolerance seems to be everybody's ideal. Say nothing that will offend. Say nothing that involves personal commitment. Stay close to the public facts. "You've got to teach these youngsters to forget the *shoulds* and *musts* they came here with," one new teaching fellow was recently admonished by his program director. "The students have to learn to be objective." And of course such a critique is excellent, since some *shoulds* and *musts* are what a man dies for. But there seems to be correspondingly little concern about which ones he will acquire and keep.

Professor Raphael Demos of Harvard was once quoted as saying, with perhaps his touch of irony, "*Veritas* means we are committed to nothing." It may be that the American consensus has forced a "commitment to nothing" upon our universities; we are a pluralist people, and it seems very difficult to discover a way to teach about those differences on ultimate questions that make us so. The colleges make a "commitment to noncommitment," have a "faith in non-faith." They demand perpetual re-examination and have nowhere to rest.

Thus the new middle-class tolerance of the colleges neither destroys—nor transforms—the religion of the incoming freshmen. Of one hundred students who marked themselves "atheistic or agnostic" on the poll of the Harvard *Crimson* in 1959, only ten felt "obliged . . . to enlighten

others to abandon their faith." The new tolerance merely establishes, officially and in principle, that personal conviction be separated from teaching and learning. If a student wishes to commit himself to answers to ultimate questions (by commitment to some personal synthesis, or to traditional religion or ethics, or anything), he may do so—is even encouraged to do so—but not publicly, nor officially, not in his daily work. He will do well to keep his answers to himself. In term papers and on tests they will not be welcome; there he is obliged to prove rather that he knows facts and correlations, and can run, seeking, as well as anyone else. No one in *official* university life seems to care about his convictions.

There is good reason for the university's position. One of its tasks is to turn out professional men. Think of the difficulty there would be in correcting exams and term papers if each student were engaged in a highly personal way in working out a position important to himself. What if the student found that something of importance to him was of minor importance to the course—or outside its confines? The dilemma of professionalism versus full human experience is a pressing one, and cannot be solved by making light of it.

TRIALS BY WEAK FIRE

How relevant is this dilemma to the actual church affiliations of college students? A Catholic report published in *America* (April 8, 1961) quotes Bishop Robert E. Lucey as saying: "The dangers to faith and morals are at least as great in a downtown office as on a secular campus." The national survey of *Time* magazine (1952) is cited to the same effect. "No appreciable number of defections," say Newman Club chaplains at the University of Illinois and the University of Iowa; those which do occur "result rather from weak religious background prior to college than from campus living and experiences." The Harvard *Crimson* poll I referred to earlier records a high rate of defections—40 per cent among Protestants, 25 per cent among Catholics, 12 per cent among Jews—among the 310 students who answered. But in almost every case the defection had its roots in precollege days, especially in high-school experience.

Although it is not clear what constitutes religious "strength," it is clear that if the student's faith goes through a personal trial-by-fire, that is his affair. There are few courses in critical theology, few in modern critical Biblical theory, few in the theory and practice of organized religion, to help him explicitly and formally to mature his theological intelligence. In the view of some religious men, this is a good thing; religion, after all, is not something that can be formally taught. It is a living commitment to be enkindled from person to person, a life to be lived rather than lessons to be learned. Besides, formal theological studies imply a living content of religious experience; but it is precisely this living content which in our day most men no longer possess. If religion is to enter the university, it must enter first at the most elementary level: in experience, in awareness, in slow and gradual exploration. The traditional words are not relevant to the present religious development of most men. Our times are sub-, not only post-, religious. The institutionalized forms of religion did not originate in modern life, and modern science and technology have grown up outside them; the two worlds of religion and modernity are strangers to each other. Were there to be merely formal courses in theology at the university, genuine religious life would fare hardly better than at present. As the New Criticism is to art, so is critical theology to religious awareness. Theology, like the New Criticism, has a role to play, but it is neither necessary nor sufficient for religious life.

If we admit that theologians would also contribute to the professionalism and formalism already thriving in the modern university, who might do better? The answer, I suggest, must be that the greatest contribution to the religious life of the university could come from teachers and scholars—formally religious or not—who could lead the student to the profound human experiences lying below the surface of the academic curriculum.

These experiences are often "prereligious"; they are barely starting points for full religious life. But they are the only foundation on which anything living can be built. I mean man's experience of his fragility, of his transitoriness, of his tininess; his consciousness of his uniqueness on the earth, of his endless and restless questioning; his personal choices whose motives and consequences he cannot fully know; his vast ability to be proud and to fail, to be isolated and to love, to be—and yet not to be—the master of his own destiny.

These experiences, and others like them, underlie the statistics of economics and of sociology, the laws and hypotheses of psychology, philosophy, and other disciplines; they are at the source of great poems and novels and his-

tories now often taught as if they were technical puzzles.

Large and unsettling personal questions arise from these experiences. And it is by their answers, explicit or implicit, that men finally differ from one another: how they react to achievement, to pride, to love, to suffering, to feelings of life and energy, to death. Implicit in the actions of every man is his own particular bias and approach to economics, to social and political affairs, to all matters with which he deals. What are the biases and beliefs that make a student unique and color all his judgments even in his professional concerns? Instead of concentrating on this question, and hence helping the student toward self-discovery, the university takes the easier path: it tries to maintain an area of "objectivity" and "fact." But the truly crucial element in human knowing (I repeat: even in professional knowing) lies in the recesses of personal judgment. Our critical sciences, unlike our creative arts, have favored the "objective" over the "subjective." Our universities favor the one pole over the necessary two: notional-verbal competence, over the self-knowledge and self-commitment that also affect professional careers, and make up personal life.

UNTESTED PRETENSE

If university teachers could right the balance, would religion begin to thrive? Those who have made faith central to their lives—who believe in the reality and relevance of God, and the interaction (in dark faith) of God and men—hold that it would. And if theology, as such, came to the campuses and became there embattled and truly controversial, this would be welcome; for the very fact that fundamental questions were posed would transform the experience of university life.

No one can know what the full consequences of such a transformation might be, but surely it would mean that university people would be far more closely engaged with the world outside than they are today. Religious men in colleges could follow the example of the clergymen who took part in the Freedom Rides, went to jail, went on a hunger strike in the name of justice and brotherly concern. Religion has played a large role in the commitment of the young Negroes to struggle for their rights. It must suggest *other* ways of acting when situations in our society call for justice and compassion and protest. Religious men must be "active." They are obliged to consider the forms a just society should take, and ways to achieve them. Again, in the silence, self-control, and patience required by the tactics of passive resistance, they find an excellent school in the "passive" strength of religion. The intellectual resources from which such a transformation might grow are now latent on our campuses. And they are quite carefully neglected.

Meanwhile, the student on the secular campus works out his religion for himself. Often his previous religious background will have been uncritical, informal, and unsophisticated; he may be the first member of his family pursuing a university education. His grasp of religious concepts like faith, hope, love may well be far less precise and intellectually defensible than it ought to be; his university career will offer him very little formal help in clarifying and criti-

Chance What Comes

CHRISTOPHER Z. HOBSON

Harvard, 1963

TOUCH nothing, it will stain. If you must, try
To grope from here to day, but do not touch
Another, you will have him on your hand,
The stain will spread until you are another's
Partly at least. Touch nothing, you will die,
The silent one enfolded here—too much
Can happen, he may push, not understand
The hand he stains that stains him is his brother's.
Then will you stay here limed and softly lie
Against the wall, not touching, in the clutch
Of what you do not touch as in a band?
Iron, iron, iron! All are brothers'—
Reach and touch and chance what comes for breath.
Nothing stains like nothing, even death.

cizing them. It is possible that college life may be for him, then, a period of searing but private examination. For a time at least he may stop going to church or synagogue, and believe himself atheist or agnostic. But the chances are—in most schools and among most students—no such honest and fruitful personal critiques will occur, at least of any lasting depth. Where they do seem to occur, experienced religious men are pleased. "It's a more thoughtful kind of religion," seems to be the consensus of chaplains near Harvard. "It's better than merely going to church out of habit. They may be missing church services and undergoing changes now; but they'll be back when they return to their local communities and all the better for it."

But will they be? The fact seems to be that even among the more searching students, religion follows the pattern of their other personal convictions. The pattern of conformity they are taught in college, by which they systematically separate their inner convictions from the "objective" work of the classroom, will simply be continued in their business affairs, legal practice, or work of whatever kind in later life. A civilization pervaded by the laws and spirit of technology—on which profit and life itself are based—is a civilization prone to expediency and nonmoral, nonpersonal considerations. The vice of academicians is to become intellectual technologists; this vice prevails. The consequent bourgeois life of the American university becomes with hardly a hitch the middle-class life of the organization man and the suburbanite. The pretense of nonconformity and intellectual liberty on campus is seldom tested by real and fundamental disagreement; for such disagreement is usually "subjective" and not amenable to the kind of debate the university tacitly approves. "Liberals" and "conservatives" in politics, for example, seldom touch the basic issues separating them; they both try to argue in terms of "facts"; but why they are committed, each in his separate way, to different ideals, and what precisely these ideals are and whence they are derived—this kind of discussion does not suit the pragmatic and "objective" temper of present intellectual life. It is too intangible, dialectical, personal, however lethal in its effect upon action.

"GOD IS NOT DEAD"

One might have hoped that the religiously committed private schools in America might have made by now some major contribution to American intellectual life. In part, they have been too concerned with putting up buildings, with more or less ghetto-like defensiveness, and with hesitating between secular standards and their own long-ago tradition. In part, general American intellectual life rules out of professional discussion the very commitment which the religious schools primarily exist to foster. In any case, the potential strength of the religious school now goes almost for nought.

One might have hoped that religious men within the secular colleges might by their understanding and their leadership have restored to American universities a chance for a living and critical experience of religion. It is true that the Danforth Foundation, the National Council for Religion in Higher Education, and other groups are trying to favor the presence in our universities of talented religious men. But the strident tones of Fathers Feeney and Halton, and of William F. Buckley, Jr.'s essays and talks have sometimes soured the air. And for decades there have been too few men, at once intellectual and religious and wise on the campuses. Vast empty spaces seem to surround the Niebuhrs and the Tillichs. The churches are filled with worshipers but intelligence has fled from the ranks of religion. Who or what can bring it back?

What, then, is the place of God in our colleges? The basic human experiences that remind man that he is not a machine, and not merely a temporary cog in a technological civilization, are not fostered within the university. God is as irrelevant in the universities as in business organizations; but so are love, death, personal destiny. Religion can thrive only in a personal universe; religious faith, hope, and love are personal responses to a personal God. But how can the immense question of a personal God even be posed and made relevant when fundamental questions about the meaning and limits of personal experience are evaded?

"God is dead. . . . What are these churches if they are not the tombs and sepulchers of God?" Nietzsche asked. But much of Western humanism is dead too. Men do not wander under the silent stars, listen to the wind, learn to know themselves, question, "Where am I going? Why am I here?" They leave aside the mysteries of contingency and transitoriness, for the certainties of research, production, consumption. So that it is nearly possible to say: "Man is dead. . . . What are these buildings, these tunnels, these roads, if they are not the tombs and sepulchers of man?"

God, if there is a God, is not dead. He will come back to the colleges, when man comes back.

Harper's Magazine, October 1961

WHAT THEY'LL DIE FOR IN HOUSTON

MARJORIE K. MCCORQUODALE

Not, as it turns out, for very much. In fact this picture of the drifting apathy of many students confirms the worst suspicions voiced by Messrs. Jencks, Glazer, and Novak in their articles in this supplement. But Mrs. McCorquodale shows how a fresh experiment has opened up new possibilities. Formerly on the staff of the Houston "Post"—and Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Texas in 1951—she earned her Ph.D. in English at the University of Texas in 1956.

The University of Houston is a big city college. Its nineteen buildings, most of them steel and concrete, squat heavily on the 150 acres now in use, constantly devouring and spewing out approximately 12,000 students and 600 faculty members. A thin shell of apartment houses and residences surrounds the university area; beyond is industrial Houston.

Many students at the university work by day and go to school at night. The average age runs from eighteen to twenty-two, but many are older. Only a few come to college already stirred by intellectual curiosity. And only a few are touched by the desire to know for the sake of knowing once they arrive. All rejoice, however, that in 1963 the university will be a part of the state system. A student's tuition then will drop to $50 a semester from its present level of $275 or $300.

What do these students think they are paying for? The question must puzzle every teacher, and I have wondered about it since I started teaching English at the University of Texas. There, and later at Houston, I found myself dissatisfied with the responses my students were making when I assigned them freshman themes. Our personal relations were amicable enough and the students seemed to get on well with each other, but when asked to deal with any abstract idea or assigned theme, no matter what the subject, their writing was curiously apathetic and perfunctory.

Attempting to get at the root of this, I prepared a questionnaire:

1. Why are you attending the university?
2. Are you satisfied with your situation? If not, in what way would you like to change it?
3. Is there anything you would be willing to die for? If so, what is it?

For the last five years I have handed out this questionnaire to my students to be answered and then returned unsigned. It seems likely that the answers are close to the students' actual feelings. And until this past year they have been an altogether depressing lot.

To the first question, the students replied with horrifying unanimity that they were in school to "learn how to get along with people." Some variation of this sentiment, often using the very same words, was to be found in every paper. The goal of their university life was to make friends or to improve their social status, or to get a better job—certainly not to acquaint themselves with books or ideas. They merely wanted the symbol of learning, an academic degree, without the learning it signifies. Their answers made me wonder if we were educating a nation of salesmen—but salesmen who, since they knew nothing or almost nothing, really had nothing to sell.

The answers to the second question were almost equally uniform. More than anything else, students said, they wanted "to be safe."

What would make them feel safe? They told me that "security" meant a family, a home, a car, and a permanent job. They were what Paul Tillich calls worshipers of the Idol of Security. They did not ask for adventurous work, chal-

lenging work, nor even highly paid work—just secure work. They wanted nine-to-five work with the express conviction that at five minutes after five their "real life" would begin.

As freshmen they were stirred by no intellectual curiosity nor by any large discontent with the world's ways. They were motivated by a pathetic desire to please everyone; the changes they would like to make were not in the world but in themselves. They did not want to alter their unworthy character traits—but rather to reassemble their personalities into an acceptable pattern; they wanted to become "like other people," to be indistinguishable from the group. They were "yes" students. (How I longed during those years for an occasional resounding "No!")

After these answers, the replies to question three were inevitable. They could not, they said, think of anything worth dying for. Nothing at all.

THE WATCHERS

I was anxious to know more about this "real life" that would begin for them when their working hours were over—the life that began, perhaps, each day when school was over. At the close of the semester, I assigned my students to write a paper entitled "My Style of Life." They were asked to write about their characteristic activities—not their dreams or wishes but what they characteristically did each day. Their own answers astonished them.

Their "real life" consisted in doing nothing energetically and doing it in a totally routine way. Their "real world" is a sham, for in the main they were living in it only vicariously. They were spectators. They looked rather indifferently at football, baseball, or whatever sport was in season, yet their enthusiasm by no means matched that of the alumni; they turned on television; they listened to music over the radio; they went to movies; they drove their cars here and there; they were watchers.

Above all, there was no bridge for them between their world and the world of abstract ideas; they did not generalize even about their own experience. Their learning, except for such facts as "Columbus discovered America in 1492," seemed to them a total waste of time for they made no connection between the world of ideas they encountered at school or in reading and the "real world" they lived in. Although many of them described themselves as religious, the abyss between the general and the particular applied here also. For most of the students, religion was merely a form appropriate to Sunday, and Sunday only. They saw no implications for their own lives in anything they read. The one or two students in each class to which these statements did not apply sparkled out against the dull background of their slumbering companions.

It seems apparent that students are apathetic and indifferent to the world of ideas because they are not interested in discovering the theory behind an experience. But I found that they were good at memorizing facts, having learned in high school to give back on their papers the verbatim words of the textbook or teacher.

It comes as something of a shock for such students to discover in their sophomore year that the writers we study are saying something about the real world—that, for example, the wanderings of Holden Caulfield in J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* can actually relate to the quests and dilemmas of their own lives. Unfortunately, it cannot be said with confidence that many students progress even that far.

When my questionnaires came back to me this year, I found that the answers had taken a small turn for the better. For example, fifteen of my 133 regular students replied to the question, "Why are you in the university?" with the simple answer, "to learn." Other answers ranged up and down the utilitarian scale from, "I need a degree to get a raise," or, "College men are competing for my job," to the statement, "I'm here because all my friends are going to college."

How would they change things? They would like more money to spend; or they would like two cars instead of one. This year, however, more students have an idea of what they want to do with their lives. They know, at least, that they do not wish to live out the same pattern of life as their parents. Like young Herman Melville trying vainly in Liverpool to find the landmarks noted on his father's map, today's students find the world changed, the old landmarks gone. And this year some wrote: "I would die for my family." One gets the feeling that they are acknowledging that this is the price one must pay for what Riesman calls "an island of security," a family: one must be willing to die for it.

There was another new and insistent note in the papers this year: the implication that students are seeking something to which they can commit their lives, something worth living for as well as worth dying for. This longing for commitment may account for the success of various patriotic and pseudo-patriotic organizations in the Houston area in recruiting college students as members.

Looking over the papers I became convinced hat there were signs in them of a more mature pproach to learning and life among the stu- ents. This is not to say that even the most romising writers showed much autonomy in heir ideas—they were highly suggestible, chang- g like weathervanes under the influence of heir friends or of some stray notion. But a de- sion to commit oneself to anything at all in- icates the beginnings of courage, willingness to sk mistakes, desire to take some action. The ost recent responses from the students gave me ope that an awakening of a kind may be taking lace among some of them.

FIERCELY LOYAL LEARNERS

To one group at the University of Houston, most of what I have said does not apply. hese are the members of a special interdisci- linary honors program started three years ago, ith the aim of providing an intensive and eaningful four-year curriculum for a specially lected group of students. Only freshmen with perior high-school and entrance-examination cords were allowed to apply, and those chosen ere picked because they impressed faculty inter- iewers with a desire for an education which ould be broader and deeper than that provided y the usual courses.

The students all studied a core curriculum— eveloped by an interdepartmental faculty com- ittee—which consisted of world literature, merican literature, history, logic, political sci- nce, a language, and a science. Those of us ho teach the courses try to relate our subject atter to the other disciplines; above all, the im is to avoid treating knowledge as if it ere a series of pigeonholes and to emphasize he ways in which the same experiences and leas can be approached from several points of iew. For instance, in studying the traditions of Naturalism this year, my students were assigned lections from the works of Darwin, Huxley, pencer, Malthus, Marx, Schopenhauer, Taine, nd Zola. Working in pairs, they prepared essays n each of these writers, and went on to read rane and Dreiser, seeking to relate the novels o the ideas they had recently encountered. From he freshman through the senior years, a two- our colloquium meets each week to discuss the nterrelations of the various studies under way.

In contrast to the general run of undergradu- tes, the honors students are not at all baffled y the relation of theory and ideas to their own ived experience. On the contrary, they gen- eralize quickly from their readings, see implica- tions for their own lives everywhere. They are not, I should make clear, the easiest group to teach, being obstreperous, argumentative, and questioning. Consequently, they are a delight- fully challenging group to be with—it does not take them long to learn that mere memorization will earn them a poor grade.

The honors group sets itself quite apart from the other college students by its *esprit de corps* and enterprise. For the first two years they have most of their classes together and thus they be- come a closely knit group. They take the initia- tive in arranging faculty or student panels to discuss problems that interest them. They organize their own sports, picnics, chess games, dances, swimming parties. They display a fierce loyalty to each other when anything from the "outside" threatens one of them. Challenged with a tougher program than most students, they work much harder and more willingly. And they have shown a gratifying ability to act on their own. In my courses, for instance, I introduce them to the art and theatre facilities of Houston, which are considerable. No further prodding is needed—they go their own way to concerts and galleries. And, most crucial of all, they are mov- ing along their own lines of interest in their intellectual lives, choosing their future fields of activity on the basis of what they like to do, not on what will make them the most money.

These students are not the withdrawn book- worms some might expect. They are particularly interested in world affairs and quickly form opinions on controversial questions. In fact, if a question is not controversial, they are not much interested. Who cares, they say, to explore the obvious?

Certainly their reactions are anything but pre- dictable, and here the contrast with the usual undergraduate is the greatest of all. It is the Chinese girl in the program, for example, who is most firmly opposed to the integration of Negroes and whites in the schools; the most poetic writer in the class is also the best mathematician, and sees a problem in mathematics in terms of poetic form.

THESE, then, are some of the techniques and results that have come out of the short experi- ment at Houston. For someone who has taught in the ordinary classrooms at this urban univer- sity, they have been a telling demonstration indeed of what can happen when the usual bar- riers of the departments—and the usual apathetic atmosphere of the classroom—are swept away and

a personal effort is made with students who want very much to learn. Of course the experiment has not been an unqualified success. The methods we are now using to select students for the special program are less than satisfactory: we have to ask half of each class to leave the program either because of inadequate performance or because of other factors that might have been anticipated if our selection process had been better. And we realize that a great deal more can be done. This year we admitted twenty-five students to the honors program, out of an entering class of 1,400.

As might be expected, the answers to the questionnaires which have come from the honors program students have been very different from those of the regular students.

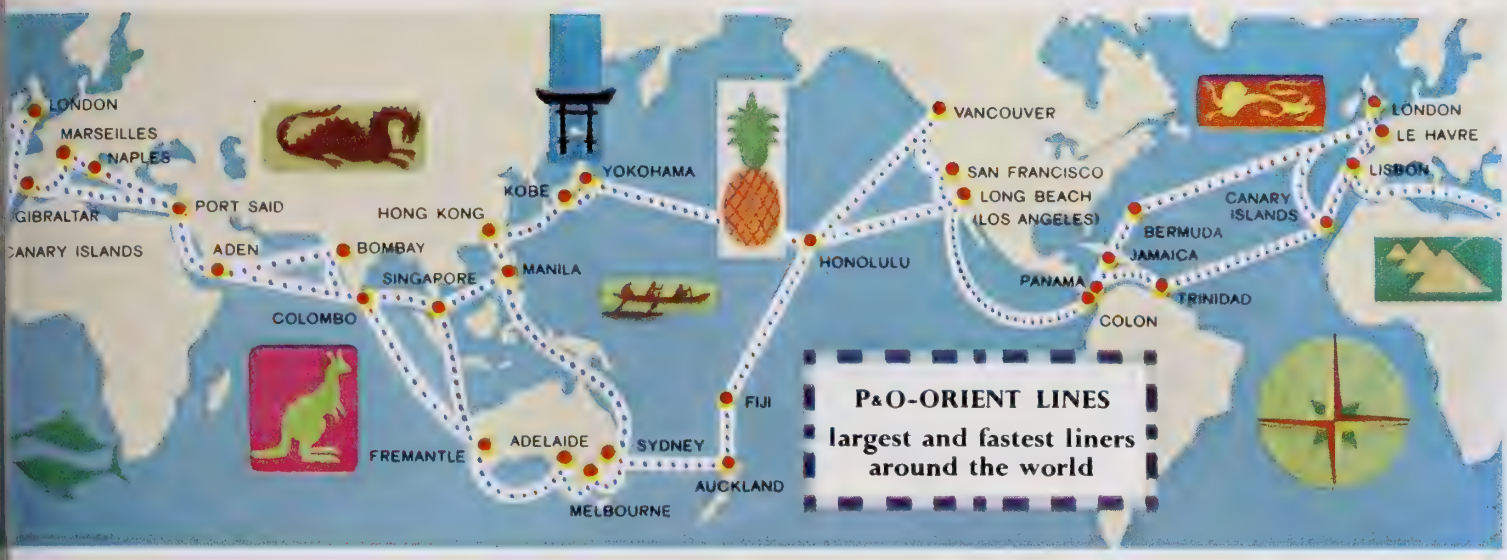
These students were, they said, attending the university to learn. One boy said he was attending the university "to find out what there is to learn." They would change a good many things if they could, they reported, but they would not like everything to be perfect, because then there would be nothing to do. Movement and change are essential to an interesting life, they said, expressing this idea in several different ways, but always making clear their dislike of attempts to bring back the past and their dislike of a static universe.

What would they die for? A principle they believed in—if they could not live for it and work to bring it into concrete being. They would risk death, a good many said, for their own freedom, and even for that of others, and they thoughtfully considered what is meant by freedom.

Some of the answers of the honors group have struck me as close, in their sense of concern, to one of the more impressive statements I received. This was written by Shimon Kushnir, an Israeli sophomore who was enrolled in the regular college course, but whose ideas had been formed in a very different culture from that of his fellow students. In answer to the final question, he wrote:

> To be willing to die for, should be a good reason. I myself faced death sentence just by being a member of the underground in Israel before the creation of the state in the time of the British mandate.
>
> Comparing the situation in Israel and observing the American people, I found out that for a person to be willing to die for something he has to
>
> (1) know what he is going to die for,
>
> (2) understand the concept of the thing he is going to die for,
>
> (3) know the real value of this thing,
>
> (4) be educated for appreciation of this thing.
>
> As a bachelor I have no family to protect, but my country in a state of freedom is a thing worth dying for.





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ARTICLES

33 **How to Destroy the Churches,** *Edmond Cahn*
40 **The Game of Words,** *Louis B. Salomon*
43 **The Comeback of the State Department,** *Joseph Kraft*
51 **Howard University: Campus and Cause,** *Milton Viorst*
61 **Private Eye to Industry,** *Morton M. Hunt*
73 **Henri Cartier-Bresson on the Art of Photography,** *An illustrated interview by Yvonne Baby*
79 **India Experiments with Sterilization,** *Rowland Evans, Jr.*
89 **The Last Summer,** *David Howarth*
94 **Up to Our Necks in Soft, White Suds,** *Maya Pines*

FICTION

68 **In the Company of Runners,** *Richard Rogin*

VERSE

39 **The Daily Globe,** *Howard Nemerov*
50 **Rival,** *Phyllis Rose*
93 **To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Triumph,** *Anne Sexton*

DEPARTMENTS

4 **Letters**
12 **The Editor's Easy Chair**—A HOPEFUL LETTER TO FOWLER HAMILTON, *John Fischer*
26 **After Hours,** *J. A. Maxtone Graham*
98 **Public & Personal**—THE NEW IRRESPONSIBLES, *William S. White*
109 **The New Books,** *Paul Pickrel*
124 **The Master Journalist of American Fiction,** *Louis Auchincloss*
128 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*
133 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Martin Rosenzweig; 26, N. M. Bodecker; James Frankfort; 51, Walter Ferro; 68, 70, 72, Ed Young; 7 photos by Henri Cartier-Bresson; 89, 91, Tony Buonpas 94-97, Robert Osborn.

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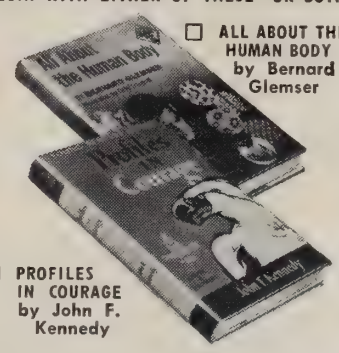
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LETTERS

Urbanites in Arms

To the Editors:

"Violence in the City Streets" [Jane Jacobs, September] should be read by all architects, planners, and government officials who are concerned with the future of our cities. Mrs. Jacobs . . . understands basic human nature and how people interact. This kind of understanding should underlie all city planning if we are to create a livable environment for people. . . .

Philip Will, Jr., Pres.
American Institute of Architects
Chicago, Ill.

As a city planner, I object strenuously to Mrs. Jacobs' article . . . when she says, "One of the main tenets of planners is that the Plan should anticipate everything and then permit no changes." . . . Whatever her motive, the result is defamation, derogation, and misrepresentation of the character and beliefs of American professional planning.

James E. Lee
Planning Director
Quincy, Mass.

There has grown up a kind of orthodoxy about housing and urban renewal in cities. . . . Some of the leaders in this field fail now to recognize that it is time for new thought. It is important that there are people like Jane Jacobs who have the brains and courage to point out that the "king is wearing no clothes." I know that this has enraged many housing people who perhaps feel that existing governmental programs somehow will be impaired. Not at all. If such programs are not redirected they may not be saved at all.

John V. Lindsay
Member of Congress, N. Y.
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Jacobs does not really hide the fact that she is describing Marlboro Houses, a Brooklyn development with open corridors, referred to by her as "Blenheim" Houses. Her allegation that the development has "a fearsome problem of vandalism and scandalous behavior" is utterly without foundation. Her other statements about the project are also completely untrue.

William Reid, Chairman
New York City Housing Authority
New York, N. Y.

An official report on the Marlbo Houses balconies, from William Pou son, Chief of the Brooklyn and Quee Housing Division, and Harold Ginsbu Manager of the project, dated Augu 14, 1958, says: "Vandalism in these thr buildings is more frequent than in o conventional seven (7) story building . . . This is due to the attraction f teen-agers to these buildings because the night time lighting on the balconi The lights can be seen from a great di tance. There is much loitering in fi exit stairs, writing on walls, etc."

Early in 1959 I telephoned Mr. Gir burg, and he amplified the account the project's troubles in that convers tion. I took careful and accurate not and subsequently used this material du ing a meeting with the three housir commissioners (Mr. Reid was presen the Authority's general manager, its chi architect, and several of its architectur consultants. Nobody denied the fac which were the same as presented my article. Mr. Reid's letter is a mo revealing illustration of one of the d tressing characteristics of the Authorit an apparent preference for trying talk away—or even conceal—grave a destructive situations rather than to fa up to them and to what they mean.

Jane Jaco
New York, N.

Jane Jacobs' outstanding article rin of truth. . . . "Sound planning" is base on unsound theory. When put to t empirical test, it hatches three new a expensive problems for each old one proposes to resolve. Mrs. Jacobs und stands this perhaps more precisely th anyone else in the field. . . .

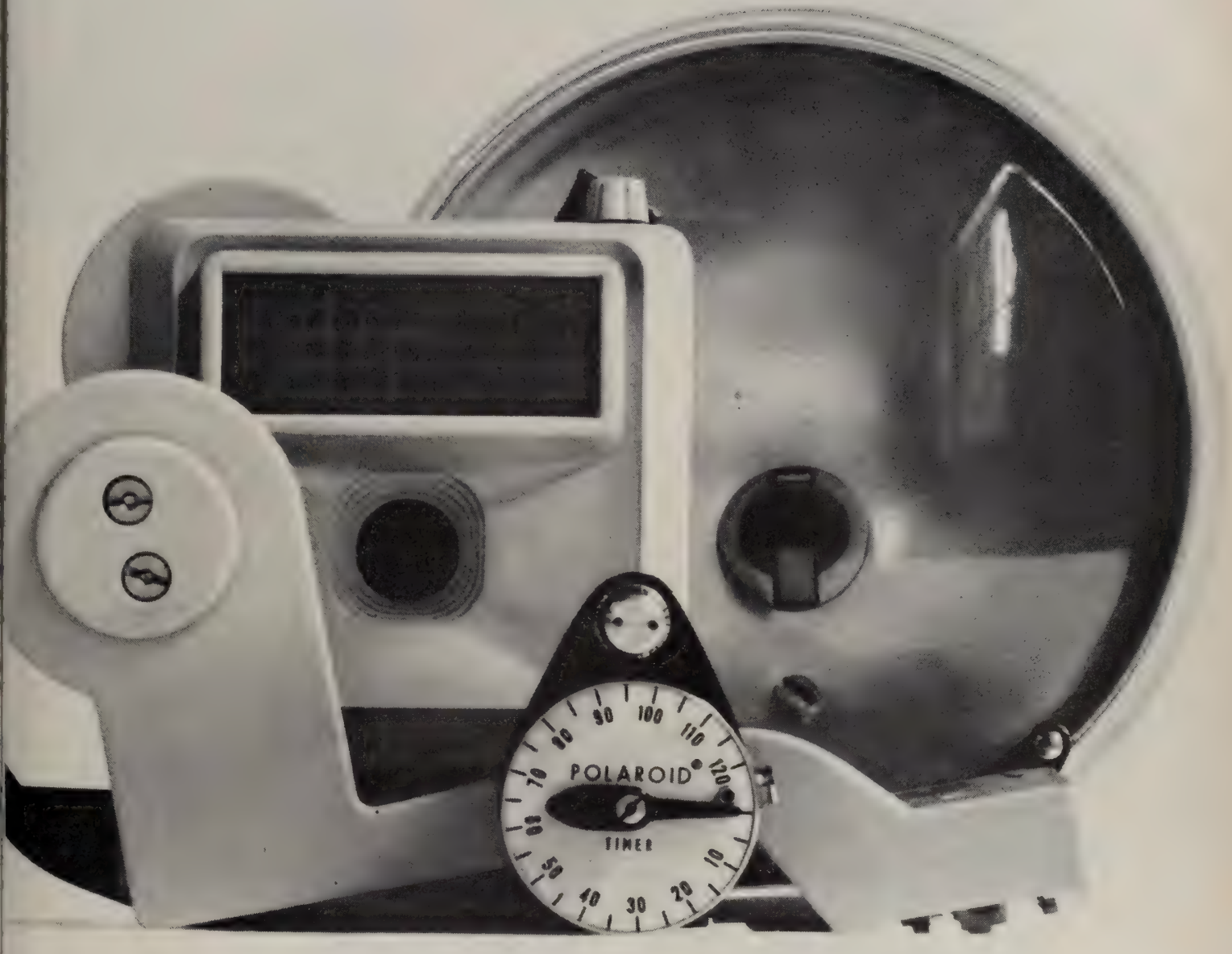
Very Rev. Msgr. John J. Eg
Archdiocesan Conservation Coun
Chicago, I

Aboriginal Eatin

To the Editors:

I found Eugene Burdick's "The I visible Aborigine" [September] fascin ting. I am completely puzzled, howeve by Mr. Burdick's obvious revulsion the aborigine's eating habits, partic larly in his eating of the dead body a kangaroo. I myself find nothing sava in this, but perhaps my experien since I am a woman, has been mo savage than Mr. Burdick's.

I have spent many a winter afternoo just before Thanksgiving, ripping o (with ten bloody fingers) the entrails a turkey and then chopping them in



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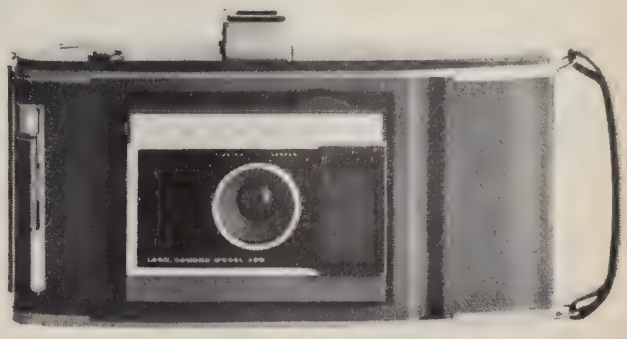
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bits with sharp knives, to be served to innocent Mr. Burdicks next day as "giblets." I have cut living oysters to bit and combined them with bread, to stuff into the turkey, before taking needle and thread and sewing the skin together across the dead body. . . . Our eating habits differ not a jot from Idje's. But as Mr. Burdick remarked, "the civilized nose must deny it."

HELENE HANFF
New York, N. Y.

Industrial Lure

TO THE EDITORS:

I found "Money Bait" [Easy Chair, September] most interesting and I don't think John Fischer was overly optimistic about North Carolina. This Research Triangle [of Chapel Hill, Durham, and Raleigh] has a great future, and its location near the three colleges is of great value.

LUTHER H. HODGES
Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

Let me add . . . the name of North Carolina State College at Raleigh, the third point of a Triangle in which is contained three nationally prominent educational institutions, all of which are renowned for their formidable research activities. The last named is an outstanding technological college with a staff and facilities which attract students from around the world. . . .

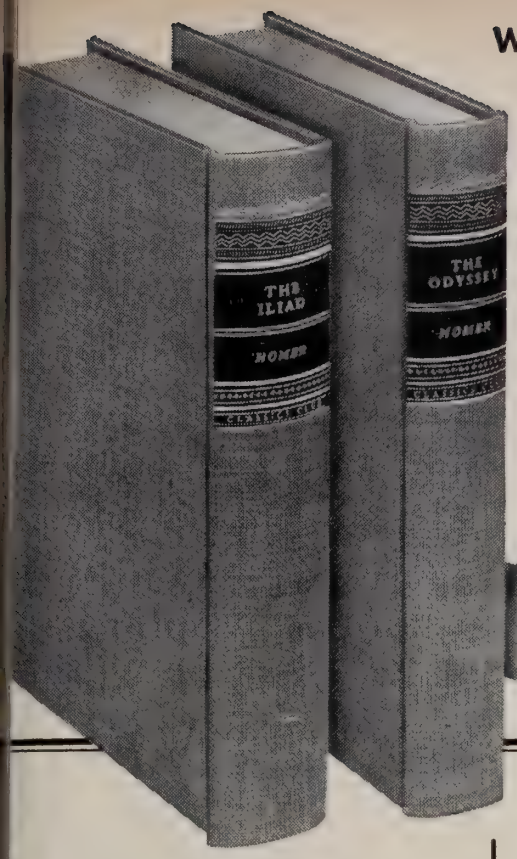
In addition to corporate research facilities, the Research Triangle Institute, a nonprofit organization formed to operate facilities for research in a wide variety of disciplines, has attained an annual volume of research in excess of $1 million.

We have a Regional Planning Commission already at work to solve the urbanization problems attendant on the full development of the Triangle area. In the Research Triangle, we believe we have a dramatic symbol of North Carolina's determination to move to the forefront of our nation's scientific effort.

TERRY SANFORD
Governor of North Carolina
Raleigh, N. C.

In our budget presentation to the Legislature last year . . . we were fortunate to be able to show that the National Bureau of Standards located in Boulder partly because of the University of Colorado. We were also able to show that the National Center for Atmospheric Research was established this year in Boulder because of the University's High Altitude Observatory. . . . These two installations alone in the years ahead will make a tremendous contribu-

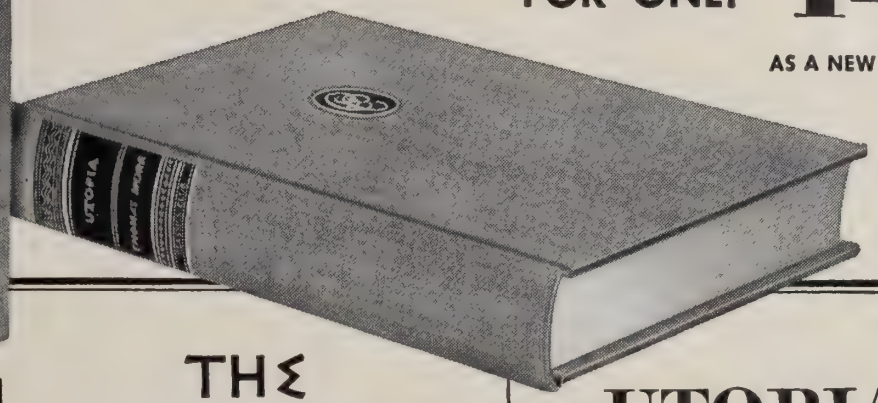
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If you're an investor or thinking of becoming one, may we urge you to take a leaf from Montaigne's book? Be skeptical. Avoid buying securities on tips and rumors. Know all you can about a company before you invest in it. And be willing to change your mind and your portfolio whenever circumstances dictate a change. Remember Montaigne's inscription for his library: "I do not understand; I pause; I examine."

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tion not only to the economy of the State but also to its intellectual life. . . .

QUIGG NEWTON, Pres.
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colo.

Naturally we disagree with Mr. Fischer when he wonders how anybody could create either a great university or an enticing environment in Kansas. Most Kansans . . . already believe the state has several institutions of stature . . . in such fields as nuclear engineering, agriculture, law, aeronautical engineering, printing technology, medicine, home economics, and many other fields. In the field of psychiatry, few, if any, states can match the wealth and quality of professional teaching talent. In looking at history, Kansas has pioneered more social legislation than any other state.

As for the Kansas weather, let Mr. Fischer lay down his *Grapes of Wrath* and rub the dust of the 'thirties out of his eyes. With our invigorating four seasons, we really feel sorry for the Californians 90 per cent of the time.

JOHN H. STICHER, Dir.
Kansas Industrial Development Commission
Topeka, Kans.

Peace Corps Goals

TO THE EDITORS:

In "The Peace Corps' Secret Mission" [September], Benjamin DeMott concludes that Peace Corps trainees "need to hear of the . . . vital task . . . of sowing democratic habits." I object to the assumption that . . . the communities we shall be aiding do not already contain the seeds of a democracy. . . . The Ghanaians have a long history of democratic tradition. The structure of their tribal societies is based upon the consent of the people in political, religious, and social situations. Each member learns to participate in a culture with a system of values satisfying to the group involved. The American idea of citizenship is not a new concept.

MERYL BLAU
Peace Corps Volunteer
Cape Coast, Ghana

In his excellent article, Mr. DeMott . . . explains the underlying concept of Community Development. . . . To administer its project in East Pakistan the Peace Corps has selected The Experiment in International Living precisely because of [its] thirty years of experience in fostering the democratic ideas of community action. . . . A special faculty . . . is currently training thirty volunteers for two months at a rate of ten hours daily, six days a week. . . . After arriving in East Pakistan . . . each Peace Corps Volunteer will live for three weeks with a separate family to absorb the Pakistani way of life, and all will take a three-week course especially prepared for them by the Pakistan Academy for Village Development.

As Peace Corps projects move into the field, I hope that Mr. DeMott will continue his needed service of examining the Peace Corps concept and of interpreting it sensitively to the American public.

F. REED ALVORD
Project Administrator
Peace Corps-Experiment in International Living, East Pakistan Project
Putney, Vt.

Poetic Songfest

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert Lowell's versions of "Seven Poems by Boris Pasternak" [September] are revealing and exciting, a real songfest. . . .

LOUISE E. HOFER
Worthington, O.

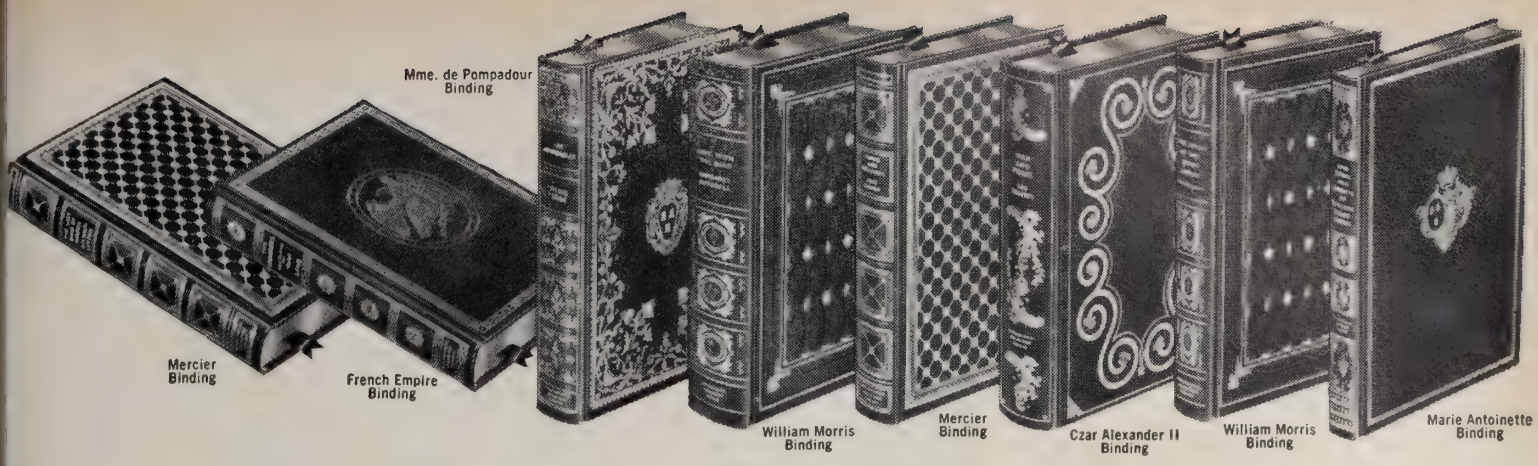
I have long been peeved by the lack of content in modern verse. As long as its form is satisfactory to the poet and the tasters, content has seemed to be unimportant. The content in John Updike's "Vermont" [July] is fallacious. Because the mountain pastures are growing up, he assumes that the dairy industry is in a decline. It is not. It is prospering. . . . Our dairy farmers are the best in the country . . . good enough so that a Vermont farmer sends his children to college from land on which an Iowa or Wisconsin farmer would go bankrupt. And then there's that question of the slavering bear. . . . The density of bear population is in the south not the north. If ever the state should be left to its primeval condition, those bears would be working their way north. . . .

SENATOR RALPH E. FLANDERS
Springfield, Vt.

Compulsory Health

TO THE EDITORS:

Would that life in public health were as simple as Mr. Engel describes it in "Why We Don't Wipe Out Polio" [September]. All it would take to get rid of polio, syphilis, and rabies is the enactment of a few laws, the establishment of free clinics, and the appointment of health officers with guts. Unfortunately this idea . . . makes the traditional mistake of using availability and acceptability as synonymous terms. In our area there are all the laws and all the free clinics one can wish, and yet the biggest gaps in immunizations occur among the impoverished groups to whose very



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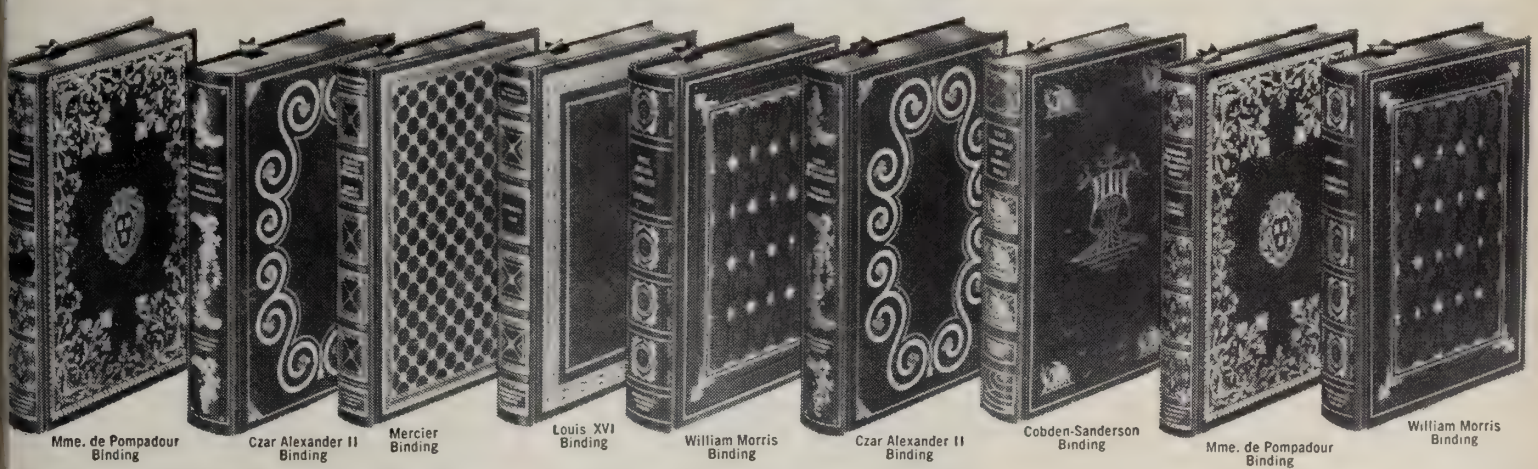
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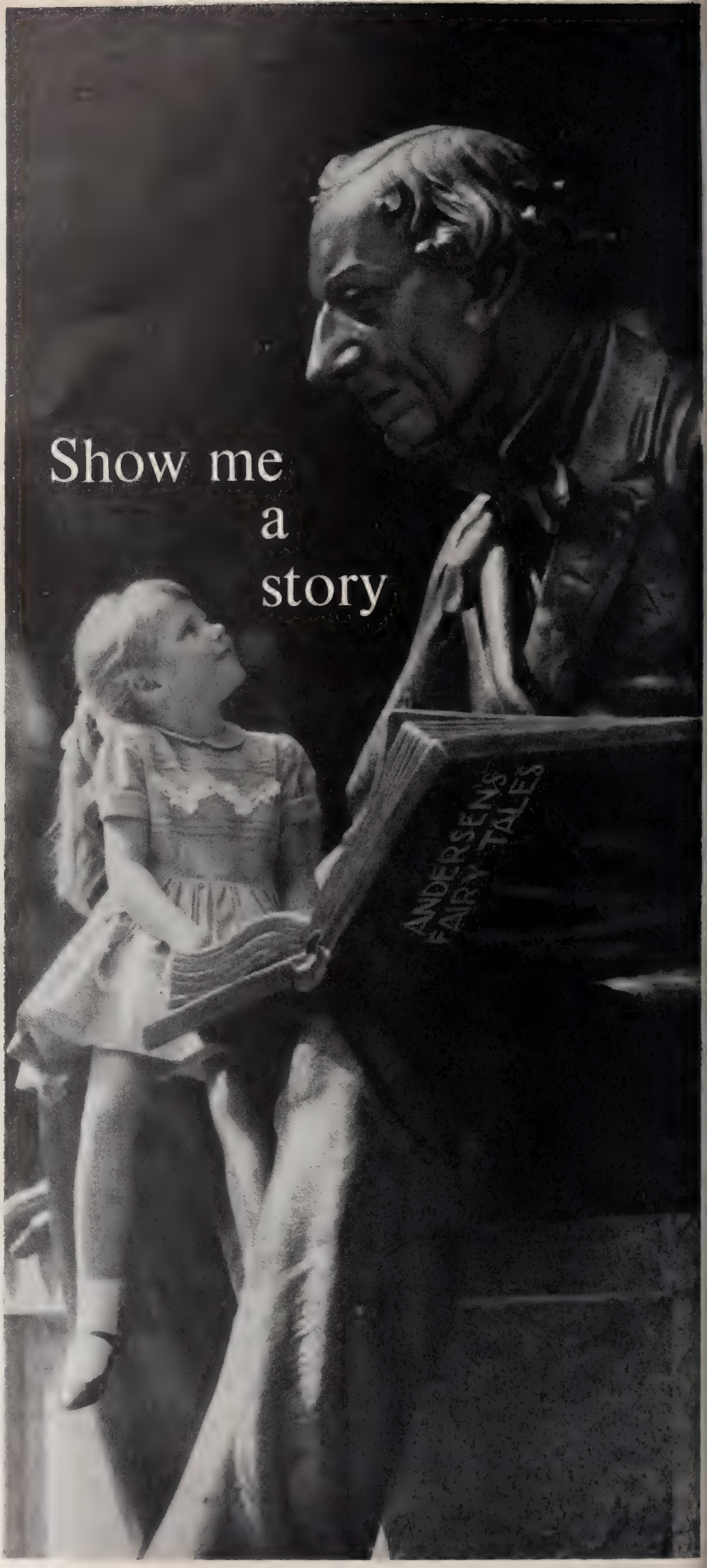
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Some Television Programs of Special Interest . . . In November

"Little Lost Sheep"
Hans Conried and Arlene Francis in an original comedy.
Wednesday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

"Al Smith"
Biographical study of The Happy Warrior.
Sunday, November 5 (6-6:30 PM)

"Danny Kaye Show"
Monday, November 6 (9-10 PM)

"Moment of Decision"
Fred Astaire and Maureen O'Sullivan in a drama of suspense.
Tuesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

"Circle Theatre"
Documentary drama on fraudulent charities.
Wednesday, November 8 (10-11 PM)

"The Face of Spain"
Chet Huntley reports on the work, life, and leisure of the Spanish people.
Tuesday, November 14 (10-11 PM)

"Close-Up!"
Two-part study of Berlin and East Germany.
Tuesday, November 14, 28. (10:30-11 PM)

"Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait"
Paintings, drawings, and *mises en scène* from Van Gogh's life. Lee J. Cobb reads from his letters; narration by Martin Gabel.
Friday, November 17 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Valley of Shangri-La"
Isolated mountain kingdom in Kashmir.
Monday, November 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving"
Charlton Heston and Dick Button in a Currier and Ives setting.
Tuesday, November 21 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 23
(10 AM-12; 10:30-12)

"General Ulysses S. Grant"
A Project 20 historical essay.
Friday, November 24 (8:30-9 PM)

"Crossing the Threshold"
Diary of a hypothetical flight in orbit.
Friday, November 24, (9-10:30 PM)

"Victoria Regina"
Julie Harris and James Donald star.
Thursday, November 30 (9:30-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom: Modern Algebra; American Government
	College of the Air: The New Biology
Mondays:	Expedition!
Wednesdays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Thursdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness
	Frank McGee's Here & Now
Saturdays:	Update
	Accent
Sundays:	Camera Three
	Washington Conversation
	Directions '62
	Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Issues and Answers
	Patterns in Music
	Wisdom
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	The Twentieth Century
	Meet the Press
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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LETTERS

doorstep we are attempting to bring the service. . . .

It is quite true that syphilis . . . control efforts are sometimes hampered by the reluctance of private physicians to report to the health department; but it is also true that this situation can be corrected where the health officer plays an active role in his medical society and shows that he is a physician and man, not a paper shuffler and a mouse such as Mr. Engel's friend in New York.

Herbert Bauer, M.D., Pres.
California Conference of
Local Health Officers
Davis, Calif.

I did not suggest that effective public health work is simple. I said it requires imagination and courage to urge strong public-health measures where these are necessary. The health officer who said that public-health officers today are "trained to be mice" is neither mouse nor paper shuffler. He is an M.D. and professionally trained public-health specialist who has long held a key public-health post.

Leonard Engel
Larchmont, N.Y.

Leonard Engel's article also mentions rabies. He says that "not a single state . . . requires immunization of its dog population." West Virginia, at one time a hotbed of rabies, for several years has required the mandatory vaccination of all dogs against this disease. . . . Twenty years ago . . . it was not unusual to see several cases in one week. During the last few years not a single case of rabies has been observed. All of which proves Mr. Engel's point.

Harry J. Fallon, D.V.M.
Sec., W. Va. Veterinary Medical Assoc.
Huntington, W. Va.

Pay for the Jobless

To the Editors:

Seth Levine is right [in "How to Play the Unemployment-insurance Game," August]. To collect unemployment insurance benefits while working is illegal. But he appears to condone collusive employer fraud. If "Henry Smith" refused on-the-record work, the clear duty of the superintendent and his employer was to notify us so benefit payments could be halted. Mr. Levine suggests such collusion is commonplace. But thieves fall out. Our staff knows where to look for fraud. Last year, 364 cases were prosecuted and 362 convictions were secured with penalties as high as a year in jail and fines of several hundred dollars.

Mr. Levine says the requirement that benefit claimants conduct an active search for work is a "dead letter." The fact: About 200,000 claimants a year are denied benefits in New York state because of inadequate job-hunting.

"No one today," says Mr. Levine, "believes it is better to earn a dollar than to collect one." The fact: About 40 per cent of all claimants wait a week or more before seeking benefits; 20 per cent wait four weeks or more, and the average 1960 claimant dropped out after 13.3 weeks, although 26 weeks are possible.

Mr. Levine says State Employment Service representatives should be canvassing employers for jobs but he has never seen one. The fact: In 1960 New York State Employment Service interviewers found and filled 807,502 jobs in business and industry. Mr. Levine says most businessmen regard the State Employment Service as a source of unskilled labor. The fact: In 1960, businessmen filled—through NYSES—164,000 skilled and semi-skilled jobs.

The state has conducted hundreds of unemployment-insurance workshops for employer organizations; it provides every employer with a comprehensive handbook which outlines every known legitimate method of holding down unemployment costs; and it offers expert consultant services on successful hiring, employment and turnover-control techniques.

Alfred L. Green, Exec. Dir.
State of New York Dept. of Labor
Division of Employment
New York, N. Y.

Punitive measures alone will not engender understanding and acceptance of law. My major purpose in writing the article was to spur a more extensive educational program among workers as to the nature and purpose of the unemployment insurance laws. Mr. Green's Division has published an excellent Claimant's Booklet of Information explaining what unemployment insurance is and is not. The job now is to get this information across to more and more workers.

Seth Levine
New York, N. Y.

A House Divided

To the Editors:

With pleasure I followed the *vitello tonnato* to and fro via station wagon [in "On Both Your Houses," September]. Sylvia Wright left me thinking about another vital issue: What does she do about her subscriptions to *Harper's*? One for each house, of course. What does she do for reading on the way between houses when the station wagon is delayed by traffic tie-ups? Does Miss Wright dash out to the newsstand or has she an extra station-wagon subscription?

Dorothy B. Hansen
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

JOHN FISCHER

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A Hopeful Letter to Fowler Hamilton

"Why should we pay taxes when we can always get more money from the Americans?"

A wealthy landowner of Nepal, quoted in *Time*, February 3, 1961

Dear Fowler:

As a taxpayer, I was delighted to hear that you will be taking over the job of running our foreign-aid program.

For one thing, I know you are a hard man. When we started working together on that intelligence operation back during the war, I found that a certain gaiety of manner was, in your case, the cover for a streak of tungsten-carbide ruthlessness. It was useful then, and it will be even more welcome now. Like a lot of other bled-pale taxpayers, I need a hard man to protect me—from that non-taxpayer in Nepal and millions of leeches like him all over the world.

Moreover, as the head of the new Agency for International Development, you will be taking on what may well be the toughest management job in the world. You inherit a staff which is, in many places, badly demoralized, cluttered with deadwood, and not at all sure what it is supposed to be doing. As usual, the Civil Service rules will make it nearly impossible for you to get rid of the lead-bottoms, the soft touches, and the woolly-headed; but I think I know how you will cope with that. Within a couple of weeks a lot of these characters are likely to find themselves assigned to posts in the hottest, smelliest swamps that Assam and West Africa can provide; if they don't resign, they can stay there till they die of amoebic dysentery, malaria, and dhobie's itch.

But these administrative details will, of course, be the least of your problems. What makes me really cheerful about your appointment is the fact that you have had a good deal of experience in economic warfare. You will know how to use foreign aid as a weapon.

So long as you use it that way—as the best weapon we have in the not-so-cold war that we'll be fighting for so long as anybody can see into the future—then I'm pretty sure that most taxpayers will be willing to give you whatever money you need, for as long as you need it. But if you fritter it away for other purposes—to prop up shaky dictators, for example, or in a heart-warming effort to abolish poverty where poverty is inevitable—then you will have an eruption on your hands. If I read the seismograph correctly, the public's annoyance with that kind of waste has just about reached the explosion point.

For some of your predecessors didn't know just what they were meant to accomplish with all that money. Buy friendship? Strengthen allies? Feed everybody who is hungry? Undermine the Soviet empire? Carry out a Senator's pet project? Industrialize Africa? Arm Vietnamese guerrillas? Clinch a few doubtful votes in the United Nations? Since in recent years the White House seldom specified precise objectives, the poor administrators tended to dribble out the cash for a little of everything. Usually with no strings attached. That has been the No. 1 fetish—for we were never, never meant to "interfere with the internal affairs" of the countries who got our money. Even when everybody knew that El Presidente was a thief, we dared not insult him by asking for a look at the books.

From your past performance, I'm fairly certain you won't operate that way. Wall Street people tell me you are a tough negotiator. And I know you are sophisticated enough to realize that everything America does (or doesn't do) in the way of foreign aid is going to interfere with somebody's internal affairs. So I trust you will abandon our traditional hypocrisy, tie a chain on every dime—and yank hard if it isn't spent in the clearly defined interests of the United States.

That will offend a lot of our benefactees, of course, especially the so-called neutral nations. Don't let that give you gray hairs. We have worried too much about what they think of us; let them worry a while about what *we* think of *them*. Besides they have finally taught us—notably at their Belgrade conference—that being nice to them gets us nowhere. What does influence them is (a) greed and (b) fear. The more

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There is much to say about each of these beauties and we shall go into them individually in subsequent advertisements. Enough for now to know that you may buy them filled with any one of three Paul Masson California Champagnes: Brut, Extra Dry, or Pink; or with Sparkling Burgundy.

If you thirst after information and must have it now, we will be pleased to send you an attractive booklet if you write us at Saratoga, California. It is loaded with lore but then so are we; 109 this year.



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

Russia bullies them, the lower they kow-tow. You will, I am sure, draw the appropriate conclusion.

I also hope you will tell us a good deal more about where our money goes, and why.

Yugoslavia, for instance. The billion and a half dollars that we've poured into that country was clearly a sound investment. It enabled the Yugoslavs to break away from the Soviet empire, and it helped block the Communist conquest of Greece—since that operation was, until 1948, largely based on Yugoslav soil. Here, indeed, is perhaps the best case of the successful use of aid-as-a-weapon.

But is there any reason to give Yugoslavia another penny? Its economy has now passed the take-off point, and is growing fast. There is no longer any real danger that the country will slip back under Russian control (for reasons noted in this space last July and August). On the other hand, Tito has plainly demonstrated that he is no friend of ours—that he is eager, in fact, to make mischief for us whenever he finds a chance.

Maybe there are good arguments, unknown to me, why we should—in our own self-interest—continue to help him. If so, the American taxpayers have a right to hear them, before he gets his next check. Why not let Tito himself stand up and explain: What's In It For Us? If he can't make a persuasive case, please tell him to take his hands out of our pockets.

The same goes for Franco. Apparently the billions we have given him have been largely stolen, wasted, or spent on arms which serve only one purpose—to keep the little dictator in power. The Spanish people, and the Spanish economy, are in worse shape today than they were before our "aid" started. Moreover, it seems certain that the country will remain economically paralyzed so long as it is controlled by Franco and his palace guard of corrupt incompetents—no matter how much cash we give them.

All we got out of the deal was three air fields and a naval base. At one time they may have been worth it. Today they are obsolescent; each of them could be wiped out by a single Russian missile, and their original purpose can now be better served by the Polaris submarines. So why shouldn't you drop Spain from your charity list?

Also Poland. We have been giving the Poles about $130-million worth of food a year, on the dubious theory that if they were not entirely dependent on Russia they might hang onto some remnant of liberty. Do you have any evidence, Fowler, that this theory is working? If so, we'd like to see it, because those remnants seem to be shrinking every day.

Meanwhile, other evidence suggests that our food-for-Poland has helped Khrushchev more than the Poles. He has been able to save several hundred thousand tons of grain, which used to go to Poland—and which he is now reshipping to China, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany.

At the moment food appears to be the weakest beam in the whole structure of the Communist world. Rations are thin everywhere beyond the Iron Curtain, and the Chinese admit they are on the borderline of famine. Hunger, in fact, may be the main checkrein holding China back from the conquest of Southeast Asia; and it is unquestionably an obstacle to Russia's economic penetration of Africa and Latin America. Even the Cubans are getting lean.

It was Lenin, you will remember, who announced in 1919 that "Food is a weapon." So long as the Communists continue to use it as a weapon, isn't it a little silly for us to put it into their hands? Is there any sound reason for us to send another grain of wheat to the Poles, or any other Kremlin satellite?

DEALING with our enemies is, of course, the easy part of your new job. We taxpayers hope you are also tough enough to say "No" to some of our friends.

You might start with the Europeans. Just after the war we started supplying them with arms, to hold back the Communist pressure toward the West. That made a lot of sense in those days, when Europe was in ruins. But it makes no sense today, when Western Europe is enjoying the biggest boom in history. Our partners in NATO can well afford to pay for their own planes and tanks—but they still let us pick up the tab. Nearly a half-billion dollars a year is earmarked, in the current aid program, for military help to Western Europe.

How come? Not one of the NATO countries is carrying its fair share of the load. West Germany—the richest of all, and the one most directly menaced by Russia—spends less than 5 per cent of its gross national product for defense. Only the United Kingdom spends as much as 8 per cent—while we spend more than 10. Moreover, our NATO allies have never yet met the military goals they agreed to, in terms of men and equipment. Nor is there any prospect that they ever will, so long as Rich Uncle pays their bills. That's only human nature, so we are as much to blame as they are. But can't you break the news, Fowler, that Uncle is fed up?

Our Latin friends could do with a few plain words, too.

For example, when Cheddi Jagan was elected prime minister of British Guiana a few weeks ago, he announced that he would condescend to accept our money. He is against "Yankee imperialism," of course. After all, he is an acknowledged Marxist, who plans to follow "a policy of neutralism like Nehru and Nasser." But since Tito, Nehru, and Poland get American aid, he wants his share of the gravy.

Perhaps Dr. Jagan should be told these facts of life:

1. There isn't enough gravy to go around.



SHEARING?

Some twenty years after his first recording, piano buffs are still cheering Shearing. From his earliest boogie-woogie period to his latter-day lush and swinging orchestrally-backed works ("Black Satin," "Satin Brass") and his Afro-Cuban stylings ("Mood Latino"), George has never forgotten what the best pianists have always known: the man didn't put all those 88 keys there just to keep piano tuners busy! Shearing's full exploration of the instrument's possibilities (together with his rich scoring for his group, orchestral and vocal settings) define another colorful segment of the spacious sound gamut you command with SCOTCH® BRAND Magnetic Tape!

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Even if the United States—and Russia, and Western Europe—cut off their own economic growth and poured *all* of their savings into the underdeveloped countries, they still couldn't provide enough capital to industrialize all of those nations as fast as they demand. The aid which actually will be available, from all sources, East and West, won't begin to meet the expectations of Dr. Jagan and his sixty-odd rival claimants. Some will have to do without; none will get all he wants.

2. Many of the underdeveloped countries will always be poor. They just don't have the resources to support a modern industrial society—nor the land to feed their already hungry and fast-growing populations. (D. W. Brogan has estimated that at least half of the new nations created in the last decade can never hope to be self-supporting.)

3. Latin America, in particular, is going to be disappointed. Most Latins apparently expect the Kennedy Administration's Alliance for Progress program to solve all their woes. It cannot—simply because the Latin American population is growing 3 per cent a year. There is virtually no prospect that the continent as a whole can increase its production of food and manufactured goods at a rate much faster than that, no matter how much Yankee money it gets. The luckier countries—Brazil, perhaps, and Argentina, Venezuela and a few others—may achieve a slow improvement in their living standards. The others will have to run their fastest just to stay in the same place.

4. What the Latins (and most other underdeveloped areas) need more than money—or anything else—is birth control. But for domestic political reasons, on this problem we can offer no help.

5. Given these facts, it makes sense for us to concentrate our help in those countries where it is likely to produce really worthwhile results—both economic and political. (India may be the prime case. It has a fighting chance to build both a stable economy and a democratic government; and its race with China may well determine the future of all Asia. Annoying as Nehru may be from time to time, this looks like a good place to put our blue chips.) But the hopeless cases will have to go to the end of the queue. Can Dr. Jagan prove his case isn't hopeless?

YOUR big trouble—as I'm sure you know—will not come from the young rebels like Jagan. It will come from men who look just as respectable as you—the bankers, generals, and landowners who have long formed the traditional ruling class in much of Latin America.

They are the rich Guatemalans who won't let their Congress pass an income tax—even though social injustice in their country is so flagrant that they had to be rescued from a Marxist regime only a few years ago, and may soon be threatened by another. They are the Brazilian millionaires who put their money into real-estate speculation (and Swiss banks) instead of industrial development. They are the twelve families who own El Salvador, and don't believe in either education or shoes for their peasants.

You will meet them soon enough, because President Kennedy has warned them that they will have to mend their ways if they hope to see any of that Alliance for Progress cash. So they will promise you anything you ask—and deliver nothing.

For any real reform would mean the end of them, their families, and the delightful way of life they have enjoyed for the last three hundred years. Like Winston Churchill, they have no intention of presiding over the liquidation of their empires.

The smart ones realize, of course, that such empires can't last much longer. They have seen them crumble already, in Mexico, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Cuba. They are likely therefore to steal all they can—from their countrymen, and from your aid funds—and then to skip out just before the revolution pops. After all, that plan worked fine for Perón, Batista, Jiménez, Patiño, most of the Trujillo family, and plenty of other strong men who are now living it up in St. Tropez and Miami Beach.

The only way you can beat their game is to side with The Good Revolutionists—the democratic ones like Figueres, Muñoz-Marín, Gallegos, and Betancourt. In the long run, such men are the only workable alternative to the other kind of revolutionists, of the Castro, Ja-

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I can't see outside. The window is wet. I put my finger on the wet. I move my finger and draw pictures. *Why?* Why can I draw pictures on the window today? *Why?*

A child is an island of curiosity surrounded by a sea of question marks. All children want to know how and what—and why.

Some children grow up still searching for answers. The more knowledge they acquire, the more curious they grow. Shell believes that the curiosity of young people is one of America's richest resources. That is why Shell provides for a continuing program of aids to education: from fellowships and scholarships and research grants to the unique Shell Merit Fellowship for training science teachers in new teaching techniques.

Shell knows men and women who grow up and learn—yet remain as curious as children; many of them become part of Shell Research. They know about petroleum and atoms, about the bottom of the ocean, and the depths of the earth, and the edges of space. But they still want to know how and what and why.

Often they find out, and you can see the results: adhesives strong enough to hold airplanes together, new chemicals that help farmers grow richer crops, man-made rubber that duplicates tree-grown for the first time, steadily better gasolines for your car. Still they ask questions. How can the atom serve man in more ways? What other new plastics can come from petroleum? Why must people all over the world still suffer from hunger? Why?

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gan, Arbenz, and Guevara variety.

For genuine social revolution—as contrasted with the old-fashioned palace coup, which changed nothing but the hand in the till—is probably inevitable in most of Latin America. It offers the only hope for even those modest gains, in living standards and human dignity, which the Alliance for Progress can honestly promise. Your job is to preside over that revolution—to guide it, nudge it along, and make it work. If you can't do it, the Kremlin has plenty of trained men ready and eager to take it over.

A STRANGE assignment for a Wall Street lawyer? Indeed it is—especially since some of your friends are bound to get hurt. Certain big American corporations aren't going to like it—United Fruit, for example, and some (though not all) of the oil and mining companies which have enjoyed privileged positions in a number of Latin countries. Often they have been silent partners of the old ruling group. Lots of Latins suspect they can block any real change—until a local Castro comes along.

I suspect you are plenty durable enough to handle that kind of pressure, even if it comes from solid businessmen you have known for years, and who may have been valued customers of your old firm. But it won't be any fun.

If it is any comfort, you can look forward to dealing simultaneously with a different kind of pressure: blackmail. Your new clients are expert at it, because most of them have been using it on us for years. All they have had to say is: "Give me what I want"—it may be a hydroelectric project, or a flock of tanks to keep the army happy, or a few million to replace what The Boys stole out of the last budget—"or I will go to Moscow."

Nearly always they have been getting away with this kind of bluff. The one memorable exception was Nasser; when John Foster Dulles refused to give him his Aswan Dam, he did turn to Moscow, and he did get it there. But curiously enough, Egypt has not yet been gobbled up. In fact, Nasser has outlawed the local Communist party, and he is, if anything, a bit more respectful to Americans than he used to be. He still calls us monsters, of course, but we are only one-headed monsters now.

At some point, you too will have to say "No"—simply because you won't have enough money to pay off all the blackmailers who will be calling on you. When some sheik or generalissimo wants another $39 million to build a palace for his latest mistress, you will have to tell him to send the bill to Mr. Khrushchev.

But not always. For sometime that sheik actually will be gobbled up if he goes to the Kremlin; and he may hold a chunk of real estate the West simply can't afford to lose. In that case, you had better grit your teeth and pay up—and start thinking how to explain the deal to the Appropriations Committees. When to be hard, and to whom, is always a delicate question; but it is these little nuances which will make your job so interesting.

Hopefully yours,

MR. HINDS DISCOVERED

THE Search for William E. Hinds," published in *Harper's* last July and later condensed in *Reader's Digest,* is bringing "an avalanche of letters" to the author, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas. The article told of the efforts of Dr. Webb to find out something about a benefactor whom he had never met—a New York businessman who began in 1904 to write encouraging letters to Webb, then a poor boy on a Texas farm, and later helped finance Webb's education.

The hundreds of letters received so far fall into five groups:

1. Those from Hinds's relatives and friends who were able to pass along some information. They established these scanty facts. Hinds was born in Brooklyn or Staten Island on December 10, 1850, and died of diabetes sixty-one years later in Jersey City. He was apparently first buried in St. Albans, Vermont, but the body was later moved by a brother to Burlington.

For much of his life Hinds worked for a wholesale dry-goods firm, H. B. Claflin Co., where his father had been an executive. After his retirement, he began importing European novelties which he probably sold by mail from a New York office, and later from his home in Jersey City.

Apparently Hinds was never a very aggressive businessman. He left only a modest estate. He never married, had no hobbies except reading, and presumably helped no other youngster than Webb—whom he carried on his account books as "my boy protégé in Texas."

2. A second group of letters came from people whose careers had also been helped along by anonymous benefactors. For example, a California woman told how she had been left penniless when her father, a prospector, died with no assets but a host of friends and a reputation for integrity. A merchant who had known him placed a glass bowl on the end of his counter with a placard reading "For John's Girl." The money poured into it, from merchants, miners, gamblers, and the other characters around the booming mining town—enough to enable her to finish her education. She is now a successful author.

3. By far the largest number of Dr. Webb's correspondents wrote to say that they had been deeply touched by the article. A United States Senator noted that "I might have felt embarrassed at the tears that filled my eyes as I read it," if another Senator had not already confessed that he and his wife cried as they read it together. Others reported that they had been moved to help needy people themselves.

4. A few letters came from young people asking help, from parents writing on behalf of their children—even one from a girl who wanted money to put her young man through college.

5. A New Englander who asked that his name be withheld sent a check to start a memorial fund "to provide revolving interest-free loans to students who need funds for the completion of their education."

Dr. Webb added an equal sum from his own pocket and turned the money over to the University of Texas. Other contributions are now flowing in, and the University's Chancellor, Dr. Harry Ransom, has predicted that the Hinds-Webb Fund will become "one of the great traditions of the university."

Anyone wishing to contribute may write directly to Dr. W. P. Webb, College Station, Austin, Texas.

President Kennedy's call for physical fitness has alerted many of us to a major health problem facing most Americans. But what can each of us do about it? Here are some specific recommendations.

WE MAY BE SITTING OURSELVES TO DEATH

by FRANK R. NEU,

Director, Public Relations, American Dairy Association

The Human Machine Needs Regular Physical Activity To Function At Its Very Best

The subject of physical fitness has received much publicity and a great deal of lip service in recent years. President Kennedy has issued another call to the nation to become alarmed about and to take some action to correct the apparently poor state of physical well-being in this country.

There is a note of urgency behind this latest call for action to build physical fitness. At a time when the nation faces a growing need for strength in its people as well as in its machines, the record for physical fitness is not one to be proud of.

The Selective Service system has been rejecting one out of each two young men called for duty in the Armed Forces because of physical, mental, or moral unfitness. Physical unfitness ranks high, and it is very likely that some of the mental and moral unfitness may be the result of the physical problems.

Studies among American youths, in comparison with European youths, have been conducted by Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber in the Posture Clinic of the New York Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. Six tests for muscular strength and flexibility were given to more than 4,000 American children and to almost 3,000 children in Switzerland, Austria, and Italy. The results show that almost 58% of the American youths failed one or more of these tests while less than 9% of the European children failed one or more.

Yale University also reports a steady decline in the state of physical fitness of freshmen entering each year. While 51% of the class of 1951 passed the fitness tests at Yale, 43% of the class of 1956 passed, and only 38% of the class of 1960 were able to perform satisfactorily.

But physical fitness, or the lack of it, is not a problem confined to youth alone. It is a growing health menace to young adults and middle aged adults, and we might understand why this is true if we take a look into the life of Mr. Joe Citizen, middle class suburban dweller, on an ordinary day.

JOE MOVES FEW MUSCLES

Joe drags himself out of bed at 7 a.m., showers, shaves, gulps down a hasty and nutritionally inadequate breakfast. His lovely wife drives him to the railroad station. Even if Joe drove himself, he wouldn't get much exercise because his car has power steering, power brakes, power window lifts, power seat controls. Less vigorously than she might desire, Joe's wife receives a goodbye kiss as Joe slides out of the car, walks a few steps to board the 7:47. Half an hour later he walks almost half a block to catch a bus which deposits him 22 steps from his office building door.

Joe is likely to sit at his desk until noon. If he's having a busy day, he may ask his cute blonde secretary to bring in a sandwich and a cup of coffee for his lunch. On the other hand, Joe may be one of those tycoons who closes big business deals over "martinis-and-rich-food" lunches, following which he returns to the office and sits some more until quitting time. Arriving home, Joe feels the need of a drink or two before dinner to "unwind."

After eating a heavy meal, Joe decides that tonight he needs relaxation because of his rough day at the office. He proceeds to relax by slouching into a chair before the television set. After sitting through the late movie, he crawls into bed, awakens at 7 a.m. the next morning to start all over again.

Along comes Saturday. Joe feels that his tough week of rowing an oar in the stream of commerce and industry has earned him a few hours on the golf course. He drives to the country club, mounts an electric golf cart, plays 18 holes, joins the boys back in the clubhouse for a few drinks. Feeling good about all the exercise he's had, Joe drives home and eats a big

dinner, knowing that he has used extra energy playing golf, of course.

JILL LIVES LONGER

Let's consider Jill, Joe's wife, for a moment. Chances are, on the basis of current statistics, Jill will outlive Joe by anywhere from five to 25 years. Medical science is not sure yet whether this is because Jill has different hormones from Joe or whether it is a result of the different roles which Joe and Jill fulfill in our society because of these different hormones.

The average suburban Jill is likely to be a homemaker responsible for rearing two or more children. It is safe to assume that any woman with this responsibility is going to get a lot of daily exercise no matter how many gadgets she has to help her do the housework. A homemaker does a lot of walking each day merely to push the buttons and start the machines that wash the clothes, cook the meals, and remove the dust. And she also does a good deal of bending each day to pick up after Joe and the junior members of the family. All in all, Jill is likely to get much more exercise than Joe. This may have a significant relationship to Jill's outliving Joe, who no longer hikes the dusty trail to bring home the buffalo meat and hides to feed and clothe his family.

So much for Joe and Jill. Does all the hue and cry about our low state of physical fitness really have any rational basis, or is this merely an effort to sell more gymnasium equipment that will gather dust after a week of use?

SUPERIOR MENTAL POWER IS NOT ENOUGH

If one accepts the theory that man rules the Earth because he has, thus far, at least, won the race among the species in the "survival of the fittest," why should we be worried? Is it not mental agility, rather than physical fitness, that should concern us because it is his brain power, not his muscles, which has enabled man to control enough of his environment to master his planet and prepare to explore others?

Obviously, superior mental development is chiefly responsible for making man what he is, but we should not overlook that man's brain is encased within a body that has certain needs that must be met. Medical science has learned to control most of the diseases of childhood and many of the other diseases which formerly cut short many human lives. The major challenges to medicine today are to solve the problems of cancer and various forms of cardiovascular disease, and, perhaps most important of all, to teach human beings that the human body, adaptable as it is to a variety of environmental conditions, does require certain minimum standards of care.

It is perhaps conceivable that through the process of evolution there may eventually develop a human or super-human species that is largely brain, with only enough additional physical development to provide one finger for pushing buttons. If computers are ever able to take over some of the more intricate thought processes of the human brain, we might even reach that stage where the machine can reproduce itself, thus eliminating the need for human beings to push the buttons.

THERE ARE SOUND REASONS FOR PHYSICAL FITNESS

In the meantime, however, accepting ourselves as the human beings we are, there are certain things which most of us ought to be doing in order to live more comfortably, perhaps more enjoyably, and maybe even a bit longer. There are some very good reasons for us to learn to give ourselves much improved physical care.

There is very legitimate concern about the generally poor state of physical fitness among men of military age. In a world in which men have not yet learned to live together in peace, it is essential, of course, that a nation have the ability to defend itself and to survive under the most adverse conditions. Our position is weakened by the vast loss of effective manpower through poor care of our physical selves, not only because we are weak physically but also because this often leads to mental retardation.

There are sound reasons for believing, too, that many of the common complaints of modern American civilization—obesity which concerns some 30 to 40 million among us, otherwise unexplained "fatigue," and the "let-down feeling" about which so many complain daily—may be traced to neglect of our physical development and maintenance.

Assuming that physical fitness is our goal, what kind of programs must we develop and follow to achieve this? Too many physical fitness campaigns in the past have been geared to the needs of those who already are well along on the road to being physically fit. Or physical fitness has been advocated by those people who seem to think that we all need bulging muscles and taut tummies so that we might stand around on the beach in very brief leopard skins to be admired by one and all.

Physical fitness is not synonymous with calisthenics and weight lifting, although both of these are certainly excellent forms of exercise for those who enjoy them. Fitness is, rather, a matter of achieving an optimum state of well-being that enables us to live and to enjoy living to the maximum extent that our mental development and environment offer us.

Heredity, obviously, plays the fundamental role in

THE NUTRIENTS IN MILK



Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide approximately the following percentages of the Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances (nutrients recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of National Research Council to provide adequate amounts for maintenance of good nutrition in healthy persons):

	Calories (a)	Protein	Calcium	Vitamin A	Vitamin D	Riboflavin	Thiamine (c)
ADULT MEN (Based on weight of 154 lbs., height 69 inches)	10-13%	25%	71%	15%	(b)	46%	10-12%
ADULT WOMEN (Based on weight of 128 lbs., height 64 inches)	14-18%	31%	71%	15%	(b)	56%	13-16%



Four 8-ounce glasses of milk supply approximately the following percentages for teen-agers and younger children:

Teen-agers	Calories (a)	Protein	Calcium	Vitamin A	Vitamin D (b)	Riboflavin	Thiamine (c)
BOYS 13-15 YEARS (108 lbs., 64 inches)	21%	42%	81%	31%	100%	80%	20%
BOYS 16-19 YEARS (139 lbs., 69 inches)	18%	36%	81%	31%	100%	67%	18%
GIRLS 13-15 YEARS (108 lbs., 63 inches)	25%	45%	87%	31%	100%	84%	24%
GIRLS 16-19 YEARS (120 lbs., 64 inches)	28%	48%	87%	31%	100%	88%	26%

Notes: (a) Calorie allowances vary with age and activity. These are based on needs of people with moderate physical activity. The percentage would be higher for office workers and other sedentary people. (b) There are no recommendations for Vitamin D in the diet of adults, but for children and teen-agers the recommendation is 400 International Units. Four glasses of milk (or one quart) meets this recommendation only if the milk has Vitamin D added. (c) The recommended daily allowance of thiamine decreases with increasing age, being, for example, 1.6 milligrams for a 25 year old man and 1.3 milligrams for a 65 year old man.

Other recommended daily dietary allowances, for which milk is not considered a good source, are iron, niacin, and ascorbic acid. These may be obtained from other foods. By eating a well balanced diet which includes at least two glasses of milk for adults and three to four glasses for children and teen-agers, a major step toward good health is made.

Percentages of nutrient allowances for milk used in this table have been taken from calculations made by the Institute of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

determining one's state of physical development. Assuming that a person is born with no major physical handicaps, then maintaining good general health and avoiding illness become part of a lifetime pattern that really is not too difficult to design and follow.

Food consumption becomes a very important part of the lives of people in all types of civilizations. Food is eaten not only for its contribution to the physical needs of the eater but also because of many cultural values associated with the act of eating. In American society food often serves the homemaker as the main source of her gratification, through earning the praise of her family and her guests for what she has placed on the table. Food serves as a reason for people to meet and carry on many social activities, ranging from major business deals to the exchanging of meaningful glances between young lovers.

Eating food certainly should be an enjoyable part of living in a country where we have not only an abundance of very high quality foods but also a tremendous variety of excellent and tasty foods that provide, if eaten in the right proportions, all of the essential nutrients we need to maintain good health and adequate energy sources.

We should all strive to help children learn to eat food basically to provide themselves the essential nutrients they need for good health and adequate supplies of energy to do all those things that children enjoy doing. While such training for our children certainly should be a primary national goal in developing sound physical fitness programs, we should not be at all hesitant about trying to re-educate many of our teenagers and adults to better eating habits. In spite of our plentiful food supply, there are millions of people in this country who are malnourished—not necessarily undernourished—because they have not learned how to select the right foods to provide a healthy nutritional pattern for eating.

EATING FOR FITNESS

Nutrition scientists in this country, trying to develop the best pattern of food consumption in line with the kinds of foods available, have offered a relatively simple Daily Food Guide for us to follow. The Guide suggests selecting foods from four major groups:

The Milk Group (including cheese and ice cream as well as all forms of milk): An adult should consume two or more eight-ounce glasses of milk each day.

The Vegetable-Fruit Group: Select four or more servings each day, including one serving of a good source of Vitamin C, one serving at least every other day of a good source of Vitamin A. The other servings may be any vegetables or fruits.

The Meat Group (including all meats, poultry, fish and eggs): Choose two or more servings each day.

The Bread-Cereals Group: Choose four or more servings daily.

Other Foods: After meeting the suggested servings from these four basic food groups, the Guide recommends selecting from other food sources adequate amounts to provide enough energy to meet daily requirements. The amount of food consumed, in terms of calories, must be balanced with the amount of energy expended. There will be a gain in weight if food intake exceeds energy output.

It is very wise, also, to keep in mind that foods should never be selected merely on the basis of the number of calories in any particular unit of food. For example, we dairy farmers would be especially grateful if more people would remember why milk has been called, "Nature's most nearly perfect food," since the dawn of civilization. The chart shows that milk provides a wide range of essential food nutrients, for people of all ages. Milk can hardly be classified as a "fattening" food on the basis of its nutrient contribution to the total diet. A pint of milk, or two eight-ounce glasses, supplies only 10% to 13% of an adult man's calorie needs, but this amount of milk, as the chart indicates, also provides 25% of the recommended amount of protein—and the highest quality protein available, 71% of the calcium, 15% of the Vitamin A, 46% of the riboflavin and 10% to 12% of the thiamine. There are other essential food nutrients in milk but in less important quantities.

REST AND EXERCISE ARE NECESSARY

Good general health, prevention of illness and a well balanced diet are all necessary for physical fitness, but they are by no means the total picture. Just as pills are not the answer to all our problems, neither is it possible to "eat your way to good health," as some of the food faddists and quacks proclaim. Adequate amounts of rest are necessary if the body is to recoup itself and to function effectively. The amount of rest any of us needs is something that experience alone teaches, but rest is essential.

Finally, among the physical requirements for physical fitness—and we should not overlook the interrelationship among physical, mental and moral, or spiritual factors in contributing to good health and happiness—we come to the matter of physical activity or exercise.

The required activity need not be violent exercise, but it should, if at all possible, certainly be daily exercise. Walking at least three miles each day, over and above the usual amount of walking on the job, is one of the easiest and best ways to get needed physical activity because walking does use the major body muscles. There certainly are many other forms of exercise that help if they can be done on a fairly regular basis, not merely on weekends—including bicycling, golf, tennis, handball, swimming, bowling, etc. Even a football or basketball game can provide the right kind of exercise, provided the participants walk to the stadium or fieldhouse instead of riding in the car.

All of us, for patriotic, for economic, for purely selfish reasons, would be wise to inventory our own state of physical fitness and to resolve to achieve a high level of well-being if we don't already enjoy it. Beyond this, all of us certainly owe it to our communities and to our nation's future to give much more than lip service to President Kennedy and those he has designated to develop better and sensible physical fitness programs.

Every school child should certainly be getting encouragement and training to develop a personal, lifetime physical fitness plan. This should include knowledge about eating a well balanced diet, the need for adequate rest and encouragement of the kind of physical activity that could easily become a permanent and enjoyable part of the adult living pattern. Gymnasiums and stadiums for spectator sports are hardly enough to fulfill our obligations to our children in this area of physical fitness. In fact, having these facilities may often mislead us badly about how many of our children really are getting adequate physical training in our schools.

Above all else, we should avoid the idea that physical fitness is something of concern only to the young of our species. It is most certainly a cradle-to-grave need for all of us, one that properly planned and developed, can provide some big bonuses in longer life and more years of useful, energetic and enjoyable life.

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AFTER HOURS



CAR FOR SALE *by J. A. Maxtone Graham*

Mr. Maxtone Graham is a farmer in Scotland. In 1960 he was awarded a Nuffield traveling scholarship to study beef cattle in the U. S. and Canada for six months. His mother was the late Jan Struther, the English author of "Mrs. Miniver," who lived here for several years.

I HAVE, in my life, owned eight cars, seven in Scotland and one in the States. I was given the first, and have at the moment two, so it appears that I have bought seven and sold six. I have had these figures checked by a competent accountant and he agrees with my deductions.

The first five sales gave me no trouble at all, because I was always buying a new model. Our Mr. McMurray, like all British garage proprietors, is bound to sell new cars at a fixed price. He is therefore delighted to quote an unrealistic trade-in value in order to get his large commission on the new sale. The affair is over in five minutes. He does not prowl around looking for rust, or test the compression. He knows that farmers' cars are rusty and that I haven't had a new engine in 30,000 miles. He offers me cost price, less about £50 a year. I take it like a shot.

It was less easy in America. I had to travel 15,000 miles looking at farms, so a car was essential. It was bought without difficulty for $900 ("a special bargain on account of George Washington's birthday") from a charming, smiling, friendly dealer in Virginia who assured me that I would get the same courteous service and the best possible price when I sold it back to him. I ought to have known.

I ought to have listened to a friend in North Carolina. He said to me: "Whatever promises you have had, and wherever you go, if you've got an old car to sell, you've got a ree-ee-al problem." Unbelieving, I rejected a local offer of $550 without a second thought.

I drove to Virginia in August, two days before the *Britannic* was to sail for Liverpool, so I had plenty of time to sell, get a bus to New York, and buy presents for my family. Still full of confidence in Virginian straight dealing, I started to describe to the boss-man how I had loved and looked after this machine, how I had even had it washed and had the oil changed every 1,500 miles. I pointed out the new tires, the beauty of the new fuel and water pumps, and of the fairly new radiator which one of the Grand Canyon deer had necessitated. At this he showed his first spark of interest, opened the hood, and said: "See you got a bent frame, too." I told him what a good, reliable, trouble-free car it had been.

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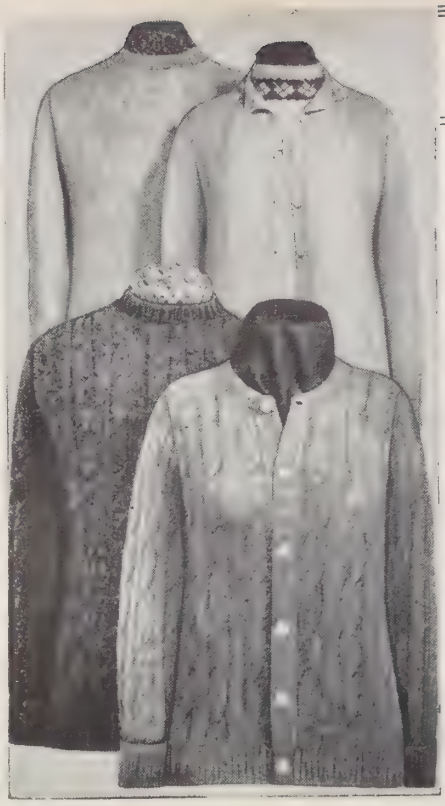
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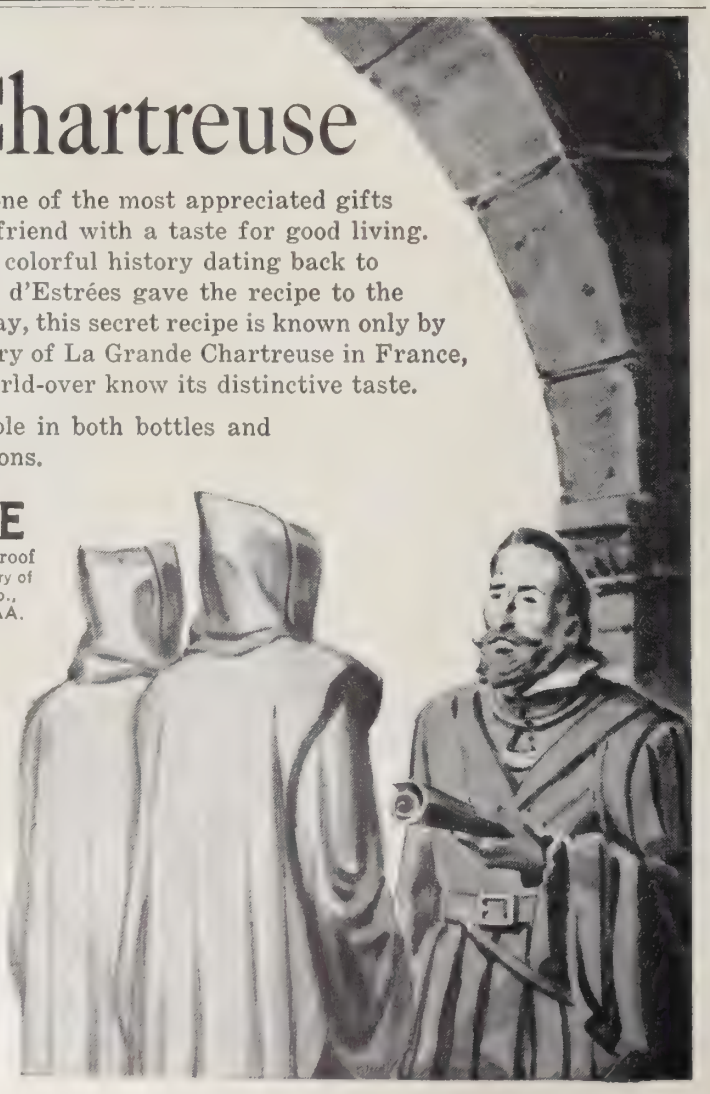
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AFTER HOURS

He looked sad. The smiles and cheerful quips of February had gone. I thought at first that he must have suffered some ghastly family tragedy. That wasn't it, though. The terrible thing was that '55s were just about unsalable right now. If it had been a '56 . . . There wasn't space to put it, anyway . . . He did a series of calculations, most of them subtraction. He said: "The best I can do is $375."

We strolled round the lot. "Look," I told him, "here is the same car as mine. It is a year older. You have to shift gears. There is a cigarette burn in the seat and the tires are shot to hell. Yet you are asking $850 for it."

"How did you know?" I explained that his salesman had carelessly revealed the marking code to me.

At this point, he seemed to lose interest in the deal. I reasoned, using words and figures. I told him how I had refused $550 in North Carolina. He told me to go back there. I told him that he was not giving me the fair deal which he had promised. He said I was griping. I knew enough American to understand that, so I told him his outfit was a crummy joint, and drove in a fury to New York.

YOU don't need to know much about America to have heard that Broadway is the place. The Yellow Pages confirmed it. Surely, among this large selection of A-1 Auto Dealers, there must be one fair-minded Caledoniphile who would give me a square (or should it be over-square?) deal.

If there was, I couldn't find him. Broadway runs as far as Albany (one of the interesting but useless bits of American lore passed on to me by my mother, like the origin of "two bits" or that the Tlingit Indians Fashioned Rude Fishhooks Out Of Walrus Bones) but I concentrated my efforts on a hundred blocks or so up from Columbus Circle, where there was at least a chance of being able to park. I went to a place where I had looked at cars six months before. The man who had been so interested in my wants and problems in February had clearly been through a difficult time. He looked very sick. His face was covered with wrinkled leather instead of skin. He was ap-

AFTER HOURS

ntly crippled by some terrible ysis, for he was unable to get om his desk. Even to turn his and look through the plate- windows at the sidewalk was nsiderable effort. He croaked: y are worth two hundred."

hile I drove to two other places, spect he called them up and ed them I was coming. He had ners at both of them. The family nblance and the same inherited ses were unmistakable.

went back to my stepfather's tment. There the super com- rated with me. If only it had two weeks earlier, for he had looking for something . . . just mine . . . had paid $650.

alled up Cunard. It would cost . Yes, there would be import at Liverpool. Yes, there would urchase tax.

as at home is 70 cents an Im- al gallon. In any case a Chevro- would be too wide for my garage.

y stepfather got home at six. y hours to go. He was sympa- ic, but for the first time played heavy stepparent. He criticized dress. If I wanted to sell this hine, I must make an Impres- . I must put on a tie, and some n pants, and a jacket. The heat in the nineties, and the prospect appalling. Next morning, I put my heavy Scotch tweeds and drove Nick's. Nick is to my stepfather t Mr. McMurray is to me at ne. He was full of ideas. First he me to Mr. Weinburger, a kosher cher on Amsterdam. Mr. Wein- ger had bought a car the week be- and was now in Maine with it.

Then to trace a couple of guys on h or was it 68th, one (or two?) cks from the Park, who were ask- about just such a car only a few s before. I never found them.

Then to the son-in-law of Nick's chanic, who ran Angel's Auto Re- r four blocks away. Angel didn't d a buyer, but he did find a leak the transmission oil, which I knew ut, and a throbbing in the differ- ial, which I didn't. Between visits as going back to Nick's to report. stopped a couple of policemen. ch had a friend who was looking a car just like mine, but one was vacation and the other was ught to have found what he nted the day before.



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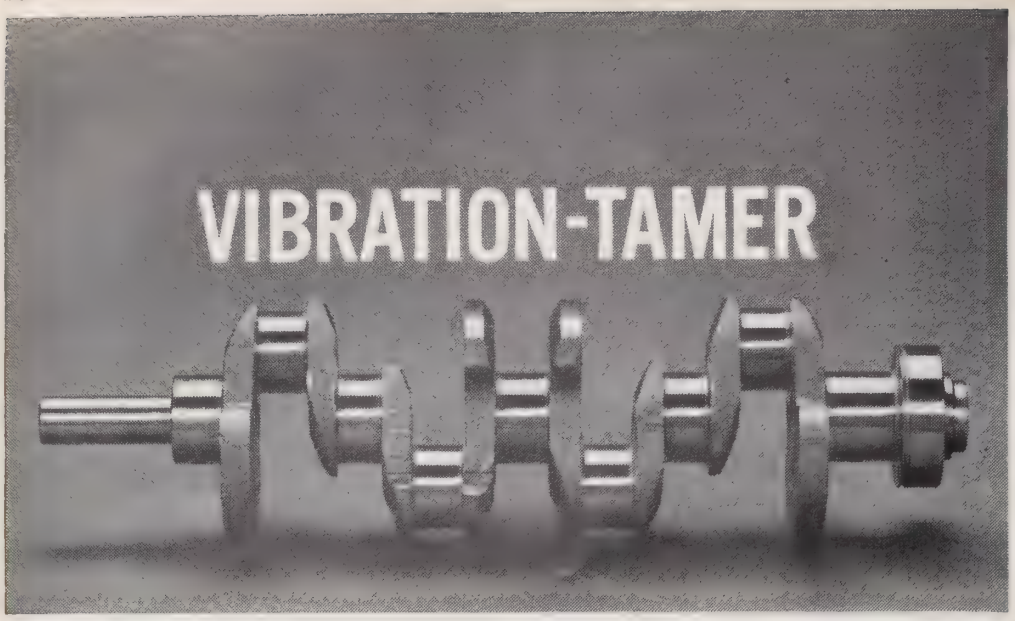
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AFTER HOURS

By now it was 11:30, and the s sailed at ten the next morning. I the car with Nick and went shopping. I visited a literary ag on Madison Avenue and tried to her two short stories and my car. go. I then signed a declaration 484 Lexington that I had had no come while in the States. I too cab back to the apartment, had a of beer, changed into my old wh pants and an open shirt, wall round to Nick's, and sold the within five minutes.

In the morning I had asked An for $300. During the afternoon E Pereja chanced along, and bought it, sight unseen, for $4 Angel and Nick were to share surplus $100. So Nick called Angel and Angel called up El Eloy rode down on a bicycle, was to bring the money with h

Nick and Eloy and I sat in Nic dusty office. I started to write out transfer, and filled in Eloy's na and address. Then the price. At t point Eloy swore that he had ne offered $400, only $350. So N called Angel and Angel was d Deadlock. Eloy said he wanted take his bicycle home; he balance in the trunk of the car, and motior to me to go with him. He dro The journey was without incide except that the bicycle fell out Broadway.

ON arrival at Eloy's shoe-rep store, a tremendous crowd of Cub gathered round to see the car. I wa little critical of Eloy's proprieto attitude toward it, considering hitch in the arrangements, but t was my last chance to avoid crawli back to my Broadway contacts, pr ably to find that the market Chevrolets had slumped in the l few hours, so I said not a word.

An elderly Cuban, a compl stranger to me, then took the whe and we drove to Angel's. He was enthusiastic but unskilled driver, b I forgave him because he was t first person in these dark days w had said anything at all comp mentary about my beautiful c "Some brakes," he would say, as dozen or so cars applied theirs ha behind us. "She really have so wo-o-o-mp." (He turned round make a two-fisted gesture to Eloy the back, and did not see the sc

AFTER HOURS

covey of pedestrians who had ed that to cross Amsterdam on n light was safe enough.) I had sweating all day, and for the me it was neither the heat nor umidity.

gel was there, tinkering with a e-parked Oldsmobile. We -parked. There was a long dis- n in Spanish which I didn't stand, but it seemed amicable gh. Eloy took me aside, and hat Angel had agreed to forgo 100, and that he, Eloy, was to ne just the three.

k had impounded the owner- ertificate; we went back to his (I was allowed to drive this I asked Nick for the certifi- and told him of the present gement. He didn't believe a of it. He called Angel to con- and he was dead right: Angel said no such thing. Nick was , and muttered about foreigners me, the Cubans). So he told me shed his hands of the matter, me back the certificate, and d his hands as if to say: "What ou expect?"

ck at the car, I expected to close eal but it turned out that Eloy not, after all, brought the y; he drove me back to the shoe By this time it was 5:45 and tepfather was due back at 6:15. the key.

oy casually asked me for the cer- te. He stretched out his hand. ook hold of a corner. I with- it, and used, for the first time, a se I had always wanted to try.

irst, let me see the color of your y."

was green, and greasy, and ly in fives. At six o'clock the action was completed, although certificate was never notarized, suppose the car still belongs to Eloy, brave man, was planning art driving to Key West the next Somewhere between New York Havana is a Chev. Belair, '55, , radio and heater, good cond, ed in Scotland, registered in inia, driven by Eloy. Anyone sees it is asked to give it a pat he back from me. It did me

told my stepfather the whole y. I said I had had a hell of a

Oh, no," he replied. "Just a cal New York day."



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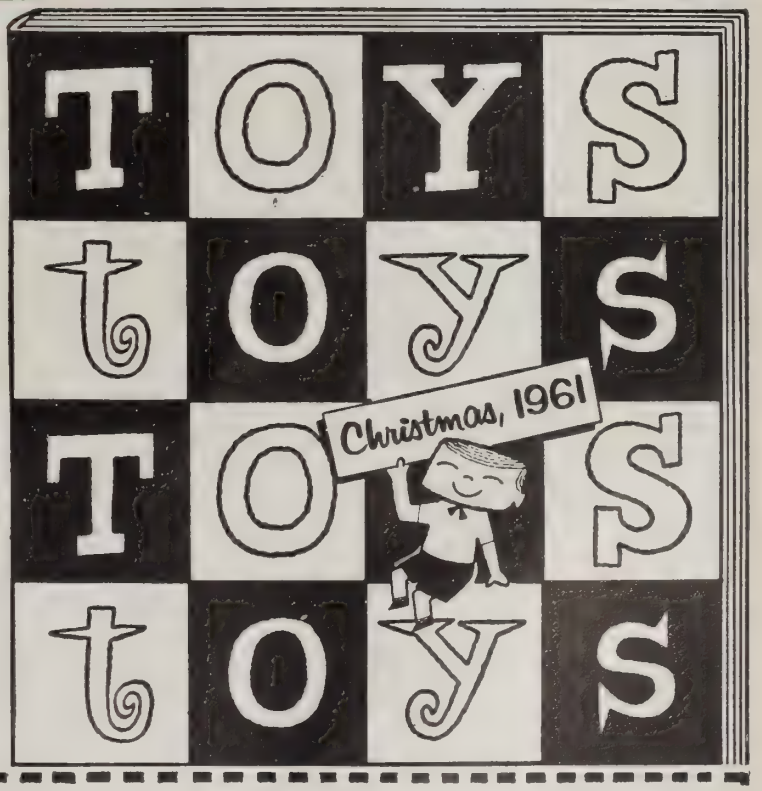
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Harper's MAGAZINE

HOW TO DESTROY THE CHURCHES

EDMOND CAHN

The clergymen who are trying to break down our traditional wall between church and state may—without knowing it —prove to be religion's worst enemies.

SEPARATION of church and state in recent months has become an uncomfortably timely issue. There are controversies about Bible-reading, prayers, and Christmas observances in public schools; about Sunday closing ordinances and state laws that penalize atheism in one manner or another. The latest storm has raged around the question of federal loans or grants to schools under ecclesiastical control.

Whenever public discussion turns to such subjects, it is fashionable to stress the moral defects of the state, the politicians, and the voters and unfashionable to tell home truths about the church, the clergy, and their congregations. Democracy has rightly taught us to be tolerant and mindful of the sensibilities of our neighbors of other faiths. We have learned the lesson so well that many of us, including our movie-makers, no longer feel free to say "Elmer Gantry" when we meet an ecclesiastical charlatan.

If you describe or even exaggerate the imperfections of democratic government you will command respect. But mention a few obvious facts about the behavior of the church (or the synagogue, which I mean always to include) and in certain circles you will be branded an enemy of religion, a bigot, and perhaps a crypto-Communist. By these means, the state is made to appear irredeemably corrupt, while an uncritical silence cloaks the church in righteousness, sagacity, and idealism. Thus it would seem to follow that the church, which abounds in virtue, should utilize if not direct the state, which is amoral. With the logic of the matter so badly askew, no wonder that separation of church and state is misunderstood and in jeopardy.

Those of us who believe in organized religion have a duty to restore the equilibrium of truth. We are the ones who comprehend the church from within. In stating the truth, we can confine our comments to the all-too-human attributes of *all* churches. Then no one need feel that his denomination has been singled out for criticism.

What are the simple facts? Not about creeds, dogmas, and theological beliefs, which, however bizarre or irrational, are matters of private conscience, but about the extent of righteousness, wisdom, and altruism inside the churches. What shall we say of them?

Now, perhaps the specific congregation or parish to which you belong is very close to perfect;

all gifts for its support are made anonymously, and the donors, in order to enjoy the full beauty of religious sacrifice, do not deduct their contributions for tax purposes. Your own clergyman may be a saintly man who spurns rich people and prefers the poor; he is so pure in fact that the most vicious malefactors, coming within his aura, tearfully assign a reasonable percentage of their net gains, both past and future, to holy causes. The ladies of your congregation are ascetically indifferent to clothes, material possessions, and social status; they steadfastly decline to gossip. The children in your religious school are all dainty little pre-Freudian disseminators of sweetness and light. All this we can grant. But what of the other congregations and parishes in your denomination, and what of all the other denominations?

Looking back at the role of the churches in relation to the great ethical issues in our time, one must confess that, with a few commendable and even heroic exceptions, the clergy have failed to furnish the nation with moral leadership. Most churches have lagged behind the moral progress of secular law and many of them have not yet begun to close the gap. On the question of racial equality, for example, the Supreme Court has moved far ahead of organized religion. On that of free speech and association, we find that the ugly disease of McCarthyism, which still infects our democracy, has met more principled and courageous opposition among the jurists than among the clergy. It is true that in resisting McCarthyism the Supreme Court has been firm in some respects, weak in others. The judges needed—and generally lacked—the support of libertarian voices in the major pulpits of the country. Nor can we blame radio or television for the reduced importance of weekly sermons in American life. The new media could provide unprecedented new opportunities. But the pulpit itself has diminished in virile courage, spiritual profundity, and prophetic vision.

Almost every day clergymen appear and testify before state commissions, local school boards, Congressional committees, and other official bodies. Their views as presumably informed and responsible civic leaders are entitled to respectful and serious consideration. But this is not true of the pretense that some of them make of controlling the votes of the laymen of their denomination; indeed this pretension and the promises or threats that may accompany it should be dismissed as presumptuous, undemocratic, and factually false.

There once was a time when ecclesiastical politicians could direct large blocs of votes, dispensing plums to their political friends and punishments to their opponents. Even today there are a few areas of the country where ignorance and political illiteracy still permit this sort of abuse. But it is a rarity, and a fading one.

Presidents, governors, and legislators have in fact discovered that they need not tremble when political clergymen scowl menacingly. Experience has taught most public officials what we may call the Law of Inverse Pretension. According to this principle, the less a clergyman happens to know about his communicants' or congregants' views on any given subject, the safer he will feel in pretending to declare them.

Many of us recall the lurid years of National Prohibition when Bishop James Cannon, a Methodist, was able to terrorize Congressmen by threatening disaster at the polls if they did not vote as he demanded. Eventually they discovered that the Bishop's threat was thunder without lightning. Similarly, the Catholic bishops of Puerto Rico last year called on their faithful to defeat Governor Muñoz-Marín. Despite Puerto Rico's high ratio of Catholic voters, Muñoz-Marín prevailed by a wide margin. (Bishop Cannon had one advantage over the Puerto Rican prelates. Being a *Methodist* bishop, he could at least deliver his wife's vote.)

JEFFERSON'S LAW

AGGRESSIVE clerics present their case in terms of a choice between "God and Caesar," implying that a decision against their claims would be tantamount to a decision against God. This is completely fallacious. Our American principle of separation gives the true picture. It designates the separated entities not as "God and Caesar" but as "church and state." A free government is never so bad as Caesar and a church administered by mortal men is never so good as God.

The Founding Fathers, particularly Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, defined two

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Edmond Cahn, professor of law at New York University, adapted his article from the North Lecture which he gave recently at Franklin and Marshall College. Born in New Orleans, he practiced law in New York City from 1927 to 1950. His latest book is "The Predicament of Democratic Man," published by Macmillan this fall. He has been guest lecturer at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and has won the Phillips Prize in Jurisprudence of the American Philosophic Society.

distinct aspects of the American doctrine of separation: one negative and legal, the other positive and religious. They formalized the legal aspect through the First Amendment, which not only guaranteed the "free exercise" of religion but also prescribed that government "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." What does the latter provision mean today? Speaking for the United States Supreme Court, Justice Hugo L. Black answered in the following celebrated passage:

It "means at least this: Neither a state nor the federal government can set up a church. Neither can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. Neither can force nor influence a person to go to or to remain away from church against his will or force him to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion. No person can be punished for entertaining or professing religious beliefs or disbeliefs, for church attendance or nonattendance. No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion. Neither a state nor the federal government can, openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organizations or groups and vice versa. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect 'a wall of separation between church and state.' "

This much, at least, is what separation means in terms of constitutional law. However, the law of the subject utters only prohibitions. In effect, it directs the government to attend to its own affairs and avoid intruding into the realm of religion.

Outside the margin of the law, however, one finds a wholly different aspect of the matter, that is, the positive or religious side. According to the American tradition, churches separated from the state are a religious necessity. We hold it self-evident that as long as a church speaks God's message and exemplifies God's way, it can require no assistance from the political power. If, then, the church seeks political help, it demonstrates to that extent that it deserves none.

To the believing church member, the separation of church and state is more than a barrier erected to restrain arrogant clergymen. It is also a solemn affirmation of confidence and pride in the independence of his church. The firm trust which our ancestors declared in the self-sustaining efficacy of the church was the proudest philosophy religion had ever evoked in a political society. It was a radically new idea not borrowed from England, which maintained an established church.

The new American nation embraced this new concept not only because its founders desired freedom of worship, not only because they detested the meannesses and dreaded the hostilities of sectarian conflict but—above all else—because they believed with complete fervor that religion, as Madison said, "flourishes in greater purity without than with the aid of government."

EXPERT IN DEMOLITION

COMING now to the current scene, I must ask you to help me by imagining—for only a few pages—a condition of affairs that is entirely fictitious, namely: *If,* for whatever reason, you and I were determined to destroy organized religion in the United States of America, how would we go about it? Our hypothesis is that instead of feeling devoted to our respective churches we are so bitterly hostile to them that we are resolved to extirpate them from American life. Precisely how would we proceed? In seeking an answer let us invite Mephistopheles to join us, and see what advice he would give.

He would, I believe, begin by reminding us that Americans have a curious emotional attitude toward their churches. No matter how irregularly they attend them, no matter how inadequately they support them, no matter how rarely they heed them, nevertheless at the very first sign of a frontal attack, they rally stanchly to the churches' defense. Mephistopheles insists therefore that the demolition be planned along devious and oblique lines. He recommends starting modestly: by persuading the Congress and the people that, to preserve the separation of church and state, they need only refer all controversies on the subject to the United States Supreme Court. The notion sounds respectable; it has the added attraction of relieving everyone except the judges of the unpleasant duty of thinking. Send it to the judges and forget it!

Of course, Mephistopheles, being well-versed in the decisions of the Supreme Court, knows that, under certain old precedents, the judges may flatly decline to rule on some of the most important church-and-state issues. This is because the Court—to avoid interfering with functions that the Constitution confides to other branches of government—will not consider an issue of constitutionality unless the party appearing before it has sustained or is in immediate danger of direct injury from the law he seeks to

challenge. No matter how dubious the measure may be, he will not be permitted to attack it if he merely suffers from it in some indefinite way in common with everyone else.

Back in 1923, the Court went further and held that the mere fact that a person could show he paid federal taxes made no difference in this respect and gave him no standing to challenge an act of Congress appropriating public funds. The Court recognized that an unconstitutional spending of public money might conceivably necessitate a rise in subsequent tax levies. Nevertheless it held that the causal connection between any specific expenditure and future tax rates would be too remote and uncertain to constitute an immediate personal injury to a taxpayer. Hence he would have no more to complain about than others.

NOBODY VS. EVERYBODY

RULINGS of this kind, designed to keep peace among the departments of government, are eminently sensible as over-all policies. Yet they also provide a way to immunize a bad law from attack in the courts: one need only frame the law in such a way as to violate the basic rights of nobody in particular but everybody in general, that is, of the *entire* American people. Then, since no one can point to an injury that is distinguishable from his neighbors', no one can come into court and challenge the legislation!

For example, if the Congress were to appropriate a billion dollars for direct grants to schools under ecclesiastical direction, some of the judges would decline to entertain the question of constitutionality; they would hold that no citizen or taxpayer could challenge the appropriation in court. Some of them would take the same position even though the very statute which appropriated the money required the Attorney General to obtain a ruling from the Supreme Court before the money was distributed.

Nevertheless, Mephistopheles has had too rich an experience with lawyers to depend entirely on any technicality of law, even one that appeals to his taste as much as this one. He knows that what one lawyer may knit, another lawyer may find a way to unravel. Though Mephistopheles relishes the fictions and refinements of the law, he has found that too often truth and common sense have a way of breaking through. And they may do it again. In the case of direct federal grants to church schools, he suspects that a procedure will be developed that would induce the Court to decide the question of constitutionality.

He hopes of course that in that event, the majority of the judges would uphold the validity of the grant to church schools. But he does not care very much how any particular case comes out. For *his* purpose in this initial stage does not relate to the courts. It is rather to accustom the American people to regard church-and-state relationships as strictly legal and political issues, fit for judges and lawyers to wrangle about, too esoteric and technical for other citizens to comprehend. If he can only get the people used to considering separation of church and state in terms of qualifications, conditions, reasonable adjustments, and practical exceptions, Mephistopheles can rejoice. Aware that Thomas Jefferson solemnly dubbed it a "wall of separation," he hopes that the people will become accustomed to seeing a few exceptions here and there, a few doors or gaps in the wall. How can one hope to erode an obviously beneficial rule if one is not permitted to introduce exceptions?

Heretofore, when called on to maintain the wall of separation, the Court has made a rather mediocre record, failing more often than it succeeded. If Mephistopheles can convince the judges that the American people care so little about the solidity of the wall that they are willing to leave its fate to any five justices who happen to compose the Court majority of the day, the wall will soon crumble away. The first destructive step is to teach the people that separation of church and state is not their affair but the Court's.

The second stage follows. It consists in persuading church members that the cost of maintaining their own sectarian institutions has become too onerous for them. Here Mephistopheles has a powerful ally in human selfishness and cupidity, not to mention the joy we all take in feeling sorry for ourselves. Self-pity is the occupational disease of modern man. Anyone who appeals to it is certain of a receptive hearing.

In the past, when most church members were much less prosperous than they are today, they discovered a special pride and religious exaltation in contributing to the construction and maintenance of churches, missions, funds for the sick and poor, and other religious causes. Granted that some of the donors were actuated by an unworthy expectation that they could, as it were, bribe their way into heaven; there were plenty of others who gave for the sake of social conscience. In fact, according to our view of things, some gave too much to ecclesiastical uses. At any rate, every section of the United States is

studded with imposing cathedrals, churches, synagogues, seminaries, monasteries, nunneries, institutes, and clerically directed universities, which would have been impossible if millions of Americans in every generation had not attested their faith by donating billions of dollars.

In the face of such conspicuous proof that every church can take care of its own and that its own can take care of every church, it would seem hard to picture the church schools and universities nowadays as victims of abject poverty. Yet Mephistopheles finds it rather easy. True, the communicants may be more prosperous than ever before in history, secure and sleek and obese; but think of the cost of keeping two cars these days. Consider the income taxes one must pay, even at the popular capital-gains rates. Mephistopheles fairly weeps as he recounts how inflation has increased the cost of scientific equipment for the church schools. Of course, he finds no need to mention how inflation has increased the gifts and contributions, the income from the churches' real estate, securities, and bingo games, and the schools' fees. It is easy to convince men that they cannot afford to pay what they do not desire to pay; tell them how heavy their burdens are and they will greet your every word as a sagacious understatement.

ONE PAINLESS CONDITION

NOW for the third stage, the decisive one. Here Mephistopheles can use his favorite instruments of destruction, those most ancient and efficacious temptations—power and money. Power and money can work like salt water on a shipwrecked mariner—the more he takes, the more he requires, till death alone can slake his thirst. If you want to kill him, you need only persuade him to swallow the first draught.

That is why Mephistopheles would be elated to see us bloat the churches with political power and gorge them with public grants. He understands that—unlike the church in the Middle Ages—the modern church can no longer use the state as it chooses; on the contrary today when the two play the game of power and money, it is the state that ultimately calls the tune and makes use of the church.

Grant the churches all the political influence they desire, he urges—only make sure to attach a single, entirely plausible condition to its exercise. Give them their way; enact into law any regulation, no matter how censorious or repressive, which the loudest clerical voices in the community may demand—only require them first to lay their hands on their hearts and solemnly aver that the regulation has nothing to do with religion but is merely an ordinance for social welfare, community comfort, or administrative convenience. You will be amazed to see how readily some of the clergy will succumb to this stratagem. In order to impose their own sectarian ways on the remainder of the population, certain clergymen—speaking either for themselves or through state officials who share their views—seem willing to erase all lines between sacred and profane, and to demote the most precious inheritances of faith to the plane of mere secular arrangements. Some of these clergymen are the very ones we hear continually denouncing the trend toward secularism; yet when they see a chance to wield political power, they enter the front ranks of the secularizers.

One example will suffice. Thirty-four of our fifty states have general laws prohibiting business, gainful work, and commerce on Sunday. Twenty-one of these states are considerate enough to provide exemptions for persons like Seventh Day Adventists and Orthodox Jews who in good faith observe a different day as the Sabbath. The Pennsylvania law which makes Sunday work a criminal offense allows no exemptions for such persons, no matter how devout they may be.

A few months ago, the United States Supreme Court held that it was constitutional for Pennsylvania to prosecute some Orthodox Jewish merchants who opened their shops on Sunday. They claimed they could not remain in business if they were permitted to work only five days a week. No one questioned their religious sincerity. (The factor of sincerity is important because in other debates about Sunday closing laws nothing more sacred has been at stake than commercial rivalry between urban merchants and highway merchants.) The Supreme Court offered them no comfort. It told them that under Pennsylvania law they must either suffer the inevitable losses or find "some other commercial activity which does not call for either Saturday or Sunday labor." Justices Douglas, Brennan, and Stewart dissented indignantly.

Why did the majority uphold the Pennsylvania statute (and similar ones in Massachusetts and Maryland) in the face of the First Amendment? Because the Attorney General of the state insisted that Sunday laws were not connected with the Christian Sabbath but were mere secular provisions for rest, relaxation, and recreation. True, he had to concede, the laws were originally enacted for religious purposes; true, as they stood on the statute books, they were still couched in

religious phrases, referring to Sunday as "the Lord's day" and to commerce as "worldly employment"; true, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had recently declared that "Sunday is the holy day among Christians"; nevertheless, the Attorney General submitted, the mores have changed in recent years, and many people, instead of going to church, use Sunday for visiting and entertainment. In this curious fashion, some Christians, by merely staying away from their churches, have—it would seem—changed the meaning of Sunday not only for other Christians, but even for Orthodox Jews; such was the contention and such was the decision. Rather than allow a few devout Seventh Day Adventists and Orthodox Jews the same exemption that twenty-one other states have granted without ill effect, good Christians in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Maryland appear prepared to politicalize, secularize, and downgrade their own sacred day. No wonder Mephistopheles takes courage! If they are prepared to deny their Sabbath, who knows what they may deny next?

On the other hand, the best bait to ensnare the churches may not be political power, but loans or grants of public money. On this score, Mephistopheles points out that, for the purpose of destroying churches and church institutions, certain types of public assistance are much more efficacious than others because they create a condition of financial dependence. Among the more destructive types, for example, are assistance in expanding personnel and capacity, or in purchasing equipment that will soon become obsolete, or in paying teachers' salaries or the cost of school-bus transportation—any assistance, in fact, that can trap an institution into a commitment of long-term outlay. If a church can solve its financial problems by merely explaining that every observance that appears to be religious—and has always been considered so—is really secular in essence, well then, secular all of them must be!

This much accomplished, we hasten to the stage of open demolition. The church being no longer in a position to question that so-called "religious" education, "religious" observance, and "religious" creed are essentially secular, it is manifestly incumbent on the state to organize and regulate these activities in the public interest.

Perhaps it would be well, Mephistopheles suggests, to begin with matters of external observance and adapt them to modern engineering standards. In order to reduce congestion on the highways and increase the utility of recreational and resort facilities, the day of rest heretofore observed on Sunday will be distributed throughout the week, the population being divided for the purpose into seven categories assigned to the respective days, with leave to apply for transfer in the event of marriage or divorce. Moreover, the dates of Christmas and Easter will be fixed annually by a majority vote of the retail merchants subject to veto by a majority vote of milliners.

A BAN ON KOSHER SHOPS

NEXT, at the instance of the pork-packing industry and its many loyal friends in the right places, all kosher shops and restaurants will be ruled against public policy and summarily banned. Something must also be done for the real-estate interests. As it is uneconomic and wasteful for the various religious denominations to conduct worship services in different edifices (some of them located on very choice corners), they will be required by law to share a specified list of church buildings at hours to be arranged. The remaining parcels will be condemned to provide municipal parking lots. In addition, since the so-called "religious" practice of lifelong celibacy is manifestly disadvantageous to several different professions and industries, a commission will be appointed to investigate the practice and recommend appropriate remedial legislation.

Furthermore, Mephistopheles calls attention to certain doctrines and modes of behavior, formerly considered to have "religious" import but now discovered to be strictly secular in nature. These require no preliminary investigation; they are so obviously deleterious. It will be made a serious crime to advocate or knowingly join, assist, or conspire with any group or organization that advocates poverty, abstinence, or self-denial—all of which the Congress finds inimical to and subversive of American business. Similarly, since competent authorities have reported that the preaching of peace and universal brotherhood is injurious to military discipline and national security, institutions which permit this activity and all related and associated schools will become ineligible to receive public grants and will be required to repay any grants received during the preceding twenty years.

It may be that this legislative program will require a certain period of adjustment. Hotheads may criticize and a few may even oppose the dawn of the new, secularized era. Mephistopheles is ready with a strikingly simple device to eliminate all friction or conflict.

This is the final phase of his program, a plan of beautiful simplicity. He recommends that the power of appointing—or, as it used to be called, "ordaining"—the clergymen of any and all denominations and religions be vested in the President of the United States subject to confirmation by the United States Senate.

For all its brilliance, the idea may involve a few difficulties. For a while, there may be a few strains between the major political parties and even between Senators and local district leaders in filling the more desirable posts. But since Francisco Franco solved the problem in Spain by obtaining personal control over the selection and appointment of bishops, why doubt that American know-how will do at least as well? To consummate the entire program, Congress need only confer on the President the ex-officio title of Supreme Head of *All* Churches and Defender of *All* Faiths.

WHAT WE CANNOT AFFORD

IT IS time to return soberly to the wisdom of the Founding Fathers. The churches which so many of us cherish are in grave jeopardy. Since their beginnings when our ancestors suffered and sacrificed to build them, they have faced no deadlier threat. The outlook is not a bit less ominous because those who propose to intermingle the church with the political state happen to be well-intentioned. Regardless of denominations, creeds, and intentions, they are dangerously misguided. All church members—Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Christians—have the same interest in resisting them. As Elihu Root said, "It is not a question of religion, or of creed, or of party; it is a question of declaring and maintaining the great American principle of eternal separation between church and state."

True, maintaining the principle may cost us inconvenience, misunderstanding, and even hostility. But did fear of embarrassment silence Jefferson or Madison? Like them, we consider the wall of separation indispensable to both church and state, and to our country's freedom.

Indispensable we know it is to the welfare of the churches; but why is it equally indispensable to the political state? Because today, more than ever before, the government of the most powerful democracy on earth needs the critical scrutiny of independent churches, their visions, exhortations, and unsparing rebukes. Organized religion knows no higher duty than to maintain the enduring ideals and universal values that exceed the jurisdiction of any earthly power, transcend the widest political boundaries, and defy the currents of popular opinion. The louder the voice of the people in a society, the more it requires the inner monitions of religious conscience.

In recent years, the inroads and encroachments have grown serious. If we do not speak out for principle today, we or our children may later have to fight for it. A little retreat, a little delay, a little appeasement—these will only encourage the misguided to attempt further aggressions. Silence has become too costly; we can no longer afford it. A little candor, a little courage, a little intransigence exhibited openly here and now—these will surely preserve the integrity of our religious institutions. The times have summoned us.

THE DAILY GLOBE by Howard Nemerov

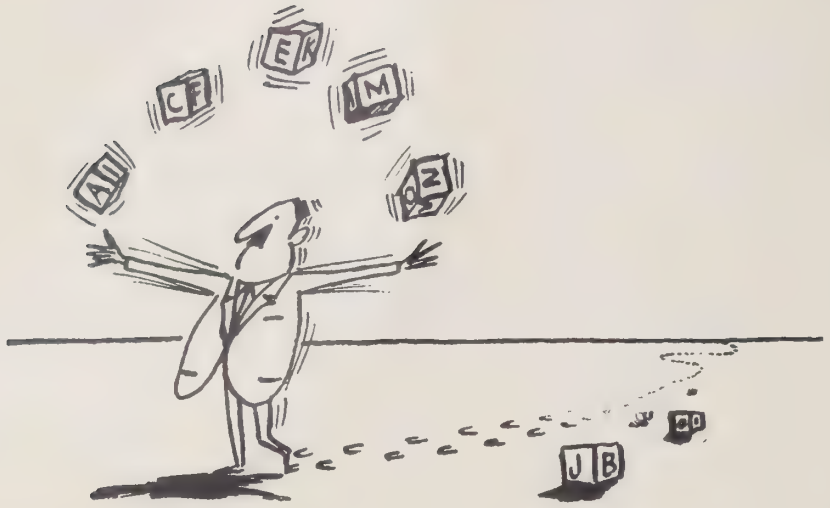
EACH day another installment of the old
Romance of Order brings to the breakfast table
The paper flowers of catastrophe.
One has this recurrent dream about the world.

Headlines declare the ambiguous oracles,
The comfortable old prophets mutter doom.
Man's greatest intellectual pleasure is
To repeat himself, yet somehow the daily globe

Rolls on, while the characters in comic strips
Prolong their slow, interminable lives
Beyond the segregated photographs
Of the girls that marry and the men that die.

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LOUIS B. SALOMON



THE GAME OF WORDS

. . . Perhaps the best one since Scrabble
for people who persist in
thinking the English language makes sense.

A WORD game—that's something we play for fun to take our mind off the capriciousness of the game we play for keeps every time we open our mouth to ask for beer or road directions, every time we write a note to the milkman or a letter to the newspaper. Feeling intuitively how much we have at stake in the *real* language game, we hate to admit to ourselves that it doesn't dance to logical tunes of our own composing, and whenever it misses a step we prefer to pretend that it didn't happen.

Among our many illusions about the way we write and speak, one of the hardest to give up—even when it costs us money—is the assumption that one word stands for one thing or concept, even though the concept may be as atomic as that represented by *a* or *the* or *of*. If, for example, you ever pause to wonder why it costs twice as much to mention, say, a New Zealander in a telegram as it does to mention, say, an Irishman, you will probably shrug off both the expense and the question with, "Oh well, *Irishman* is one word and *New Zealander* is two," and turn right back to building your birdhouse or your chicken house, or whistling your game dog to bring back the game bird so that you can stuff it into your gamebag—provided the gamekeeper hasn't nabbed you as an unlicensed game hunter.

If anyone asks you why *Irishman* is one word and *New Zealander* two, you will probably tell him to go peddle his newspapers, and if driven to it you will spin out some cobwebby sophism to convince yourself that when you say "newspaper" or "wallpaper" you are thinking of a single concept while "wrapping paper" or "carbon paper" represents two concepts. You have, of course, a logical, orderly mind, and you know as surely as you know the reality of a warm bed or a cold martini that language consists of words and words are units of meaning. Otherwise . . . well, hang it all, otherwise just doesn't make sense.

If any doubt nags you, you can fall back on the dictionaries for support and comfort. Thus the Merriam-Webster *Collegiate* defines *word* as "the smallest unit of speech that has meaning when taken by itself." The *American College Dictionary* calls it "an element which can stand alone as an utterance, not divisible into two or more parts similarly characterized; thus *boy* and *boyish,* but not *-ish* or *boy scout,* the former being less than a word, the latter more."

But doesn't this rather beg the question of why *boy scout* is more than a word, and leave us also wondering why, when a boy scout feels chilly on his campground, he pulls up a camp chair in front of the campfire—or why, if he does his own

laundering, he has to support his clothesline with a clothes pole, until he either hangs his duds on a clothes hanger or stows them away in a clothespress? Yet I know people who would lie awake all night figuring out an excuse for believing that *clothes hanger* represents two concepts and *clothesline* only one, rather than admit that the only difference lies in the custom of spacing on the written page that happens to be followed by most of the well-educated writers of English today.

Of course there is always the in-between device of the hyphen. In a sense all standard hyphenated compounds (that is, those that appear in "the dictionary") are weasel words, confessions of vacillation between our sense that they represent a single concept, as nearly as may be, and our filial subservience to the rules of the editor's stylebook. The modern current in English has set in the direction of combination, first via the hyphen, like a timid swimmer hesitantly wetting himself to the knees, and finally the bold plunge, made only in behalf of individual compounds, seldom systematically for all expressions of a type. Your hand-knit sweater is, by definition, handmade; it will keep you warm under the star-spangled (or starlit) sky of a clear autumn night. If, through overexposure in the sun parlor, you should become sun-struck, the doctor will treat you for sunstroke.

Sometimes the in-between stage is lacking, and we have only the fully integrated swimmer and the non-swimmer standing on the dry shore of *apartheid*, with no logical reason why either should not be in the other's place. The finger marks on your highball glass look just like the fingerprints you left on the windowpane (or on the window shade or the window sill). You toss a hand grenade at your enemy, a handball to your friend. Against a head wind you make very little headway.

TRIAL BY TELEGRAPH

THE ivy-clad ivory towers may (and do) ring with debate as to whether *boy scout* functions as a single part of speech; whether hyphenated compounds like *well-spent* are single words; whether, in an uninflected language like English, *will go* might not just as well be written *willgo*, thus disposing of the argument over whether English verbs have a future tense. But it occurred to me recently to inquire into the practice of one agency whose approach to the question must be uncompromisingly pragmatic: the Western Union Telegraph Company. When the grammarian sends a birthday wire to his maiden aunt he has to pay by the Company's standard of word-counting, which in turn must have semantic repercussions, since even if you're a grammarian what you have to pay for as a word surely must *be* a word, and a word is a unit of meaning, etc., etc.

The result of my correspondence (by United States mail both ways: one ounce of words for four cents) with a high official of the Company, whose patience must have been sorely tried but whose courtesy never faltered, is as follows: the Company charges hyphenated compounds as single words, and in doubtful cases it accepts the authority of any standard dictionary to which a customer may appeal. Thus if you were sending a wire concerning those slippery rocks which (sometimes) keep your feet out of the creek bed, you could, if money is no object, refer to them as *stepping stones,* or you could go the cheaper way with either *stepping-stones* or *steppingstones,* the three forms being found in as many reputable dictionaries of recent date. (Tennyson characteristically chose the path of moderation when he wrote of those stepping-stones on which men rise from their dead selves to higher things.)

Standard dictionaries of approximately the same vintage, however, seldom vary widely enough to warrant your carrying an armload of reference books each time you visit a branch office of the Telegraph Company. Anyway, even advance planning can't always beat the game. For example, while my learned friends are puzzling why *paving stone*—unlike *hearthstone* or *millstone*—represents two concepts, I note glumly that if I develop a kidney stone it will cost me twice as much to notify them by wire of my affliction as it will if I come down with a gallstone.

If, however, any admirer of this article should send me a brocaded night robe, I'd save money by thanking him telegraphically for a nightdress; whereas if the gift should be a tablecloth I'd pay through the nose for my stuffiness if I called it table linen. If you're about to jump in with "Aha! a tablecloth is a single thing, but table linen includes both tablecloths and napkins,"

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just calm down long enough to remember that a gift of knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, etc., could all be acknowledged at the one-word rate as tableware.

TRIAL BY LOGIC

PROBABLY the notion of the word as the "unit of meaning" is a relic of a far less literate era than ours—of a time when for the majority of people a sentence consisted of a more or less continuous chain of speech-sounds which could be arbitrarily tied off like sausages into units corresponding to concepts. Even then, of course, the locating of the exact phonetic division-points sometimes reflected accident more than logic; the history of words like *adder, apron,* and *nickname* shows that there was a time when the question of whether you were saying *a nadder* or *an adder, an ekename* or *a nekename,* would only have made you squirm with embarrassment. But in an age of almost universal literacy, words of tongue may carry less prestige than words of pen. Granted that in the normal way of life we learn to speak before we learn to read, yet many modern words, like *G.I., O.K., WAC,* and *snafu,* could hardly have come into existence without the written language; and we spend the greater part of our life so compulsively manipulating—and being manipulated by—the written language that we have come, whether we admit it to ourselves or not, to regard as a word (hence as a unit of meaning) any meaningful speech-sound or set of speech-sounds which is conventionally represented in writing with a space before and after. This is more or less a linguistic truism; it is only when we try to justify such divisions on logical grounds, or when we subconsciously allow the conventions of writing to shape our thought-processes, that we are likely to find ourselves chasing will-o'-the-wisps in a semantic bog.

The National Institute of Drycleaning, for example, (all *my* dictionaries speak of dry cleaning, not even dry-cleaning) has been campaigning for years in behalf of *drycleaning,* on the ground, as reported in a recent advertisement, that the services its members offer should not be thought of as only cleaning. "They use water and steam as well as solvents, and, for certain fabrics and soil problems, even do wetcleaning." I think these people are waging a real epistemological crusade, not just trying to cut down their telegraph bills.

The basic question is: at what point do two or more closely related concepts merge like mercury drops into a single concept? Does the writing-convention in any case merely reflect our semantic stance, or does the former actually influence our view of the meaning of a verbal symbol?

In the examples given thus far—and many others like them—the original word "parts" are still so clearly recognizable that one often has to consult an up-to-date dictionary to find what practice bears the current seal of approval. But what of words that in another language, or in an earlier form of English, resulted from a mechanical fusing of two or more "separate words," the original forms being known now only to scholars? The Greeks must have been quite conscious of the compound origin of *hippopotamos,* a slightly changed form of which seems to the modern English-speaker as homogeneous as, say, *tiger* or *antelope;* yet our dictionaries list as its synonym *river horse,* which points to the same two separate defining qualities that impressed the Greeks.

People don't worry about a hippopotamus; to most of them it *is* a comically ponderous mammal which they may have seen at the zoo, but a river horse *is* a faintly (so very faintly!) horselike animal that likes to wallow in river mud. If we only wrote it *riverhorse,* we might quit looking for any trace of horsiness or river-addiction, just as precious little horsiness is suggested to the mind of a modern city-dweller by the word *sawhorse.*

You may say, of course, that neither river horses nor sawhorses are "real" horses; that metaphor leads a life outside the laws of logic. Very well, what do we do about real horses? We put one behind the plow or into the paddock and point, as it were, to dual qualities in him as a work horse or a race horse; but as soon as we install him as sultan of an equine harem we merge all his attributes into a "single" concept: studhorse—thus showing, I assume, our trust that he will devote himself single-mindedly to his new duties.

No, you just can't make system out of it, no matter if you try till you have brain fever in your brainpan. If you can't face this you may find solace in a one-word wineglass, or even deaden the pain with fewer refills by pouring the stuff into a two-word water glass. But don't, as you value your sanity, try to rationalize it on any other grounds. That would indeed be to jump out of the frying pan—though not out of the saucepan or the stewpan—into the fire.

And maybe if you just hold on long enough *water glass* (in the sense of *tumbler*) will become *waterglass.* Sometime. Well, anyway, some day.

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JOSEPH KRAFT

The Comeback of the STATE DEPARTMENT

After a dismaying start, Secretary Rusk is finally gaining control over the most wayward bureaucracy in Washington—with promising results for U.S. foreign policy.

DURING the first six months of the Kennedy Administration an abundance of melancholy signs gave evidence of serious trouble at the Department of State. There was the unfortunate affair involving the possible ouster of Chester Bowles. There were charges by State of incursion by the White House and other agencies. There was talk of conflict between "Europe-Firsters" and "Fringe-Firsters," "New Boys" and "Old Boys," "Hard-boiled Eggs" and "Soft-boiled Eggs." The President himself publicly acknowledged the need "to make more effective the structure and the personnel of the State Department."

Underlying these difficulties was a staccato succession of crises that would have strained any department in any Administration—Congo, Laos, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Bizerte, Brazil, and then Berlin. These crises exposed in glaring light deficiencies of personnel and procedure that had long made State known as a "perennial problem." They also raised sharp questions about the possibility of sorting into working order the plenitude of energetic and able men brought by the Kennedy Administration to the conduct of foreign affairs.

A marked turn in the tide was apparent in mid-August when State finally began to take charge in the Berlin crisis. Secretary Rusk emerged beyond any doubt as the President's principal adviser on foreign policy. Small, but significant, changes improved State's working machinery. In the process of clearing the decks for Berlin, some crises were eased while others dimmed in importance.

Even so there persist grave doubts about the capacity of the Department to meet the needs of the President in an era of unprecedented challenge. Because so much is at stake, ill-tempered criticism could be an irresponsible act—like screaming at a surgeon in the midst of an operation. But sober analysis may isolate structural flaws and forward the rebuilding which seems to be getting under way. At the least it may dispel wild exaggeration of personal rivalry and policy friction. For one thing is clear. The trouble at State lies less in its stars than in itself.

AHAB'S CREW

THE Department of State is one of the smallest in the government: 37,000 employees, or about half of Treasury, a third of Agriculture, an eightieth of Defense. But its offices run around the world. Its volume of business is enormous; 4,000 cables a day, or more than the combined total of the Associated Press and United Press International offices in Washington. Its affairs affect every other agency in Washington. And though still relatively small, State has grown at a dizzying pace: up from less than 1,000 employees in 1941.

Sudden growth and diverse responsibility have given State an organization that is diagramed less by an orderly row of boxes than by a topographical map of a chain of folded mountains. The Department counts over forty major units responsible directly to the Secretary. That includes fourteen Bureaus, ten of them headed by Assistant Secretaries; two Agencies (Disarmament and International Development); five

Special Assistants; one Adviser (legal); one Center (Operations); one Council (Policy Planning); one Corporation (Development Loan Fund); one Institute (Foreign Service). Nearly three hundred different abbreviations (from A for Assistant Secretary of Administration, through WST for the Office of West Coast Affairs in ARA, which stands for the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs) are required to list the various subsidiary layers.

Asymmetries, anomalies, and absurdities abound. There is a Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, but not an Under Secretary; an Under Secretary for Economic Affairs but not a Deputy Under Secretary. One Bureau (Cultural Affairs) has under it a Special Projects Division which, in turn, has under it a Special Activities Branch. Another (Economic Affairs) harbors a miniature cabinet: Office of International Trade (Commerce Department); Office of International Resources (Interior); Mutual Defense Assistance Control Staff (Defense); Foreign Reporting Staff (State); Commodities Division (Agriculture); Office of Transport and Communications (Post Office). The logic of a small boy looking for a spot to stow his gum seems to have inspired the placing of the two officials directly responsible to the Under Secretary. One is the Chief of Protocol. The other is the Special Assistant for Fisheries and Wildlife.

The men and women staffing these offices are about as uniform as the crew of Ahab's *Pequod*. Roughly half of State's employees are foreign nationals serving abroad. Well over a third are in the Agency for International Development—itself, once, an independent organ. Though the task force headed by Henry Wriston in 1954 pushed the Department far and fast toward integration, State's personnel is still spread out in four different groups: Foreign Service Officers; Foreign Service Staff, Foreign Service Reserve; regular Civil Service. Each group has different terms of pay, promotion, tenure, and retirement.

Formal machinery for managing the bureaucratic maze is relatively slight. The Secretary confers every morning with the principal officers of the Department in regular staff meetings. In addition, there is an Executive Secretariat charged with White House liaison, co-ordinating the work of State's top officials and moving important papers to appropriate places at appropriate times. That is the sum total of daily topside control over the Department. Though improvements have undoubtedly been made, there is still truth in the observation made in 1950 by James McCamy, a leading student of the Department's administration, that "the element that is conspicuously missing is the development of staff services to the Secretary to enable him to keep informed and to co-ordinate."

Administrative tidiness, to be sure, is one of the lesser purposes of government. But there is innate harmony between structure and outlook, routine and mood. Overlapping authority and unclear lines of responsibility traditionally breed timidity, lack of initiative, slowness in conception and execution. In the case of State, these are qualities already generated in abundance by functional pressures and an unhappy past.

Diplomacy, a chief function of the Department, is generally defined as the process of settling disputes between states by the process of negotiation. It is—in other, and cruder, words—a way to live with problems. Its practice, in extraordinary circumstances, demands and calls forth high qualities of mind. Truly distinguished analytical work has been done by former Foreign Service Officers who lived through the turmoil of the war in Russia and China. But in less stirring conditions, diplomacy can lapse into pushing papers. The impact on men between twenty-five and thirty-five years old, men acquiring—or not acquiring—the habit of decision, can be deadly. According to the Hoover Commission report of 1949, this is the way an average Foreign Service Officer of about thirty years in age, and five years' experience, might expect to spend three-quarters of his time: incoming and outgoing mail, 30 per cent; personnel matters, property control, and administration, 5 per cent; trade disputes and trade letters, 5 per cent; railway priorities and distribution of imports, 5 per cent; reports, 5 per cent; consultation with chiefs, 15 per cent; other interviews, 10 per cent.

THE BROTHERS IT

THAT such a routine was hardly calculated to stimulate the habit of bold decision was explicitly recognized by the Foreign Service itself. Until 1948, instructions to the board preparing examinations for Foreign Service Officers included this precept:

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> It might be dangerous to attempt to overcome defects caused by the nature of the profession by a change in the selection procedure. For example, it is possible that Foreign Service officers develop a high degree of caution in their statements concerning political or economic problems because of the extent to which their opinions or decisions are subject to review. However, if the examination system attempted to select individuals with outstanding initiative and independence of thought and action, these individuals might quickly become unhappy in the Service and might disrupt the Service to such an extent as to seriously interfere with its proper functioning.

Prose of that sort tended to put an added brake on initiative and independence. The discourse of diplomacy approaches a dead language. Formal phrases ("The Secretary of State presents his compliments to his Excellency and . . .") abound. So do circumlocutions. Where anyone else might say, "I think," State's way is to say, "The Department believes . . ." Especially in favor is the passive construction: "It was learned that . . ."; "It is believed that . . ." "Sometimes you get the impression," E. W. Kenworthy, the astute State Department correspondent of the *New York Times,* once remarked, "that there are only two people around here: It was, and his brother, It is."

Such disposition for self-assertion as survived these occupational pressures, moreover, found heavy weather in the political chances of the past decade. Under the pressure of "McCarthyism," many of State's boldest and bravest were driven from the Department, while others drew the appropriate lesson—which was to play it safe. John Foster Dulles' inclination to work out problems by himself or with a very few top advisers had the side effect of discouraging initiative in the ranks. "We went to the Secretary's press conference," high Department officials recall, "to find out what was going on."

It is hardly surprising that year after year virtually everybody found trouble at State. James McCamy, in 1950, called the Department a "perennial problem." George Kennan, in 1952, found "an administrative ruin, packed with people who had never undergone the normal entrance requirements, hemmed in and suffocated by competing services, demoralized by anonymous security agents in whose judgment and disinterestedness its members had little confidence, a helpless object of disparagement and defamation at the hands of outside critics." So careful a man as Sherman Adams noted "the strong aversion among foreign-service career men to anything imaginative and original." "Nobody," Dean Acheson said, "has been able to run the Department in a hundred and fifty years."

To the perennial problem, the Kennedy Administration brought one new complication. It blocked out for the Secretary of State a role akin to that of foreign secretaries elsewhere, but sharply at variance with recent American tradition.

LOW KEY AT THE TOP

COMPARE Lord Home with Lord Castlereagh, Maurice Couve de Murville with Maurice de Talleyrand, Gromyko with Nesselrode, and there emerges a major trend of modern history. Over the years international affairs have increasingly come to dominate the vital business of every nation. Foreign policy, in consequence, has increasingly become the primary concern of the central political establishment, and notably of its chief—be he Prime Minister, Premier, or Party Secretary. By the same token, there has been a steady decline in the independent influence and authority of foreign ministers. Just as war has become too serious to be entrusted to the generals, so peace has become too important to be left to the diplomats.

During the immediate postwar period, special Constitutional arrangements seemed to exempt this country from the general pattern. The balance of power between Executive and Legislature, and the indefinite role assigned the Cabinet, leave immense scope for the working of personality. The first postwar President came to office inexperienced in foreign affairs, while the second was prone to delegate vast authority. Under Truman, Acheson, and under Eisenhower, Dulles, became the chief makers of American foreign policy.

But John F. Kennedy brought to the White House a restless energy, an enormous appetite for detail, and (despite the campaign talk) more experience of foreign affairs (two decades as student, soldier, Congressman, and Senator) than any previous incoming President in this century. He was determined to play an active part in both the formulation and the execution of foreign policy: "to place himself," as he told the National Press Club in a speech on the Presidency in January 1960, "in the very thick of the fight." It was thus essential that he find a Secretary of State who knew who was President. By a process of elimination, he made a choice that could have been reached by the process of inspiration.

David Dean Rusk, the fifty-fifth American Secretary of State, fits none of the categories that have characterized his predecessors—and made

them such easy marks for attack. Unlike Dulles, Acheson, Stimson, Hughes, and Root, he is not a corporation lawyer from the Ivy League. Unlike Byrnes, Hull, Kellogg, Bryan, and Blaine, he is not a political personality. A Rhodes Scholar with enduring ties to Europe, but also the first Secretary with deep personal experience of Asia, he is neither Atlantic- nor Pacific-minded. A soldier before he was a diplomat, and a professor before that, he is neither pacifist nor saber-rattler. Versed in the open forums of the United Nations, but equally in secret negotiations, he is neither "old" nor "new" diplomatist. A Georgia farm boy who taught in California and came to New York to preside over Rockefeller millions, he is neither North nor South, East nor West. It is not even clear whether he belongs with the rich or the poor.

With an absence of debits go impressive credits. A bear for work, Rusk has been called (by *U. S. News & World Report*) "the busiest man in Washington." His mind is terse and incisive; here, for example, is his reasoning on the complex issue of neutralist countries: "I do not believe we should insist that anyone who is not with us is against us." Around Rusk's remarkably full personal experience, there could be written a long chapter of American history. Before becoming President of the Rockefeller Foundation in 1952, he was, first, a Professor of International Relations at Mills College; next an Army officer, rising to the post of Deputy Chief of Staff in the China-Burma-India Theatre; then a State Department official, serving as Assistant Secretary for United Nations Affairs, Deputy Under Secretary, and (during the Korean War) Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs.

Close ties to both Dean Acheson (who pushed him for his present job) and John Foster Dulles (who brought him to the Foundation) testify to a gift for getting on with people. A wit that bubbles irrepressibly is a part of the gift. "If you want Vietnam, I'll take the Marines," he once told Secretary Robert McNamara in a conversation that ended with transfer of a task force on Vietnam from Defense to State. When the usually touchy subject of personal finances came up during his confirmation hearings, Rusk broke up the Senators in this exchange:

> Q. What do you do with your money?
> A. Well, I begin, sir, by paying taxes.

Native graciousness supplements good humor. "No one does the swearing-in ceremony better than Rusk," a State Department veteran says. When Abubukar Balewa, the Prime Minister of Nigeria, visited Washington, Rusk combined a discreet reference to his origin in the primitive, northern section of Nigeria, with a graceful allusion to the race issue. "In my country," he said, "I am a liberal in the South and a conservative in the North; in yours, you are a liberal in the North, and a conservative in the South."

Lastly, there is a quality complementary to the President's bent for brisk action. The Secretary can move very swiftly, as he did in the first stages of the Korean operation. He can also be sharp in expression: "You invoke my ire, and the ire of all my Presbyterian forebears," he once began a letter to a friend. But his preference is for the cautious, undramatic approach. "Low key" is one of his favorite expressions. He is comfortable when moving through regular channels: he brought no personal assistants with him from State to the Foundation, and took only one (a secretary) back. In appointments, he seems to go for experience over analytic brilliance. As Deputy Under Secretary he chose former Ambassador to Thailand, U. Alexis Johnson, though he might have had McGeorge Bundy. As chief of Policy Planning, he picked former Ambassador to Turkey, George McGhee; he could have had Walt Rostow.

In dealing with a big problem, he likes to look the ground over carefully, considering all aspects, letting his mind explore different solutions before committing himself. It is typical that in his first talk to the policy-making officers of the Department, on February 20, he emphasized in a forceful comparison the need to cover all bases:

> The pilot of a jet aircraft has a check list of many dozen questions which he must answer satisfactorily before he takes off his plane on a flight. Would it not be interesting and revealing if we had a check list of questions which we would answer systematically before we take off on a policy?

For several months, Rusk's low key appeared to be drowned out. He saw the President only twice before confirmation, and at the Senate hearings virtually acknowledged he had had no chance to discuss with him so vital a matter as China policy. In March when the President, in his first critical foreign-policy test, met Prime Minister Macmillan to discuss Laos at Key West, Rusk was at the SEATO meeting in Bangkok. When the President, in his second crucial round of meetings, met President de Gaulle in Paris, Rusk was held up in Washington dealing with the aftermath of the assassination of General

Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. Meanwhile more glamorous personalities seemed to be willy-nilly attracting more attention. There was Ambassador Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations; Under Secretary Chester Bowles; Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, G. Mennen Williams; Adolph Berle, a Presidential adviser on Latin America; Dean Acheson, a Presidential adviser on Europe; and, at the National Security Council, both McGeorge Bundy and Walt Rostow.

After Cuba especially, when everything suddenly looked to be going sour, the seeming eclipse of Dean Rusk became something of a *cause célèbre*—grist to Washington's immense underground machinery for the milling of rumors and the minting of mots. Rusk was said to be a "loner" and a "compulsive insider," too "inhibited" to express his views with force. It was claimed that he did not take decisive stands on controversial issues—not on Cuba, not on Laos, not on Berlin, not on Bowles. Journalists called him the "mystery man," the "quiet man," "the last man on the last train." "Rusk," a disgruntled foreign diplomat complained, "would make a great Secretary of State—if only de Gaulle were President."

LESS THAN GRACE NOTES

THE Department, meanwhile, was faring far worse than the Secretary. It had been the intention of the Administration to let in light and air: to vest high responsibility in State, and to create a climate of confidence. As a gesture of support, the President himself dropped in at one of the Secretary's early staff meetings. To show that he would call on the informed expert as well as the high official, he took with him to the Key West conference with Prime Minister Macmillan, not only some of State's brass, but also the Laos desk officer, Christian Chapman. "We have a President," Secretary Rusk told the Department in his message of February 20,

> who will rely heavily upon the Department of State for the conduct of our foreign relations. This will not be a passive reliance but an active expectation on his part that this Department will in fact take charge of foreign policy.

The expansion of the Department's responsibilities was not accompanied by any increase in the machinery for giving topside guidance. On the contrary, organization was kept deliberately lean. In one of his first acts the President dissolved the Operations Control Board—a special watchdog committee used by the Eisenhower Administration to keep tabs on the action of all agencies in the national security field, including State. The Kennedy theory seemed to be that competent men at State would reach out and take responsibility. "Power gravitates," Secretary Rusk said in his remarks on February 20, "to those who are willing to make decisions and live with the results, simply because there are so many who readily yield to the intrepid few who take their duties seriously."

In practice, the results have been highly uneven. Steadily, good performance has come from bureaus and divisions headed by able men armed with a clear sense of purpose. There is general agreement that the Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, George Ball, and his staff have handled with great skill preparations for the merger of the European Six and Seven as well as negotiations on the touchy subject of reducing textile exports to the United States. Harlan Cleveland, Assistant Secretary for International Organization Affairs, has done equally well, and his bureau is occasionally used by the Secretary to run a check on the work of other units in the Department. Governor Williams has imparted remarkable élan to the once demoralized Bureau of African Affairs. "American policy on the Congo," one member of his staff says, "used to be run by the Pentagon, the CIA, the European desks—by everyone but us. Now we're running it. We're the voice in government that speaks for this country's African interest."

But men eager to take charge have not found their way to all the top posts. A key man in European affairs, for example, speaks of Dean Acheson as "the old master," and of himself and his staff as "us boys." A key man in Policy Planning thinks it is idle for the Department to work out varying courses of action for different hypothetical contingencies. A key man in a unit concerned chiefly with crisis spots has long been known, because of the afternoon torpor habitually induced by leisurely lunches, as "The Torp." A key man in Inter-American Affairs who had important business with the United States Information Agency felt obliged to ask the White House for an introduction to USIA Director Edward R. Murrow. A key man in Congressional Relations is hardly ever seen on Capitol Hill. A key man in press relations is not clear on the difference between this magazine and *Harper's Bazaar*.

The flow of work from these and other bureaus has been systematically disappointing to the White House. Most of the complaints come on small items: failure to answer a letter from

Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos; failure to name a special economic representative in Bolivia, months after the President publicly committed himself to the appointment. But there has been dissatisfaction with State's performance on major issues as well, as two examples will make clear.

One involves this country's response to Nikita Khrushchev's opening gun in the 1961 Berlin campaign: the *aide-mémoire* he handed to President Kennedy in Vienna on June 4. The United States made reply on July 17. Though 43 days in the making, and 34 long paragraphs in the telling, the American note was, by wide consensus, something less than a diplomatic triumph.

The British and French sent separate, shorter, notes. The London *Times* commented that the stress of the American note on the history of the Berlin issue was "negative," while *Le Monde* of Paris said that in tone it seemed "modeled on a Soviet note." At his news conference of July 19, the President publicly expressed concern at the long consultation period required in preparation of the note. Privately, he had already expressed even stronger concern at a meeting of his closest personal advisers called over the weekend of July 4. A covering statement on the note, issued at the July 19 press conference, was originally written in the hope it might be incorporated into the note to add punch. When it came to preparing his July 25 address to the nation on Berlin, the President, in the major drafting stages, kept clear of the Department's Berlin experts.

"WHITE HOUSE MEDDLING"?

A SECOND example concerns Cuban policy. At a National Security Council meeting on April 22, in the immediate aftermath of the abortive invasion, State was given the task of preparing a comprehensive survey of possible policies for the future. Preparation of the survey was assigned to the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. What emerged from the Bureau was a thirty-page "laundry list" of all possible moves ("They just lifted everything they had in the files and stuck it in," was one comment.) It was bare of analysis. But it featured—less apparently from conviction than from an effort to second-guess the mood of the White House—a strongly interventionist tone. It reached the Secretary's office at 10:30 on the evening of April 26—less than twelve hours before it was due for presentation at a follow-up meeting of the National Security Council.

At the time, Secretary Rusk was in Ankara at a meeting of the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO). Under Secretary Bowles had left his office for the day, with the understanding that the draft would be carefully scrutinized by the Department's other top officials. One of these did not realize that the draft was supposed to be more a survey than a recommendation; he was struck by the emphasis on intervention—a step which he, and practically everybody else at the Department, opposed. He and his staff, working through the night, produced a counter-paper. In strong terms it argued against further intervention in Cuba. In quality, it reflected an overnight job.

At the staff meeting early next morning, Bowles received the draft prepared by the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. He too balked at the interventionist tone. When he asked if anything else was available, the counter-paper was produced. With no time left for further drafting, Bowles went over to the White House with both the original draft and the counter-paper.

At the NSC meeting, he first presented the counter-paper. The President glanced through the first two paragraphs, then cast it aside. The original draft, which was presented subsequently, met a similar fate. In the course of the meeting, it was decided to establish a task force to consider the Cuban problem. In naming a chairman of the task force, the President looked right by State. He chose Paul Nitze, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. Another task force set up at the same meeting—a task force on Vietnam—was assigned to Roswell Gilpatric, Deputy Secretary of Defense. Only through the personal intervention of Dean Rusk, several days later, did State get control of the two task forces.

In response to such performances, the Administration was obliged to curb the impulse to give the State Department major responsibility for foreign affairs. Just to get things done, the White House had to improvise a wide range of *ad hoc* devices. By-passing the Department, as in the case of the Berlin speech, was one of these. Another was the repeated creation of task forces—focusing talent from many departments and the White House on a single issue. A third was increasing assumption of operational responsibility by the White House staff; in this connection it is notable that what the Department calls "White House meddling" has come chiefly (from Presidential assistants Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Goodwin) in the field of Latin American affairs—the weakest section of

the Department. It was in this context, as still a fourth device, that the Bowles affair came to pass.

Mr. Bowles came to the State Department as an outspoken critic of old-fashioned diplomatic methods, of some members of the Foreign Service, and of overemphasis on European interests and the use of military force. His convictions were expressed in the designation of Ambassadors—a selection which has been widely praised, and for which he bore major responsibility; in appointments to the Department, for which he bore a good deal of responsibility; and in a few policy matters. On all these counts he inevitably aroused some antipathy inside the Department. On all these issues, however, the President stood far more nearly with than against Bowles.

But State's persistent weakness in the performance of its regular duties brought the President to the conclusion that he needed a strong managerial hand in the upper reaches of the Department. Dean Rusk was too busy with substantive problems to take on that added responsibility. Bowles, though richly experienced in administration, had more taste for planning and the development of new ideas than for scrubbing bureaucratic backstairs, and from the beginning he had understood that he was not to be primarily charged with managerial functions. It was to make room for another man, and without personal animus or political edge, that the President, at a White House meeting on July 13, suggested that Mr. Bowles might be happier in another post.

Even before the President saw Bowles, however, word of his intention had leaked out. Bowles's critics at once set up a victory cry. "Bowles down, Williams to go," was one of the cocktail-party comments. Expressive of that view, and not of the President's as widely surmised, was the very first newspaper story of the affair. In it, Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent of the Chattanooga *Times,* wrote:

> Critical hostility of the career government service has rarely been directed toward a public official with the consensus and emotion now apparent at the working levels of the State Department in regard to Under Secretary Chester Bowles.

Inevitably, partisans of the Bowles policies in the Administration, the Congress, and the press shot back. Two White House staff members wrote the President advising that Bowles be retained on policy grounds. The New York *Post,* in an editorial, said:

> Under Secretary Chester Bowles is under heavy fire from that strange alliance of the Pentagon battalion, the Acheson legion, and the rightist Congressional guerrillas, all of whom regard him as a threat to what certain commentators call the "hard" line in foreign affairs.

With the issue at once grossly distorted and grossly inflated, the President held his hand. But it was in these circumstances, at his press conference of July 19, that he made reference to the need to make more effective the structure and personnel of the State Department—a mild, but unmistakable rebuke. That same week he was quoted (by *Life*) as calling the Department, in private, "a bowl of jelly." At that point, the relations between State and the White House had touched bottom.

"EASY ASSURANCE"

STATE'S comeback has proceeded the way such things will—by fits and starts, along many lines, sometimes almost imperceptibly. In mid-August several early plantings began to bear fruit, while not a few nettles withered away. Gentle coaxing brought Britain to the verge of joining the European Common Market—a striking foreign-policy success for the Administration. In the Congo, support for the United Nations and the principle of parliamentary decision brought a drawing together of conflicting forces (Katanga excepted), at the clear expense of Communist interest. In Laos, a reasonably effective cease-fire gave promise of a neutral and independent government—the Administration's target from the beginning. Potential explosions in Bizerte and Brazil were damped down. Patience in negotiation on bomb-testing paid off when the Russians took upon themselves the onus of initiating new tests.

At roughly the same time there came a quiet decision in the Bowles affair. Bowles was confirmed as Under Secretary with the duty of acting in Rusk's stead when the Secretary was away, and with special responsibilities for planning and appointment. Management of the Department in its daily routine was passed to the Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, George Ball.

Most important of all, by that time, a sorting out of top personnel had set the stage for Dean Rusk's emergence. Adlai Stevenson and Governor Williams had settled to the routine of challenging jobs. Bowles was in trouble. Berle, when it became plain that his presence impeded the search for a competent Assistant Secretary in the Latin American field, had resigned. The appointment of General Maxwell Taylor, as a Presidential adviser, had dimmed, at least slightly, the luster of Bundy and Rostow. Dean

Acheson, not for the first time, was betrayed by a sharp tongue. In a speech to State Department officials, early in July, he likened the Department to a medieval principality torn apart by rival barons: referred to Williams as the Duke of Michigan and Stevenson as the Grand Seigneur of New York; and called the United Nations, the Department of Public Emotion. The President was not amused.

Against that background, Secretary Rusk began to come to the fore on the Berlin issue. He had at all times considered that a negotiated settlement was possible, but only after a position of strength had been established. Thus up until the President's speech to the nation on July 25, military moves—notably the increase in Army manpower—seemed to dominate the approach to the Berlin question. Thereafter Rusk increasingly took charge. He brought into the Departmental team working on Berlin some of State's ablest younger men. He himself devoted to Berlin about forty hours a week—half his working time. He personally handled negotiations with British, French, and West German diplomats. He personally sounded Gromyko at the United Nations. Repeatedly, he plugged the theme of negotiations in public: in one seven-day stretch, for example, the first page of the *New York Times* six times carried headlines setting out the Secretary's hope for a negotiated settlement. And throughout this period, Rusk was at the White House almost as much as at the State Department. Several times a day he was on the phone to the President. "They are working," one State Department official commented, "with an air of easy assurance." By a clear margin, in short, Dean Rusk had emerged as the President's principal adviser on foreign policy.

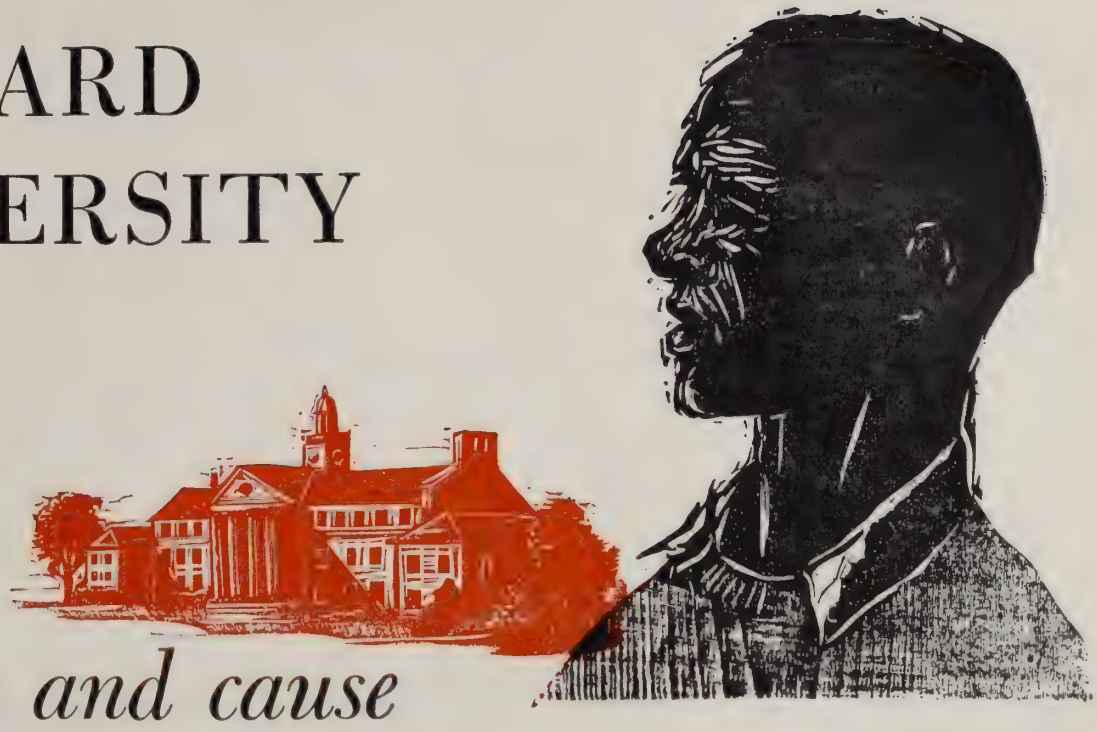
To be sure, State's handling of the Berlin issue has been severely criticized—by Walter Lippmann among others. But to those criticisms very sharp rejoinder can be made, though this is not the place for it. And at the least, even the critics implicitly concede that it is State—not some other agency—that has been handling Berlin.

What remains in question is whether State's late-summer rally will be more than a flash in the pan. There is continuing talk of administrative change at State, and in September a special study group was established "to survey Department of State organizational problems." A large-scale study of personnel needs is also under way. But most of the conditions responsible for past weaknesses are still present; and so are many of the people. It is still true, as the President's chief administrative officer, David Bell, told a Senate subcommittee in August, that: "It is an enormous task to infuse the State Department with the ability and attitude to do the kind of imaginative, accurate sizing up of situations and preparing of recommendations which is needed." And reform of the Department, because of its staggering load of daily responsibilities, must necessarily proceed slowly. As a former Cabinet officer once put it: "It is like performing an appendicitis operation on a man carrying a piano upstairs."

RIVAL by Phyllis Rose

SHE rules you now, her darkness shining fair
Under your hands, her serene world mapped bright
To your questions, most marvelous and rare
Woman. I am struck dumb. I know I might
Never approach her excellence, nor come
To that fine pride of body, never give
Soft answer to your bitter need. The sum
Of all my worth is nothing, relative
To her—pallid beside her richness, bound
Where she is free, cold near her candid fire.
Sometimes you come to me, yet I am found
Wanting where she is full. Always desire,
Falling through fear to diffidence, fails, and I
Resign my right. Will anyone believe
You chose me also? None will identify
Your love and me, or know that I could grieve.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY



campus and cause

MILTON VIORST

WALK north from Pennsylvania Avenue through the pulsating heart of Washington's Negro world. Climb halfway up the hill that lies beyond the ball park and turn about. If your eyes are level with the dome of the Capitol and the top of the Washington Monument, if you see Virginia in the distance, then you've arrived at the gate of Howard University.

The quadrangles of old brick buildings, with new ones scattered nearby, resemble a dozen American colleges. Students scurry back and forth, looking intense or friendly or preoccupied. Freshmen heads are topped with beanies. The co-eds wear styles taken from *Mademoiselle*. When night falls, they go to rock 'n' roll parties, work late at the library, or hear some prominent lecturer in a campus auditorium. Except that almost all of them are Negroes, they seem like college students anywhere.

But Howard's look of ivy-covered normality is deceptive. These young people have something special on their minds. They know that the color of their skin sets them apart. At the same time, they are filled with the sense of a changing destiny.

"I'm in clinical psychology," said a pretty North Carolina girl as she sipped from a milk container in the college cafeteria. "A few years ago, Negroes hardly knew this field existed. Teaching was about the only career open to them, usually in Negro schools. Or maybe the boys could become doctors or lawyers, but only with Negro patients and clients.

"There's still no place in the South for a Negro in my field. The same goes for my boy friend, who's studying architecture. What could he do in Mississippi? So we're going North when we graduate. We'd like to stay near our families. But there's no room for us at home."

This is the kind of dilemma that sets the Negro student apart. It helps make Howard not only a college but a cause. On its campus is focused the American Negro's twentieth-century battle for emancipation. The sounds of this battle, audible around the world, make Howard a symbol to peoples, particularly in Africa, who are fighting for human equality.

In recent years, Tubman of Liberia, Touré of Guinea, Nkrumah of Ghana, and Haile Selassie of Ethiopia have all made calls to Howard to pay respects. The late Patrice Lumumba, on his hurried visit to Washington during the 1960 Congo crisis, insisted on seeing Howard. He called it "the pride of the black race." To Africans, Howard represents, as the world's greatest Negro university, a tangible demonstration of what Negroes can achieve.

But the 7,200 students at Howard, two-thirds of them undergraduates and more than a tenth from abroad, need no flattery to recognize that the university has a special place in the scheme of things.

They see it as the creator and the mirror of change in the Negro community. Take, for instance, the engineering school. When it was founded in 1910, it offered the first engineering training freely open to Negroes. Its facilities were meager and its accreditation was never secure. Until the eve of World War II, it never had more than a few dozen students. Not many young Negroes could believe, with only a handful of successful Negro engineers in the nation, that there was hope of a career in engineering. Year after year, school officials made recruiting forays into the South but applications for admission remained scarce.

In 1939, a far-sighted dean proposed building an engineering school large enough for 125 students. The idea seemed like folly. The war put an end to the discussion but while the plans gathered dust, industry and the armed forces were introducing Negroes to technology. Howard itself, at the request of the U. S. Office of Education, established intensive night courses in the sciences to train men for war work. At first, Negroes held back. But as word spread that jobs were actually available to them, enrollment grew. By the end of the war, Negroes flocked to class. When the plans for the new engineering building were examined shortly afterward, they were totally out of date. Negro applicants for admission exceeded every previous forecast. A new engineering center was built, not for 125 students but for 500. Still, it has not been large enough. The school has had to hold down enrollment to keep from stretching its resources too thin.

In 1949, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers gave its stamp of approval by authorizing establishment of a student chapter at Howard. More gestures of recognition from the profession followed. In 1959, Dean Lewis K. Downing became the first Negro named to the executive committee of the American Society for Engineering Education. It was another "first" for Howard to add to a list that ranges from the many triumphs of Ralph Bunche, a former faculty member, to the success of a young graduate student in desegregating the ladies' room at a Baltimore welfare agency. Large and small, these are the milestones on the road to a new world which Howard has done much to create.

Right from its beginning, Howard has been dedicated to the notion that education was the Negro's chief weapon in the struggle for racial equality. Its founders, a group of Congregationalist churchmen financed by Northern philanthropists, were dedicated to the obliteration of race consciousness. Although Howard was meant for Negroes, the charter they drew up in 1867 does not mention race. Howard's first graduates were the children of white faculty members. The university has had as few as one-half of one per cent of white students in 1940, but it has always resisted efforts, sometimes well-intentioned, to make it legally segregated. Howard people today insist on calling the university "predominantly Negro," rather than Negro. This is not the rejection of a stigma but an expression of a long-sustained commitment to racial integration and equality.

This commitment has given Howard an orientation toward the liberal arts, despite pressure for a more utilitarian curriculum. In the years when Booker T. Washington was belittling the value of liberal education for Negroes, Howard flirted with vocational training. But by World War I, it had reasserted once and for all the dedication to the well-trained mind that its founders imparted to it.

DIXIE'S STEPCHILD

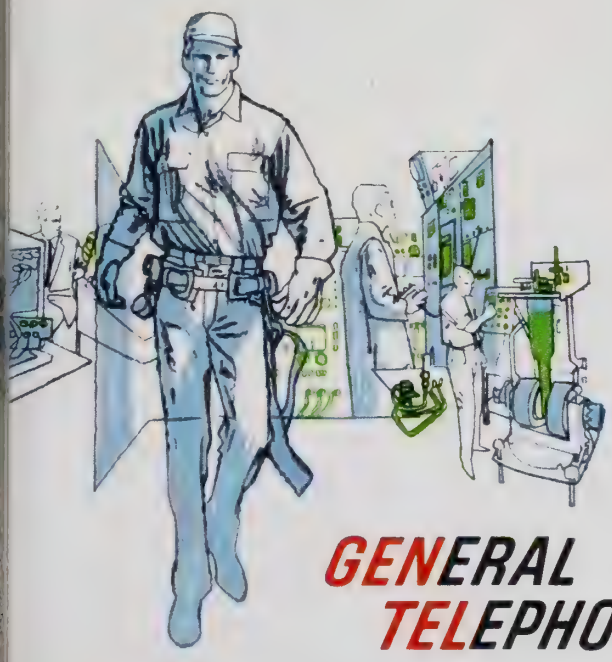
WHAT its founders failed to impart was a sound financial base. Within a decade, Howard was on the point of collapse. In 1879, its leaders turned in desperation to Congress. They argued that the federal government, in creating the Freedmen's Bureau to aid emancipated slaves, had helped set up Howard; when the Bureau was abolished the university was crippled. Congress responded with an unprecedented appropriation for $10,000. It was a small sum but it created a unique relationship between the university and the federal government. Each year since, Congress has made a direct appropriation to Howard, known familiarly on campus as "conscience money." These sums have made Howard, in a real sense, America's only "national university."

Howard did not, however, become a federal agency. It retained its own self-perpetuating board of trustees and an independent administration. The power of the purse, to be sure, gave Congressmen a wedge to interfere. Representative James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, later Supreme Court justice and Secretary of State, frequently

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As a reporter in Washington for the last five years, Milton Viorst has covered many activities at Howard University, including the visits of African dignitaries. Now the Washington correspondent of the New York "Post," he has been a Fulbright Scholar in France and has served in Korea with the U.S. Air Force.

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to guide our feet into the way of Peace.
80 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel.

CHAPTER 2

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
2 (*And* this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)
3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)
5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
7 And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
12 And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly h praising God, and saying,
14 Glory to God in the highest, a on earth peace, good will toward m
15 And it came to pass, as the an were gone away from them i heaven, the shepherds said one another, Let us now go even u Bethlehem, and see this thing whic come to pass, which the Lord ha made known unto us.
16 And they came with haste, a found Mary, and Joseph, and the ba lying in a manger.
17 And when they had seen *it*, th made known abroad the saying wh was told them concerning this chil
18 And all they that heard *it* wo dered at those things which were t them by the shepherds.
19 But Mary kept all these thin and pondered *them* in her heart.
20 And the shepherds returne glorifying and praising God for all t things that they had heard and see as it was told unto them.
21 And when eight days were a complished for the circumcising of t child, his name was called JESU which was so named of the angel b fore he was conceived in the womb.
22 And when the days of her pu fication according to the law of Mos were accomplished, they brought hi to Jerusalem, to present *him* to the Lor
23 (As it is written in the law of t Lord, Every male that openeth t womb shall be called holy to the Lor
24 And to offer a sacrifice accordi to that which is said in the law of t Lord, A pair of turtledoves, or t young pigeons.
25 And, behold, there was a man Jerusalem, whose name *was* Simeo and the same man *was* just and devou waiting for the consolation of Israe

The greatest gift of all

In this happy, hurried season when the ... bright-ness of Christmas is sometimes ... glitter and gadgetry, one gift shines ... as the greatest gift of all... the Holy Bible. To a friend, to a family, no other gift speaks so eloquently of your love and respect. □ When you choose a

id the Holy Ghost was upon him.
26 And it was revealed unto him by
e Holy Ghost, that he should not see
ath, before he had seen the Lord's
rist.
27 And he came by the Spirit into
e temple: and when the parents
ought in the child Jesus, to do for
m after the custom of the law,
28 Then took he him up in his arms,
d blessed God, and said,
29 Lord, now lettest thou thy ser-
nt depart in peace, according to thy
ord:
30 For mine eyes have seen thy
lvation,
31 Which thou hast prepared be-
re the face of all people;
32 A light to lighten the Gentiles,
d the glory of thy people Israel.
33 And Joseph and his mother mar-
lled at those things which were
oken of him.
34 And Simeon blessed them, and
id unto Mary his mother, Behold,
is *child* is set for the fall and rising
gain of many in Israel; and for a sign
hich shall be spoken against;
35 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through
y own soul also), that the thoughts
many hearts may be revealed.
36 And there was one Anna, a
ophetess, the daughter of Phanuel,
the tribe of Aser: she was of a great
ge, and had lived with an husband
even years from her virginity;
37 And she *was* a widow of about
urscore and four years, which de-
arted not from the temple, but served
od with fastings and prayers night
nd day.
38 And she coming in that instant
ave thanks likewise unto the Lord,
nd spake of him to all them that
oked for redemption in Jerusalem.
39 And when they had performed
ll things according to the law of the
Lord, they returned into Galilee, to
their own city Nazareth.
40 And the child grew, and waxed
strong in spirit, filled with wisdom:
and the grace of God was upon him.
41 Now his parents went to Jerusa-
lem every year at the feast of the pass-
over.
42 And when he was twelve years
old, they went up to Jerusalem after
the custom of the feast.
43 And when they had fulfilled the
days, as they returned, the child Jesus
tarried behind in Jerusalem; and
Joseph and his mother knew not *of it*.
44 But they, supposing him to have
been in the company, went a day's
journey; and they sought him among
their kinsfolk and acquaintance.
45 And when they found him not,
they turned back again to Jerusalem,
seeking him.
46 And it came to pass, that after
three days they found him in the
temple, sitting in the midst of the
doctors, both hearing them, and ask-
ing them questions.
47 And all that heard him were
astonished at his understanding and
answers.
48 And when they saw him, they
were amazed: and his mother said unto
him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt
with us? behold, thy father and I have
sought thee sorrowing.
49 And he said unto them, How is
it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I
must be about my Father's business?
50 And they understood not the
saying which he spake unto them.
51 And he went down with them,
and came to Nazareth, and was subject
unto them: but his mother kept all
these sayings in her heart.
52 And Jesus increased in wisdom
and stature, and in favour with God
and man.

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Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

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threatened to cut the appropriation in retaliation for some liberal racial view expressed on the Howard campus. Other Southerners engaged in similar harassment. But such attacks were sporadic and were rarely successful. The Congressional majority as well as the board of trustees, composed historically of Northern white liberals and distinguished Southern Negroes, have defended the university's freedom. In the long view, it is perhaps less surprising that Congress sometimes meddled than that it more often paid its money and left the college alone.

Howard has, in fact, been far less threatened by racists than by economic conservatives. The Eisenhower Administration, for example, was not unsympathetic but sought to reduce the university budget for reasons of economy. In 1953, Howard's friends, including many from the South, had to rally to save its building programs from the budget axe.

Howard counts among its friends a large number of Southerners, including many declared foes of civil rights. As would be expected, Northern liberals have been its most loyal supporters. But their help alone would be insufficient. Howard is also backed by the Southern delegations to Congress, whose members occupy the key places on appropriations committees. Southerners have taken a kindly view of Howard because it has provided the higher education for Negroes not available to them at home. Only a handful of Negro colleges, notably Fisk, Talladega, and Atlanta, and a single medical school, Meharry, offer to Negroes opportunities comparable to Howard's. Southern legislators are well aware that a Negro who can go to its law or engineering school is less likely to pound on the doors of the state-supported white schools. The fact that more than three-fourths of Howard's students are from the South gives its officials a powerful argument in pleading for more federal funds. If one of its schools is threatened with loss of accreditation for lack of laboratories or libraries or dormitories, many more Negro students would begin looking for accredited institutions in the South. By siphoning off the restless top layer of the South's Negro students, Howard helped delay the crisis which has now come to a head from Texas to Virginia. For this, Southerners have been grateful. The small annual appropriation, out of taxes collected from the entire nation, has been a reasonable enough price to pay.

This is not to say that Negro students necessarily choose Howard with any reluctance. Even when welcome at "white" universities, both Northern and Southern youths have preferred it. An attractive Negro girl from New York explains it this way:

"Some of my friends go to colleges where there are only a few Negroes. They have no social life, no outlet. They definitely lose something. I feel a little sorry for them."

An admissions officer put it somewhat differently. "Mothers tell me, 'I'm sending my daughter to Howard because of the nice boys in the medical school, the law school, and the engineering school. If I send her to a white college, she'll lose the most important contacts of her life.' "

"Let's face it," said a Virginia co-ed, "you make your close friends at college. Maybe I'll miss something by not knowing whites better. But I'll live all my life with Negroes and I'd like to make my friends at the best Negro college."

TOWARD EXCELLENCE

HOWARD is acknowledged to be the best, the elite Negro college, yet not a great university. For its first half-century, it was scarcely more than an exalted secondary school, with an assortment of inferior graduate schools. Lack of money was only part of the trouble. More of a handicap was the impoverished early education of its students. Howard had to teach most of them to read and write before it could teach them chemistry or art appreciation. Its graduate schools were burdened with the yield of Southern Negro institutions that rated as colleges only by the loosest definition. Certifying boards applied this definition to accredit many of them, because its graduates were certain not to cross into white society. But Northern graduate schools paid them no heed. Occasionally a student would be admitted in the North, but only after the most rigorous scrutiny had disclosed that he could overcome his undergraduate deficiencies. Howard could make no such demands. Tacitly it had to concede its inferiority and make the best of it.

By the 1920s, however, the impact of three generations of free Negroes was beginning to be felt. Howard alone had graduated some 12,000 students, most of whom returned to the South to teach. Each generation, handicapped though it was, helped along the next. World War I brought down the first important racial barriers and kindled hopes of destroying others.

At this juncture the board of trustees chose an eloquent young preacher from Charleston, West Virginia, as Howard's new leader. Mordecai W. Johnson, at thirty-six, was the university's

first Negro president and the first born in the South. A graduate of Morehouse, one of the better Southern Negro colleges, he went on for more prestigious degrees at Chicago, Rochester, and Howard. He was a dominating man and an oratorical spellbinder, with the courtly style of a Southern gentleman. His cadences were Biblical, his phrases embellished with Christian verities. But beneath the stately exterior, he was tough. He had big ideas about what he wanted for Howard and he knew how to threaten, cajole, flatter, and persuade to get it.

As his first task, he challenged the old administrators who were content to keep Howard small, cliquish, and inferior. After a bitter battle, he ran them off the campus. Then he headed for Capitol Hill. There he made an alliance with Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan, who pushed through Congress a bill changing Howard's annual appropriation from a gift without legal standing to a statutory budget item. The two men then persuaded the Hoover Administration to call a series of round-table conferences with leaders in Congress and private philanthropy. From them emerged an agreement for the federal government to appropriate $1.1 million a year for ten years, to which the private foundations would add one-third as much.

This pact provided the basis for a modern university. By the beginning of World War II, seven new dormitories had been built, as well as a new library, chemistry building, classroom center, and power plant. After the war, although there was no renewal of the formal commitment, federal support was increased, making possible a new engineering school, buildings for law, dentistry, pharmacy, biology, and administration, new dormitories, a theatre, and an enlargement of the medical school. Last year, the federal contribution rose to $4.6 million. The pattern established in recent years gives the government responsibility for construction costs and half the operating budget. Howard must pay the rest from income.

Johnson has been criticized, particularly by his own faculty, for emphasizing buildings at the expense of teaching and research. He was accused, especially in his later years, of confusing Biblical homilies with the pursuit of truth. He was charged with being narrow-minded and tyrannical.

"Mordecai liked to exalt the intellect in his addresses to the students," one angry professor commented, "but he destroyed morale in the faculty. He regarded Howard as his fief from top to bottom. On the campus, 'academic freedom' meant submission to his ideas, no matter how wrong they were."

Rarely were such charges made public because Johnson was capable of ruthless reprisals. More than one faculty member who incurred his wrath was permanently denied promotion. A few were hounded into resigning. Many suffered from public display of Johnson's temper. In his last years, the university chafed.

The fact remains, however, that when Johnson inherited Howard, only one of its eight divisions was accredited. During his administration, an independent graduate school and a school of social work were founded. The quality of the ten divisions is uneven. A few are excellent, some no more than mediocre. But all are fully accredited.

Under Johnson's leadership the number of Ph.D.s on the faculty rose from almost none to an impressive 40 per cent. Scholars like Franklin Frazier in sociology, Rayford Logan in history, and Herman Bransom in physics achieved national recognition. Papers by Howard professors began appearing in scholarly publications and the university founded three journals of its own. Eighteen honor societies, including Phi Beta Kappa, have established chapters on campus. The master's degree program was expanded and a limited doctoral program set up in the sciences, the only field in which the university could be certain of continued large-scale support. Howard seniors are now regularly admitted by the best graduate schools and some have made remarkable records in advanced work.

The Johnson years were the years when the civil-rights movement was gaining momentum. With the university's future so much at the mercy of politicians, Johnson could have exercised his iron rule to steer Howard clear of the tumultuous struggle. But instead, he chose to make Howard lead. His statements on civil rights, though judiciously veiled in scriptural prose, were unequivocal. More than once, he rejected demands from racists in Congress that he desist or resign. Although he did not personally participate in the court battles, demonstrations, and political maneuvers of the civil-rights struggle, he set the tone for those who did.

FINDING FLAWS IN LAWS

THE intellectual center of this battle, since post-Reconstruction days, has been the Howard Law School. Here hundreds of discrimination cases were studied and dissected. The

school was without accreditation until 1931, but its students were offered the country's first civil-rights course and, in its library, the country's most complete documentation on the subject. Howard brought civil rights into its own as a field in American jurisprudence.

A young law student in the mid-1930s could not miss the intoxication. Charles H. Houston, its director, was a great lawyer for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He and his two closest associates, William H. Hastie and James M. Nabrit, Jr., went into every area: suffrage, transportation, education, employment. Where the law had flaws, they were determined to find them. They inspired a mood of confidence and attack.

In the Howard law library, lawyers met to prepare arguments and write briefs. They called for advice from the law-school faculty and from the university's sociologists, political scientists, and education experts. When landmark cases like Gaines *vs.* Canada, which struck at segregated education, or Lane *vs.* Wilson, which challenged voting restrictions, were scheduled, the entire school was mobilized for a "dry run," to listen and to criticize arguments. On trial days, the school virtually adjourned to the spectator's benches downtown in the Supreme Court.

Each year the law school fed its graduates into the civil-rights struggle, waged from obscure local tribunals to the highest court. Men like Thurgood Marshall, Oliver W. Hill, Spottswood Robinson III, and Robert L. Carter, all of whom contributed to the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision, made such reputations that Howard became known as the "West Point of the NAACP." After Houston retired and Hastie became the first Negro appointed to the United States Court of Appeals, James Nabrit, the last of the veterans of the early days, became head of the law school. In June 1960, he succeeded Mordecai Johnson as president of Howard.

Nabrit's appointment delighted the faculty. Long Johnson's assistant, he was never his disciple. In contrast to his erect and handsome predecessor, he is a small man of unimposing mien, given to somewhat flamboyant dress. His manner is easy, almost shuffling, and he talks in the slack drawl of his native Georgia. But he has a vigorous mind and a deep devotion to scholarship.

"I knew things had changed," one elderly professor said, "when Jim sent through a memorandum stating that the faculty would lead the academic procession at opening ceremonies last fall. Mordecai always put administrators first."

Nabrit loves the classroom. He insists upon calling himself a teacher, though in his twenty-five years at Howard, he has spent a large part of his time in administration. The first lay president in eighty-seven years, he signals the end of the pious orientation Howard inherited from its missionary founders. The board of trustees had to consider objections Congressmen might make to his NAACP ties. But it chose him nonetheless as the man best qualified to give Howard the final push in its long drive toward excellence.

But this drive, Nabrit cautions, cannot be conducted at the expense of the very people it seeks to serve. "The segregated system of life still exists in the South, and to some extent in the North. The university must still concentrate its efforts on educational opportunities for handicapped Negro students," Nabrit said soon after he took office. "We shall strive to train the intellect of our students and to imbue them with an acute social conscience. In this way, Howard will become, more than ever, an articulate and sensitive focal point in the civil-rights battle."

Nabrit believes that Howard may some day outlive its usefulness as a "predominantly Negro institution." But it will succeed in doing so only by crushing segregation with the first-rate men of letters, science, and the arts whom it trains.

These aspirations are made necessary, as Nabrit sees it, by the new determination of American Negro youth to make a place in a world until now reserved for whites. The feeling is manifested in picket lines and sit-ins, in which Howard students have played a significant part, and in mounting applications for admission. Another index is the decline in fraternity membership at Howard from half the undergraduates before World War II to about a tenth today.

"When I was a student here," a young professor remarked with pleasure, "fraternities and sororities meant an awful lot. They were the big prestige symbol. Now the only fraternity in which students seem interested is Phi Beta Kappa."

NOISIER, MORE AMBITIOUS

IN A sense, this new spirit makes Howard's job more difficult. Its students, until quite recently, were children of a tiny Negro aristocracy. Within a poor and semiliterate society, they were the best prepared for college. In contrast the new students are not an elite group. The halls are noisier since they arrived, an old professor grumbled. But the ones who make the

noise, he added, are usually more intelligent, more ambitious, and have greater potential than their predecessors.

"Students with good marks get a lot of respect here," said the editor of the school paper. "They, not the athletes, hold the student offices. I think that's because we all understand that we have to be on top to make it. We know, for instance, that if we are tied with a white applicant for a job or a fellowship, we're not going to get it. We've got to be better."

Howard, Nabrit believes, owes this generation an extra effort to compensate for the training it missed. He plans to multiply remedial programs to make up for deficiencies in English, mathematics, and the sciences. Otherwise, he knows, they will be incapable of the first-rate work he demands.

Nabrit has set his sights on increasing the scholarship funds tenfold. The opulent days of the GI Bill, which introduced many Negroes to college, are over. Although Howard's tuition is only about a third that of most private universities, few Negro families can afford the heavy costs of college life. The Kennedy Administration has promised Howard increasing support, but the federal appropriation does not provide for scholarships. To fill the gap, Nabrit believes, Howard must raise an endowment that will yield $500,000 a year. This is no easy matter for a college with few rich alumni. In recent years, however, alumni gifts have been growing. As Negro wealth increases, so undoubtedly will contributions. Nabrit is well aware that Howard cannot fulfill its mission if lack of money keeps out the students it should serve.

RECRUITED BY THE NATION

THERE is a lesson in this. Thirty years ago, Kwame Nkrumah, now president of Ghana, and Nnamdi Azikiwe, governor general of Nigeria, were turned away at Howard because scholarships were unavailable. Both wound up at Lincoln, a small Negro college in Pennsylvania, one of the few that acknowledged a bond between American and African Negroes. Mordecai Johnson was slow to recognize this bond. Like most American Negroes, struggling for status in a white society, he was unenthusiastic about kinship with a continent known for savages and colonial relationships. A few Africans attended Howard each year but until recently, neither students nor administration were very hospitable to them. Several Howard graduates now hold important posts in their native countries. The university missed the opportunity, however, to be counted a major influence in the shaping of the new Africa.

But Howard's special assets in dealing with nonwhite nations are too obvious to be overlooked. The State Department goes to Howard to find prominent Negroes for African missions, as well as young recruits for the foreign service. It exhibits Howard to visitors, particularly from the colored nations, as an example of democracy. It invites Nabrit to its social functions for African dignitaries. It was he, last year, who broadcast America's salute over the Voice of America when Nigeria became independent.

Howard now has the highest proportion of foreign students in the nation. Of the 782 foreigners enrolled last year, more than half were Negroes from the Caribbean and 91 were Africans. But an increasing number of young Asians and Arabs come to Howard. It had 128 students from the Far East and 132 from the Middle East last year. Some nonwhites, sensitive to any hint of segregation, deliberately stay away from Howard. But most say they feel comfortable there, free to pursue their studies, away from the tensions of race consciousness. Nabrit, aware of this asset, has ordered a stepped-up program to attract foreign students and make them happy at Howard. This year, the university expects to enroll more than 900 foreigners from 60 countries.

For Africa, Howard is a magnet. Hardly a week passes that Nabrit does not get requests for Howard graduates to set up schools or practice medicine or engineer roads in a new African country. Both the State Department and the foundations look to Howard to widen its African studies program, which is only five years old, perhaps to set up an African affairs center in Washington.

In the long view, however, Howard has as much to gain from Africa as it gives. American Negroes are making new identification with a people that major powers once held in contempt but now assiduously court. American Negroes are exulting in Africa's triumphs. When Sekou Touré talked to a Howard audience of the special mission of "Negroes of all nationalities," when Lumumba asked Howard students "to serve in the land of your ancestors," they struck a responsive chord. The power of emerging Africa assures American Negroes of a significant place in the world community. It becomes a powerful weapon against racial discrimination. It charges Howard with a responsibility that is not only domestic but global.

Harper's Magazine, November 1961

MORTON M. HUNT

PRIVATE EYE TO INDUSTRY

Even the most hardened knaves seem to enjoy confessing all to Norman Jaspan—a specialist in the kind of crime that seldom reaches either the police or the newspapers.

THE intensive study of the corruptions of the human soul seems to make most men calloused, bitter, or at least weary. Not so Norman Jaspan, a New York management consultant, who for the past twenty-seven years has found the spectacle of man's greed and dishonesty endlessly fascinating, stimulating—and profitable.

As president of Investigations, Inc., of 60 East 42nd Street, Jaspan usually has some 360 of his employees deployed across the country in about 150 plants, stores, banks, brokerage houses, mines, and hospitals belonging to his clients. Their job is to find out what ails the business, including how and why money and goods are vanishing. Armed with their secret reports, Jaspan interrogates some two hundred thieves, embezzlers, and assorted knaves in the course of a year and wrings confessions out of them. For his services, he collects fees of over $2 million annually. (His other and interlocking firm, Norman Jaspan Associates, Inc., also grosses something close to $2 million for management-engineering work growing out of the investigations.)

At forty-four, Jaspan is a tall, well-tailored man with a broad, elastic, busy face. He frequently lectures on the dismal anatomy of the soul, but far from sounding gloomy about it, he is apt to speak with the grim joy of a latter-day Cotton Mather. Describing a decadent department store to a group of marketing executives last winter, Jaspan raised his eyebrows in a cheerfully disillusioned look and said:

"So here you had a manager with a nice clean operation, until he buys himself a house in the suburbs and sends a couple of his store's maintenance men over to redo the interior for him. He figures, what's a little company time and a little company paint? But his employees get the principle of the thing. A few years later, $200,000 worth of goods is disappearing in a twelve-month period. He's a professor, this fellow—he gave them a short course in dishonesty, and they all graduated *cum laude.*"

The executives chuckled, and Jaspan smacked the lectern with the flat of his hand. "It means that when you have dishonesty at the top, it spreads downwards like a catching disease," he trumpeted. "When we went into that store, what do you think we found? The head receiving clerk has a little sideline in mattresses—he signs for complete delivery of each order, but leaves one of every ten on the truck, and the driver slips him five bucks apiece. The restaurant manager is a real comparison shopper—he shops around among the local food vendors until he finds the ones who'll give him the best cash kickbacks, which add up to a hundred and fifty a month. In men's wear, there's a dried-up spinster who should have been a mother—she liked doing nice things for people. She figured that after Christmas the haberdashery would be marked way down, so since the store was rich already, why not give the nicer customers the savings right now?" The businessmen laughed, galvanizing Jaspan into one final effort.

"She needed *love!*" he shouted, "so she bought it a little at a time—with the store's merchandise!"

The audience roared and Jaspan grinned with the fierce satisfaction of one who has just hurled an ink bottle at Satan.

Jaspan reacts with shocked fascination to the infinite ingenuity of employees at devising original forms of flimflam. Last year, studying the ways in which gold was being "lost" from a Western mine despite intensive checking, Jaspan was filled with wonder at discovering that a group of employees had been packaging the gold in plastic capsules, flushing them down the toilet, and recovering them from a trap they had installed in the waste line half-a-mile outside the plant. Even more wonderful is thievery which succeeds by utter simplicity. A small supermarket in Illinois was losing money, though routine audits of the books and the cash-register tapes gave no clue as to why. Jaspan got an almost aesthetic thrill out of finding that the store manager had lugged in his own private cash register, installed it at one of the check-out counters, and pocketed whatever he took in on it, with an eye to his own planned retirement.

EMPLOYERS DON'T TALK

JASPAN'S positive outlook on malfeasance is fortunate, for he has witnessed a remarkable increase in it during his adult years. Indeed, most of us Americans are pretty well informed about the public evidence of a national crime increase—both in police statistics (which, according to J. Edgar Hoover, show a rise in crime four times that of the population in the postwar years) and in the much publicized exposés of influence peddling in Washington, rigged television quizzes, disk-jockey payola, political payoffs in city halls, and big-labor and big-business scandals. But impressive evidence also exists—though little of it is well known—of mounting dishonesty by employees inside American businesses and other private and public enterprises, such as foundations and hospitals. Last year, for example, fidelity insurance companies paid claims for employee thefts and embezzlements over three times as great as in 1945, and the total filched by trusted employees, from charwoman to chairman of the board, was between five and seven hundred million dollars in cash and goods —not including kickbacks, bribes, and theft of company secrets—more than the amount taken by all the robbers and burglars in the land.

All in all, a significant change would seem to be taking place in the way American society implements its ethics. In 1946, the anthropologist Ruth Benedict speculated that the United States was ceasing to be a "guilt culture" (one in which control of wrongdoing is self-imposed by means of conscience) and becoming instead a "shame culture" (one in which it is externally imposed by means of public humiliation or punishment, as in various Eastern cultures). Norman Jaspan apparently believes in using—with discretion—the weapons of both worlds, with emphasis on the new. "I have faith that most human beings are good," he told a client, "but that doesn't mean you should *tempt* them. On the contrary, you should install careful controls over them and let them know it. It helps their sense of right and wrong no end."

Today, the great bulk of stealing from the inside remains unknown to the public. For one thing, much of it is undetected; for another, nearly all that is found out is known only to people like Jaspan, his clients, and the insurance companies. On rare occasions an executive will speak out, as did Joseph Hall, president of Kroger Company, who said in 1958 that his employees were illegally taking home goods worth $2.5 million. But such candor is rare. In the private memos of most firms, such theft is obscured behind terms like "inventory shrinkage" or "finished goods variances," and even these terms and figures are studiously omitted from the public balance sheets. The reason is simple enough: it does a company and its officers no good with the stockholders to have such facts bruited about. Jaspan, in consequence, has to be close-mouthed about the identities of his past and present clients—who have included over 180 firms listed on the New York Stock Exchange, four major airlines, three world-wide hotel chains, one of the three great automobile firms, several federal agencies, a number of well-known manufacturers, half-a-dozen major hospitals, one of the biggest meat packers, a giant steel company, and about one out of every three large department stores or store chains in the country.

Almost without exception, they prefer to have Jaspan remain totally discreet. They want to evaluate their own operations, locate and fire the malefactors, use the evidence in some cases to collect on insurance, and have Jaspan help revamp their administrative methods to prevent

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A free-lance writer for twelve years, Morton M. Hunt specializes in reporting in the field of behavioral sciences. He contributes regularly to "The New Yorker," has written one book ("The Natural History of Love," 1959), and is working on another—about the American woman. He is married to the singer, Lois Hunt, and they have one son.

further loss; but they are not often interested in notifying the public prosecutors or in seeing that justice is done. This in itself was once a crime; common law made it illegal to know of a felony and keep it secret. But current statutes are less strict and, with few exceptions, do not actually require the likes of Jaspan or his clients to turn in information on felonies.

THE INTERROGATOR BEGINS

ONE of the largest firms of its kind in the country, Investigations, Inc. uncovered inside dishonesty amounting to $60 million last year, according to Jaspan's computation. Possibly the greatest asset of the corporation is Jaspan's gift of persuasive gab. Without using physical restraint or weapons, and without even threatening to call in the police or go to court, he has personally managed over the years to reason, cajole, cozen, and outwit about three thousand larcenists, both petty and grand, into confessing misdeeds ranging from snitching a monkey wrench to milking over a million dollars from a large chain-store warehouse by substituting cheaper goods for more expensive ones.

After Jaspan's field representatives have studied a company for some time, Jaspan himself appears on the scene—he personally interrogates about a third of the cases and eight of his senior men take the rest—and sets himself up in an office near the company premises.* A suspect—it may be a leather-jacketed teen-aged shipping clerk, a stylish middle-aged lady sweater buyer, or a white-haired company treasurer—is brought in by his superior and introduced to Jaspan, who calls himself "Mr. Richards" or some similar pseudonym.

"Good morning," he says crisply but affably. "I'm here to assist your company in the preparation of an insurance claim. You might be able to help me fill in some data." This, his standard opening, might be called his Claims Adjuster Gambit (Jaspan himself has no names for his techniques) and is seemingly quite artless. "Someone's mislaid the fidelity bonding forms," says Jaspan picking up a pencil, "so I'd like to get a few details down. First, your name and address. Is that a house or apartment? What's the rent? Are you married? Have you children?" Smoothly and implacably he moves along from easy questions to touchier ones such as, "What do you owe on the house? What are your other debts? What do you spend per week on entertainment?" Within five minutes he is blandly asking for information about gambling habits, marital irregularities, and miscellaneous peccadilloes. Astonishingly enough, almost no one ever refuses to answer.

"It's not so mysterious," Jaspan explained to an assistant a while ago. "I start with easy ones and keep on going, asking as if I had a right to. If you're innocent, what do you care? And if you're guilty, at what point are you going to get your back up? By the time the questions get tough, you're afraid to make yourself look bad by backing out."

Jaspan is now ready to adopt any one of a number of tactical maneuvers. Each of them calls for him to play a role—accuser, confessor, friend, judge, sharp trader, or psychotherapist—requiring considerable acting ability. It is no coincidence that in his late teens he was a passionate amateur actor, and performed in fund-raising shows put on by the Brooklyn Junior Federation of Jewish Charities; one unforgettable night he even played a lead opposite Myrna Loy in "Waiting for Lefty." At that point, his parents sternly directed him away from the stage, but his acting today earns him $250 a day (his personal fee as interrogator).

The most useful of his roles might be called The Impersonal Physician, a character who refuses to be revolted by the loathsome diseases he sees before him. "I'd like to explain something to you," Jaspan will say, laying down his pencil. "Inventory losses are my business, and I look at them as nothing *but* business; I have no emotions about them, I don't represent the police or the FBI, I don't break up any families, I don't try to pass judgment on anybody for what he's done. I don't *have* to. All I want is a peaceful acknowledgment, so that a claim can be paid and no one goes to court. You follow me?" This seemingly simple statement actually (1) promises an almost psychoanalytic freedom from disapproval, (2) alludes to arrest and trial while seeming to disclaim them, and (3) subtly implies that Jaspan pretty much knows what had been going on, anyhow.

In a few cases, this speech alone produces the first mumbled admission. Most people, however, stolidly say they don't know why he's talking like that. If the suspect is a woman, Jaspan may at this point turn both saccharine and sarcastic: "Now, before I go any further, I want you to have a good cry. Yes, I *want* you to cry!

* I have witnessed some of Jaspan's procedures and have had the privilege of examining dossiers and confessions in his files. I have, however, disguised the identities of those wrongdoers who were not publicly indicted or prosecuted.—M. M. H.

Get it out of your system! But the minute we start to talk, let's make it man to man. One lie, and I'm going to walk out on you. Right out that door! So do your crying now, and then let's talk business." When this treatment produces the requested tears, the confession is imminent.

With males, Jaspan may choose instead to switch to a turn one might call We Worldly Men. "All right," he will say, his face crinkling into a knowing smile, "enough of this fencing. We're both grown-up men of the world, you and I. We know how common these things are. It's life! It's business! So, let's admit it. You're a gentleman, and I am going to treat you like one. But if you don't level with me, I'm going to lose all respect for you! I'm going to figure you for a *small* person." This approach is best suited to the well-dressed embezzler; with the lower-echelon male, Jaspan may prefer to try the role of Understanding Pal. "Look here," he will say, "I can imagine what you've been through recently. I've looked into your situation—they work you like a dog six days a week for a hundred and five bucks, they load all the responsibility on you, and they don't even give you any credit for what you accomplish. And that boss of yours—I don't know how you stayed with him this long."

"Listen. I've been begging for a transfer for months!" the suspect blurts out.

"I know, I *know!*" cries Jaspan.

If these and other preliminary feints fail to bring the employee to terms, at least they sorely worry him; he desperately wants to know how much Jaspan already knows about him. Jaspan therefore adroitly suggests that he find out, via the Numbers Game. At Mount Sinai Hospital, for example, Jaspan recently played this game with Mr. J. Louis Read, director of food services, whose cost of feeding the average patient had, for no apparent reason, gone up 82 per cent over a period of several years.

As Jaspan recalls the scene, he said, after an hour of skirmishing, "Read, maybe you didn't realize it, but when any food vendor does you a favor, no matter how big or small, he writes it down so as to deduct it as sales expense." Read said nothing to the implication that Jaspan knew all. "I'd like to level with you, and I expect you to level with me," said Jaspan. "I'm going out for coffee now. While I'm out, I want you to take this pad and write down the names of just half-a-dozen of your major vendors, and the value of whatever favors each has done for you recently. When you get through, I am going to compare numbers with you." In actual fact, Jaspan had no numbers whatever, but Read, alone with his own thoughts, started with a few jottings and ended with a schedule of regular kickbacks adding up to $75,000 in the past several years.

A FEW SECRET FACTS FOR THE DOSSIER

AKIN to this attack is the Dossier Encirclement, the chief offensive tactic in Jaspan's procedure; he uses it, in brief or extended form, on all but the easily crumpled foe. Some months ago, for example, Jaspan was interrogating a topnotch research chemist in an effort to locate the leak through which a drug company's secret discoveries were reaching its major competitor. Having failed to ruffle the man's composure, Jaspan at last fished around in his dispatch case and flopped a thick blue loose-leaf folder on the desk. The scene then proceeded like this:

JASPAN *(breaking into a mysterious smile):* You have a television set? Ever watch "This Is Your Life"?

CHEMIST: I've seen it once or twice.

JASPAN: Fine, fine. Know what this folder is? Well, this is your life. *(He thumbs through the pages, and almost lets the chemist see a word here and there.)* Sixty-five pages typed—and all about you.

CHEMIST *(pretending amusement):* Really?

JASPAN: Want to know what's in it? I'm going to let you read it in a little while, but first I want you to tell me what you think is in it.

CHEMIST: I wouldn't have the faintest idea.

JASPAN: I think you would. And I know why you're hesitating. It's not going to be easy for you. *(Jaspan now adds an Appeal to Conscience for double impact.)* I don't care what your religion is, but I know that there won't be any peace or satisfaction for you if you don't tell me freely what's in this book before I show it to you. When we get through you might feel miserable and ashamed—but that'll give you real relief. As for me, the only time I go home feeling rotten is when some cold-blooded bastard won't give, and I can see it's going to get messy for his family.

CHEMIST: Go on . . . go on. . . .

JASPAN *(opening the dossier and flipping through it, puffing his pipe thoughtfully):* Mm . . . mm . . . hm! . . . *(He looks up.)* You have any idea how we know so much about you? This is a scientific age, my friend, an age of electronics. Did you know it's possible to pick up phone conversations from half-a-mile outside a man's home without even tapping his line? *(Jaspan actually knows only that the chemist has called certain California numbers but not what he has talked about.)* By the way, how's Professor S— in San Francisco?

CHEMIST: Oh my God!

JASPAN *(slamming the dossier down):* All right, now, let's level with each other.

The dossier itself is no fake, though it contains less than Jaspan intimates. Jaspan, for all his powers of persuasion, usually needs at least a few hard secret facts to pry loose the rest. He and his chief aides in his thirteen field offices hire bright young men with fresh degrees from business and engineering schools, calling them formally "junior management engineers," or more familiarly "operators," plus some female operators, and a few specialists such as electricians and machinists. He then arranges with the president of a client company to tip him off when to send a few of the boys to the hiring offices; if all goes well, at least one Jaspan operator snags the available job and secrecy is preserved.

To build and maintain a successful "cover" story calls for planning and discipline; it takes some doing for a lad just out of Harvard Business School to act the part of restaurant busboy without spilling the beans. An operator must wear clothes appropriate to his station, perhaps live in a dreary furnished room, and spend evenings with his fellow employees at the bowling alley though he might prefer to be home listening to the *Missa Solemnis*.

Sometimes Jaspan can place a man in a good administrative job, but frequently the operator is likely to be something lowly—say an elevator operator or a porter. "You can do a marvelous job of management engineering as a porter," Jaspan says with gusto. "A porter isn't supervised much. He moves around all the time, he talks to everybody and sees what's going on. Within a matter of days he'll know who's featherbedding, see machines shut down unnecessarily, see some guy carrying a package out and winking at the guard, sneak a look at a letter on the buyer's desk. After he's been there three months, we'll be able to move in and start cleaning things up."

Many management consultants prefer to come in openly, correctly identified as time-and-motion analysts, or as auditors, or as materials-handling engineers. In Jaspan's opinion, such people see what the forewarned employees want them to see, whereas his operators learn all sorts of things and under the oddest circumstances Many a case has been broken, for example, by something overheard in the men's room.

In his promotion literature, Jaspan likes to say that in most businesses there is a "lack of communication" between officers and their employees, which frequently allows dishonesty to exist. Addressing a seminar of the American Management Association in the Astor Hotel last fall, he put it more bluntly. "So you hire a crackerjack bunch of security guards and put them in uniforms, with shiny badges. So what? They're like the belled cat—what mice are they going to catch? *My* boys and girls, getting dirty and sweaty if they have to, *they* see. They give us the names, the clues, and the facts and then we can go to work and extract the rest."

GETTING A CONFESSION

SUCH clues are compiled in the fat blue dossiers—or Pre-Interrogations Reports—with which Jaspan traps and belabors his suspects. A few months ago he was interrogating a man we can call Billingsley, the manager of an ailing suburban branch of a Philadelphia department store. Billingsley, a small, soft-spoken, wiry type, was putting up a stout defense. In two hours Jaspan had run through much of his repertoire, without getting anything but soft, firm denials. At last, he started the "This Is Your Life" speech, and began flipping through the pages of the dossier. The scene played like this:

JASPAN: You know, we don't rely just on the written records. We have electronic ways of getting at things nowadays. . . . On your books the shortages are only about $120,000 over the last three years, but we make them out to be $476,000. How about that?

BILLINGSLEY: I have nothing to hide, nothing to hide. I never had shortages like that.

JASPAN: What do you think your year-over inventory shrinkage was last year?

BILLINGSLEY: Oh . . . 5.6 per cent, as I recall.

JASPAN *(flips open dossier, puffs pipe reflectively):* What would you say to 16.1 per cent?

BILLINGSLEY: Oh no! Oh, no!

JASPAN: Billingsley, I'm trying to help you. I want you to quit defending yourself and admit reality.

BILLINGSLEY *(dumfounded because the figure is correct, but he thought no one could know; Jaspan, however, had sent in sixteen men on a Sunday, with a passkey, to count everything in the store):* Not 16.1 per cent!

JASPAN: See that box in the corner? You know much about tape-recordings? In a little while I'm going to play back what you told your assistant manager in the washroom on January fifth. I've got it in here, too. *(He opens the dossier and reads.)* "Whenever you're in doubt, count high and give me the break."

BILLINGSLEY *(shaken):* I might have said that, but I didn't mean anything criminal by it.

JASPAN *(pleadingly):* Give a little, Billingsley, I'm trying to help you! . . .

By the time Jaspan reached the "We're both grown-up men" line, Billingsley broke. ("All right, it helped my yearly bonus.") From this first admission, Billingsley continued grudgingly to talk for the next hour or so, after which he wrote out a ten-page confession by hand and signed it in the presence of a notary public. He

never asked to hear the tape played back; this was just as well, since the carton was empty, being only a prop of Jaspan's. When the four-hour non-stop interrogation was at an end, Jaspan, invigorated and full of pep, hurried off to his own office, while Billingsley tottered out, limp and broken.

Most suspects, once they begin to open up, become abject, self-accusing, and almost voluble. The latter part of a successful interrogation by Jaspan is a catharsis-giving experience, sometimes having characteristics of a religious conversion. A middle-aged female cashier in a social agency had been juggling the register so as to pocket about $100 every day for the past seven years from cash sales; on it she had lived handsomely, made investments, and supported a boy friend. But when she broke under Jaspan's treatment, she concluded with this typical statement:

> I am bitterly ashamed of my misdeeds. It has given me a great many sleepless nights. I asked myself a thousand times why I was doing this, but I just couldn't stop. I'm glad the end is here now.

One memorable confession even ended, "I thank God for you, Mr. Jaspan."

DOES HE LOVE THE SINNER?

AFTER a confession has been signed and notarized, Jaspan usually advises the interrogee to come with him and make a personal apology to the boss, intimating that it may gain him some special consideration. (Actually, the purpose is to act as a preventive to later changes of heart.) Clients are usually astonished at the way the suspects, after a few hours with Jaspan, become meek, penitent, and ready to tell all.

Dr. Martin Steinberg, director of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, employed Jaspan in 1960, and later told a friend in some astonishment, "It was shocking and painful to see a fine well-educated man come in, blurt out his misdeeds, and all but beat his breast before me. Later, when I thought about it as a physician, I saw that psychologically it makes sense. A man begins with a little chiseling, and inch by inch works his way up to a pattern of living which he enjoys but which rests on a morally loathsome basis. Then Jaspan probes the sore, and suddenly the man wants to get rid of the stored-up guilt all at once. The interrogation seems to offer him a cheap, easy way to pay off. Jaspan is really an expert practicing psychiatrist without knowing it."

Among Jaspan's clients and friends there is some difference of opinion as to the sources of his energy and diligence at his work. Some who have known Jaspan for many years believe that his motives are humane; some feel his talk about dishonesty and the need for prevention is "just an expert piece of hard sell." A somewhat introspective airline official has voiced even murkier doubts. "Norman seems to me to be obsessively fascinated by the conduct of the people he pursues," he says. "Maybe even infected by it. He makes me think of Inspector Javert in *Les Misérables*."

Be that as it may, in both talent and training he is ideally fitted for his work. He was born in Brooklyn in 1916, the son of Isaac A. Jaspan, who was a bank examiner for a while and then an officer of a credit clearinghouse; the business talk young Jaspan overheard at home stuck with him. After some preliminary experience as a paper boy and messenger, he made his real commercial debut at about twelve when he began after-school door-to-door canvassing, selling a variety of waxes, polishes, and cleansers. He found commerce so delicious that he shortly switched to night school, and during his teens flitted from job to job, collecting experience like a bee gathering honey.

At seventeen, he was living an exhilarating life at an auto-finance company, deep in collateral, accounts receivable, mechanics' liens, and promissory notes. He also managed to find some time for track, the high-school debating society, amateur acting, dating, and several years of night college at St. John's University in Brooklyn, but none of these proved half so satisfying as the handling of "bad paper"—promissory notes for the purchase of autos, the signers of which had disappeared.

Developing into an expert "skip-tracer," he became familiar with all sorts of street and business directories, census name directories, and even such unpublished avenues for tracking down people as the gas and electric company journals (it took a bit of persuasive talk to get information from these), bank records (Jaspan could wheedle a head teller into reading him confidential information over the phone), and so on. He invented little stratagems of his own: by telephoning a friend or relative of a skipped debtor, and stammering painfully, he could usually get this person, in a burst of embarrassed helpfulness, to fill in the names and street addresses he could ostensibly not pronounce.

Jaspan's father, meanwhile, had gradually gotten into the Depression-born enterprise of buying up failing businesses for nominal sums, in order to wring out the accounts receivable

and debts owed to them or, in some cases, to build them up and resell them. At any one moment, he might simultaneously own a major interest in a cigar-making firm, a cosmetic firm, a sewing-machine manufacturer, and a candy jobber, all more or less sinking, if not sunk. In 1934, when Jaspan was eighteen, his father fell seriously ill for a while, and Jaspan stepped in. He and his father have been in business together ever since, the elder Jaspan gradually retiring, after 1942, to an administrative post.

One of their standard procedures with a failing business was to put one of their own twenty-odd employees on location to supervise operations and to see to it that nothing was being made off with. From this to the use of undercover operators, with himself as master mind and key interrogator, was a small but crucial step in Jaspan's success story. Within his first few years he discovered that there was a considerable demand not only for an undercover investigative service but also for such management-engineering jobs as tightening up the billing and shipping procedures, making work-measurement studies, redesigning the technique of inventory, and improving warehouse methods, all to the end of making dishonesty harder to get away with. "I've got the best gimmick in the world for selling management engineering," Jaspan often says exultantly. "I don't have to hit the management people with their own shortcomings—I simply sell them on the undercover work. In the end, they sell themselves on the need for the other."

By 1945, Jaspan had about 150 employees and a gross volume of over a million dollars per year. Since the war, his combined businesses have tripled again in size; he now has some 520 employees, thirteen field offices, and about six hundred clients per year who pay fees close to $4 million dollars.

BE SMART ABOUT IT

IN 1946 Jaspan married a serious, attractive, redheaded medical student, Jeanne Rafsky. The Jaspans now live with their two young sons in a handsome eight-room apartment on Park Avenue. What with Jaspan's continual trips around the country and Dr. Rafsky's busy practice, they lead a complicated life, but it includes, besides work, the pleasures of a summer home in Atlantic Beach, chauffeur service, good theatre tickets, gardening, painting, and fishing.

Twenty-seven years of combating the iniquitous, the greedy, and the faithless have left Jaspan with a sweet and optimistic outlook on life. He has even faced, without losing his cheer or composure, the spectacle of the disabled employees of an agency for disabled persons helping themselves courageously—to the agency's collections.

Jaspan's experiences seem to indicate that a shift of some kind is, actually, taking place in the approved technique by which American society enforces honesty. His latest culprits, when he breaks through their defenses, are sorry that they have done wrong—but not *very* sorry. The United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company studied 1,001 embezzlers before and up to 1935, and another 1,001 in the postwar years. Thirty of the former group committed suicide; only nine of the latter group did so. Apparently it is getting much easier to live with a bad conscience; consequently, external techniques of control, rather than internal ones, are having to take over. In the restaurant business, for instance, bribes, "commissions," and other favors are now so persistently offered to major food buyers by food and liquor vendors that one of Jaspan's clients recently decided it was useless to hope to find a truly honest man, or, even if he found one, to try to keep him that way.

"I can't compete with my vendors," he said. "They can subvert anybody, no matter what I pay. Instead, I'm simply going to fire my chief buyer every year or so and hire a new one; that way I'll have a relatively honest man at least a part of the time."

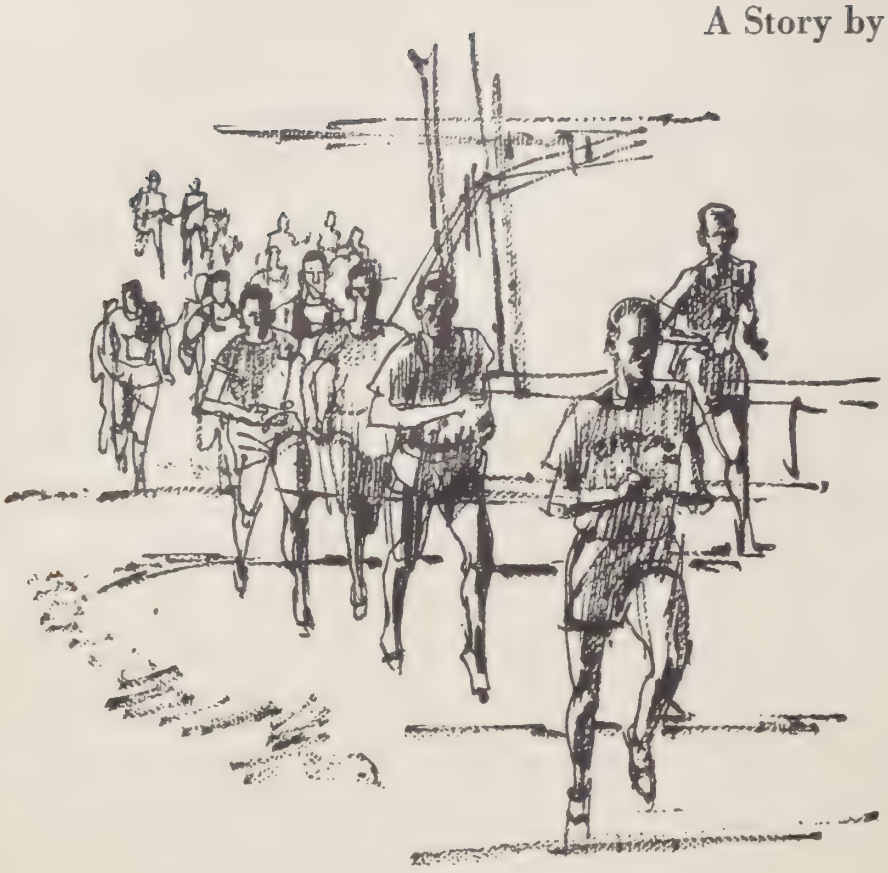
Jaspan disapproves of this counsel of despair. "Never in our history has the crime of embezzlement reached such a frightening level," he trumpeted in a recent speech, "never have bribes and kickbacks been so widespread. But there is no reason to be pessimistic; I believe it is largely correctable through management action. I urge the constant search for malignant conditions which haven't yet shown up on the surface. I urge the creation of an atmosphere showing that management is alert, that it cares, that it is watching. I urge planning ahead to prevent adverse conditions, rather than waiting to see if they arise. Some will disagree, and say that they'd rather keep things simple and take a calculated risk on the employees. Fine! I say, fine! *Take* a calculated risk—but be smart about it."

He tapped his forehead and nodded sagely. "Like the Chock Full O' Nuts people," he continued. "They let all their counter girls handle cash, to save time and to save on hiring cashiers. But they're *smart* about it—the uniforms they hand out have no pockets!"

A beatific smile illuminated his face.

Harper's Magazine, November 1961

A Story by **RICHARD ROGIN**



In the Company of Runners

WE WALKED out across the bridge over the silently flowing Cam: Chris, the captain of the cross-country team, tall, blond, surprisingly thick-legged for a distance runner; a serious dark-haired fellow with glasses whom I had seen run once before in the late afternoon rain, forcing himself along gamely on the half-mile leg of a medley relay; the chaplain, still quite young, small, balding; and myself, with apprehensive enthusiasm and a new sweat shirt for the occasion. The others would meet us out at the start.

With those quick bouncy steps runners take when they go out before a race, we walked down into the alley of winter trees. It was late January, brisk and sunny, the ground damp from a touch of snow the week before. I was an American at Cambridge University, studying at King's College. That afternoon there was to be a cross-country meet against a neighboring Royal Air Force base and, because of a manpower shortage, I was invited to come along though I was almost a complete stranger to my college team. And I came. I was a graduate student and the rest except for the chaplain were undergraduates.

You manage to find modest and even ridiculous ways of indulging an athletic enthusiasm. For me, running combined the dreamlike challenge of time with real sensuous joy. The competitive delight was there but so was the delight of simple movement. You have made the run; you are complete.

Sports are made for heroes, champions, and occasional princes. But almost everybody was a young champion once—even shadow-boxing before the mirror. At some time of night we are all welterweight champions of the world.

But I was never a prince nor shaped like one. When I came to Cambridge, running was in my mind as always but I did not expect to do anything official. In high school I had run the last two years—ordinary enjoyable half-miles. I had won some races but the league was small. However, I had a habit of rerunning the races at night, devising strategy and myths of speed and stamina. In the off-season of my senior year I ran round and round on a snowy board track, miles and miles. I contemplated success. But in

the spring I was very little better than the previous year and I sloughed it off as the wrong sort of training.

In the fall I went to Dartmouth College and went out for cross-country. We skipped rope and threw a medicine ball, dashed up and down the high cement steps of Memorial Field, and ran in paced packs through the woods and over the golf course, down a shady slope and home again. It was very pleasant and the company was good. I still have a certain prejudice toward the intelligence and imagination of distance runners over sprinters and weightmen.

The woods were green and warm in that early fall and I wore old track shoes that were comfortable and familiar. But I was never very good, not enough stamina nor speed. We would bunch at the start on the golf course and then sprint off toward a narrow sandy gap and uphill into the woods. After the sweaty climb there was the coolness across the open golf course; then we would come pelting down the rocky stumbling hill with abandon before the forcing run home. We traveled to Yale when the woods were yellow and red and the runners came spilling out of the rocky hills onto the green. We loped across the great greenswards at Harvard.

Sometimes there was the proper clean fatigue, that special satisfaction, the legs moving with pleasure, and sometimes it was grim and only enduring. Once my back had pained and my legs lost their luck and my ambition went somber. I trotted shamefully, with pain, refusing to walk, along the wood trail, past the brook, and came home seventeenth.

Cross-country if nothing else is a thoughtful sport and a runner must have imagination and ambition, must deeply believe in what he is doing. Once that is gone, all is over.

After the race we would pick up our sweat clothes in a gossiping crowd on the piney hillside and walk up the road to Alumni Gym. It was not a good season; we lost three meets and won only once. But it brought an intimacy with place and college that I would not have wished to miss. There were the wonderful hot showers, the joy of them, talking quietly, tired, in the steamy, stinging room. I would walk back to the dormitory in that long-ago autumn with a feeling of having been somewhere, traveled to a significant destination that no one else had been to, some upland place rammed with fable.

In the indoor winter season I quit. It was failure, I suppose, that caused this decision. I wasn't really fast enough to enjoy the competition and there were no more woods—only the black cinders, round and round. I couldn't lug myself around anymore without losing belief. But though I quit official running, it was not all over. On soft spring nights in later years I would turn from studying for final examinations, don my sweat clothes, and run in the night around the stadium track, going a mile in the warm breezy dark. On those nights there was no sense of distance. Or at dawn at a summer beach I would run on the edge of the sea, through the yellow, blowing foam.

THEN in the summer after my graduation I came from America to Cambridge. The bulletin board in the reading room was always crowded but I remember the day I found a notice for those interested in running. Because I was interested and also because when you come to a new place sometimes you bear a mobile egoism, as though of course you'll win, I signed my name in a casual, reminiscent mood. I had deposed my knowledge of England as a great island for runners.

I indulged the fable that gathers around the sport you love and were never particularly good in. Frustration gilds it; participation makes it enduring. Four years before, I had been for a brief autumn an unnoticed but happy runner as a Dartmouth freshman who ran through the uphill woods and over the flawless green of the golf course, past Mink Brook and home again, finishing around the middle of the pack. Now I was a freshman in a new place. Chris, the captain, might come around to my room and chat or we'd stop on King's Parade or outside Hall, but no, the American was always out of shape, too busy. I shied away from competition. It was pleasant enough to have put my name down.

And then one day in January at lunch, eating shepherd's pie, Chris said, How about coming out for a run? They were one man short and needed just that one so the meet could be official. Would I help? With fable in my mind and wanting to help, I agreed to turn up at two o'clock back of the college library and walk out to the course with them. Whom are we running? Oh, some RAF chaps. How far? Four or five miles or so. You know, I'm rather out of shape. Just like to jog now and then. I didn't tell him that I had never run that far in my life. Quite

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Richard Rogin studied at King's College, Cambridge University, after graduating from Dartmouth in 1954. Outside of the Dartmouth literary magazine, this is his first published story.



all right, Chris said, and showed me a carefully drawn map of the course. I took a quick glance. We were to run in a sort of long closed loop toward Grantchester and back, finishing up at the start. Well, see you at two. I'll do my best.

Two o'clock and we bounced out through the Backs, a region of lawns and river and gardens to the colleges' rear, the greenest part of Cambridge in the spring. We walked past the hoarse writhing geese which paraded beyond the river. The start was past Grange Road, back of the Rugby grounds.

The RAF chaps were already there, limbering up in faded sweat clothes, slender, long-legged, with wool skiing caps on their heads, laughing like young champions. For a long moment I slid back to that somber painful afternoon in the woods, running all alone, far behind. The race doesn't necessarily go to the swift American, the invincible stranger.

We clustered, jittery, informal, at the start, looking out into the countryside down the narrow dirt road toward the fields beyond. Someone shouted, Go, and we were off. There were those first few unbelievable steps when you are nervously tired and yawny and must learn to run again and then the easy rhythm, your legs moving familiarly, dropping down in front.

I had forgotten how fast a cross-country race starts off or perhaps it was a combination of memory loss and lack of condition, but in the first fifty yards I was running last, shoulder to shoulder with a RAF chap, each digging through a muddy rut to right and left of the crown of the wagon road. I had made up my mind previously that, though I was out just for the fun of it and to fill up the team, I would try to finish decently.

Going through the muddy puddled road between high thickets, hunting for firm places, I stayed right on that RAF chap. I didn't try to sprint and catch up. The chaplain was running strongly some distance ahead. Chris must have been out near the leaders, for I couldn't see him. Then the thickets gave way to fields and we were off the road and running through a boggy, stubbly meadow, my sneakers sinking, splashing; I was tired already in the first half-mile. The last RAF man in blue shorts and red shirt was well up ahead of me and the others were beginning to disappear across the huge field. It was an odd view of the proceedings.

When we veered from the field onto a narrow winding dirt path again, I knew I would be running alone and easy for a long time; even the next runner was out of sight. In one sense, it was quite a private affair now. My only decision was that I wouldn't stop. Slogging along like an absolutely tired steeplechaser, I became my-sized again.

With the curious detachment of utter defeat I watched flocks of rooks rise black and silent from the fields. The meadow was humped with three giant hayricks, huge houses with rounded tops. A pair of jet fighters whistled over, steaming by like streamlined teakettles.

My course took me first toward Grantchester. Running along I remembered walking there in the early autumn down a path much like the one I trotted on now, and the birds shying away

down the flanking thickets. The men were in the fields in that season building the third high hayrick. I remembered a hawk shrieking, a huge white horse, fishermen along the Cam, pollarded apple trees, an English robin calling, singing in full tones, and above all, somehow, the sense of a landscape in miniature.

The path led onto the Cambridge-Grantchester blacktop road and I turned left sharply, homing. The firm road felt good under my feet. A blond boy from King's whom I had seen at the race's start cycled toward me slowly. As I panted by he wheeled and came abreast of me.

"I say there, are you part of the race?"

The lack of recognition, the abstract politeness of this question, exasperated me, but I managed to grin back a feeble, Yes. After all, he was right to query. There was nothing obvious to tell him I was part of an event. I did have a cardboard number pinned to the front of my old Dartmouth T-shirt but that was all. It looked very much as if I were running all alone, perhaps an Olympian out practicing.

Several hundred yards down the road, a man who I believe started the race a hundred years ago waved me to the left again, back into the meadows on another dirt path. I smiled, Thank you, and jogged on, on my toes, easing along like a champion well within his power. I ran on and came to a confusion of muddy ruts and footprints and meadows reaching away on all sides. What was farmer and what cross-country? Perhaps I saw the most marks there, but the way I chose made me clamber with awkward fatigue over a high wooden fence. Was this the English style of cross-country racing? The doubt stayed home to roost.

I HAD lost the course as completely as a child wanders baffled through a summer wood. Somewhere ahead of me, I was sure, the winner was already striding toward the finish line to vigorous shouts of "Well done, well done." With this feeling came the first real touch of the ridiculous and then shame.

Sighting the spires and towers of Cambridge I knew my general way home and I ran now at a considered moderate pace, as if forever. But for the cardboard number I could have been any sneakered eccentric jogging through the outlying streets of Cambridge, for I arrived there shortly. Trying to direct my course back to the start I had come too close to town. Women were out walking in the streets carrying bundles from the stores. Everything was ordinary except for a red-faced, red-kneed young man in a green shirt, the usual type who ran through Cambridge every afternoon strengthening his legs for the next marathon. If there were any glances of mild curiosity, I passed them by with all the disdain a runner could muster who was intent on form alone.

To get to where I was going I had to run back along the river, past the punt shed and the ducks, past two young mothers wheeling their baby carriages on the narrow asphalt path in the riverside park. I was still jogging, having decided that no one would be out walking in shorts in the middle of January, and only some runner, somewhat mental perhaps, would go for such a lark.

I passed the Mill, a bridge and pub of the same name where the students used to sit out on the stone bridge on pleasant nights and watch the waters race or someone leap in and swim to the far shore for the laughter of it, drinking hard cider and light ale, the interior pub singing, the park whispering, lilting. My course lay through the remainder of the park, past the swans in the pond, the big hanging sign for Tolly Beer and Ale, and finally up West Road.

In my mind I imagined that no one would be left waiting for me; dramatically, I almost wished it. But as I rounded the Rugby field at a determined pace, finishing the wrong way home, stronger than ever, I saw three people up ahead. One was the blond boy on the bicycle who had intercepted me previously and had been cycling through the muddy bush country in search. The other two were RAF spectators who had kindly waited for no apparent reason as they showed no worry. My team had gone home to shower leaving an invitation to tea at the Copper Kettle on King's Parade. My afternoon's performance left me no opportunity at the time to judge the morality of the departure. Then I felt I had it coming—poetic justice for a sort of pride.

For the first time in almost an hour or more I stopped running, stood still in shaky fatigue. I moved around a bit and felt clean without great tiredness, breathing heavily but with no trouble. Surprisingly, I was not as done in as I thought. No one asked me what had happened. Without prompting, I apologized for being late. I had lost the course; grinning like a clown. It seemed the proper thing to do as if you were delayed at a sherry party or had overslept in the sun.

Carefully I held my sweat pants wide open with both hands and guided my legs in, then hoisted the sweat shirt over my head. And we

walked back, cutting past the Garden Hostel, down the alley of bare trees, past the rusty banging geese, over the idling Cam.

All I wanted now was a hot shower for my aching body, a cup of hot tea, to lie down and rest, sprawled in the old green repose of Cambridge as I had first known it that lambent afternoon arriving on the train from Liverpool Street Station and Southampton. I wanted the greenswards, house martins churring and tilting over the towering chapel, the ritual of bells from Great St. Mary's and all the other churches of Cambridge thronging through the dusky air, tolling me to sleep.

I showered with infinite pleasure, dressed, and went down to the Copper Kettle, walking slowly, carefully, on pain. But I couldn't find the team in the Kettle or anywhere else along King's Parade. Either the tea was called off or I had come too late or, again, I had lost the course. However it was, I returned gratefully to my room and collapsed on the sofa with my own hot tea and toast and jam. By dinner time I had figured my run at about six miles. Stiffly struggling into my gown, I walked over to Hall and more welcome food.

I DIDN'T see Chris for a day or two but then he cornered me one afternoon just inside the College gate. What happened? Oh, I lost the course. Farce, tiny shame in my voice. And we grinned. To the team it was irrelevant whether I had run all the way or walked; simply, I had finished fantastically far behind. Who won? I asked. The RAF chaps. How did we do? And he mentioned that Ellison placed second, a name which I always afterward believed to be the serious dark-haired fellow with glasses but was never sure. It showed how little I knew my running companions that afternoon.

They all found out about my losing the course and thought it, as I did, comic. I received some pleasant ribbing at the dinner table. What would these Americans think of next? Happily, though with a secret sense of unreasonable affront, I noticed that I was never invited to another cross-country race. Though at the same time I seem to remember it both ways; that I did indeed receive another chance to run only wisely turned it down. Perhaps they had enough men for later meets. Maybe they had enough at the time of the first race and never actually needed me (no one seemed to be counting noses officially) and merely wanted to see what the Yank could do for future reference. But perhaps I cast aspersions on innocence. Well, they knew. There was no glitter in this impromptu effort. For memory I had a sore right foot for weeks afterward and a large piece of white cardboard, somewhat wrinkled, with the number, 165. I never returned the number for other runners in other races as was the custom. Perhaps it deserved a quiet retirement.

In the spring Chris came around several times urging me to attend the cross-country dinner. But I refused gently, firmly. I told him I didn't think I had earned my way, some such nonsense, nor did I really know the people. I did not want to be borne, even with generosity, as the stranger in the company of runners.



Harper's Magazine, November 1961

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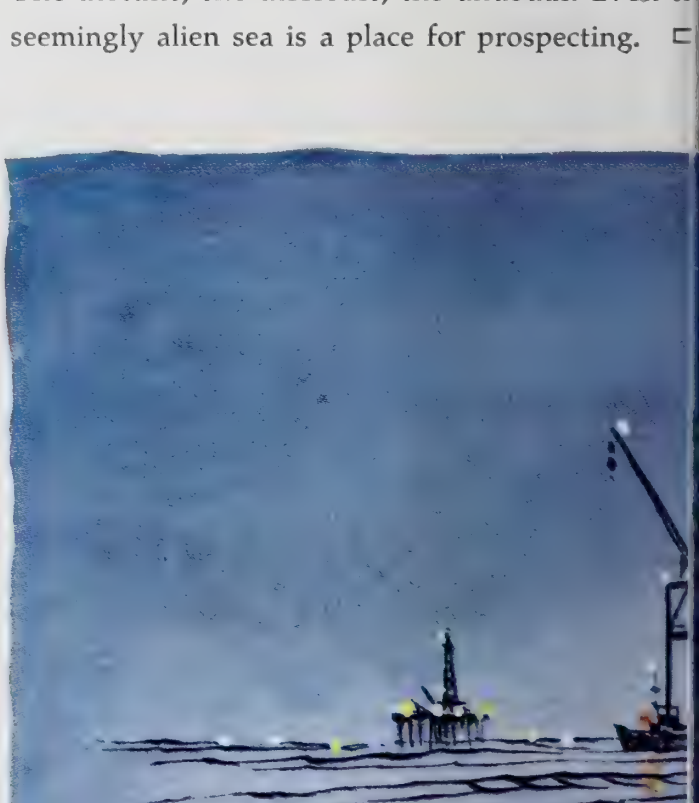
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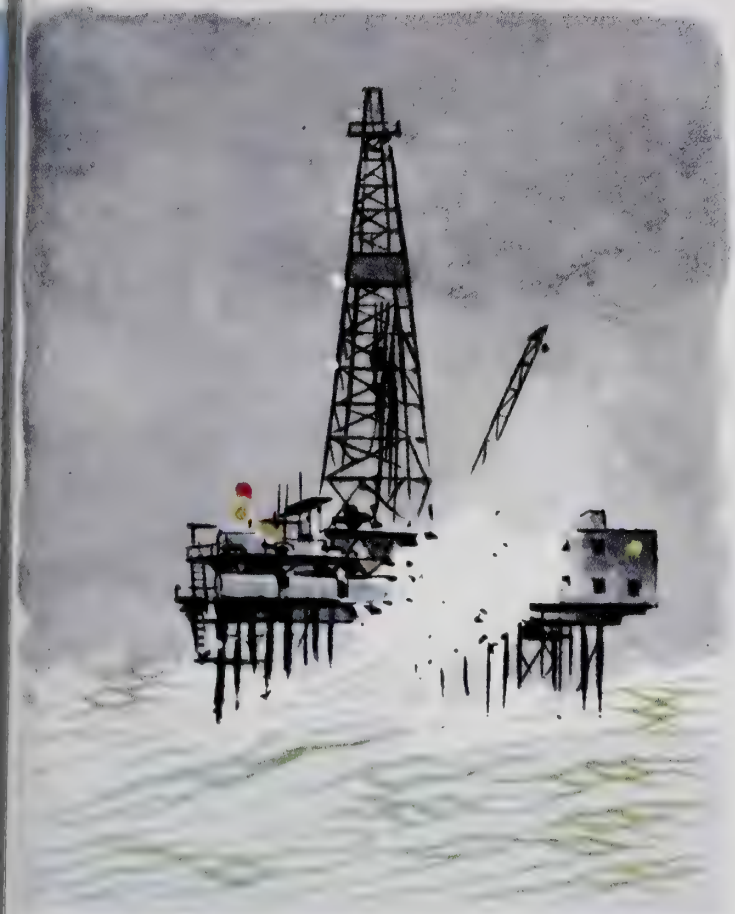
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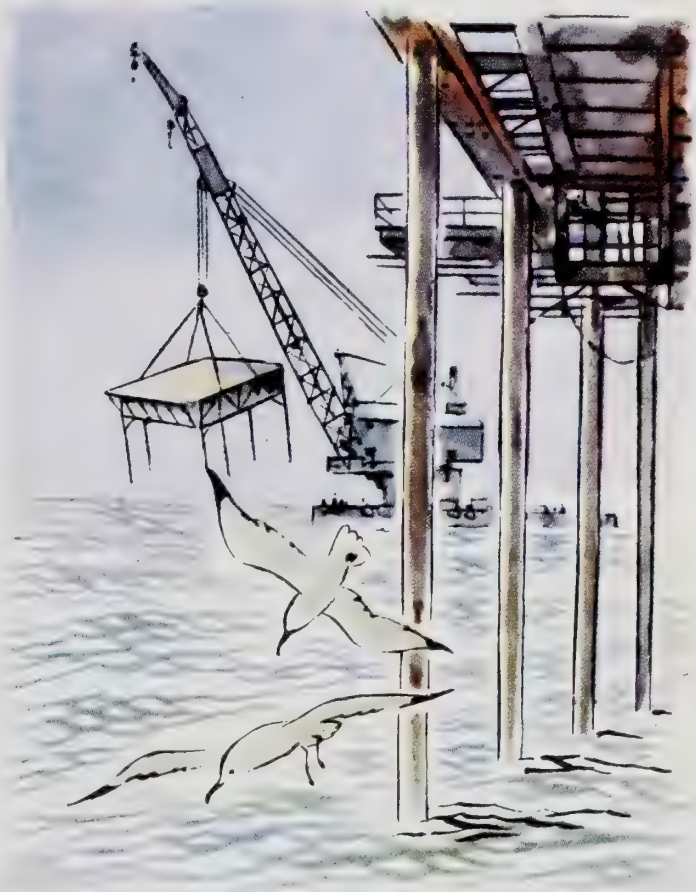
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Peasant of Picardy. Photograph by **Henri Cartier-Bresson (1960).**

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON
on the art of photography

AN INTERVIEW BY YVONNE BABY

Among photographers there is a consensus that Henri Cartier-Bresson is one of the great photographers of our time. But this shy and elusive man scarcely ever discusses his methods or his work for publication. Recently the French journalist, Yvonne Baby, was granted this rare interview with him in Paris. The accompanying photographs were chosen by M. Cartier-Bresson as his favorite examples of his work.

. . . I always recognized Henri Cartier-Bresson on the Paris streets, his slight gray figure slipping anonymously through the crowd with a quick, supple gait. I knew the charm of his smile, the innocence of his blue eyes. I had noticed the freedom of his gestures, never impeded by his Leica camera which he carries with him everywhere. He has a rapt, concentrated expression of one who listens and carefully observes, at the same time pursuing a private dream.

I had heard him say to friends who had asked to see his work: "But are you sure it won't bore you?"—quite unlike the amateur who is all too ready to arrange an evening of showing color slides of his last summer vacation. Alert and curious, Henri Cartier-Bresson is always asking your opinion, always questioning. Yet behind his anxiety one feels that he is serene, like someone who doubts yet has a basic certainty. He talks little, and almost never about photography, to which he has devoted the major part of his life for the past thirty years.

I saw him again in Paris in the quiet atmosphere of his studio which opens onto the sky and the city's slate roofs. He had just returned from London and was taking a train that evening for Italy, not to return to France before September. As a reporter he travels a good deal, though he denies being a "globe-trotter."

"Of course I'm curious," he says, "and when I arrive in a place I like to see and understand what is happening around me. But I need to move slowly. I try not to travel by plane. A photographer should never run. He should be a tireless walker. That's the way to capture the special moment on the sidewalk, at the street corner, and in life.

"In this style of photography one should not impose one's preconceived notions of a country; rather, one should correct them. To me the only strictly documentary photography is a catalogue. All other photography is never purely descriptive but a personal means of expression. Only if one forgets oneself in the process does the subject become all-important and the photograph gain in power. That's the only attitude to take if you want to get to the depth of things. I know there are camera wizards, and I know the illusions they can create. Still I'm convinced the comments of such wizards never really amount to a distinctive point of view about any member of mankind and his country. To me such methods are merely gimmicks. Things done fast disappear fast; only what is done with time will remain. 'Slowness is beauty,' said Rodin, I think. Or was it 'Beauty is slowness'?"

The staccato in Henri Cartier-Bresson's voice reveals his nervousness. Sometimes he gets caught on a word, then recovers himself quickly; or he comes back to a phrase, blinks, smiles, and says: "Do you understand?" He refuses to tell anecdotes or any details about his personal life, adding that his biography can be found at the Magnum Photos agency.

"With me," he says, "photography is a way of drawing. It is not philosophy, or literature, or music: it is a strictly visual medium, grasping at the evidence of reality. The camera helps to see mechanically and optically. (Who nowadays would reproach a painter for using a pistol-spray instead of the traditional paintbrush?) A photo-



Henri Cartier-Bresson

St. Tropez (1959).

graph is made on the spot and at once. One has no right to use tricks or to play around with reality. We are always struggling with time: whatever has gone has gone forever. The time element is the key to photography. One must seize the moment before it passes, the fleeting gesture, the evanescent smile. For it is impossible to 'start again.' That's why I'm so nervous—it's horrible for my friends—but it's only by maintaining a permanent tension that I can stick to reality.

"My photographs are variations on the same theme: Man and his destiny. No one is infinitely versatile; each one of us carries within himself a particular vision of the universe. It is this view which makes for the unity in our work and, ultimately, its style. To me liberty is a strict, self-imposed framework: the discipline of respect for reality. Within it, however, there are infinite variations. I weave around the subject like the referee in a boxing match. We are passive onlookers in a world that moves perpetually. Our only moment of creation is that $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second when the shutter clicks, the signal is given, and the knife falls. We are like skilled shots who pull the trigger and hit their target.

"Thinking should be done beforehand and afterwards—never while actually taking a photograph. Success depends on the extent of one's general culture, on one's set of values, one's clarity of mind and vivacity. The thing to be feared most is the artificially contrived, the contrary to life." . . .

SHUN THE PICTURESQUE

INTERVIEWER: What relationship is there between painting and photography?

CARTIER-BRESSON: The same rules of composition apply to both painters and photographers; both are confronted with the same visual problems. Just as one can analyze the structure of a painting, so in a good photograph one can discover the same rules, the proportional mean, the square within the rectangle, the Golden Rule, etc. That's why I like the rectangular dimension of the Leica negative, 24 by 36mm. I have a passion for geometry. My greatest joy is the surprise



Henri Cartier-Bresson

Auvergne, near Clermont-Ferrand, France (1960).[1]

of facing a beautiful organization of forms, the intuitive recognition of a spontaneous—not contrived—composition; naturally with a subject that moves. I think it's only when handled this way that a subject takes on its full significance.

I never crop a photograph. If it needs to be cropped I know it's bad and that nothing could possibly improve it. The only improvement would have been to have taken another picture, at the right place and at the right time. Distance also is very important: the distance at which the photograph as a whole is taken, and also the distance between one element in the picture and another. Such relationships vary as much as the tonality of a voice heard nearby or far away. Unlike the painter, however, who can work at length on a canvas, we have to work by instinct and intuition, within a split second. We have to catch the specific detail. Our procedure is analytical, whereas the painter achieves his effects through meditation and synthesis.

We have to situate ourselves with respect to the subject; we have to have a point of view, we have to absorb ourselves in it. To me the camera is a prolongation of my eye. The instantaneous combination of eye, heart, and head seems essential to me.

I'm not in favor of color photography because in its present state of development I can't control it completely. Dealing as we do with a world in perpetual motion, I don't see how it's possible to resolve the contradiction between dark and light values and the altogether different properties of color itself. And the engraving process distorts color invariably. I prefer to go on using black and white film, which merely transposes the subject. I never use a flash bulb—just as it would never occur to me to shoot off a pistol in the middle of a concert.

Some photographers are inventors, others are discoverers. Personally, I'm interested in discovery, not for experimental purposes but to come to grips with life itself. It's the "why" that interests me. I shun the dangers of the anecdotal and the picturesque. Such effects may be easy, but they are little better than sensationalism. Getting a "surprise" effect, completely out of



Henri Cartier-Bresson

Peking (1958).

context, seems to me a cheap technique. I believe photography has great evocative powers and shouldn't be used simply to record facts. We should be abstract but work from nature, *i.e.*, use a rigorous structure based on reality.

Anybody can take photographs. In the *Herald Tribune* I saw some pictures taken by a monkey who had managed to use a Polaroid quite as well as a number of camera owners. It's precisely because our profession is open to everybody that it remains, in spite of its fascinating easiness, a most difficult operation.

NO MESSAGE, NO MISSION

INTERVIEWER: Why did you choose photography?

CARTIER-BRESSON: Photography enables me to grasp the world directly through the medium of a particular and significant detail. There is no such thing as an art of generalities. It's a way of understanding and a way of living more intensely. I love looking at a fellow photographer's contact sheet where I can see a sequence of pictures showing how a gentleman with a camera moves through life. I have a great time and I work for the love of the subject, not for the sake of the magazine that ordered the pictures. I'm grateful to the magazines for having offered me the subject, but once I start working, I work for the subject only. I don't refuse assignments, if they are not gimmicky. What Renaissance artist would have thought of despising a commission?

Recently I was asked to provide illustrations for an American bank's annual report. I don't understand anything about banks, and for ten days I photographed everything I saw. Later I was told that my photographic report was "a commentary on white collar workers." It was the best compliment they could have paid me, for I had tried to do precisely that: to give an impression of the lives of employees between 9:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. I had the same gratitude toward the bank that one feels toward the parents who have brought into the world the girl one is in love with.

If you should ask me about the role of the photographer in our epoch—about the influence



Henri Cartier-Bresson

Queyras Valley, France (1960).

of the photographic image—I don't want to go into detailed explanations. I will only stress the photographer's great responsibility. Photojournalism has a powerful immediate impact upon millions of people, for the impact of the visual image is far greater than that of words. It is a way in which Mr. So-and-so testifies to the world on a given subject, to the best of his abilities. The ideal, in fact, is always to try to go somewhat beyond one's abilities. In photography, as in the other arts, talent only gives us the right to work even harder. It is in this that the photographer's sense of pride and responsibility should lie.

I feel that photography derives from pleasure, from a visual pleasure which no caption can equal. To me, reading captions for a picture is like keeping one's nose buried in a museum catalogue instead of absorbing the painting itself. But people who know how to look are as rare as people who know how to listen. So many think only in concepts. . . .

(Here Henri Cartier-Bresson broke off and said in a lower voice, as if to himself: "It's beautiful to watch a painter looking long and steadily at his canvas. . . .")

I have no "message" or "mission" *(he went on),* I have a point of view. Photography is a very important means of communication, and we are responsible to the millions of people we reach through the press. We shouldn't stoop to a vulgar game; we should neither underestimate the public nor succumb to preciousness. A painter's canvases go to museums or galleries when they are finished, to be viewed by the connoisseur; our work is turned over for public consumption. Therefore it is necessary that everybody should understand it. This is not impossible, for everybody is potentially an artist.

In 1946, Robert Capa, Chim (David Seymour), George Rodger, and myself founded the Magnum agency so as to pool our photographs in a sort of co-operative association. It was a way for us to remain independent and at the same time to have a central office to handle commercial and administrative matters. Capa stepped on a mine which exploded in Indochina, and the same day another of my associates, Werner Bischof, fell off

a precipice in Peru. Chim was killed at Suez, and now we are about twenty or so associates, comprising seven different nationalities, who continue to record on film what takes place in the world. We don't belong to a school, but we share the same views as to the responsibility of the photographer. The agency is entirely supported by our work, and I think we feel a lot freer—though not entirely carefree—by not regularly getting a check at the end of the month.

Ours is a very small profession. While, literally speaking, there is no competition, the market is very limited. Yet the contrived stories which magazines so often ask for become handicaps to photography as an art. If we arrive at a place where we are known, or if we are sent by a big magazine, they roll out the red carpet for us. Otherwise we are treated like the man who comes to repair the plumbing and might make off with the ash tray. Our profession doesn't always have a very good reputation. People call out: "Hi there, it's the photographer!" and then: "Send along a couple of prints." Why don't they ask the banker who handles so many banknotes each day to give them ten thousand francs? Photographers have no clear social status; they are on the periphery without any real prestige, and often people wonder who those odd types are, skipping around them on the street.

A FIERCE ENJOYMENT

INTERVIEWER: Do you mind being on the periphery?

CARTIER-BRESSON: Not at all. I don't want to be recognized. I'm often taken for a German or an Englishman. If, by chance, somebody discovers who you are, he says: "It's so-and-so"—and immediately launches into a discussion of lenses. It's a marvelous thing that there are so many tourists who carry cameras: thanks to them we can mix easily with the crowd, look around, and go about our work fairly unobserved. It seems to me equally important that in our day—when the trend is toward an exaggerated sense of individualism—a large number of photographers should have the same kind of attitude toward their profession. The anonymous side of photography is very much like the sculpture of the Middle Ages: it is based on a common principle and attitudes, and it differs only in degrees of sensitivity. One has to tiptoe lightly (my camera never leaves me) and steal up on one's quarry: you don't swish the water when you're fishing.

One day when I was taking photographs at a jewelry auction, a woman came up to me with a worried look: she wanted to know if I was a news reporter. I didn't say Yes or No. Instead I said to her: "I'm a maniac." That set her mind at rest. "Very good," she said, "please go on." It happens to be true; photographing, or rather, watching, is my mania. It's an obsession, a fanaticism. Whatever I know about photography I have gathered from different sources: painting in the studio of Andre Lhote, reading Stendhal, Joyce, the newspaper *Le Monde*, and listening to the criticisms of my friends. I read *Le Monde*, the *New York Times*, the *Observer*, and the Manchester *Guardian*, because none of them specializes in pictures. I can find the pictures myself, and I prefer to look at the analysis of a situation so I'll know where to go.

I find the work of Brassai, of Eugene Smith, of a number of young people at Magnum and elsewhere, and the portraits of Man Ray a stimulant. But whenever I see bad photos I feel sad, and to get the feeling that things are back in place again I go off and look at painting.

What is to become of all these photographic documents? How many will survive? I, for one, concentrate on the next picture I'm going to take. I went out this morning and took two near the subway. It's my way of keeping a diary, of sketching. Great photographs are rare. If someone asks me: "How many photographs do you take a day?" I can only answer: "How many interesting things did you hear today, and did you write them down?"

I don't believe in inspiration. I'm convinced that one must work and keep on working. A friend of mine, with whom I was discussing such ideas, said: "After all, you don't really work. You take your fierce enjoyment *(tu prends un dur plaisir)*."

I like principles. I hate rules. When I go to the movies, others always ask me whether I liked the photography. Why? It's the story in a movie that interests me, just as on the street I think about the things I see. . . .

. . . Cartier-Bresson rose from the sofa and passed in front of rose and brown Indian curtains to the armchair, looking more at ease standing than sitting down. Sometimes he tilts his head slightly and half shuts his eyes as if he were looking at a painting or thinking of taking a photograph.

"If I were to give up my profession," he said, "I should undoubtedly paint." He paused. "But I can't do two such similar and yet contradictory things at the same time."

—Translated by Elizabeth Carmichael

Harper's Magazine, November 1961

ROWLAND EVANS, JR.

India Experiments with Sterilization

A drastic form of birth control is offering some hope—though still a slight one—of curing Asia's most dangerous epidemic.

FOR the first time in history a nation is being encouraged by its government to submit to sterilization. Ironically, the country is India, where for centuries each male child has been a coveted symbol of fertility. Today a troubled, uncontrolled river of humanity threatens to inundate the government's ambitious development plans. The bleak statistics are these: each year adds nearly ten million hungry bodies to the more than 438 million already there.

India's population crisis is a paradox of progress. Improved public-health measures have checked the death-dealing plagues of the past and lowered the death rate—while the birth rate soars. Japan, at least for the time being, has mastered a similar population explosion—largely with legalized abortions, now running at a million-a-year rate. Poland, one of the most Catholic nations in the world, has also legalized abortions. Although the risks of abortion can be reduced to a minimum in a properly conducted legal program under medical auspices, neither Japan nor Poland is happy about the widespread resort to abortion and both are encouraging the use of contraceptives. And neither abortion nor any of the cruel methods of the past—such as infanticide—has the finality of sterilization.

A similar reluctance characterizes the Indian approach to sterilization. However, the mere fact that sterilization is public policy bespeaks the government's deep concern about the problem. S. Chandrasekhar, Director of the Indian Institute for Population Studies, states the case unequivocally: "What is needed is a method which is simple, safe, cheap, effective, acceptable culturally. . . . Only one method meets most of the requirements [today]: sterilization."

M. C. Chagla, former Indian Ambassador to the United States, says—with a candor which often shocked American audiences—"Until we develop an oral contraceptive that works and that we can afford, we must encourage sterilization after the third or fourth child. It must be voluntary, but it must be encouraged."

To end permanently any human being's fertility is a step involving subtle and complex questions which no foreign observer can presume to answer. Nonetheless, the dimension of India's population epidemic prompts many of the nation's leaders to ask whether their government should not make a greater effort in the direction of sterilization, if only as an interim brake on the spiraling birth rate until a less drastic solution can be found. For the visitor, it is a punishing sight to see the evidence of uncontrollable population growth in the squalor and poverty, in the gutters and tin shacks of India's villages or the crowded mud alleys of the countryside.

The story is etched, for instance, in a scene I recall in the tiny village of Narayantala near Calcutta. An old man with a gray stubble of beard, broken teeth, and tired eyes surveyed the brown huts huddled under thatched mushroom-shaped roofs. An eight-year-old girl scooped up cow pies with her hands. Later, she would pat them into pancake shapes and plaster them against the mud walls of the huts and when they had baked out in the hot sun, they would be stored away for winter fuel.

"When I was a boy," the old man said, "they took away forty or fifty bodies after a cholera epidemic. It happened every five or ten years. Now they come and vaccinate our children. I

have lived here almost seventy years. The biggest change in my time has been health. We've learned how to keep from dying."

The clean-swept pathways between the brown huts were alive with children. Off in the sluggish canals that flanked the narrow road, teenage boys cast weighted nets in search of the minnow-like tangra, a morsel of a fish about as long as a thumb.

The boys who had no nets were knee-deep in the canals, bent double from the waist, their supple fingers grappling in the muddy bottoms for the succulent tangra. For so small a reward, the effort seemed hardly worth it, but the tangra narrows the food gap.

Pressure of population is pressure for food. Already approximately 10 per cent of India's food consumption, measured in calories, comes from somewhere else. It is true that domestic food production is on the rise, but the annual increment cannot keep pace with what Ambassador Chagla calls the "specter of increasing population."

I recall vividly the voice of our pretty woman guide one day in Bombay, far from the ant hills of humanity. "In twenty years," she said, "we will educate our people so they not only will know about birth control but will cry out for it. By that time, there will be so many of us that we'll be eating each other."

We were in a small boat on a lonely stretch of water between Bombay and the Elephanta Caves. It was a relief to find oneself all at once removed from the ceaseless murmur of millions, the soft padding of infinite numbers of brown bare feet, the sounds of multitudinous tongues. In the cities, one not only sees but feels through the pores the throb of exploding population.

Per capita income has gone up slightly—to around $65 a year after thirteen years of independence and two five-year plans. During that time, some $22 billion of development capital has been invested. Since independence the birth rate has dropped—but infinitesimally, from an estimated 41.7 per 1,000 population in the 1951-56 period to 40.7 per year in the last five-year span. The death rate has almost halved during the same period. As a result, population soars at a fairly constant rate of close to 2 per cent, which all but obliterates the increase in production of goods and food.

Rowland Evans began planning this article during a tour in India last winter. He is a political reporter and columnist in Washington for the New York "Herald Tribune." He attended Yale, served with the Marines in the Solomon Islands campaign, and later worked with the Philadelphia "Bulletin" and the Associated Press.

A CRY FOR HELP

THE Indian government's noble but inadequate struggle with its population explosion dates back to 1935 when a National Planning Committee, chaired by Mr. Nehru, endorsed family planning. The first birth-control clinic, however, was opened ten years earlier under private auspices. Today there are about 2,500 clinics—a paltry number for a nation of more than 400 million.

I visited one clinic at 126 Chittaranjan Avenue in Calcutta. A Family Planning Association sign was tacked on its drab façade. Inside, eight women in saris waited self-consciously for interviews with Mrs. Sushili Singhi, general secretary of the association's Bengal branch. The place had the look of a Salvation Army post or a bleak county medical clinic in Arkansas or New Hampshire. Mottoes were hung on the musty walls: "Ask your doctor about planning your family," and, "Planned parenthood ensures healthy essentials for a child." The clinic schedule was written on a small blackboard: "Monday 4-6 male doctor; Tuesday 4-6 lady doctor; Interview with General Secretary Monday 11-12, Friday 3-4."

Thirteen thousand new patients and 15,000 old patients came to this clinic in 1959. With two assistants Mrs. Singhi works tirelessly and ingeniously to answer their questions about contraception. She also spreads the word by visiting village women in their homes. Seated at her desk in the back room of the clinic, she spoke in a voice touched with frustration.

"When I go to the women in the villages there is a cry for help, 'Please give me some pills,' or, 'Can't you make an injection?' " she said. "We do what we can, but it is not much."

Eighty per cent of the clinic's budget is financed by the central government, the balance by voluntary contributions. Always there is not enough—if not of this, then of that. In addition to providing contraceptives, the clinic tries to arrange for sterilization operations for those who want them. "But it is difficult to get hospital beds," Mrs. Singhi said, "particularly for women. The maternity cases crowd us out." Although she spoke with philosophic resignation, Mrs. Singhi conceded that the work of the clinic has an impact on the total population problem

Photographed at Dumbarton, Scotland, by "21" Brands

A squad of geese guards Ballantine's

At Dumbarton, Scotland, thousands of oaken barrels of Scotch Whisky destined to become Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. They are guarded by a proud squad of 18 white Chinese geese, led by a crusty old gander irreverently called Mr. Ballantine. Any uninvited visitor must first deal with these stern sentinels. For one shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings the authorities.

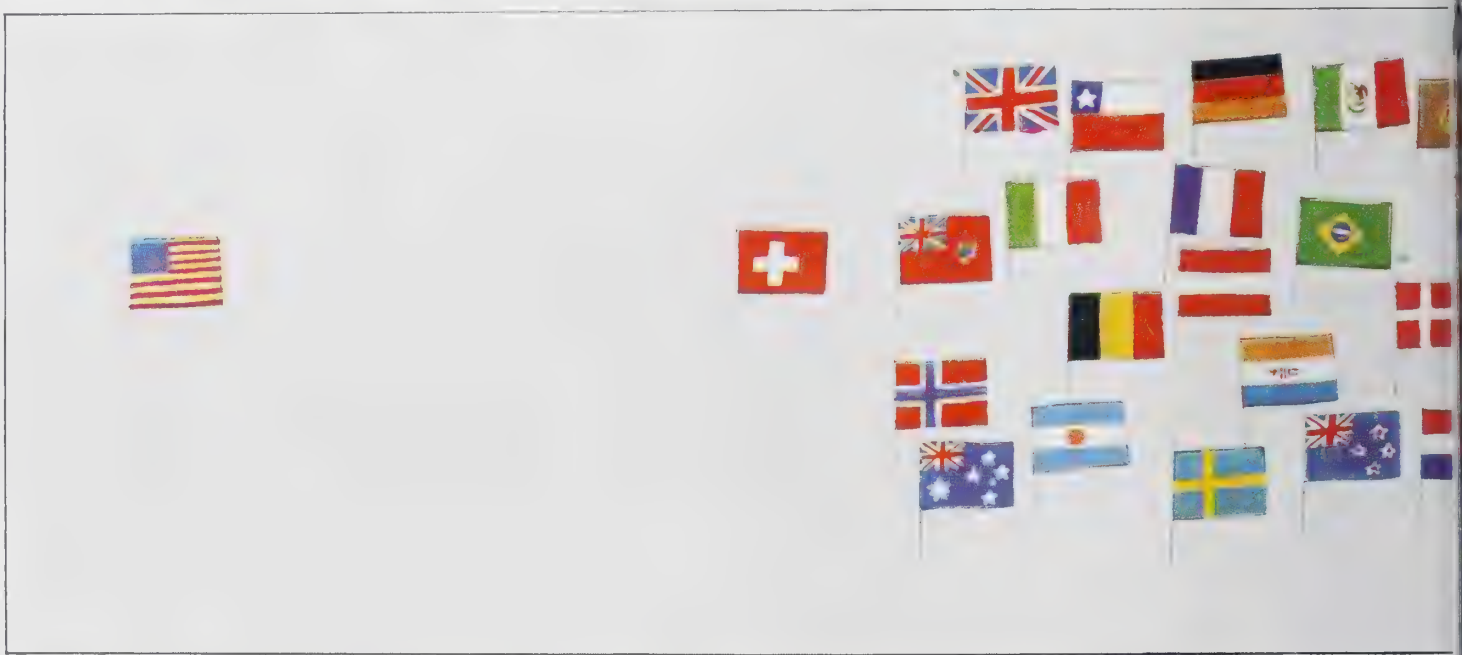
Here the 42 fine Scotch Whiskies that go into Ballantine's are brought to maturity. Rolling mists from the nearby Clyde gently wrap each barrel in a silken blanket. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" this moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its characteristic sunny-light flavor.



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BENJAMIN RUSH: Physician, Pedant, Patriot—one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by ***Parke-Davis.***

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The first years of the new United States demanded much of the men who helped shape the union, and Doctor Benjamin Rush proved worthy of the challenge. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, Rush was also an Army Surgeon and teacher. He was a man who backed up his moral convictions with great physical courage. In 1793, a yellow fever epidemic scourged Philadelphia, then capital of the fledgling nation. While others fled, Rush stayed on to try to help the sick, and himself survived two attacks of fever. Though many of his ideas were unsuccessful, he has come to be known as the Great American physician.

Men like Benjamin Rush, who will persevere for the common good despite personal danger, benefit all mankind. It is this kind of individual courage that has raised medicine from unscientific beginnings to today's skilled and dedicated profession.

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not much greater than a flashlight on the face of the sun. It is also true that, at the present rate, sterilization no more impedes the rising population than a cobweb impedes an express train.

Here are the infinitesimal statistics on sterilization operations through the middle of last year:

	Male	*Female*	*Total*
1956	2,333	4,590	6,923
1957	3,671	9,859	13,530
1958	9,072	16,801	25,873
1959	13,925	21,797	35,722
1960 (incom.)	10,653	11,427	22,080

A significant point about these figures is this: vasectomies, or male sterilizations, have moved up from a third or a fourth to about one-half and soon will move higher. This apparently is because only recently has it been widely recognized that vasectomy is a speedy, safe procedure which works almost every time.

Vasectomy is a minor operation that merely severs and removes a small section of the *vasa deferentia,* the threadlike tubes that carry the sperm from its origin to the ejaculatory duct. The operation takes fifteen minutes, requires only local anesthetic, and permits the patient to proceed with his normal life in three days. Neither his urge nor his capacity to make love is impaired.

Less than 200,000 sterilizations have been reported to the government in five years. This is the merest drop in the bucket, for the objective is to stabilize the population somewhere around 600 million. Estimates vary, but it appears that two million sterilizations a year would suffice. Over five years, that works out to ten million sterilizations or fifty times the rate of the last five years.

If it is true that a simple, effective, and inexpensive oral contraceptive is still some years away, a stepped-up research program in this field is a major objective. But in the meantime what is clearly needed now is a multiplier to raise the sterilization rate quickly. Many thoughtful Indians have concluded that one possible multiplier would be a national policy of incentive payments to encourage parents to undergo sterilization. The central government has not taken this step (although it pays the cost of surgery). Incentive plans, however, are being tried out in several of India's fifteen states. The state of Madras, which is a leader in this unprecedented scheme, now pays thirty rupees ($6 at the official rate) for a vasectomy. The state also pays the entire cost of the operation (very small) and whatever other charges there are.

The city of Madras, capital of the state that holds about one-twelfth of India's total population, started its pilot experiment in 1959 to find out (1) if birth control on a large scale was feasible and (2) if it was, by what method. The experiment was limited to Madras City. The results of the first seven months of 1959 were described by R. A. Gopalaswami, chairman of the program committee of the Madras State Family Planning Board, in a paper presented to the Family Planning Research Conference held in New York in October 1960.

During that period, 38,829 mothers were approached about various methods of limiting their families. Only 2,888 disclaimed interest. The others (92 out of every 100) were not only interested but wanted help and instruction in one of the major common methods of birth control—the rhythm method, contraceptives, or sterilization. Despite this high interest, only 1,578 actually took advantage of their instruction: 407 by sterilization (the operation is salpingectomy, which means tying off the Fallopian tubes and blocking the male sperm) and the rest by some form of contraception or natural method.

During the same seven months, 18,031 fathers were instructed. It was more difficult to make contact with them, not because they weren't interested but because they were working and accordingly difficult to get at. Of those who came, 240 asked to be sterilized. No follow-up was possible on the others.

NEWS OF CASH TRAVELS

ALTHOUGH these percentages are very small, Mr. Gopalaswami found that "surgical methods [sterilization] are likely to 'catch.'" A key reason for this significant finding may well be the payment of an incentive, a technique that was adopted hesitantly.

"The question of giving a little monetary inducement for sterilization had been considered from time to time," Mr. Gopalaswami reported. "There were divided views to begin with and a decision was postponed for some time. Then a cautious beginning was made with the offer of a small cash payment limited to employees of government and the corporation [the city of Madras].

"This did not seem to have much effect . . . [but] the news reached the poorer classes of people who were visiting the information centers. Requests were received for the extension of this scheme to the general public in Madras City. Last year [1959], after a great deal of hesitation,

it was decided that a cash grant of thirty rupees should be paid to every poor person who got himself (or herself) sterilized in a government hospital. This grant was justified as necessary to meet the cost of transport to the hospital and back and partly to cover loss of earnings.

"This offer of a small cash grant . . . turned out to be a good investment. Visitors to the hospitals in Madras City increased in number, rapidly enough to lead to the demand for new building accommodations and the setting up of whole-time surgeries. The news spread to other districts and created a demand for extension to rural areas. We were initially hesitant because of our anxiety to limit the work to highly skilled surgeons and to keep the pilot experiment under close observation.

"But the demand was insistent. The benefit of the scheme, with some slight modifications, was extended to two thousand selected villages—out of a total of some fifteen thousand. It was found that the demand could not be limited even to the selected villages [and the] government felt compelled to issue orders extending the scheme to all villages and towns in the state."

The Madras government approves the operation and offers incentive payments only to parents who have at least three living children and who sign a statement indicating they understand that the operation is irreversible (actually in a small percentage of cases it is not) and that they are willing to have no more children. Women must be at least twenty-six years old. So far as is known, there is no evidence of regrets or emotional difficulties after the operation.

In assessing the possibilities of the sterilization program, Mr. Gopalaswami took note of the fact that in Japan abortion is the most prevalent method of population control even though information about other methods is readily available. (The ratio between abortions and the use of contraceptives, during Japan's rapid birth-rate decline the past ten years, is more than two to one in favor of the former.) Apparently, Mr. Gopalaswami observed, "the reluctance to change over from normal carefree conjugal habits is stronger than the desire to avoid unwanted pregnancy. Where this psychology prevails, the use of contraceptive appliances can be expected to spread only very slowly."

OH, THE SHAME OF IT!

Oberlin, Ohio—June 20, 1840

ONE thing has lately occurred of a most painful nature which we wish to keep for a time a strict secret. I venture to open it to you for the purpose of asking your advice, for I scarcely know what to do myself. Some time ago Prof. Hudson (of Latin & Greek) and Tutor Cochran (of Logic) while attending a meeting of the College of Teachers of this State at Columbus, in the capacity of delegates from O. stole a visit to the Theatre. The fact providentially came to the ears of the Faculty and those brethren forthwith addressed a letter to the faculty *resigning* their posts in the institution. The affair now stands in this attitude. We have to decide, or recommend to the Board, the reception or refusal of their resignation. I hardly know what to do.

In some respects the case seems a plain one. They committed a grievous wrong against God and the institution. They did it under circumstances the most aggravating and while the cautionary letter of Bro. Burnell charging them to remember their responsibilities to Oberlin and demean themselves like holy men, was fresh in their memories and had scarcely passed out of their hands. It does seem that such a delinquency at such a time, when the eyes of all institutions in the State were fixed upon them, is utterly unpardonable. Still it was a single act, which they profess to regret and repent most bitterly. My dear Bro. consider this singular case; pray over it and write me *soon* what you think of it. You will of course whisper it to no one yet. May the Lord guide us by his Spirit to a wise decision.

—J. A. Thome of the Faculty of Oberlin College to Theodore and A. Grimke (Weld Grimke Letters in the Clements Library at the University of Michigan).

Abortion is illegal in India. Mr. Gopalaswami (who speaks only for himself) recommends, as a target for every village, subdivision, municipal town, city, and state in India, a sterilization rate of five per 1,000 population per year, or some two million sterilizations each year. Chilling as it may sound, one cannot look at India without concluding that a drastic program is required now. For if the birth rate is not reduced, India and the foreign nations helping her may soon discover that no matter how persistent and heroic the attempt, the flood of population will doom the effort to break through what Prime Minister Nehru calls the era of scarcity. Indeed, it will be hard to keep the country's living standards from falling lower still.

THE CASE FOR GOING SLOW

IN New Delhi I found Prime Minister Nehru philosophic about India's overwhelming numbers. "Our country is a big one," he said with an explanatory smile. "Whatever we do here is going to be small when compared to the whole, because of our great numbers. There is no organized opposition here, as there is in some countries, to our programs for birth control and family planning. A committee of Catholic bishops visited me several years ago and we talked about the government's plans. But there was no effort to interfere, no formal objections, even though we have almost five and a half million Catholics. We are going ahead and we are making progress, but it is a most difficult task."

An informed opinion exists in India that Mr. Nehru is the only force powerful and prestigious enough to engineer a breakthrough in family limitation. This same opinion holds that the Prime Minister was won over to birth control somewhat reluctantly. If he has new plans cut to the full measure of the emergency, one does not hear of them.

Even Dr. B. L. Raina, head of the Central Government's Family Planning, seems resigned to the present rate of progress. Dr. Raina, whose mien is professorial with an underlayer of vigor and intensity, makes an impressive case—but not a convincing one—for going slow.

"My motto is, let the whole country hum with family planning, but it takes time and patience to change the mores of a people as numerous as ours. What is involved here is not only the emergency of rising population but also the social policy of each family having what it needs to live a full life. If we go too fast, we will set in motion a reaction we do not want and the program will suffer. We must create a demand for family planning—and then provide the services."

Dr. Raina's title is Secretary of the Central Family Planning Board, which is a division of the Ministry of Health. Those who hold that Nehru is not moving fast enough criticize the interment of Family Planning in the Health Ministry; even the Health Ministry lacks cabinet status. These critics feel that family planning is a vital function of government not because of *health* problems but because of the *population* problem. Unless population growth is controlled, the nation may not survive; accordingly, they believe, family planning is probably the single most vital object of all government's concern today.

Dr. Raina says he has a free hand to get whatever funds he needs from the government. Spending is pegged at a level five times higher for the Third Five Year Plan than for the Second—up to 250 million rupees ($52 million) minimum. The new plan will strengthen the staffs of medical schools, provide the training for doctors in the technique of sterilization, and supply to the states mobile surgical units, equipped to do vasectomies.

Admittedly, the work of education, service, publicity, teaching, and clinic-building is depressingly difficult. There is a monstrous shortage of trained people to teach family planning to illiterate villagers although Mr. Gopalaswami reports that in Madras the personnel problem was reduced to "manageable proportions." But teaching parents how to use contraceptives is uncommonly difficult in villages with no running water and no lights at night. And teaching is also necessary to convince the illiterate that their next child is not an economic asset but a national liability.

"I can tell a man, family planning is good for your wife, and he won't listen," Dr. Raina said. "I can say it is good for his health, and he will shrug his shoulders. But if I can convince him that it is good for his children, then he will begin to listen."

Dr. Raina opposes a national incentive system to encourage sterilization. "First we must have education," he says. "If we get our people to submit to operations, for money or some other economic advantage, before they are ready, they might regret it for the rest of their lives, and their friends with them. And then our program would suffer."

This opinion seems somewhat in conflict with

the results of the Madras experiment, possibly because Madras is an advanced state. And the center's own surveys indicate that a large percentage already favors some form of family planning in some degree—between 75 per cent and 78 per cent in one study.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

IS IT possible that a system of national incentives for sterilization could help to translate into action this apparent longing for help? I found an affirmative answer to that question from many of the nongovernment experts I talked to.

It is dangerous for a foreigner to advise a great nation how to solve its problems, and particularly one that touches the fundamentals of human life. Nevertheless, we in the United States are advised quite freely by others how to deal with our race problem and whether to resume nuclear testing. To shy away from the momentous questions plaguing other great nations is to strike the pose of the ostrich.

In this country, we are at last beginning to be seriously concerned about runaway population growth in India, Latin America, and elsewhere. We are sending hundreds of millions of dollars to help India channel her resources into investment so that the national product and the standard of living can grow faster—instead of being lost to the insistent consumption demands of new millions. It is ironic that the United States government spends more than $500 million a year for medical research but nothing for research of population control. Surely a review of public policy in this area is overdue.

Stephen Enke, the economist, has given thoughtful study, perhaps more than any other expert, to the possibility of national incentive payments in India—to fathers for vasectomies; and to wives for avoiding pregnancy. Wives could prove they were not pregnant by examinations three times a year. Enke has calculated that the value to the economy of a *permanently prevented birth* is at least 500 to 600 rupees' worth of resources, or about twice the per capita consumption. He further computes that a national incentive program might reduce births by an average of 2.4 million a year over ten years, at a cost for surgical instruments, clinics, etc., of 120 to 180 million rupees. A population cut of this size could be expected to reduce consumption by as much as 7.5 billion rupees during the ten years. Thus the possible resource return over the ten years would be roughly fifty to one.

An incentive scheme might cost as much as one to 2.5 billion rupees a year. Finding this cash would be extremely difficult, Mr. Enke says, but perhaps not impossible. On one of his trips to India, Mr. Enke discussed this whole question with high government officials. When he told them it was mathematically possible to compute the value of a *permanently prevented* birth, he was asked to make his studies available not only to the government but to the people. Mr. Enke concedes that this approach to India's overpopulation is "radical." But many Indians believe that nothing less than such a desperate stopgap will meet the mounting crisis. India's death rate is still more than twice that of the U.S. If and when India feels the full magic of modern medicine the death rate may drop quickly and the population shoot up even faster—unless the birth rate is correspondingly reduced.

"It is criminal to make people live longer so that they could produce more children who would lower the standards not only of their parents but of the country as a whole," says former Ambassador Chagla. "The average calorie consumption of an Indian is only two thousand as compared to three thousand in this country. . . . We grow more food in India and the population catches up with the increase. . . . What we want is to cut down our present birth rate by at least half."

The alternative, one is compelled to say, is uncounted numbers of offspring who will never have a full stomach, a clean place to live, or a stable society to protect. India's noble effort to industrialize may be defeated just as it is really getting started. As Dr. Harrison Brown has said, industrialization is possible "only if there is at the beginning . . . an adequate resource base, and a favorable ratio of people to available land. It is a process which one can visualize as having been possible in India had it been started in that country prior to the middle of the nineteenth century. But today . . . the process would appear to be inapplicable. Successful industrialization and population stabilization in modern India require a drastically new approach."

Those are the stubborn facts, and one does not anticipate their obliging disappearance. Overpopulation is an epidemic far more dangerous to the welfare and security of India than plague or cholera in the days when these diseases were still beyond the reach of medicine. But instead of being so regarded, it seems, with a few exceptions, to be getting treatment short of the mark. Emergency measures are overdue.

Harper's Magazine, November 1961

THE LAST SUMMER



DAVID HOWARTH

The funeral in the country church was a year delayed, and the widow could not attend—but it was far from gloomy. Sir Thomas Beecham gave the oration by the grave, and a blackbird sang.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, when I was young and more self-confident than I had any right to be, I went to a funeral in a village called Limpsfield in Surrey in the south of England. I have known Limpsfield nearly all my life. My grandfather used to live there, and now I live quite close to it myself; but I have never known it well. It is not on the way to anywhere, and I have very seldom been there since the funeral. But I went one Sunday, to see if I had remembered the scene of the funeral exactly.

I had: I found the grave at once. It is right in the middle of the churchyard, among others closely packed in tidy rows. Limpsfield has changed and grown. It is a village which house agents call "within daily reach" of London, and there are a good many middle-income commuters' houses now round the edge of it, and a very new outbreak of bungalows. Evidently, it has grown more in the last twenty-six years, since I was there, than in the previous seven hundred and fifty, since the square stone tower of the church was built. But among the modern houses, the core of the ancient village can still be seen: the church itself, some medieval houses, a fourteenth-century lich gate at the entrance to the churchyard, and a beautiful eighteenth-century vicarage. In the churchyard, there are yew trees which look immensely old. It is winter now, and when I went back they were dank and mournful; but when I went to the funeral, it was early summer and a blackbird was singing in them.

The grave has a headstone now, and somebody has planted it with heather. There are only two names on the stone: no claim of fame, or epitaph, or expression of hope of immortality. The names are Frederick Delius and Jelka Delius, man and wife; and the date of her death is marked as the 28th of May, 1935. I must have been there on the 24th of May, because it was his funeral that I attended, and she died, if I remember rightly, four days after it. He had died nearly a year before. That was one of many strange things about the funeral.

I do not know who designed that headstone, which does not bother to tell a passer-by that the man who is buried there was a great composer; but a more pompous memorial would have been out of place, because the music which Delius wrote is always diffident and never flamboyant. I never met him, but if his music is a guide to his character, I should think he would have been perfectly satisfied with a grave which is humbler than most of the graves of the parishioners of Limpsfield.

Delius was an Englishman, and we English have not bred very many great composers, so we are proud of the few we have; but to tell the

truth, his father and mother were both German, and he lived almost all his life in France. He was born in Bradford, in the industrial north of England, in 1862, and he died in France; but before he died, he said he would like to be buried in a country churchyard in the south of England. This was an unexpected request, because he had never had any connection with the south of England or, since his early youth, with the Church of England. But it was perfectly clear that that was what he had said, and so, after a year's delay and some trouble with French official regulations, his body was brought to England and the ceremony at Limpsfield was arranged. Limpsfield was chosen because Beatrice Harrison, who was a cellist and a friend of Delius', lived there. She was famous in the early days of broadcasting for playing her cello at night in the woods near Limpsfield, and thereby encouraging nightingales to sing into microphones which were hidden in the trees.

There was a very distinguished congregation of musicians in the church that morning, but I am not a musician: I am only a person who likes listening to music, one of those members of English concert audiences whom Sir Thomas Beecham has described, I believe, as not knowing much about music but liking the noise it makes. I only went to Limpsfield because I was told to go. I was in the recording department of the BBC, and the news department asked us to record the service so that they could broadcast extracts from it in the news bulletins that night. But it was an assignment I accepted eagerly, because the music of Delius had been one of my early loves, if not the first of all.

I find it very difficult to say why I like listening to Delius, or indeed to any other music. For that matter, real musicians are not very good at explaining what they like. But I must try to describe the emotions which the music of Delius evokes, because that is the point of this story. When I went to the funeral, I had not heard very much of it except some songs and short orchestral pieces, and one of his major works: "Sea Drift," which is a setting for baritone, chorus, and orchestra of a poem by Walt Whitman. I had still to encounter his "Mass of Life" and his concertos, and to this day I have never heard any of his operas, which I am rather afraid are dull.

But the short orchestral works still seem to me to be the essence of Delius, and they are the works which have lasted best and are performed most often. "Brigg Fair" is one of them, a setting of a Lincolnshire folk song. The titles of the others suggest the character which is common to them all: "In a Summer Garden," "Summer Night on the River," "A Song before Sunrise," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," "A Song of Summer." These are the images found in a great proportion of his music: summer, warm nights, calm flowing water, peace, gentleness, contentment; and one must also add love and companionship, because the music seldom suggests a melancholy solitude. Youth is another ingredient; at least, it seems so to me. Perhaps that is only because I heard the music when I was very young. Delius was in his forties when he wrote the first of it, and he was a sick old man when he wrote the "Song of Summer"; but it still conveys to me a youthful sense of summer, and now that I am in the forties myself, it makes me think sadly but not unhappily of all the warm summers and all the companionships that have ever been. On the back of the envelope of my present record of "Brigg Fair" there is a quotation: "The sorrow that lies at the heart of all mortal joys, the bitterness at the core of all great sweetness." That is very apt. Yet whatever one may write or say about Delius, his music is purer poetry than any poem in words.

THE BLACKBIRD

WHAT I have written so far is common ground, I suppose, however badly I have written it. These are the objective qualities of the music, and it does not make much difference what subjective pictures one adds to them, if one has to add any at all. The music is evocative, not descriptive. I admit that I always picture the First Cuckoo in Spring in the woods in Kent where I live, although I have read somewhere a fact which I would rather not have known: that the perfectly beautiful melody in this work is a folk song from Norway. The summer is a southern English summer, and the river is a backwater of the Thames, or else that reach of the Cam between Cambridge and Grantchester where Rupert Brooke lived—before my day—and undergraduates go out in punts and talk philosophy. But it might just as well be the Seine, or a bayou, if that is the right word, in the Southern states; and either of those is a more likely source

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David Howarth wrote "D-Day," "The Shadow of the Dam," and other books. With a degree in physics and mathematics from Cambridge, he became a BBC and war correspondent, served in the Royal Navy, and was a Master Boatbuilder until 1950, when he turned full-time writer.

of inspiration, because Delius lived on a river in France and possessed a rather mysterious and quite unprofitable farm in Florida.

There is much to be said for having a sort of funeral a year after a man is dead, instead of having it too soon. Some Africans bury their dead with very little ceremony, and then have a much bigger funeral on the anniversary of the death. If we did it like that, the sharp edge of grief would have worn away, and the man's friends could meet to do him honor without creating a public ordeal for the people who loved him best and miss him most. The funeral at Limpsfield was solemn, but it was far from gloomy; in fact, as it turned out, it was a perfect expression of the spirit of the dead man's music. Spring was just turning into summer, and it was one of those days when England, with all its blemishes, is still almost painfully beautiful. Sir Thomas Beecham had brought down a section of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and they played the summery music in the church. I suppose nobody but a composer could have quite the same privilege of communicating with his own friends at his own funeral; it was a kind of victory over mortality. Afterwards, by the grave, Sir Thomas gave a funeral oration; and it was then that the blackbird sang. I do not remember what Sir Thomas said, but I am sure it was appropriate. He was a veteran conductor then, and an old friend of Delius', and he had done more than anyone else to bring Delius to the notice of the public; he remained a veteran conductor for another quarter of a century. While he was talking, I turned my microphone a little toward the yew trees. Whatever was said, it was certainly appropriate that a blackbird should sing at that funeral.

But although so many of Delius' friends were there that morning, his wife was not. She had come over from France for the occasion, but on the journey she had caught pneumonia.

I do not think Jelka Delius was a woman who set much store by ceremony, but it was sad that she could not come to that final ceremony at Limpsfield. They had been married for over thirty years. By all accounts, it had been a marriage which had reached heights of great happiness, and survived through depths of tragedy. Jelka was an art student in Paris in the 1890s when they met. He was ten years older than she was, a tall, thin, romantic Englishman of thirty-three, who lived alone without any visible family ties and seemed to her to be aristocratic, although as a matter of fact his father was a wool merchant. She fell in love with him at once; both with him and with his songs, which she sang to his accompaniment. But in those days Delius was a gay and rather feckless person. Jelka was not the only young lady in Paris who had fallen for his charm, and he had no inclination then for married life. So she settled down to wait for him and woo him; and she waited seven years.

Among all the incidents of that long inverted courtship, biographers of Delius emphasize one,



because it had a significance which was hidden when it happened. Soon after they met, she lured him to take her boating on the river in the village of Grez-sur-Loing, which is about forty miles out of Paris, and they landed from their boat in an old deserted garden, enclosed by a church, a ruined castle, and a rambling empty house. She knew the garden was there; she had painted in it several times before. But if it was a stratagem to take him there, it only had a limited success. He was delighted with its atmosphere of ancient peace, and declared that it was the sort of place where he would like to work. But he did not ask her to marry him.

Soon afterwards, the house and its garden were offered for sale. Neither Jelka nor Delius had any money, but she persuaded her mother to buy it; and when they married at last, in 1903, the house and garden became their home, and except in the years of the war they lived there ever after.

When they married, their resources were small, and their prospects were even smaller. Delius had written a respectable quantity of music, but very little of it had been published, and hardly any of his orchestral or operatic work had been performed. But as it happened, he was on the verge of success. It is impossible now to say whether it was through Jelka's influence, or the influence of the tranquil garden, or whether it was simply that a truly original genius will always be recognized in the end; but in the first few years of his marriage, his music began to catch on—first in Germany, where he was hailed as a new German composer, and then in England, where he was hailed with equal pride as English.

For ten years, Delius had many reasons for happiness: success in his art, a beautiful home, a wife who undoubtedly adored him, and good health; and in that period at Grez-sur-Loing he wrote his "Mass of Life" and most of the minor works which are remembered best today. But those were the only ten years of his life when he had so many blessings. In 1914, success deserted him and the income he was earning from royalties disappeared, not through any fault of his own, but because the war had started and music in Europe had practically ceased. For the same reason, he and Jelka had to leave their home and move to London; and as both of them were of German origin and the Germany they knew was the indestructible Germany of music, it must be supposed that the years they lived in London were unhappy.

After the end of the war, before the musical world had come to life again, he was overcome by a personal disaster even more complete. In 1921 he fell ill. For three years, Jelka took him from place to place in Europe in an increasingly desperate search for a doctor who could cure him. Sometimes their hopes were raised; but by 1925, he was totally paralyzed and blind. She took him back to the house at Grez-sur-Loing, knowing that he was incurable and would always be absolutely helpless although his mind remained as clear as ever; and there in the garden where she had taken him when she was first in love, and in the house where his genius had flowered and fame and success had attended him, she nursed him for nine years until he died.

A SUMMER GARDEN

I DID not know any of this history on the day of the funeral, and I do not think I had ever heard of Jelka Delius until somebody, as we left the churchyard, said it was a pity she had been too ill to come. I took my records back to London, and broadcast parts of them in the news, and that was that. But the next day, or the next but one, the telephone on the desk in my office rang three times. Three rings had a special significance in Broadcasting House in that era; they meant that Sir John Reith, the Director General himself, was on the line. The effect on junior members of the staff was as if the Last Trump had sounded; I suppose he meant it to be. He asked me if I had recorded the funeral, and told me to take the records, and something to play them on, to a nursing home in Kensington, because somebody had suggested that Mrs. Delius might like to hear them.

That regal command made no allowance for technical difficulties. Sound recording was a primitive business then, long before tape was invented. We used to record on soft cellulose discs, and the only portable apparatus we had for playing them was a clockwork gramophone which quickly wore them out. Moreover, the recording I had made of the music in the church was far below concert standard; the acoustics of the church had been difficult. So before I set off, I went to the gramophone library and borrowed the commercial records of my own favorite pieces of Delius: "In a Summer Garden," the "First Cuckoo," "Summer Night on the River," and the "Song before Sunrise."

To excuse what I did that day, I must say again that I was young. I was not much over twenty, and young for my age, and I had very little experience of life and none of death; and so I just thought that if Mrs. Delius was ill it might cheer her up to hear some of her hus-

band's music, and I did not think in time that I might be meddling with more profound emotions.

The room in the nursing home was darkened. A woman took me in, and stayed while I was there. I thought she was a friend or a relation of Jelka Delius', not a nurse. I put my gramophone on a table near the bed; and I hardly dared look at the spare, drawn, motionless face on the pillow, because I had understood by then—though I do not think anyone had told me—that she was dying. I played one of the pieces I had recorded in the church, and the words of the service, and then Sir Thomas Beecham's funeral oration. The blackbird could be heard. At the end of his oration, she turned her head toward me where I stood in the half-darkness beside the bed, and she smiled and said: "Dear Tommy." That was the only time she spoke while I was there.

When I had finished, I whispered to the woman who was waiting: "Do you think she would like to hear some music?"

"Yes, I think she would," the woman said; and I put on one of the records I had brought. It was "In a Summer Garden."

Again, I do not know the technical words to describe that piece of music. But there again are all the images I have tried to put into words: love, youth, tranquillity, content; and superimposed on them, the gaiety of bright flowers, birdsong, and sunlight reflected on ripples of running water. The work ends in a shimmering series of chords so soft and so remote that the music seems almost not to move and not to end, but only to dissolve as trees and flowers dissolve in dusk when night falls on a garden. When the last of those chords was ended, the woman said: "I do not think she can hear any more"; and I looked again at Jelka Delius. Her eyes were closed and she was perfectly still, and I could not read any expression on her face.

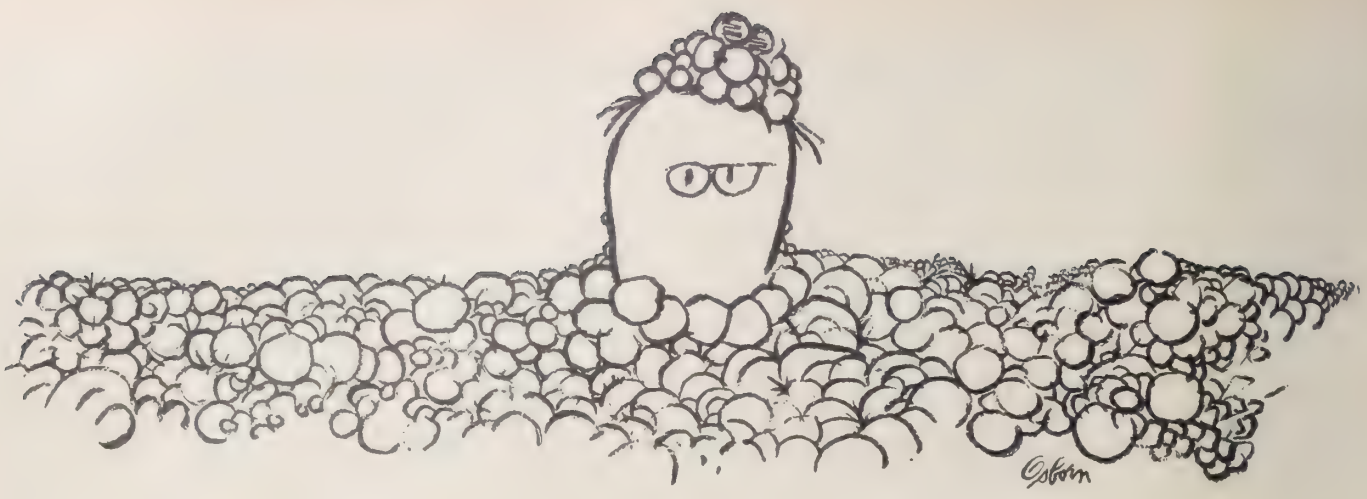
I READ in the papers that she was dead; but it was not until many years later that I learned a little more about the music I had played her, and understood how reckless my choice had been. That was after the second war, when orchestral concerts began again in London, and I heard "In a Summer Garden" again at the Albert Hall. Somebody lent me the score, and I saw for the first time the inscription that Delius had written on it. Even now I do not know what emotion I brought to that elderly lady in the last few conscious moments of her life: a happy recollection, or a regret for love and youth long past which is almost unbearable to imagine. "In a Summer Garden" was written soon after Delius married her, before the misery of the war and the agony of his paralysis, and the garden it was written to evoke was their garden at Grez-sur-Loing. At the top of the score, he had written: "To my wife Jelka"; and he had added two lines which are quoted from Rosetti:

> All are my blooms, and all sweet blooms of love
> To thee I gave while spring and summer sang.

ANNE SEXTON

TO A FRIEND WHOSE WORK HAS COME TO TRIUMPH

CONSIDER Icarus, pasting those sticky wings on,
testing that strange little tug at his shoulder blade,
and think of that first flawless moment over the lawn
of the labyrinth. Think of the difference it made!
There below are the trees, as awkward as camels;
and here are the shocked starlings pumping past
and think of innocent Icarus, who is doing quite well:
larger than a sail, over the fog and the blast
of the plushy ocean, he goes. Admire his wings!
Feel the fire at his neck and see how casually
he glances up and is caught, wondrously tunneling
into that hot eye. Who cares that he fell back to the sea?
See him acclaiming the sun and come plunging down
while his sensible daddy goes straight into town.



Up to our necks in soft, white Suds

MAYA PINES

SOMEONE in the building was taking a bubble bath, so—with a roar and a rush of dirty water—great billows of foam erupted from a bathtub drain on another floor and flooded a Park Avenue apartment. In Chicago, on a washday, suds backed up seven stories in a twenty-one-story building. In Suffolk County, New York, home owners who turned on the tap filled their glasses with water that foamed like beer.

All over the country, in fact, people who use synthetic detergents to keep clean are becoming a menace to their neighbors and themselves. So many of us now prefer the stuff to old-fashioned soap for dishes and laundry that we may well reach a point when we drown in our own suds. For unlike ordinary soap bubbles, the foam produced by synthetic detergents defeats most efforts to destroy it. Even when it loses a battle and disappears, the chemicals involved have not lost the war—they may yet reappear in someone else's drinking water, or cause foam in another place.

This stubborn foam is only a striking example of the troubles man is bringing upon himself with new insecticides, herbicides, rodenticides, solvents, and other "exotic" chemicals, not to mention radioactive materials. Their common characteristic is most unwelcome persistence. Scientists are only starting to explore what the long-range effects of these chemicals—including detergents—may be.

"This is a live and vexing problem," says Raymond J. Faust, executive secretary of the American Water Works Association. "We're concerned about it because the use of detergents is increasing rapidly. They are only slightly removed by sewage treatment, they get into the streams, and we don't get rid of them in our water treatment, either."

Foam eruptions have occurred so frequently in apartment buildings, particularly on the lower floors, that a few months ago the Douglas L. Elliman real-estate company sent a letter to some of its tenants, begging them to stop using high-sudsing detergents.

"It has been proven by tests that a high-sudsing detergent falling from the fifteenth floor down the drain line will multiply 17,000 times by the time it reaches the basement level," the company wrote. "You can therefore understand why this would back up into the lower floors." The drafters of this letter have little hope of reforming their tenants, however. Once, trying to cope with an exceptionally bad case of foaming caused by a penthouse laundry-room, the building management supplied low-sudsing detergents free of charge. Few housewives ever made use of them.

Ironically, foam is not essential to cleaning, and sometimes even detrimental to it. A few suds help, since one of the factors in washing action is the reduction of surface tension to the point where water can bubble easily, but this

happens even with the so-called "sudsless" cleansers. Manufacturers deliberately put in "foaming action" merely because people like it. Most housewives refuse to believe that anything is getting clean if they can't see the suds; only when there is foam do they know they have enough detergent to do the job. Furthermore, "rich white suds" *look* clean, inviting one to plunge ahead and do those dishes. There is no psychological objection to putting one's hands into them, as there would be with dirty-gray water. Low-sudsing detergents have been fully accepted only for use in automatic dishwashers, where the housewife measures the necessary amount, closes the lid, and does not look inside again until the machine has turned itself off.

The people who have most cause for complaint about suds are probably those who live near sewage plants. They must accustom themselves to the sight of monstrous blankets of foam, some as much as ten feet high, billowing over aeration tanks, and to the wind wafting clumps of the stuff right onto their front lawns.

This foam lasts extra long, for the greasy solids in the sewage have a stabilizing influence, and a strong wind can carry it half a mile away from a plant. It will cling to any surface, depositing a thick black scum which must be scraped away or jetted off with high-pressure steam. The grass the foam touches turns brown and dies, and the grease damages house paint. Los Angeles' main sewage plant had to be closed temporarily a few years ago because its foam was blowing right into residential areas, endangering people's faces and eyes. Philadelphia residents who saw giant bubbles and six-foot patches of foam dotting their sky line after an ill wind became so scared that they called the police.

Sometimes the suds are not even white, as happened in New York City when some industrial dyestuffs were dumped along with other wastes. The mountain of quivering, Technicolor foam which rose over one of the city's aeration tanks was startling. Shortly thereafter, the Public Works Department developed an expensive new technique for spraying down and controlling detergent-based foam.

Formerly a reporter at "Life" Magazine, mostly in science, Maya Pines is now a mother and a free-lance writer. She is the author of a book, "Retarded Children Can Be Helped," and many articles. She lived in Paris and London as a child but came to the U.S. in time to attend Barnard College and get an M.S. degree at Columbia.

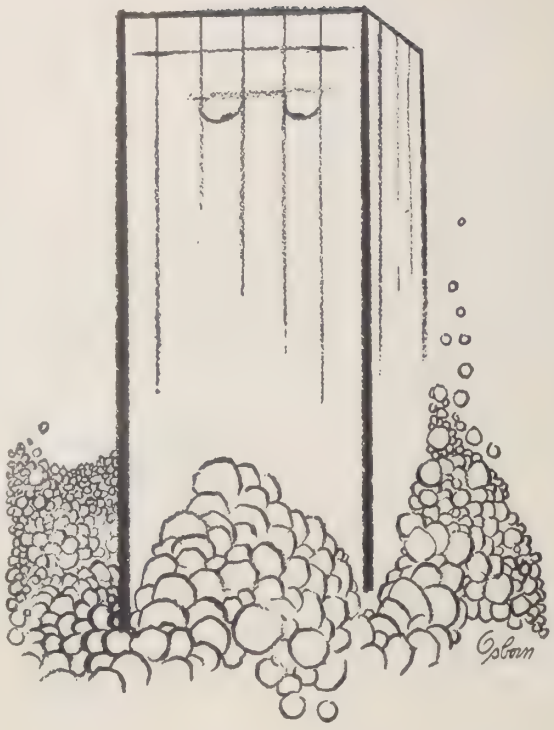


SYNDETS IN THE WELL

ANYTHING that cleans is, by definition, a detergent. Soap is therefore a detergent, and so is sand, although the word is seldom used that way. When people speak of "detergents," they usually mean the synthetic detergents—"syndets" to the trade. Most of these are based on petroleum derivatives, which are cheap and plentiful, particularly one called ABS (alkyl benzene sulfonate). ABS is so powerful that it will produce foam at the low concentration of one part per million parts of water. This makes it comparatively easy to identify; many other exotic chemicals discharged into our streams cannot even be detected by existing methods. No such trouble arises with soap, which is based on animal fats. These decompose rapidly in waste-treatment plants and in streams; that is to say, bacteria gobble them up, until there is nothing left of the original waste. Petroleum derivatives such as ABS, on the other hand, are biologically "hard" and bacteria cannot fully assimilate them.

"The dilemma of our streams is that man has defied nature by synthesizing many new chemical substances which nature cannot 'return to dust,'" Dr. Rolf Eliassen, Professor of Sanitary Engineering at MIT, told the National Conference on Water Pollution last winter. "How much of an increase [in exotic chemicals] can our watercourses take in the face of the expanding population and expanding industries of the nation? The medical profession is seeking an

answer to this. Meanwhile, our currently accepted waste-water-treatment processes are not adequate to handle the expected increases of organic pollution of the decade ahead."



Of all slippery substances, syndets are probably the most efficient at covering a wide territory. When they get into sewage systems that provide only primary treatment—a settling process to remove solids—the ABS passes through unchanged. In secondary-treatment plants, which utilize bacteria to break down sewage, approximately half of the ABS passes through unchanged. In rivers and streams, where it is discharged with other sewage effluents, only a fraction of the ABS is destroyed. Whatever remains and has not been washed out to sea will ultimately go from one layer of water to the next until it reaches the cleanest ground waters used for drinking, where it may last for decades.

As a result, many of our waterways are subject to unexpected foaming. The Wisconsin River, for instance, developed nearly a foot of foam below the dam at Wisconsin Dells one spring. A number of scenic lakes and reservoirs are rimmed by a tenacious froth which boils up whenever it is agitated by an outboard motor.

Such situations are ominous in the light of our looming water shortages. Even now, water flowing down the Ohio River is used or reused four to six times in summer. Different towns along the route pick it up and then dump it again before it meets the Mississippi River. By the year 2000, if present trends continue, every drop of water in the U. S. will be used six times before it goes back into the ground.

So far, very few public water systems in this country have had trouble with detergents in drinking water. But people who depend on private wells cannot ignore the problem. In a recent study of individual wells in six widely separated areas, the U. S. Geological Survey found that 5 per cent of the samples had enough ABS to produce "unpleasant characteristics of bad taste, odor, or foaming," while another 15 per cent had "appreciable amounts" of it, though not quite enough to repel. In foam-plagued Suffolk County, New York, residents have described the peculiar taste and smell of their tap water as "oily," "fishy," or "perfumed." The area was built up intensively in the postwar suburban housing explosion. To cut costs, many builders put in shallow private wells and septic tanks. Such facilities, which are much cheaper than public sewage and water-supply systems, usually work quite well if there is at least one acre of land per house. When four or five houses crowd on a single acre, however, somebody's well is likely to be too close to his neighbor's septic tank—if not his own. And before long, his water will begin to foam. When this happens, the foam, for once, serves a useful purpose: it warns the owner that his water is grossly polluted. In the short run at least, detergents are not toxic in quantities which one can drink without gagging. But their presence in drinking water means that the water is unquestionably of sewage origin.

Wells that lie in the path of wastes from "automatic" laundries are even more telltale. A family 400 feet away from one such establishment in Suffolk County found that its tap water smelled of laundry and foamed vigorously when shaken. Hoping to bypass these wastes, the victim, a well driller by trade, installed a half-dozen wells at varying depths and locations on his property, striking suds at every try. Finally the local health department took pity on him and obtained permission for him to dig a new well in a neighboring town.

A LITTLE MORE POLLUTION

WITH all the problems raised by the synthetic detergents, one begins to wonder why people use them. Not long ago we were all content with soap, which served man admirably for thousands of years. Syndets came out after World War II and originally were meant only for hard-water areas, where soap does not lather well. Soon, prodded by relentless advertising and free-sample campaigns, the whole country switched to detergents. Eager to be clean and up-to-date, housewives everywhere tried new synthetic products with such names as Tide,

Dreft, Cheer, and Fab. Syndets now account for 80 per cent of all household cleansers. Hundreds of them with slightly varying compositions are on the market today, and new breeds appear regularly. After the powdered detergents came the liquid detergents, then the bar types, then specialty items boasting bluing agents or fluff-up agents to restore fabrics harmed by competing brands. By now the average family which conscientiously uses detergents for its dishes, laundry, and house-cleaning may add as much as fifteen pounds of ABS to the ground waters each year.

At the same time, industry has taken to syndets. It would be hard to find a piece of cloth in whose manufacture detergents have not been used several times. Trains, planes, dairies, and food plants are cleaned with them regularly. Altogether, detergent sales hit a new peak last year, reaching more than three billion pounds and $800 million, three-fourths of it in household products.

Soap-and-detergent manufacturers are delighted with this state of affairs. From their point of view, ABS is an ideal raw material. To make soap they had to buy tallow—a by-product of meat whose price varied according to supply and demand—and add to it expensive coconut oil. With detergents they discovered a vast new world of petro-chemicals, always cheap and in unlimited supply. Certain broad cuts of crude oil produce ABS in any quantity desired.

From the housewife's point of view, synthetic detergents undoubtedly perform better than soap in hard-water areas, which include more than half of the country. However, "nobody has ever found anything more effective than soap in soft water," according to E. Scott Pattison, divisional manager of the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, which represents both soap and syndets. "Commercial laundries still use soap, and install water-softening equipment to make it work," he points out.

There is a solution to the problem, but it requires considerable public pressure. In Great Britain, where the population is denser and the situation is prophetic of what we may expect here, the detergent nuisance recently reached extraordinary proportions. Foam on some rivers and canals became so widespread that boats necessarily carried anti-foaming equipment along with their life belts. In some cases the rivers were no longer able to complete their jobs of treating ordinary sewage effluents, because of saturation with detergents. Alarmed, the Ministry of Housing and Local Government set up a Standing Technical Committee on Synthetic Detergents to make regular reports. Soon, two new biologically "soft" detergents were produced. One is made from sugar, and the other is based on a revolutionary type of ABS developed by the Shell Chemical Company. While ordinary ABS consists of branched molecules which intertwine and doggedly stick together, the straight-chain molecules of the new ABS are easily destroyed; yet they retain the stuff's superlative wetting, cleaning, and even foaming qualities. All detergents sold in and around the city of Luton, England, now contain the new, "soft" ABS as part of a large-scale experiment being conducted with the co-operation of leading manufacturers.

Nothing resembling these "soft" detergents is available in the U.S. today—probably because the public has not generated enough pressure. The laboratories of American refineries and chemical companies are full of similar products in various stages of development, but nobody is willing to come out with a detergent that costs a little more to manufacture, as the British type does, while competitors continue flooding the country with cheaper products undisturbed. As one cynic put it, "With all the pollution in the water anyway, why should anyone pay three or four cents more?" Unless the detergent manufacturers do something drastic about this voluntarily, however, the situation in some states may reach a point where legal action will be necessary.

Meanwhile, we can always go back to soap.



PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



The New Irresponsibles

A Conservative looks at the ultra-Conservatives—and suggests why the ultra-Liberals should keep out of the fight to contain them.

WASHINGTON—An aberrant and unique Right-wing movement is on the rise in this country. While it calls itself Conservative, it confronts true Conservatism, far more than any other view of life, with a still-distant but potentially serious challenge.

It requires some calm and clinical analysis. But such analysis should come last of all from the throbbing ultra-Liberals, some of whom have in fact helped to start this prairie fire. For all we need to set off a big and nasty blaze indeed is for frenetic Liberals to rush into this area. Their capacity for auto-ignition is no less high than that of the New Right-wingism—which is not, of course, "Conservative" at all. For the moment, I refer to these people as the "Reactionary Irresponsibles," and to certain ultra-Liberals as the "Precious Irresponsibles."

To ask a man which company he prefers is like asking him whether he had rather spend a long evening with the local John Birch Society or in a seminar of a Rather-Red-Than-Dead group "chaired" (in one of its favored words) by some melancholy one-man distillate of all that is worst in this dreary lot. In such close quarters, the Birchers would drive one to disgust; the ultra-Liberals to sick boredom. Who wants to make such a choice as this?

Still, since the job of inquiring into the New Rightwingism should fall to the moderately Conservative, and since I consider myself more or less in that category, I offer the following observations. For I believe that the task is now imperative. I have long held the view that all such aberrations, whether from Far Left or Far Right, should be met to the last possible moment by a conspiracy of silence. If ignored, often they will at length go away; if widely commented upon, often they will only wax upon notoriety. But it is plain that this aberration isn't going away.

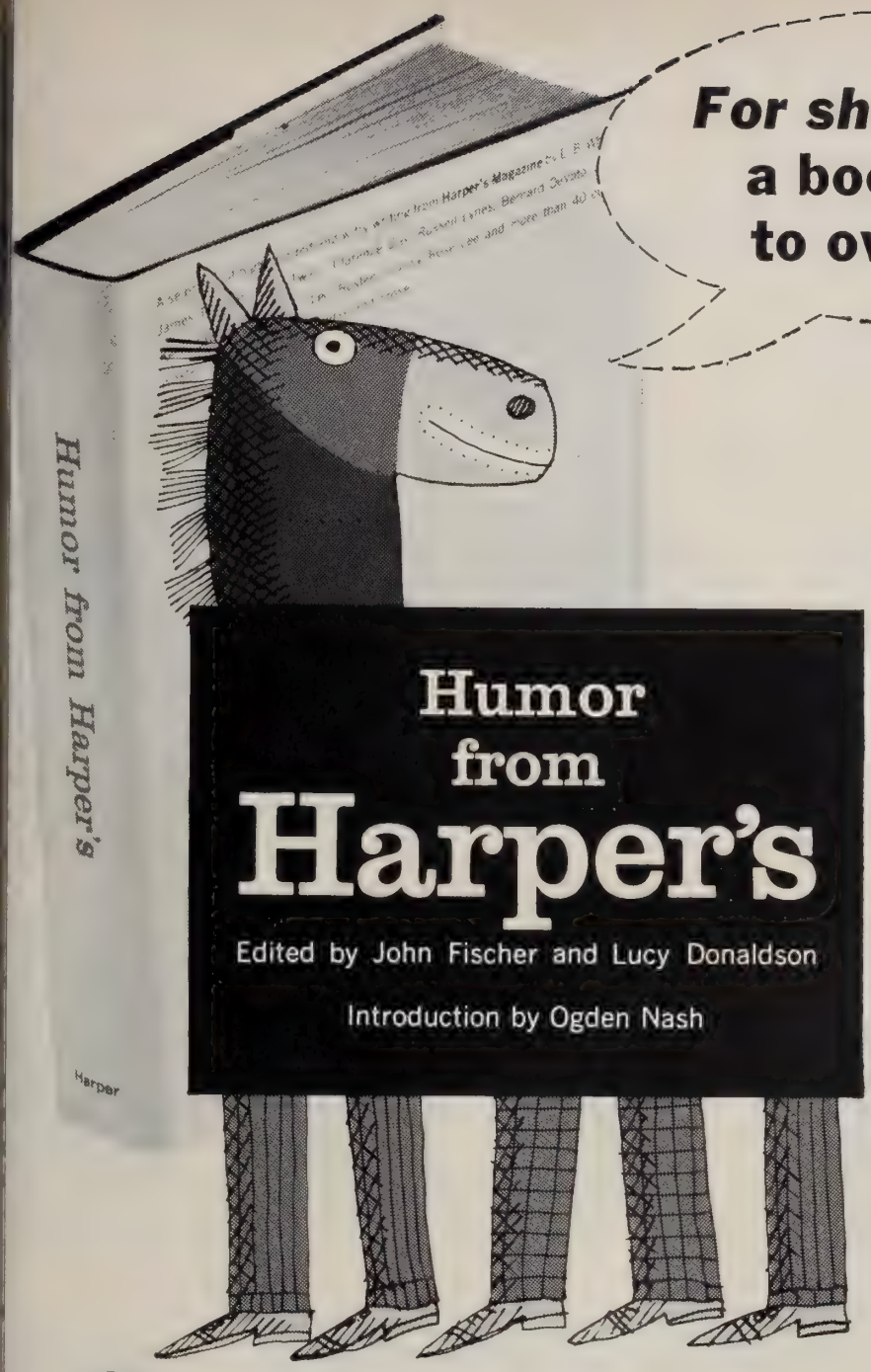
What is developing here is a political nihilism far more complex and sophisticated than any we have known in my lifetime. Its anger—and anger is the core of its motivating force—is large and ill-defined rather than narrow and all too defined as in the past. It is not caused by racial malice, nor by religious hate, as was the Ku Klux Klan movement of the 'twenties. Again, it does not feed specifically and solely upon fear of communism, as did the McCarthyism of the late 'forties and early 'fifties.

Nor is it "anti-intellectual" in the sense that it scorns those who read much and write well. On the contrary it both values and makes use of these pursuits, these talents. This is no Know-Nothingism, nor can it be defined fairly as a hate movement. It cannot be said to appeal to on social or economic class at the e pense of, or in hostility to, anothe

For the anger of the New Righ wingism is directed not against ra or religion or class but against th whole nature of the world in whic we live. It rejects the whole presen —not merely that part of the presen which all sensible men would lik to reject: the aggressive interna tional communism that arrogantl threatens all that we have and ar The New Rightwingism does no merely—and rightly—deplore softne toward communism; it also recoi from rational recognition that the threats are terrible realities. Th it demands that the West give n inch to Soviet imperialism—and the same time bitterly condemn every practical step to prepare r sistance, as, for example, foreig aid. It obstructs a program for arm ing Turkish, Belgian, French, an Italian soldiers (as well as our own to fight Communists if need be and also suggests that the sponso of such programs are practical Communists, or at the very lea "pinkish."

IMPARTIAL AS RAI

THE new Far Right questions th value of America's association wit neutrals (whether these be Sovi stooges or merely such as Nehru India). It also fiercely challenges ou association with long-proved Allie some of whom, notably Britai have given more lives in fightin



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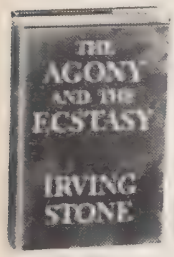
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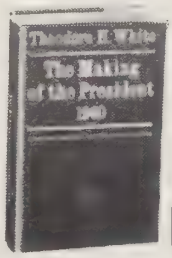
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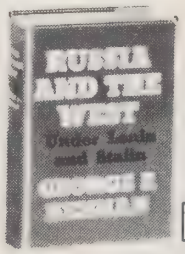
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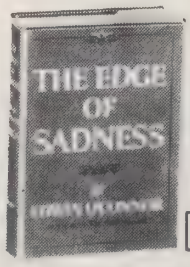
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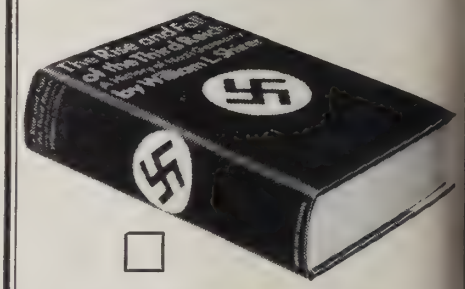


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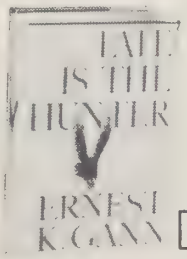
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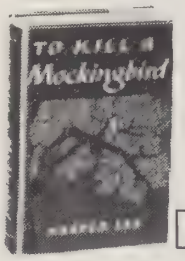
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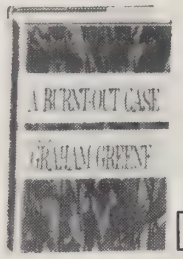
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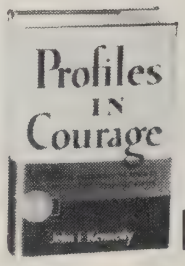
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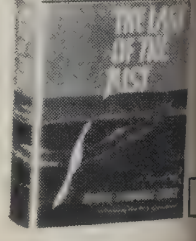
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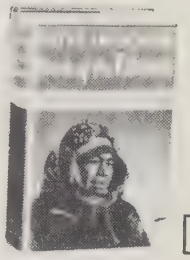


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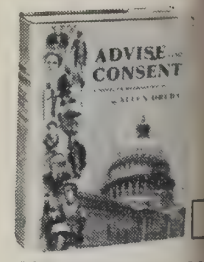
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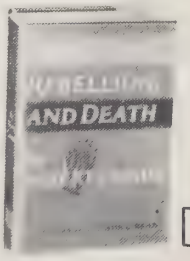
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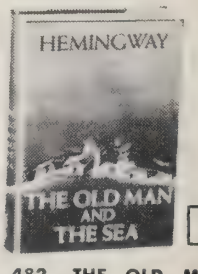
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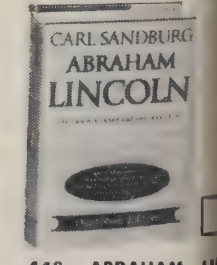
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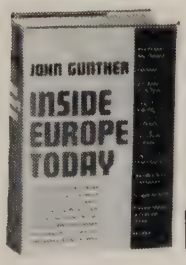
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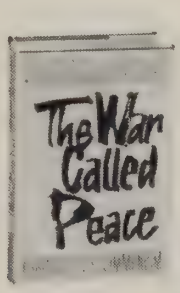
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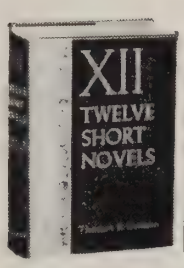
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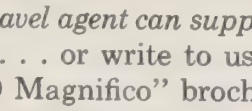
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against totalitarianism, proportionately to national population, than we have.

It does not merely object—and rightly, in my view—to vast and dubious welfare programs at a time when the one big welfare problem of this country is its physical safety in the Cold War. It objects to *all* programs, good, bad, or indifferent, which would cost any money at all. In this sense, the New Rightwingism has a marvelous impartiality: Its rain of disapproval falls equally on the just and the unjust—and on every shade between.

It is, at bottom, against planning itself, simply as a concept, even planning for a hard line against communism. Or, more exactly, it is simply against government itself. And, to illustrate its undoubted if extreme candor, one among the spending programs it opposes is the federal subsidy for agriculture—even though the New Rightwingism is nowhere stronger than in the farm areas of this country. (Joseph McCarthy, it might be recalled, was never against the farm subsidies, but rather for more and bigger ones, never an eminent economizer in any field, nor ever an anti-plan man, as such.)

How did these people, these Reactionary Irresponsibles, get that way? It is a difficult question, and I do not delude myself that I can give clear or comprehensive answers. It is possible, however, to offer some provisional and partial answers. The mind turns at once, of course, to the Cold War and the Atomic Era; to the fact that this is the uneasiest in all the ages of man. McCarthyism unquestionably fed in part upon a national disillusion that the second world war had not brought that world-wide peace and freedom for which so many had hoped. The Communists took China; in many other places they were sweeping forward.

A people convinced, absurdly, that the war would solve most everything (FDR's Four Freedoms and all that) now found that it seemed to have solved little. *Our* national motives had been truly generous. So the Communist advance obviously was the work of evil men on our own side, of traitors. This state of mind, so brilliantly explored in the 'fifties by Denis Brogan as a search for dev-

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HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporation)
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1961

EDWIN G. BOHREN, NOTARY PUBLIC

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1963)

ils, caused a far uglier Rightwingism than that which now we face in the 'sixties. The New Rightwingism has not—at least not yet—gone in for wholesale character assassination, or for piecemeal destruction of the Bill of Rights.

ANONYMOUS AS GRASS

ALL the same, though the danger now is less acute, the problem is more complex. For this movement has no easily identifiable leader, or leaders, or any easily identifiable aims. This is another way of saying that it is largely spontaneous, self-generating, and that it is in truth a "grass-roots" affair as anonymous as that term suggests. It protests against not one or two policies or situations, but many: it is as bellicose toward any extension of the medical-care system for Americans as it is toward the extension of Soviet communism.

The fact that it has no chosen victims—such as religious or racial minorities—is, of course, welcome. Still this very circumstance promotes the anonymity which nearly rules out the traditional techniques of opposition: first, identification, then exposure, of leaders; then argumentation against them. Men in public life hear from many of the Reactionary Irresponsibles as individuals, true enough, as do those of us who write for national publication. But in each such case, one tends to feel he is in communication with somebody who is a Follower of a True Believer, but not with the True Believer himself.

Again, the letters one receives from these Reactionaries are both like and unlike those from the Precious Irresponsibles, that is, the Rather-Red-Than-Dead people. The venom from both sources is about the same, if perhaps rather more expertly distilled in that from the professional ultra-Liberal. But—and here is the distinction—the Reactionary Irresponsibles do not, and probably cannot, clearly disclose the source or sources of their twisted philosophy. Nor do they maintain any reasonably consistent theme.

A fellow knows immediately what kind of mind is engaging him when he is dealing with the Precious Irresponsibles. This is exactly the sort



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of mind which in the late 'thirties held that Hitler Germany and Chamberlain Britain were about equally evil—until Hitler Germany invaded the sacred soil of the Soviet Union. That mind now takes the line, if more cautiously, that there is not really much to choose between the motives and purposes of John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev. It goes into transports of rage when we resume nuclear testing. When Khrushchev resumed it, and acting first at that, this was passed off as a kind of inevitable act of Soviet self-defense, or something of the sort.

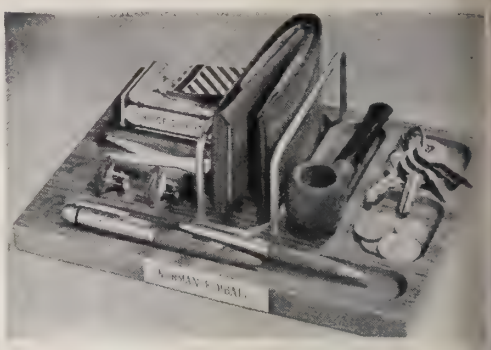
But the mind of the Reactionary Irresponsibles on this same issue is incapable either of such sophistry or such practical concentration on an objective. The Precious Irresponsibles work, consciously or not, toward a situation favorable to imperial policies of the Soviet Union. The Reactionary Irresponsibles, consciously or not, work toward an irrational objective that can only be described as the slow destruction of the power and unity of the United States, in most any field you could name.

In summary, they are in angry flight not simply from the Atomic Age, not simply from the Cold War, not simply from disillusion, but from current life itself and from all of its intractable realities and unavoidable restraints—from taxes and tonsillitis to the military draft, from communism to overcrowded schools and highways and crime and punishment. This is not merely Brogan's devil hunt of past decades; this is the destructive withdrawal of children from the playground which persists in being different, in every way, from a playground of their illusions.

For the Reactionary Irresponsibles have no heroes at all, though some superficial observers may say otherwise. For example, the leader of the traditional Right in this country, Senator Barry Goldwater, is not *their* leader. On the contrary, Goldwater is himself the recipient of some of their mail of denunciation. However wrongheaded he may be, he is a decent and responsible politician. Since they had already begun attacking such a politician as Richard M. Nixon as intolerably "soft" on communism, welfarism, foreign

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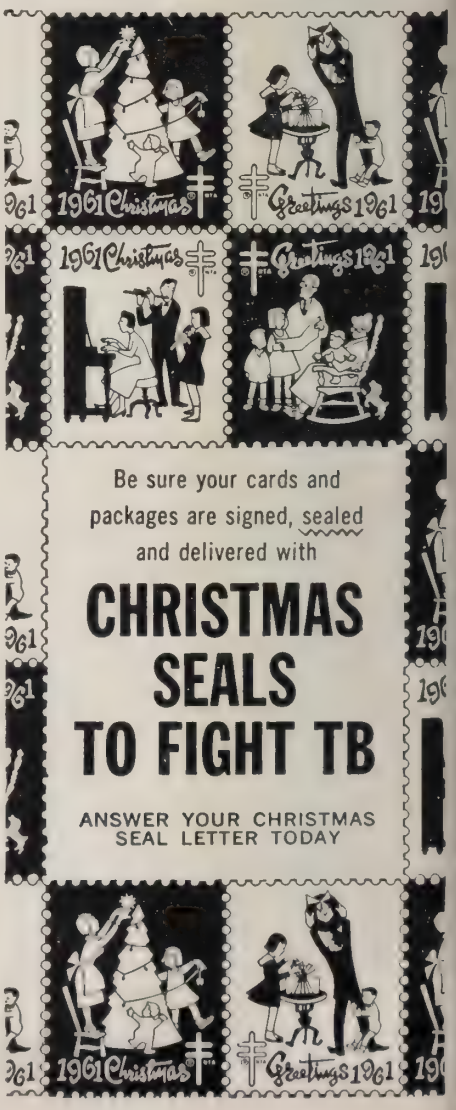
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id, spending, or whatever, one can ay with reasonable certainty that Goldwater's head will be next on heir block.

THE USE OF LABELS

O, just as the responsible Liberals have long suffered the curse of involuntary association with the Precious Irresponsibles, the responsible ultra-Conservatives such as Goldwater now fall under the curse of involuntary association with the Reactionary Irresponsibles. Labels are tiresome things; but they *do* have some meaning. At present there are six main political divisions involving the terms "Liberal" and "Conservative." There is Conservatism in the true and classic sense, as typified by the late Senator Robert Taft. There is ultra-Conservatism in the acceptable if myopic sense, as typified by Goldwater. And there are the Reactionary Irresponsibles. At the other end of the spectrum there is responsible Liberalism, as typified by people like Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey and Dean Rusk. There is acceptable if woolly Liberalism, as typified by such as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. And there are the Precious Irresponsibles, who are either crypto-Communists or unwittingly in communism's service.

(I do not name the Reactionary Irresponsibles here because I do not know the names of those at the top of the pyramid. I do not name the Precious Irresponsibles because I have not the resources or all the legal proofs necessary to fight libel actions.)

The New Rightwingism offers the greatest peril to Conservatism itself, if only because Conservatism has here the most to lose. It is Conservatism's historic role to defend *ordered* liberty; and the New Rightwingism menaces that most of all. Moreover, in my view at least, it is Conservatism's historic and unique obligation to defend that most vital requisite to ordered liberty, the maintenance of public and private responsibility. This is so, as I see it, because Liberalism, even the decent Liberalism of which I have spoken, does not always apprehend the deep meaning of responsibility, perhaps because of its preoccupation with

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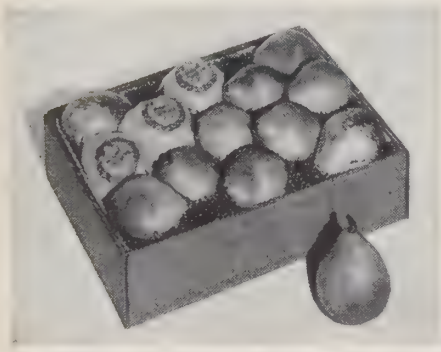
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another good but not synonymou concept called reform.

The inside story of the breakin of Joseph R. McCarthy illustrate that point. It was Conservatism tha condemned McCarthy at last, in th Senate and then in the country. Th well-meant exertions of Liberalis in the end did more harm than goo For in their understandable zea the Liberals wanted to convict Mc Carthy in the Senate without a hea ing. The Conservatives were onl barely able to avoid this unfai action; instead they caused the ap pointment of a select committe which, in full due process, brough about the censure.

MORE THAN TREASO

I have not idly selected the epithe "Irresponsibles"* for the new Re actionary Irresponsibles—nor for th Precious Irresponsibles, either. consider it an accusation of rar gravity, which in the most precis way describes their mortal offens against our political system. Th single greatest domestic curse of ou times is precisely this—irresponsi bility. It is this which we nee to fear more than subversion an treason.

For irresponsibility runs amo with a vague and terrible strength terrible because it cannot be iden tified and mastered. It is not mani fested always in such shabby Birche talk as suggesting that Dwight Eisen hower didn't really wish to defea communism. It is sometimes man fested in guilt-by-association tech niques from the Left as well as th Right. There is, for illustration, th notion spread by some in recen months that the whole of the mili tary establishment, the whole of th "military mind," ought to be hel suspect because some officers held o spread Right-wing political views Whoever irresponsibly contributes in such an hour as this, to an un fair and generalized attack on th military services is completing dreadful act of discredit which th New Rightwingism itself began—b putting its unwelcome embrac upon those services.

* This was Archibald MacLeish's tern in a famous declaration in 1940.

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PAUL PICKREL

Fiction, Non-fiction, and Pseudo-fiction

RECENTLY several critics have suggested that the time has come for the novel to give way to some other kind of literature. Just what this new kind of literature would be they do not seem to know with much certainty—presumably some kind of blend of fact and imaginative interpretation (Rebecca West's studies of treason have been cited as an example). Meanwhile the novelist himself, at least in his more despairing moments, must often wonder if the time hasn't come for him to throw in the towel. He faces a society so complex and with so little sense of community that he falters before the task of reducing it to any sort of manageable proportions. The envy that American novelists have always felt of the neat and orderly worlds of a Jane Austen or an Anthony Trollope grows increasingly acute; and as other societies, in England and Western Europe, become more like American society, the envy spreads to include their novelists.

At the same time, the territory that the novelist can call his own seems to grow smaller and smaller. His role as an interpreter of society is increasingly undercut by popular sociology, and his role as interpreter of the inner life of man is increasingly undercut by popular psychology. This change is reflected in the kind of catch-phrases we use in conversation. Where a few decades ago we were likely to adorn our talk with references to literary figures we are now more likely to use the convenient abstractions of sociology or psychology; instead of calling a certain kind of man that we don't like a Babbitt we will probably call him an organization man or an other-directed personality or a conformist.

Yet in spite of all this, and in spite of such facts as that fiction commands a smaller proportion of the book buyer's dollars than it used to, that the amount of space given to fiction in most periodicals is being constantly reduced, and that literature of all kinds is losing the pre-eminence among the arts that it enjoyed in the nineteenth century and for a while thereafter—in spite of all this, novels continue to be written in appalling quantity, and rather more of them achieve publication than the most partisan defender of fiction would regard as absolutely necessary for the survival of the art. The prestige of the novel has not declined nearly so much as deploring critics and self-pitying writers would have us believe. Indeed a great many subjects are treated fictionally when in fact they might better be presented as essays or memoirs or even as nothing at all.

TALES OF THE SEA AROUND US

EUGENE BURDICK is an example of a writer whose work straddles fiction and non-fiction. His first book, *The Ninth Wave,* was a highly successful but undistinguished novel about California politics; probably it would have been a better book, though certainly less of a commercial success, if it had been presented as straightforward political science. Burdick's next book, written in collaboration with William J. Lederer, was *The Ugly American,* a thinly fictionalized criticism of American diplomats in Asia. Whatever importance it has is entirely political rather than literary, but it is one of the few novels of recent years that have successfully competed with popular sociology and psychology in giving a new term to our language, though ironically enough a good many people who haven't read the book use the phrase "ugly American" to mean someone who does a poor job of representing America abroad, contrary to the book's portrayal.

In his new book, **The Blue of Capricorn** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), Burdick frankly mixes fiction and non-fiction. The subject is the Pacific Ocean, and of the eighteen chapters thirteen are essays on one or another of the ocean's aspects—its currents, its birds, its clouds, its underwater life, its ethnic groups, its conflicts of culture between accustomed methods of doing things and the new ways introduced by the white man (especially by the soldiers stationed in the Pacific during the second world war), the contrast between Asian and Pacific island cultures, etc.

Scattered among these essays are five more or less fictionalized episodes, ranging from an account of what must have happened to the ninety-eight Americans left behind on Wake Island after the Japanese occupied it, which is fictionalized

only when the historical record fails, to two or three narratives that are, so far as the reader can tell, purely imaginative. Oddly enough, despite Burdick's enormous enthusiasm for the Pacific, the best of his stories concern characters who dislike it—one is about a Frenchman who first goes to a Pacific island to escape the falsity of French life but who ends up alleviating his otherwise overwhelming boredom by making minute studies of the local culture, valueless though he finds it; and the other is about a wealthy Midwestern Jewish girl who marries into an island family and is appalled by the life she finds there.

So *The Blue of Capricorn* is a kind of mixture of Rachel Carson and James Michener. The nonfiction chapters are much the better part of the book, and though they are not a match for Miss Carson in beauty of expression or elegance of observation, they are very much worth reading.

SCUM AND DREGS

COLIN WILSON is the young Englishman who a few years ago at some improbably early age produced a volume of criticism called *The Outsider*. The book was received in England as if it were the latest bulletin from Mt. Sinai and in this country as if it were the literary equivalent of Typhoid Mary. (Both estimates were excessive.) After a couple of other books Wilson has now written a novel called **Adrift in Soho** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), a modest little account of a young fellow named Harry who leaves Birmingham for London in search of a more exciting life. Harry meets a variety of spongers and drifters and would-be artists, then a painter who is the Real Thing, and the inevitable girl who seems to be part of the city's cesspools but who underneath it all is as unconquerably bourgeois as our hero from Birmingham.

This is a novel that might better have been presented as an essay. What Wilson is trying to do in the book essentially is to distinguish between the authentic and the inauthentic outsider —between those who separate themselves from conventional society because they have something more important to do than to obey its dictates, and those who separate themselves from conventional society because they aren't up to it. (Shaw made the same point succinctly a long time ago when he distinguished between the scum, which rises above the mass, and the dregs, which sink to the bottom, though most people lump both together as equally undesirable.)

Wilson hasn't much gift for characterization, and the long passages he devotes to the dreg-outsiders are fairly tiresome. After a hundred pages or more of description of run-of-the-mill bohemian life he frankly confesses that it is a "bore," that "the Soho bum possesses none of the alertness and enterprise you might expect: the only characteristics the vagrant life develops are vagueness and inefficiency." Unfortunately the reader has independently reached this conclusion long before Wilson states it.

Colin Wilson is at his best and liveliest when he temporarily abandons his story to comment on human nature or other subjects in a generalizing, speculative way. He has an interesting mind, but it is probably not a mind that will ever find its best expression in fiction.

THE OTHER WILSON

THIS Wilson is not of course to be confused with another English writer and critic with the same surname, Angus Wilson, who is both considerably older and a considerably more gifted novelist. The remarkable thing about Angus Wilson's novels is their variety; of the four he has so far published—*Hemlock and After, Anglo-Saxon Attitudes, The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot,* and the new one, **The Old Men at the Zoo** (Viking, $4.50)—no two are much alike; in fact, admirers of any one book often find the others unbearable, and when Wilson's name comes up among readers of fiction the common querulous inquiry is why does he refuse to write another book like such-and-such of his earlier novels, usually *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes.*

Well, *The Old Men at the Zoo* is another study of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, but it doesn't greatly resemble the novel that goes by that name. It is set in the future (the 1970s), and concerns the struggle for power among a group of men for control of the London Zoological Gardens. This struggle goes beyond the zoo itself to become involved in national politics, as the president of the Zoological Society (an aging "press lord") uses the evacuation of the zoo to his own estate to build up a war scare that he hopes will bring him back to political power; it even becomes involved in international politics when the zoo is largely destroyed and England is (temporarily) devastated by a war conducted from the Continent by a neo-Fascist coalition.

But beneath the surface struggle for power, the interplay of conscience and force, the contest between those who wish to serve the zoo because they love it and those who wish to exploit it for their own purposes, the book seems to be a kind of allegory. The vast variety of animals in the zoo's possession represents the instinctual life; Wilson (as I read him, at least) sees man as part of an enormously complex and interrelated animal creation that is not only fascinating intellectually but in some sense holy. Therefore the attitude a man takes toward the rest of animal creation is essentially the attitude he takes toward his own instinctual nature, and the instinctual nature of other men. He may deny it or honor it, exploit it or destroy it, but whatever he does he is defining his own character.

Wilson is wonderfully skillful at inventing and presenting a variety of characters to embody the various attitudes we can take toward the in-

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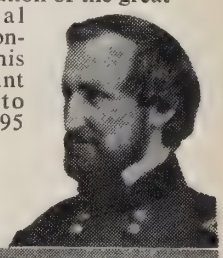


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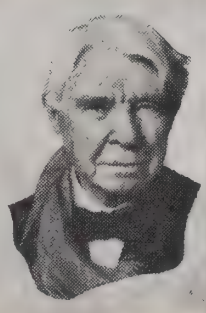
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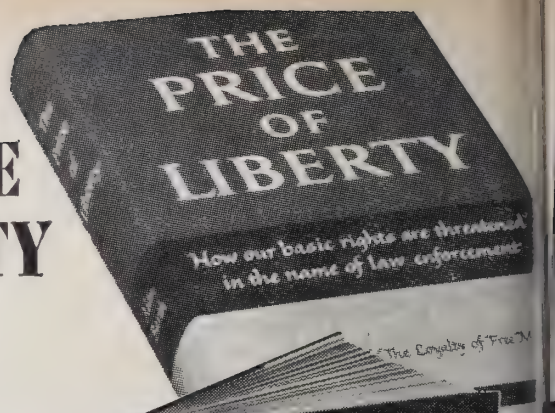
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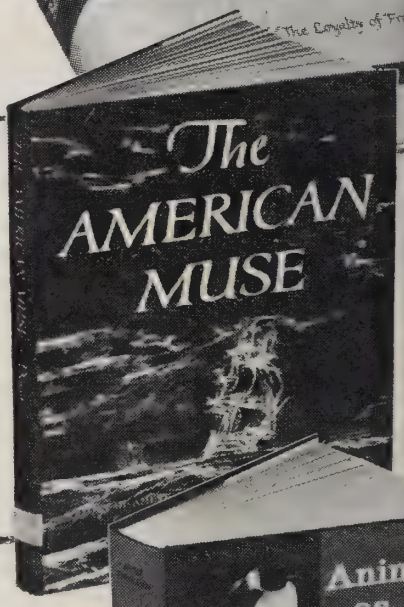
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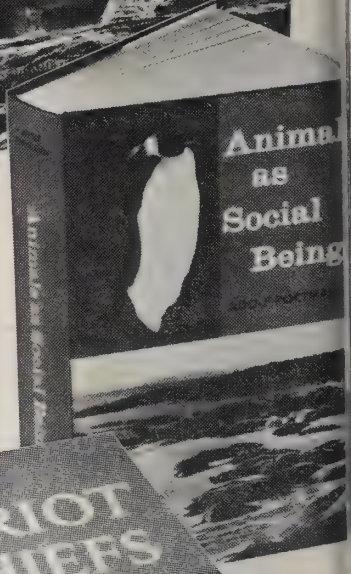
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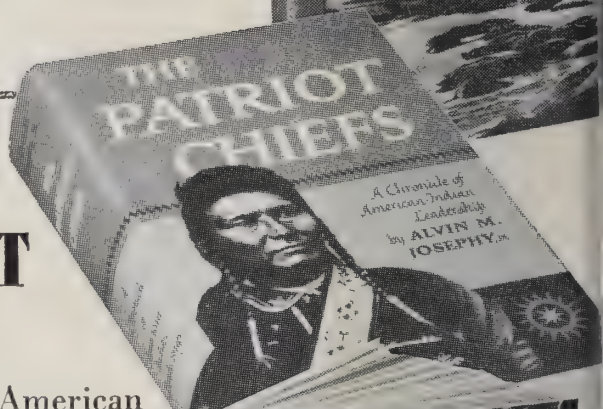


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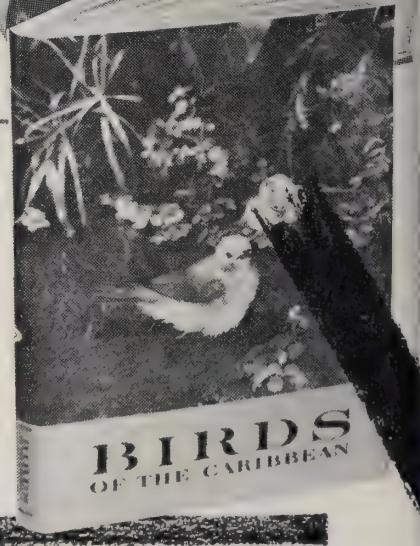
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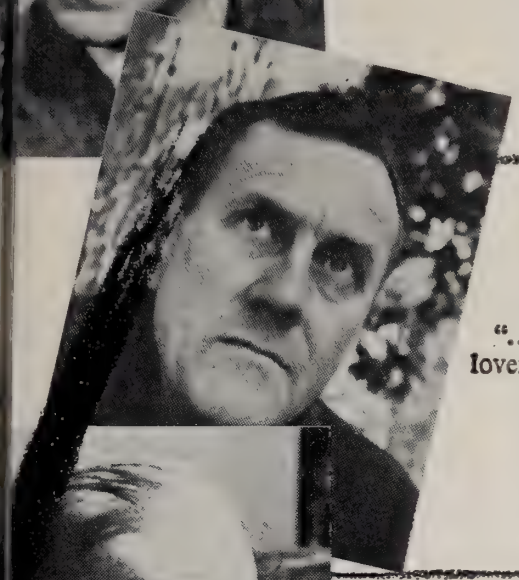


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stinctual life. There is at one extrem the Curator of Mammals who is a bottom a delayed Victorian and wh would like to see the animals dis played in elegantly designed cage that would safely isolate them fron the spectators; at the other extrem is the Director's daughter, a nympho maniac who dies as the result of a act of literal bestiality. Then ther are the veterinary who is a marvel ously clever analyst of the diseases o animals but whose relation with hi own disturbed household is anythin but wholesome; the effete Curator o Birds who is drawn to whatever i perverse or outlandish or flagrantl exotic among his charges; the Secre tary who believes that animals are t be enjoyed in their native setting as little disturbed as possible; and s on and so on.

All this is brilliantly done, yet th novel suffers from the very fault i castigates. It is too clever, too coldl intellectual and manipulative; it i a plea for honoring the richness o the instinctual life rendered s schematically, with so much calcula tion, that there is little room for th free play of the instinctual life in th narrative itself. But at the very leas *The Old Men at the Zoo* is a nove that an intelligent man can rea attentively without feeling that he i slumming.

A PLEASANT PARANOI

ROBERT NICOLSON has al ready published a couple of novels i his native Scotland, but **The Whis perers** (Knopf, $2.95) is the first o his books to appear here. It is a fine little novel, the best thing of its kind to come along since *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne.* The main character is one Mrs. Margaret Ross, an old woman who lives in a Glasgow tenement on national assistance (relief). In a harmless sort of way she is crazy; she thinks that she comes of a high-born family and has been deprived of her inheritance; she thinks that her neighbors are interfering in her life in one way or another (they are the whisperers of the title). She spends her time writing elaborate letters to her case worker, calling the attention of the police to the depredations of her neighbors, unmasking Popish plots, reading bits and snatches of all kinds of periodi-

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cals in the public library (and appropriating what she reads in hilariously peculiar ways), accumulating junk in her two filthy rooms, and generally doing as she pleases. By her own standards Mrs. Ross's life is crowded and dramatic, though to anybody else she would seem pitiably forlorn and isolated.

Then by means that it would be unfair to reveal, Mrs. Ross actually does come into possession of a considerable sum of money, and her little world, which, for all its strangeness, has given her an identity and a place to live, is destroyed.

The novel has one fault which so far as I can see was unavoidable. After the collapse of Mrs. Ross's world the network of social-service agencies that takes her over succeeds in locating her husband, who had deserted her years before, and reunites them temporarily. In the latter part of the book Mr. Ross becomes the central character, and though Nicolson does a fine job of portraying him (he is a real bum, utterly amoral; in contrast to his wife he is a crafty rather than an innocent milker of the welfare state), his characterization lacks the brilliance that Nicolson brings to play upon Mrs. Ross's mad world.

The Whisperers is certainly a slight work, but it is thoroughly novelistic, in the sense that what it has to say could be said in no other form than the novel. Unlike many of the works here reviewed, it is a genuine product of the sympathetic imagination.

THEME AND VARIATIONS

THE Canadian novelist Morley Callaghan has been so thoroughly rediscovered and so highly praised by Edmund Wilson, Alfred Kazin, and several other critics of eminence that his new book, **A Passion in Rome** (Coward, McCann, $4.95), is certain to receive a good deal of attention, especially from readers who like me are familiar with very little of Callaghan's earlier work.

Unfortunately the story employs one of the most tedious clichés of postwar fiction: an American (in this case a Canadian) arrives in Italy with a general feeling of emptiness. He is alienated from his family at home, has no close friends, makes a living at his job but does not find it otherwise very rewarding. Then he discovers a beautiful Italian girl, falls in love with her, and amidst the timeless beauty and subtle civilization of Italy she restores him to life.

This story, with either a soldier or a civilian in the male role and with anything from a peasant earth-goddess to a movie star in the female role, has been written so many times in the last fifteen years that, if all the versions were filmed, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren, and all reasonably accurate facsimiles thereof would be fully employed to the age of ninety-five.

But this is unfair to Callaghan. He employs the cliché, true, but he brings to it a certain amount of inventiveness and originality, and a good deal of psychological complication. The Roman beauty with whom the hero falls in love in *A Passion in Rome* is actually from a squalid New Jersey background, though of Italian descent. She has had a very successful career in the United States as a singer in night clubs and on television until some kind of nervous breakdown made her lose her nerve; now she is imprisoned by alcoholism, by her lover (an aging motion-picture director with no future), and by her dream of herself as a Roman lady.

Consequently, the hero must first free the heroine from her sundry servitudes before she can in turn free him to live his life more fully than he has in the past. This is obviously a good deal more complicated than the usual versions of the story, and a good deal more worth reading, but there remains a question whether Callaghan has really broken the stereotype or merely camouflaged it with ornamentation. A reader's final judgment will depend on how convincing and how profound he finds the relation between the man and woman. For my part, I find it more like the stuff novels are made out of than the stuff life is made out of, though Messrs. Wilson, Kazin, *et al.* may be able to find virtues in the book that escape me.

HOME TALENT

NOW for some novels by Americans. First, **Dangerfield** by Barnaby Conrad (Harper, $3.95), is one of

The Swivel Chair



One new year always starts late in October. Broadway corrals its new shows from their hinterland tryouts. All the Fifth Avenues across the country offer us the tempting image of an affluent society, Detroit reveals the length of next year's tailfin, and book publishers move decibels up the scale shouting their wares.

This is star quality season. **Carson McCullers** has written a new novel, **Clock Without Hands.** Three weeks before publication it was already at the midpoint of the national bestseller list ". . . a strong contender for the 1961 National Book Award for fiction." *(Atlantic)* **Dr. Benjamin Spock** has a new book, **Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers,** for the eighteen millions who own **The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care.** Writing for the olérs, **Barnaby Conrad** produces the "one-volume 'five-foot-shelf' of bullfighting literature in English" *(Dallas Times-Herald)*, **Barnaby Conrad's Encyclopedia of Bullfighting. John Jacob Niles,** "one of the best-known American folk song collectors" *(Publishers' Weekly)*, has compiled a ballad book for all who take pleasure in our heritage of folk songs, **The Ballad Book of John Jacob Niles.**



And now there are stars who are moving into new roles. They are the award winners, bestseller list alumni, critics' pets of the recent past. They are writing to new readers in addition to those who remember their brand names.

Eugene Burdick began his literary career with *The Ninth Wave,* winner of a Houghton Mifflin Company Literary Award. Next he co-authored *The Ugly American,* a book that added brushstrokes to our national image, an admonitory adjective to our national conscience. Now he is offering us what is through his eyes a new-found land. It is Oceania in the South Pacific. **The Blue of Capricorn** is the work in prose that is often lyric ". . . transports the reader into the vastness, the mystique of the post-war Pacific". *(Library Journal)* For everyone who will never see a coral atoll — here is the experience. Here is a definition in fiction of exile to paradise. Here is the new Pacific man scrabbling for a foothold at the top and the mud-caked Aborigine running for the beneficence of a rain squall. It is a big world, the South Pacific. It is a big book, **The Blue of Capricorn.**



Charles Bracelen Flood began his literary career with an award. *Love Is A Bridge* was a Houghton Mifflin Company Literary Award winner, and a fair sample of the critical reaction to it was the *Saturday Review's* "A first novel of exceptional merit . . . Many a writer Mr. Flood's senior will wish in vain for his sense of artistic discipline and his sureness of psychological insight." Now after explorations of the contemporary scene, he has turned to the eighteenth century to the months of winter work and waiting that produced a young American victory at Monmouth. Among many other things this is a novel of what it was to be non-aligned in '78. Here is the new Continental Army in all its disparate glory and confusion; the British High Command — dedicated party-liners with no lines of communication to guide them; Indians, moving through foreign battles to their own endless tribal warring. And the people in the middle, who had just begun to prosper in a harsh climate, who had not felt the urge to fight for what they could not yet define. **Monmouth** tells a new story of the revelatory past.





John Howard Griffin, author of the extraordinary *The Devil Rides Outside* and the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection *Nuni,* enters the battleground of his own choosing in **Black Like Me.** Inviting the challenge of life in the South as a Negro, John Griffin darkened his skin artificially and "passed" into another race. His book is shocking to the white reader, and it is important to him, ". . . a telling testament to the realities of race hatred." *(Virginia Kirkus)*

Colin Wilson reached his own room at the top with *The Outsider,* a book that caused new critical battlelines to be drawn on both sides of the Atlantic. Now he gives us a novel, **Adrift In Soho,** a picaresque novel of our time about one young man's initiation into London's bohemia.



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those books referred to earlier which might more appropriately have appeared as a memoir than as a novel. The main character, the Dangerfield of the title, is obviously Sinclair Lewis, and as a portrait of Lewis in his last unhappy years, when his reputation was slipping and his relations with other people deteriorating, it is a brilliant job. For some reason Conrad has moved the scene of the novel from Williamstown to Santa Barbara, but many details correspond precisely to Lewis' Williamstown house—the white carpet in the living-room, the upstairs workroom, the geographical relation between the house and the swimming pool, even the picture window, though it actually looked out on the Berkshires rather than the Pacific.

The little novel that Conrad builds around the portrait of Dangerfield-Lewis concerns a love affair between the aging novelist's young mistress and his son, whom he is trying to get to know after long estrangement. This is jerrybuilt, and perhaps the whole book would fail to interest anyone who did recognize Lewis in the main character, but that character certainly carries conviction. Furthermore Conrad is to be congratulated on having at last written a book that does not once use the word matador.

IN **False Entry** (Little, Brown, $5) Hortense Calisher has written a much more complex and subtle sort of book. The main character (who is also the narrator) never reveals his true name, but he comes to call himself Pierre Goodman and that is the way he will have to be referred to here. For some reason, which Miss Calisher never tries wholly to explain, Pierre is one of those people whose natures seem to demand that they live vicariously, through their ability to make a false entry into the lives of others and to assume those lives as their own.

Perhaps Pierre's proclivity is partly accounted for by the circumstances of his birth; though actually the posthumous son of a worthless soldier and a seamstress, he is born in a great house in London where his mother is employed, the house of a rich Jewish family named Goodman, whose name Pierre later appropriates for himself. The Goodmans treat him kindly, almost as if he were on of their own children, and so at th very outset of his life he is placed i a false position.

Later Pierre and his mother joi relatives in the Southern Unite States, and here again Pierre ente falsely into the life of the town Though his relatives are only re spectable working-class people Pierre, with his natural intelligence his English accent and manners, be comes a kind of pet of an aristocrati old lady and a learned schoolmaster who between them prepare him fo a future quite different from what he might have reasonably expected. At the same time he becomes a friend of a boy from a totally different background (the son of the town prostitute) and through him learns a great deal about the seamy side of the town's life, especially the activities of the Ku Klux Klan—information that Pierre is later able to use with disastrous effect.

In adult life Pierre continues his role-playing, until finally he is caught in a situation where he is found out through his failure to know one crucial fact about a situation that he has entered falsely, and he at last must make a true entry into the life of another person.

Miss Calisher writes a leisurely, ruminative prose, full of generalization and speculation, shot through with intelligence and perception, occasionally so fine-spun that the meaning escapes me, but often keen and original. It strikes me as somehow a feminine kind of writing and not entirely appropriate to a masculine narrator.

False Entry is no book for the reader who is looking for a spanking good yarn; even the reader who is willing to tolerate its slow pace, its movements backward and forward in time, the sometimes unexplained oddity of its incidents, and the elaboration of style may occasionally become impatient with the novel. I am not always certain of what Miss Calisher is up to, and I am by no means convinced that the whole thing is a success. But there is an unavoidable impressiveness about the book; it has a tone and a quality of its own; it bears the mark of singularity, of an effort to do something significant and to do it in its own way.



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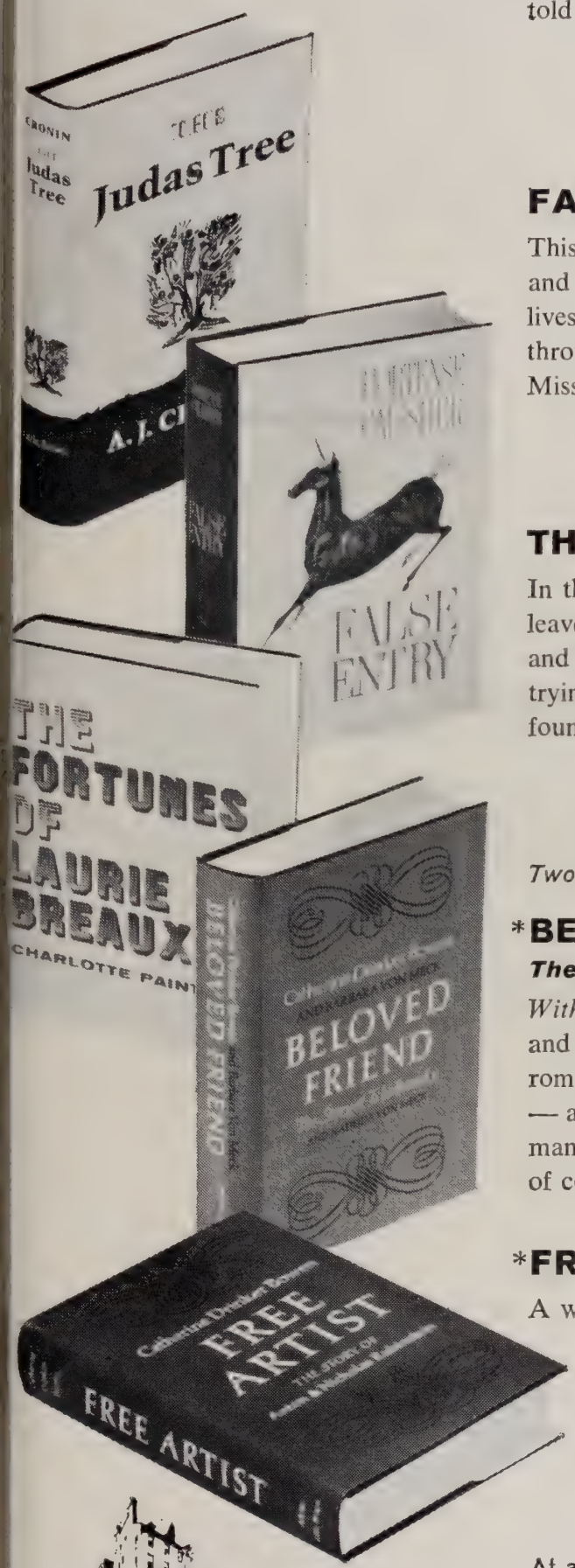
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A New Life by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.95) is something of a disappointment, not only because of Malamud's generous endowment as a writer but also because in this book he starts with what seems like a fine subject for a novel and essentially wastes its opportunities.

The main character in *A New Life* is one S. Levin, a New York Jew with a sordid past behind him (his father was a thief, his mother a suicide, and he himself has only recently recovered from a bad bout of alcoholism). On the strength of a newly acquired master's degree he lands a job as an English instructor in a small state technical college somewhere in the Far West, probably in Oregon, and there he arrives with a tiny wardrobe, a sizable beard, and an enormous conviction that the teaching of literature is the noblest of callings.

The impact that so outlandish a man would make on a complacent conventional college community should be fascinating to read about, but in fact Malamud devotes most of his novel to commonplace faculty politics and adultery—intrigues in which Levin plays an important role, to be sure, but a role hardly different from the one he would have played if he had been an Anglo-Saxon from Evanston with a father in real estate. Levin's Jewishness (in a community where Jews are rare) causes little comment and hardly affects the direction of the story; his fight for the liberal arts in a technical college never rises above the kind of pious utterance on the subject that a college dean can produce in any length desired on ceremonial occasions. Levin's tendency to rummage through other people's desks and to make blackmailing use of what he finds seems to strike neither him nor his creator as morally reprehensible, but it is not easy to square with Levin's presumed moral awareness.

A New Life is not a poor book or a dull one but it is wasteful, and for any reader who enjoys in a novelist the ability to make the most of a situation it will be disappointing.

Night Song (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, $3.50), a first novel by a young Negro writer named John A. Williams, is essentially a study in race relations, developed through t linked pairs of characters. One p is Keel and Della—Keel a Ne deracinated through the white ma education that his prosperous p ents have given him, now trying find his way back into being a Ne by running a Greenwich Vill coffee shop chiefly patronized Negro jazz musicians, and at same time trying to learn to tr Della, the white woman who lo him; the other pair is a fam Negro saxophonist, Richie Stol now far gone in drink and drugs still a man of enormous talent a vitality, and Hillary, a white m who was once a teacher in an state New York college but who hit skid row because of his feeli of guilt after his wife's death in automobile accident.

The two pairs of relationsh move in opposite directions. K learns that he can be a Negro a still accept Della's love without f ing that there is anything perve about it. Richie, on the other ha rescues the white man Hillary fr the gutter and with the help of K and Della restores him to health a respectability, but in the end Hill betrays his benefactor.

First novels tend to be eit underwritten or overwritten; Jo A. Williams has underwritten The psychological relations are dicated without being sufficien developed, though there is a ge deal of complexity implicit in th Besides, a character like Ric Stokes is extraordinarily hard present, for his force is supposed come less from anything he d than from what he is—his fullness being, his sheer emotional pow His quality is not conveyed w sufficient vigor to make his betra and end the powerful thing t Williams obviously meant it to

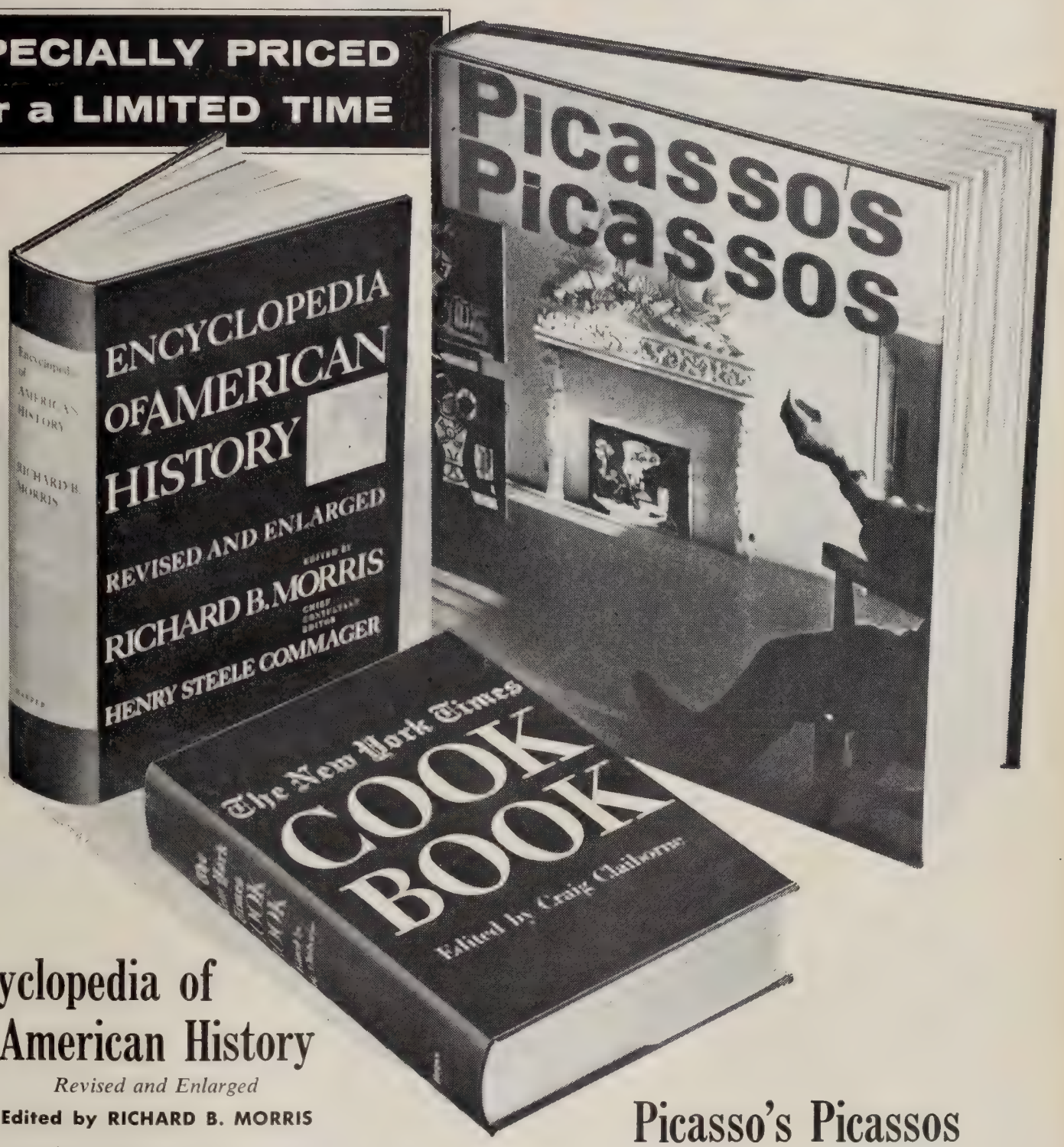
Williams is a writer of consid able gifts and if he can do as w with his first attempt as he has do in *Night Song*, he should be a no ist to watch.

EXPATRIAT

FINALLY, a glance at a cou of novels by Americans who l abroad. **Scarred** by Bruce Low (Vanguard, $3.75) has a curious l tory: it was first written in Fre

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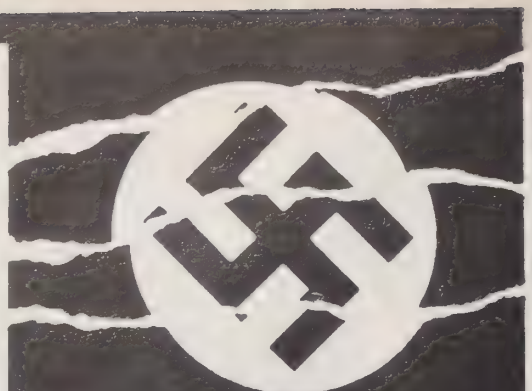
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and published in France, where it (inevitably) won a prize; now it has been translated by the author into his native language.

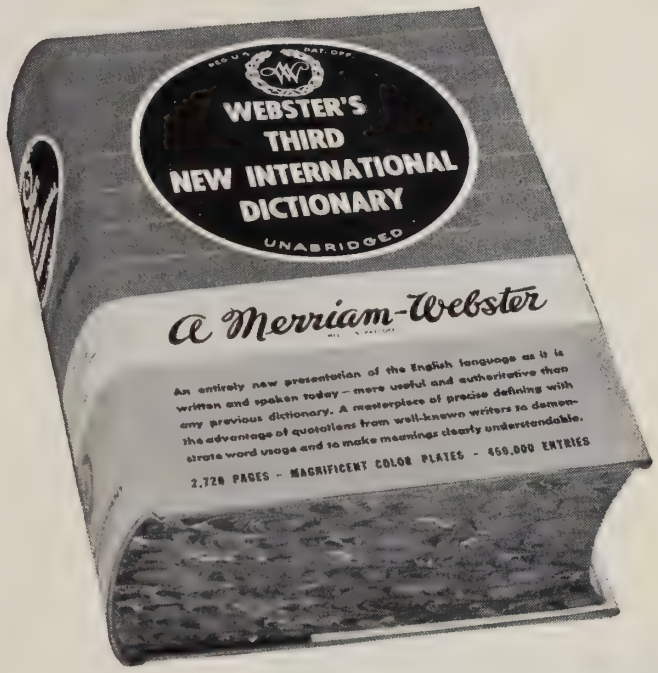
But do not suppose that the American Samuel Beckett has at last appeared. *Scarred* is a very slight little autobiographical novel. The main character is an American boy with a harelip who lives in a small Western American town. The opening sections deal with his repeated and ineffectual efforts to persuade God through prayer to eradicate the scar on his lip, and his resulting religious doubts; these sections are no better and no worse than reams of such writing turned out in "creative writing" courses in colleges all over the country. The later part of the book concerns the scarred boy's theft of stamps from the one other boy who has befriended him; this situation is a good deal subtler and more penetrating. Neither boy understands his own actions and emotions; both are trapped in painful and apparently insoluble positions, isolated by guilt and suspicion when they need each other most. There is at least the material for a good short story here, but hardly enough to sustain a novel.

Rosalie Packard, author of **Love in Question** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), is an American by birth who now lives in England. Her heroine, Sara Finch, is the daughter of a famous beauty by the first of her many marriages, and of a father who is seldom home and takes little interest in her when she is there. Sara has drifted through two or three affairs without finding them satisfactory; she has now become the dissatisfied mistress of a dull married man when his business brings him from the province to London. In time her life becomes such a mess that, under the influence of a friend, she betakes herself to a psychiatrist. After a certain number of sessions with him she goes for a weekend to the north of England where she meets and falls in love with a young engineer with a working-class background but a promising future. Since he falls in love with her too, everything is fine. Sweet are the uses of psychiatry.

Love in Question is slick and superficial, but those readers who can believe in it will doubtless find it enjoyable.

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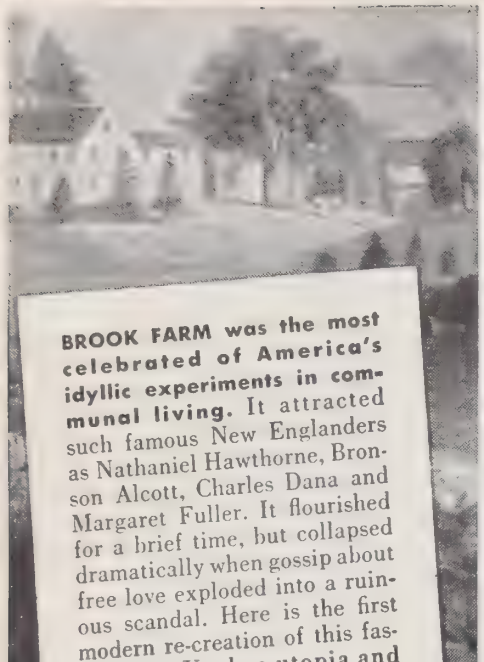
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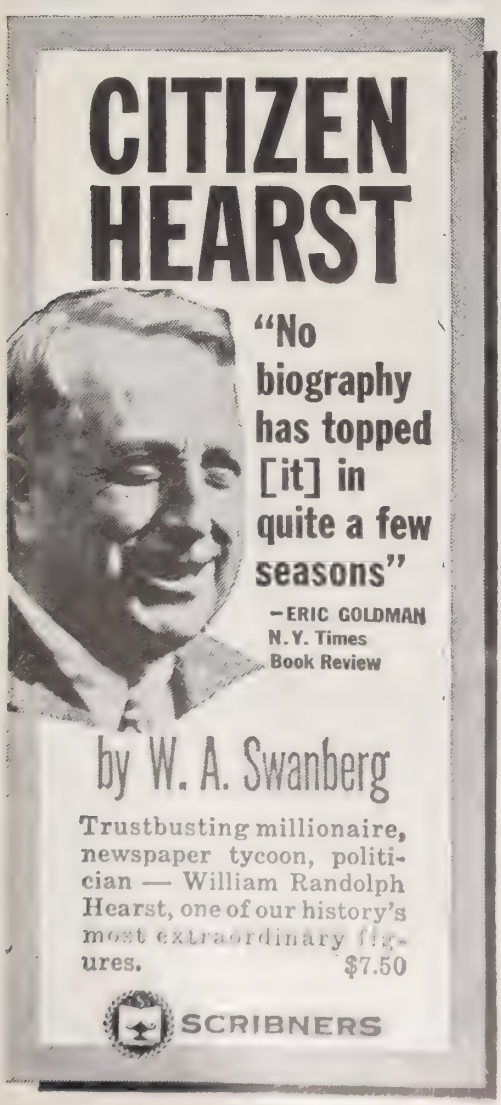
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THE MASTER JOURNALIST OF AMERICAN FICTION

By Louis Auchincloss

A Review of Mark Schorer's Biography of Sinclair Lewis

Louis Auchincloss is the author of "The House of Five Talents" and other novels, and of a book of essays, "Reflections of a Jacobite."

Sinclair Lewis kept a diary as a youth, into which he poured, not merely his impressions of sights and events, but, to the extent he was able, those sights and events themselves. It was never his method to devour his material and brood upon it until it revealed a pattern. He tried to get it down, in the words of his biographer, Mark Schorer, "in all its external variety on the external page in order to have it there for an external use." He was to find this same method, as a novelist, his greatest asset and ultimate liability. It was to make him the master journalist of American fiction.

In **Sinclair Lewis: An American Life** (McGraw-Hill, $10), Schorer traces Lewis' preparations for each of his major novels. For *Babbitt* he drew maps of Zenith and floor plans of houses and familiarized himself with the business of real-estate brokers. For *Arrowsmith* he engaged the full-time services of an expert bacteriologist and roamed the Caribbean to select a site for his plague. For *Elmer Gantry* he attended clerical conventions, revivalist meetings, and even lived for a time with a minister's family. He drew up biographies of his principal characters and compiled vital statistics of the towns in which they lived. When his research had been completed and his scenario prepared, the novel could more or less write itself.

For he was passionately intent on no less a project than that of reproducing the contemporary American scene. He was firmly in the tradition of Balzac and, having been formed before 1914, was set off from the younger writers who matured during the first world war, beside whom Schorer finds his vision of an older America slightly old-fashioned. But this earlier forming kept him clear of postwar disillusionment and later, of the lure of the proletarian novel. The Communists had hoped for Lewis, but had to give him up. In an impressive summation Schorer points out that the main source of Lewis' satire lies in the American defection from the American potentiality for freedom. The targets of his fiction were all the means by which Americans have betrayed themselves: economic system, intellectual rigidity, theological dogma, class convention, racial prejudice, materialism, social timidity, hypocrisy, affectation, complacency, and pomposity. In the conflict between Lewis' ideas of the true America and the false, the former may seem provincial, even Philistine, but the latter we all immediately recognize. Schorer ends with the judgment that if Lewis was one of the worst writers in modern American literature, it is still impossible to imagine that literature without him. Without him, he even maintains, it is almost impossible to imagine ourselves.

Why was Lewis so bad a writer? Because his style is slipshod and slang-ridden when it is not pretentious or purple. Because his taste is as ordinary as his Carol Kennicott's. Because he is himself the best proof that his charges against America are just. Because he has little to substitute for Main Street but the anger with which he destroys it. Because his concept of love is at best sentiment and at worst drivel. James Fenimore Cooper complained of an earlier America that it had no follies for the satirist beyond the mock vulgar and commonplace. It may have been Lewis' glory that he showed what a satirist could do with

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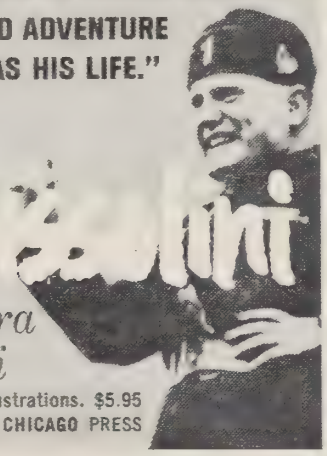
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such follies, but they were ultimately to swamp him. His later novels are dreary inventories of the often petty things that aroused his ire. He always maintained that there was a distinction in his mind between his serious fiction and the pulp that he wrote commercially for magazines, "whoring" as he called it, but Schorer notes that the same attitudes are present in both and that the larger sums came from the more serious works. Basically, Lewis wanted to see every word that he wrote in print and in as many editions as possible. Of the great bulk of his fiction, only a small fraction is enduring, yet this fraction is as large as the total output of Fitzgerald or of Hemingway.

Mary Colum wrote: "We have in his work a perfect example of what happens to significant material passed through a mind that is not significant. He labels the material instead of transforming it." The question of the insignificant mind brings us to the core of his biographer's problem. Lewis' five important novels: *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Dodsworth* were published within a period of nine years: 1920 to 1929. The preceding fiction is without promise of talent and the subsequent almost without reminders of it. Yet those nine years comprise only a seventh of Lewis' life, and Schorer is left with the heavy documentation of the other decades and a disheartening heap of novels, short stories, plays, poems, and essays. Undaunted, he tackles his task with prodigious industry and painstaking organization. As he said in an article about writing the book:

"I know more about the life of Sinclair Lewis, day by day, sometimes hour by hour, than he himself could possibly have known."

When he has finished, the man and his work stand before us in their place in American literature with a vividness and a completeness that is rare indeed in biography. One can only wish that Schorer had picked a greater subject for the accumulation of what he calls "this enormous hoard of fact." For biography is always a joint undertaking. Where would Boswell have been with a Johnson who was a drunk and a bore? Sinclair Lewis at his worst can drag down Schorer's work to the level of Gene Fowler's.

"RED" LEWIS was generally disliked from the start. He compensated for his ugliness, his poverty and the lack of sympathy in his family circle by the disastrous expedient of being cocky and abusive. In the boarding house at Oberlin College his only retort to any attempt at discussion was: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." At Yale they called him "God Forbid," and the contempt of his more affluent, smooth-mannered Eastern classmates desperately hurt him. He always wanted to conquer Yale, and the ultimate donation of his manuscripts to the Sterling Library may have been the final gesture of this ambition. It would be easy to sympathize with his youthful unhappiness if his brashness and arrogance did not repel the reader as they once repelled his contemporaries. Success only made him worse. "Do you realize you're talking to a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man?" he shouted at a hotel clerk who innocently asked his name.

And then came the drinking, the restless wandering, the fits of hysteria, the threats of suicide, the interminable monologues at parties, the terror of being alone, the self-pity, the pinching that turned into promiscuity. Two wives found him impossible to live with; two sons found him neglectful. He alienated his oldest and most faithful friends. He was stingy with money and with acknowledgments, refusing to give Dr. Paul de Kruif the full recognition for his collaboration in *Arrowsmith* which the latter had justifiably requested. And he was insolent to everybody, everywhere. "My God, I've never seen so much chastity in one place!" he exclaimed to his spinster hostess in the dining room of a women's club. His meetings with other celebrities were sparked with recriminations, and with Dreiser he actually came to blows. Death was finally brought on by his stubborn disregard of medical warnings about alcohol.

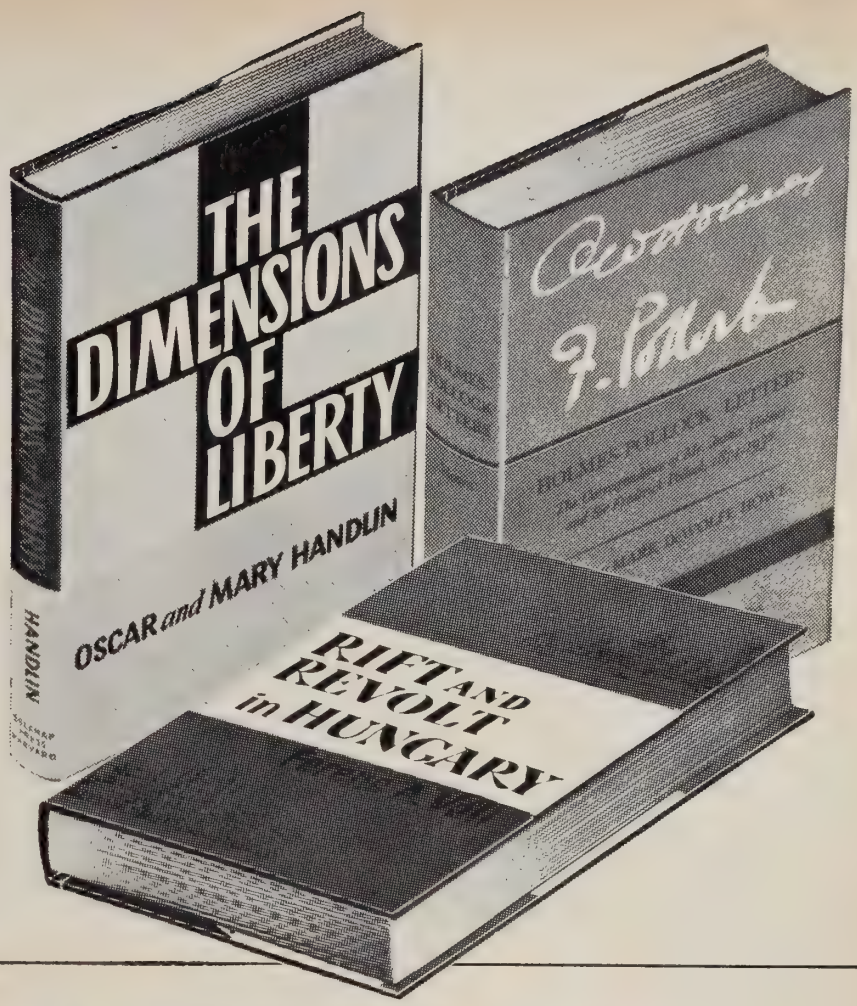
Of course, there were redeeming features. He had an attractive enthusiasm for younger writers and liked to help them. He had a passionate, if quickly waning, curiosity

about other people. He was consistently on the side of the underdog. He was devoid of snobbishness in his selection of friends. He could be extremely funny, as when he said of Dorothy Thompson, that if he ever divorced her, he would name Hitler as co-respondent. And, in spite of everything, he had a quality of sweetness that made up for much of his churlishness. Schorer adds that his "most intimately personal feelings" were kindly, but is that not true of us all? Did not even Lewis' threatened co-respondent weep as he drove through the devastated streets of Warsaw?

WE live in an age of files and records. The microfilm and the tape-recorder overwhelm the biographer. The past is in danger of being lost in trivia unless a new Strachey teaches us a new art of selection. Schorer's book bristles with countless examples of Lewis' quixotic behavior, but he is markedly reticent in his theories to explain it. Once he ventures the opinion that the conflict in Lewis between esteem for his father and resentment against him was the source of the split in his personality between the raucous rebel and the Babbitt, and in another place he speculates that Lewis' habit of abusing his wife immediately after making love to her may have sprung from his dislike of the body—his own and everyone else's. But he also states that any discussion of the reasons for the high proportion of sexually frigid women in Lewis' fiction is beyond the scope of his work.

Here he seems to approach the extreme position that a biographer's duty is simply to accumulate all the facts and leave their evaluation to posterity. In an age that is rife with facile psychological judgments, one hesitates to encourage the amateur, but it is nonetheless a dry business to be left in a desert of psychological symptoms without the relief of a theory. I want to know either more or less about Lewis' bad habits. Sneezes are interesting only in their relation to hay fever or the common cold.

Next month, Katherine Gauss Jackson will return to these pages with her reviews of "Books in Brief."



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Up to February 19, 1816, the *Barber of Seville* meant two things—either the play by Beaumarchais, or the opera by Paisiello. That was the night before the première of the Rossini opera. Partisans of Paisiello packed the Argentina Theatre in Rome and created enough of a fuss to prevent the success of the new opera. But it made no difference. After a short time, Rossini's *opera buffa* swept Europe and also swept the Paisiello opera from the boards. Rossini had composed the greatest opera of its kind, and so it has remained. He wrote the work in white heat, and later claimed that the entire score had been finished in thirteen days. (Donizetti's remark, when he heard of this feat, was: "Yes, but then Rossini was always a lazy fellow.")

Much has been written about Rossini and the *Barber*. Opera-goers know less about the remarkable figure of Beaumarchais, the dramatist from whose play the opera comes. He had written *Le Barbier de Séville* in 1775, and some of it is autobiographical. Figaro represents Beaumarchais himself, and the two "barber" plays (*Le Mariage de Figaro*, set by Mozart, was the other) are his personal gibe at the aristocracy. In his own life Beaumarchais, who was born of humble parents, managed to turn the aristocracy to his own ends. And in his plays there is the figure of a barber who is constantly outwitting the nobility and laughing at them behind their backs. Many have read into the Beaumarchais plays the events and the stagnation that were to lead to the French Revolution. It is probably a correct reading.

When Rossini composed his opera the French Revolution had long since taken place. (Well, about twenty years previously.) Rossini, the least social-conscious of composers, and one of the most self-confident, certainly did not regard his libretto as a social document (whereas there is every indication that Mozart, who suffered from the aristocracy, did). He merely whipped right through it, emphasizing the *buffa* elements. None of his characters have much dimension, as Mozart's did. At the same time, his characters are recognizable types, over whom looms Figaro: the brash idea man, the only one with any brains, the character who can sell an icebox to the Eskimos and the NAM to the Russians.

All this would be beside the point if the music were weak. But musical history does not show a more engaging, more bubbling and good-natured score. Rossini had an Italian, irrepressible *joie de vivre* that animates every note of **Il Barbiere di Siviglia.** And a new recording of this great score successfully captures that feeling.

Leading singers in the cast are Gianna d'Angelo (Rosina), Renato Capecchi (Figaro), Giorgio Tadeo (Bartolo), Carlo Gava (Basilio), and Nicola Monti (Almaviva). Bruno Bartoletti conducts the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio (Deutsche Grammophon 18665/7, mono, 3 discs; 138665/7, stereo, 3 discs). The orchestra is a German one, but the cast is primarily made up of singers from La Scala. Gianna d'Angelo is the exception. Her name is Italian, but she is a young lady from Hartford, Connecticut, who made her Metropolitan Opera debut last season to a resoundingly approving press.

She sounds like a lovely singer. Her voice is clear, flute-like, and easily produced. What is more, her characterization of Rosina has pertness

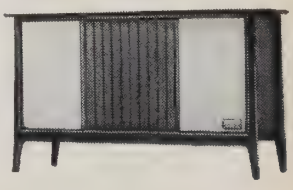


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and personality. Her precise and sensitive work is quite a contrast to that of Monti. The tenor does not have a bad voice, but his coloratura work is sloppy, and his style is a long way from being a cultivated one. He could do much better; like so many Italian tenors, he just does not think.

There can be nothing but praise for the others in the cast, all of whom are excellent singers well versed in the Rossini style. So is the conductor, who up to now has not been represented on any important American records. His tempos are well chosen—both in regard to the singers, and in regard to the nature of the music. *Il Barbiere* sparkles under his direction; and this can be considered the best all-around version of the opera ever recorded. The Victor set conducted by Leinsdorf, true, is more complete, for Leinsdorf opened up some traditional cuts; and in both the Capitol and London albums, Simionato and de los Angeles, respectively, sing the role of Rosina in the original mezzo register. But none of those versions have the spirit, ensemble, and general teamwork of the new *Barbiere*. Nor have they its extremely realistic recorded sound. The German engineers have gone in for unusually convincing separation effects. When Almaviva starts *Ah che d'amore* from the left speaker, and Figaro chimes in a few measures later with *Delle monete il suon già sento* from the right speaker, the illusion of opera can be carried no further. Illusion? It's comfortably close to the real thing.

Few Are Chosen

Another Italian opera, this one recorded with three Americans in the leading roles, is the new album of Verdi's **La Traviata** (Victor LM 6154, mono, 3 discs; LSC 6154, stereo, 3 discs). Anna Moffo is the Violetta, Richard Tucker the Alfredo, and Robert Merrill the Germont. The Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus are conducted by Fernando Previtali.

All sopranos try Violetta; few are chosen. It is a difficult role—coloratura in Act I, lyric or *spinto* elsewhere—and the last great Violetta before the public was Lucrezia Bori. The beauteous Moffo makes a good try but at this stage of her career she

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has not yet worked her way into the role. Intelligent as her approach is, it is a little too careful, a little too overworked, a little too calculated. Nor is it technically all that it might be, and in the first act her *Sempre libera* is, to put it mildly, shrill.

Tucker is a fine, experienced tenor who is beginning to bellow. He is not as refined a singer as he used to be. Merrill, as always, is sonorous and produces tones of vocal velvet. Those who are interested in a stereo version of *Traviata* can find better ones than this new Victor—the de los Angeles-del Monte-Sereni version for Capitol, say.

From the Auvergne

While on the subject of singing, here's a disc that might be passed over in the current rush. It is devoted to Canteloube's **Songs of the Auvergne**, and the soprano is Netania Davrath, singing with an orchestra conducted by Pierre de la Roche (Vanguard 9085, mono; 2090, stereo). Record collectors became familiar with this music in the 1930s, as recorded by the admirable French soprano, Madeleine Grey. That set became a collector's item. It was withdrawn; then, during the early LP era, briefly reissued by Columbia. Now it is unavailable again. The new Davrath disc, which includes some material not present in the Grey recording, fills the gap.

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957) was an industrious composer and a researcher into French folk song. He lives chiefly through these remarkable arrangements of songs from the Auvergne. He had good material with which to work; and a song like *Bailero* is as beautiful as anything in the entire vocal literature. Canteloube handled the music with exquisite taste and tact, and his sophisticated orchestrations are a model of their kind. Davrath sings the music in the original dialect. She is an Israeli singer with a clear, somewhat hard, voice, and her approach is altogether different from that of the more volatile, sophisticated Grey. Davrath is much more in the folk-song style, as opposed to the art-song style of Grey. But Davrath is a fine artist, and she handles the music enchantingly. This is one of the loveliest vocal discs of the year. Try not to miss it.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

TESTAMENT

One year before Big Bill Broonzy died (in 1958) he sat in a Chicago recording studio singing, guitar-playing, and talking for ten hours of tape. Bill Randle, the scholarly disc jockey from Cleveland who arranged the session, has now edited it into an album of five LPs, an extraordinarily rich and relaxed documentation of Big Bill's artistic range and experience—songs, memories, names, anecdotes from across the whole history and repertoire of country blues.

That was the day of one of the worst storms Chicago has had. "Man, this is a helluva night," said Big Bill. "Is there gonna be any whiskey?" The voice interweaves with runs and licks on the guitar. "The feelin' of a man, that's what he sings from . . ." Then: "I remember once, we was all on the railroad . . ." and there will come a story of Leadbelly, or Big Maceo, Tampa Red, speaking of them as friends who have gone but whose songs will live.

In him the tradition found full and fortunate expression. There is nothing of the childish ego and malice that mar the Jelly Roll Morton sessions for the Library of Congress. Broonzy is secure enough to claim kinship with the great blues originators and sing in their stead. He is without affectation about his art—clearly, it beat working on the railroad—and relatively without envy of the whites who have since exploited it (about Elvis Presley: "He's singing the same thing I'm singing now, and he knows it"). He speaks of the crying of a whole people in which the blues began not so much from his own knowledge as from profound deference. "Now they talks and gets lawyers and things. . . ."

Big Bill is not the first to speak of the blues' indebtedness to church music ("every blues singer I know sung spirituals before he sung the blues") but he gives it his own flavor. He treats religion as something he has been too alive and sinful to share, but not therefore to be slighted ("I never would set down in front of Mahalia Jackson and sing the blues . . . I got that much respect"). He seems to look upon it somewhat as he regards Leadbelly's monumental aversion to work, as simply another manifestation of the inexhaustible variety of human character. It is the authentic accent of a large-scale man.

The Bill Broonzy Story. Verve MGV 3000-5.

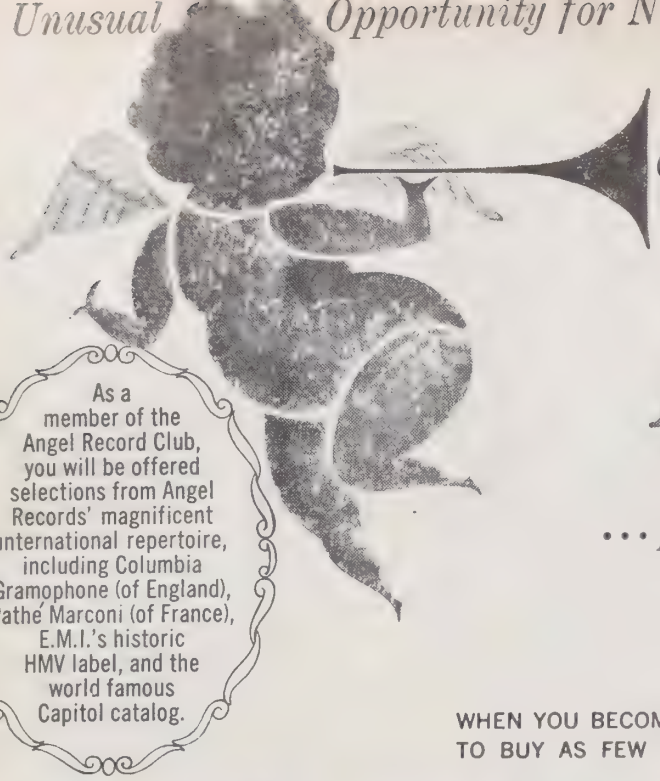
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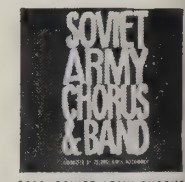
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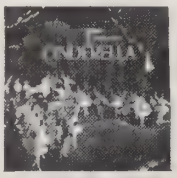
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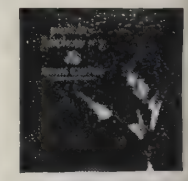
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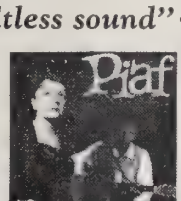


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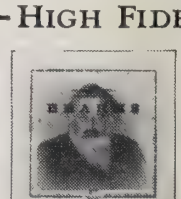
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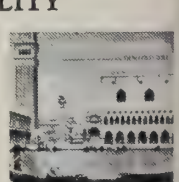
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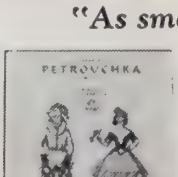


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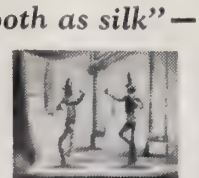


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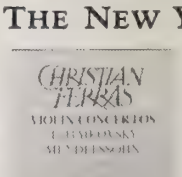
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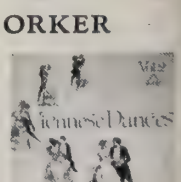
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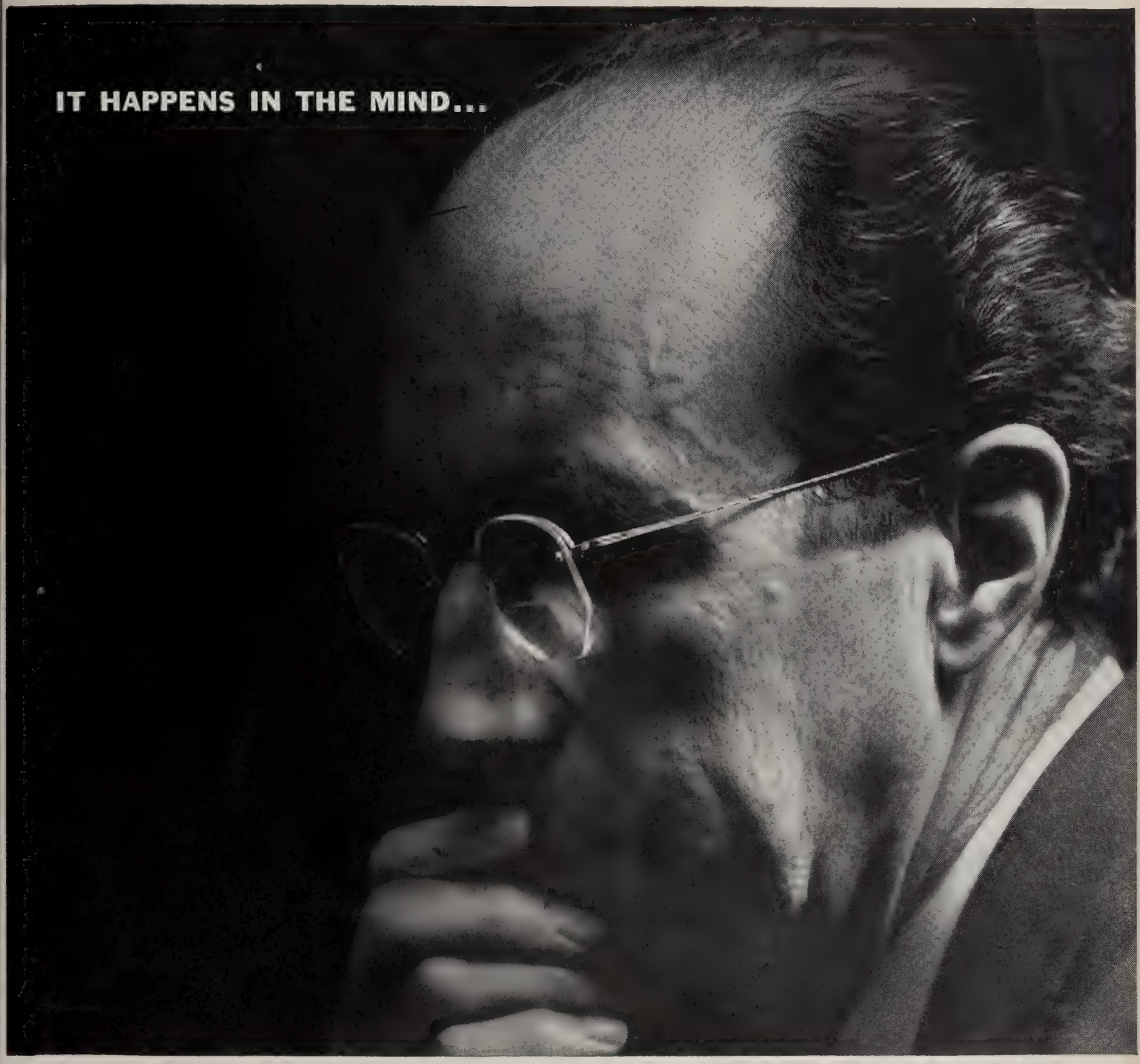
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VOL. 223, NO. 1339
DECEMBER 1961

ARTICLES

25 **The Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and Cyrus Eaton,** *Nat Caldwell and Gene S. Graham*

34 **What Chicago Could Be Proud Of,** *Elinor Richey*

40 **The Future, If Any, of Comedy,** *James Thurber*

46 **Galbraith in India,** *Kusum Nair*

56 **The Uses of the Moon,** *Arthur C. Clarke*

63 **The Cult of Personality Comes to the White House,** *William G. Carleton*

69 **Guinean Diary,** *W. E. Bullard*

FICTION

79 **A Blocked Feed,** *Nigel Dennis*

VERSE

28 **Her Husband,** *Ted Hughes*

33 **Pavane for a Dead Doll,** *Ogden Nash*

49 **Burn It!** *Robert Graves*

DEPARTMENTS

4 **Letters**

15 **The Editor's Easy Chair**—CHRISTMAS LIST, *John Fischer*

20 **After Hours,** *Noel Perrin and Anonymous*

84 **Public & Personal**—HOW TO PUT KENNEDY BACK IN THE SENATE, *William S. White*

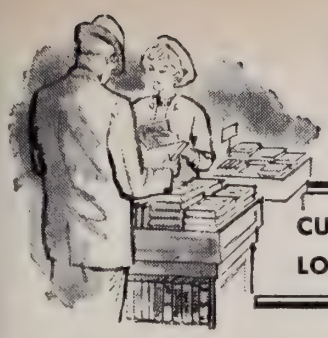
87 **The New Books,** *Leo Steinberg*

102 **Books in Brief,** *Katherine Gauss Jackson*

109 **Music in the Round,** *Discus*

112 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

ARTISTS: Cover, Burt Goldblatt; 20, N. M. Bodecker; 33, Richard Rosenblum; 36, 38, 39, Photographs by Richard Nickel; 41, 42, 43, 45, James Thurber; 46, Norma-Jean Koplin; 73, 74, 79, 82, Leo Summers.



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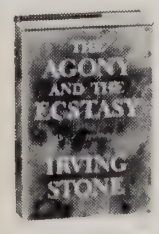
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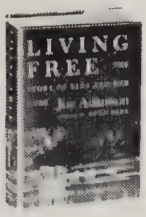
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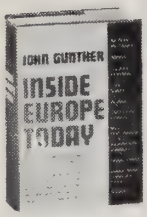
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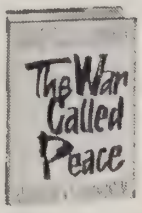
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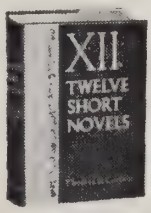
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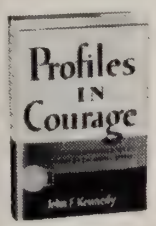
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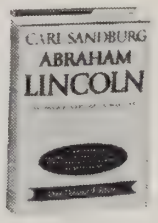
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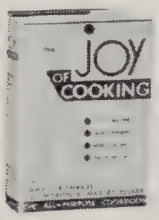
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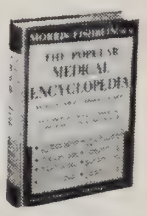
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To the Editors:

The picture of Harvard College presented by Christopher Jencks in "The Next Thirty Years in the Colleges" ["The College Scene" Supplement, October] seems to me so one-sided as to be virtually false. I write thus plainly after twenty-five years of teaching at Harvard and twenty years of teaching at various state universities.

Mr. Jencks's picture is that of a faculty of specialists so concerned about their specialty as to be indifferent to undergraduate education. . . . The notion . . . is false. I know no college that is more consistently and conscientiously concerned for undergraduate education. This is the purpose of the tutorial system, of the so-called "house system," of general education. . . .

Mr. Jencks's article . . . omitted to point out that Harvard is one of the few universities of the country to have a full-fledged faculty committee on teaching as a career (with a budget of its own) and that this committee recently published a full-length study of the ways by which the various departments go about training graduate students for a teaching career—and the term "teaching career" refers to undergraduate education. . . .

This year, as in previous years, a series of lectures and conferences on college teachers and college teaching is given for the benefit of graduate students, all of whom Mr. Jencks apparently consigns to a mere "methodological" life. Mr. Jencks writes that "no graduate school in the country treats this classroom apprenticeship half so seriously as the apprenticeship in library or laboratory." Mr. Jencks cannot have the best of both worlds, even if his statement be true: he cannot have highly trained experts necessary to our culture and also teachers skilled to shape "an ignorant adolescent audience." His antinomy is, however, false; and I find graduate students quite as eager to learn how to perform in the classroom as they are to perform in laboratory or library.

Howard Mumford Jones
Professor of English
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Christopher Jencks, alumnus editor of the University of California, gives a distorted picture of higher education in this state, and does a disservice to higher education generally.

The Master Plan for Higher Education in California provides a basis for cooperation to achieve excellence among the four segments—Junior Colleges, State Colleges, University of California, and private institutions. Each has its distinctive task, yet each also has a part in educating the academically talented, in whom Mr. Jencks seems exclusively interested. Undergraduate admission under the Master Plan to freshman status in the University of California is limited to the top 12½ per cent of high-school graduates; the State Colleges will admit from the top 33⅓ per cent. Both segments now require standard aptitude tests. Few institutions across the country are more selective. Many able students choose to attend Junior Colleges for two years; when they transfer to senior institutions they make remarkably good records.

Nor can we afford to neglect the post-secondary fate of those whose academic talents are not readily apparent. Circumstances . . . may prevent a youth from doing his best in high school, or may necessitate remaining at home. Society also needs well-trained technicians and farmers, alert citizens and community leaders. The Junior Colleges of California provide opportunities for both academic transfer and vocational terminal work, and they do a remarkable job of counseling to help students adjust their levels of expectation to their abilities. . . . We think the California Plan is well-conceived to cultivate the broad spectrum of abilities required by our society, and it is being done at a cost that the people can afford to pay.

Clark Kerr
President of the University
University of California

Congratulations to Milton Levine, M.D., and Maya Pines for their practical, frank article on "Sex: The Problem Colleges Evade." As a graduate of an Eastern women's college who gave birth to a boy five months after marriage in my senior year, I can assure the authors that their statement that colleges "cannot escape responsibility for the emotional and physical life of young people on their campuses" expresses a real and urgent truth. The evasion of the issue by teachers, deans, and even house mothers prohibits young women from turning to them for advice, leaving only the overworked infirmary staff and the college psychiatrist—both unfeasible because they keep written records of all interviews and the student's fear of repercussions is too great.

This problem is but one facet of the larger problem—seen clearly by Michael Novak in "God in the Colleges." He points out the resistance met by the student who is trying to work out his own important personal problems in the light of the new concepts he is learning. This false and harmful separation of the intellect and the personality, the academic life and the physical, must be resolved if today's colleges are going to produce human beings who remember what they learned because it shaped their lives in ways other than earning a higher salary. . . .

Name Withheld

In "God in the Colleges," Michael Novak writes: "Professor Raphael Demos was once quoted as saying, with perhaps his touch of irony, '*Veritas* means we are committed to nothing.'" Mr. Novak does not say who quoted me, and I do not remember that I ever said anything like that. What I do believe is this: that at Harvard we are committed to nothing *but veritas* . . . but as any good teacher knows, truth is a subtle matter and no one can claim with assurance that he has obtained it. Therefore, while we try to instill a respect for truth in our students, we do not venture to tell them what truth is. We have too much respect for them as autonomous human beings.

I am astonished at the extent of the knowledge about Harvard which Mr. Novak seems to have acquired after a stay here of only one year. Although I have been over forty years at Harvard, I am not as sure about *any*thing as Mr. Novak is about *every*thing that he writes concerning Harvard. Some Socratic awareness of one's own ignorance would have been in point here.

My reference to Socrates is deliberate. He is the greatest teacher that ever lived and the teacher of all teachers. As a teacher, Socrates had no message to impart; he described himself as a midwife to his pupils' ideas and opinions. I believe that Socrates in his life and work expresses the ideal of a liberal education for all time—an ideal which Mr. Novak has misinterpreted in two ways at least. First, he assumes that because the teacher does not indoctrinate the student, he has no commitments of his own. This is false. Surely the teacher has his own convictions; he does not, however, try to impose them upon his students. . . .

Second, Mr. Novak assumes that because the teacher does not indoctrinate the student, the teacher does not value conviction in the student. This too is false. What the teacher abhors is con-



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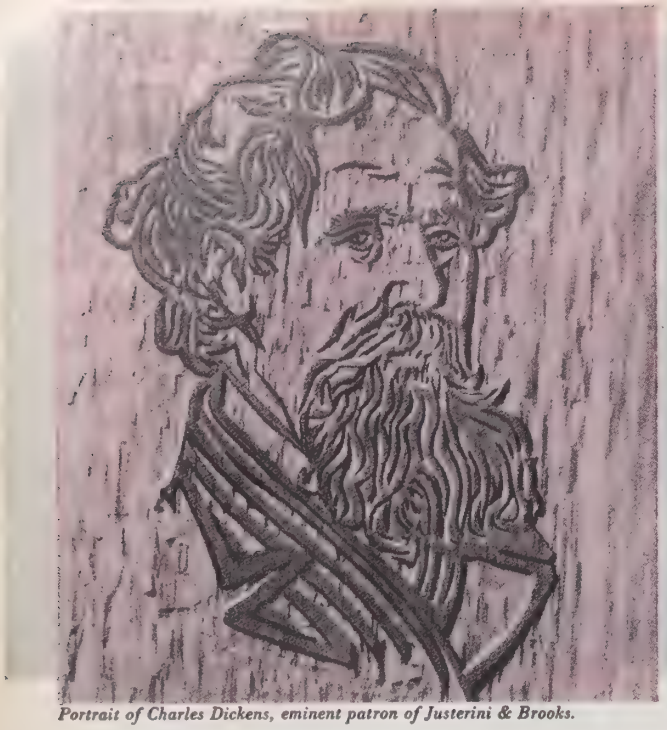
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victions arrived at the easy and the superficial way. What the teacher honors and aims at is convictions based on adequate information and reflection.

Socrates strongly believed that right living was of greater value than mere living, mere survival; what is more, he believed this with passion. Nevertheless, he did not force this conviction upon his pupils; especially did he avoid "passionate" appeals. Because a man holds a conviction with passion, it does not follow that he must proclaim it with passion. Socrates wanted his pupils to arrive at their beliefs by the use of reason and to find out for themselves. This I believe to be the aim of Harvard and of all good colleges.

RAPHAEL DEMOS
Professor of Philosophy
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

MR. NOVAK COMMENTS:

Few are the professors of my acquaintance, at Harvard or elsewhere, in whom I have more admired the qualities I praised in my article than Professor Demos. It is perhaps the whimsical humor of fate—or Providence—that brings one the sorrow of being misinterpreted where one had hoped for spontaneous agreement.

Professor Demos was quoted, exactly as stated, in the *Harvard Crimson* Supplement of June 11, 1959, on page S-5, in the middle of the second column. The article was entitled "Faculty Eschews Pedagogical Proselytizing"—an article which quite clearly presents the position which Professor Demos iterates in his letter, and with which my article implicitly agreed.

I have made neither of the assumptions Professor Demos attributes to me; I abhor them. Neither did I ask that students be made to suffer from "passionate" appeals; no model could better express the inner passion and the outer ever-further questioning—concerning the great human questions—which I was urging than Socrates. Again, my article was *from,* but not *about,* Harvard.

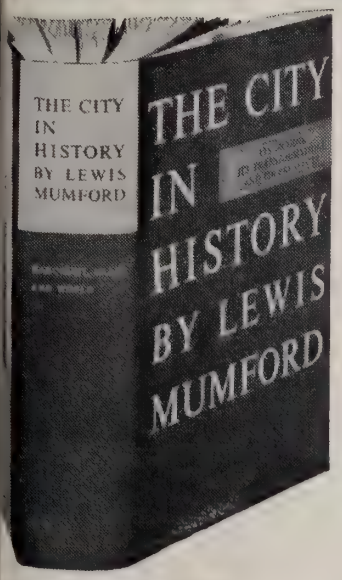
As for my youth, the *Harper's* Supplement apparently wanted the views of young people upon "The College Scene," with whatever risks that entails. As for my humility, I am sorry it has been found wanting in the eyes of a man I deeply admire, and would emulate.

MICHAEL NOVAK
Cambridge, Mass.

I wondered why the word *Bible* did not appear in the text of Michael Novak's "God in the Colleges," since it is the source of spiritual truth for our citizenry of all strata. If its wisdom is too shallow or elusive for the modern

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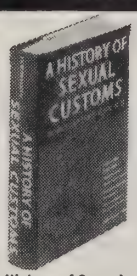
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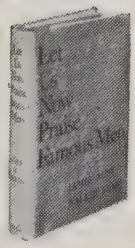
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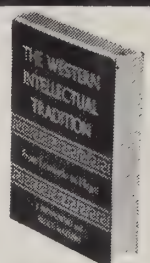
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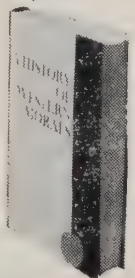
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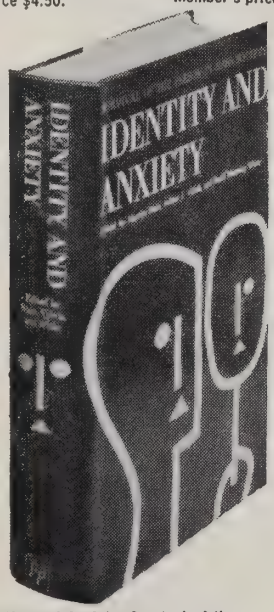
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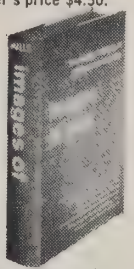
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LETTERS

campus, we sure waste a lot of man-hours on Sunday morning in this country . . .

HERBERT L. HATHAWAY
Telford, Pa.

I wish Charlotte Devree [in "The Young Negro Rebels"] had spent more time on the Negro colleges, so she could have discovered that rebellion is not the ethos of the Negro college student any more so than of any other college student. Unrest, yes; indecision, yes; but this is the character of youth all over the world today. . . .

Careful reading of the Virginia Union catalogue will reveal that it is not a group of Baptist colleges on a single campus, but a University composed of a liberal-arts undergrad school and a graduate theological seminary. . . .

The symptoms of poverty mentioned are real, but to make this indicative of listless education is a fallacy. The lack of response Mrs. Devree noted is easily understood by anyone who has ever been a Negro in America. The American Negro has been taught by our culture to distrust anyone who asks too many questions. One of our great poets has sought to explain this fact to others with his poem: "We Wear the Mask." A true picture of Virginia Union and the other Negro colleges can be assayed only by living with the students long enough to "sit where they sit." . . .

CHARLES J. SARGENT, JR.
Va. Union University, Class of '49
Minister, Union Baptist Church
Stamford, Conn.

I was inspired by Charlotte Devree's article. Such dedication and courage on the part of disadvantaged students compels admiration and respect. I am convinced that these young Negro and white students, committed to the nonviolent philosophy and technique of Martin Luther King, are going to win their struggle. . . .

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

In "The New Campus Magazines," a few brief references to *Analysis* and a short quote from me led Richard Chase to conclude that "conservative students and their teachers have a long way to go before they can match the literacy, learning, and essential seriousness of their left antagonists." *Analysis* was edited and published by two freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps Professor Chase will be good enough to specify which liberal magazines, similarly edited by college freshmen, so far exceed it in literacy and learning as to lead to his conclusion.

As for liberal superiority in "essential seriousness" there is no doubt, and no

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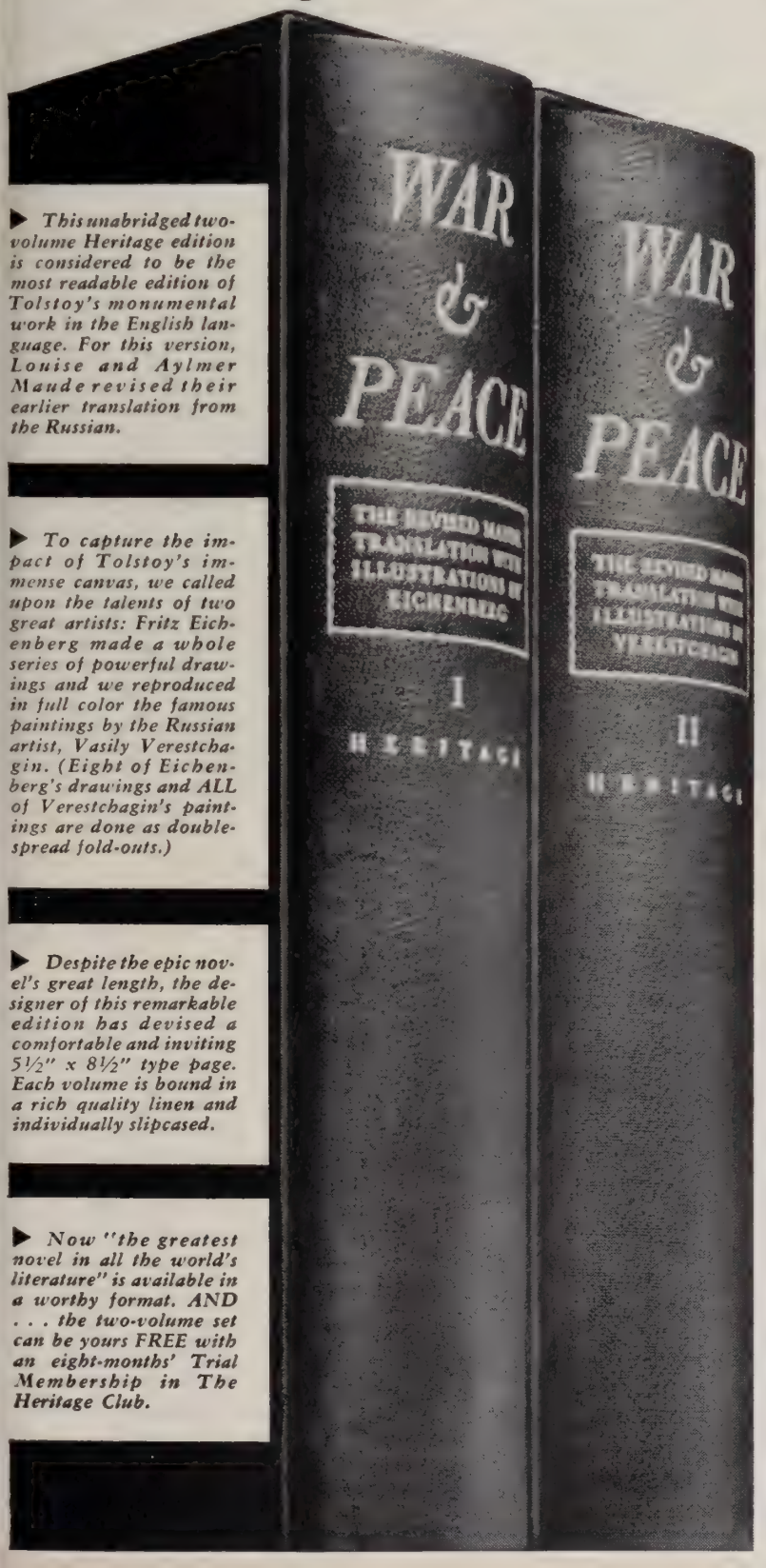
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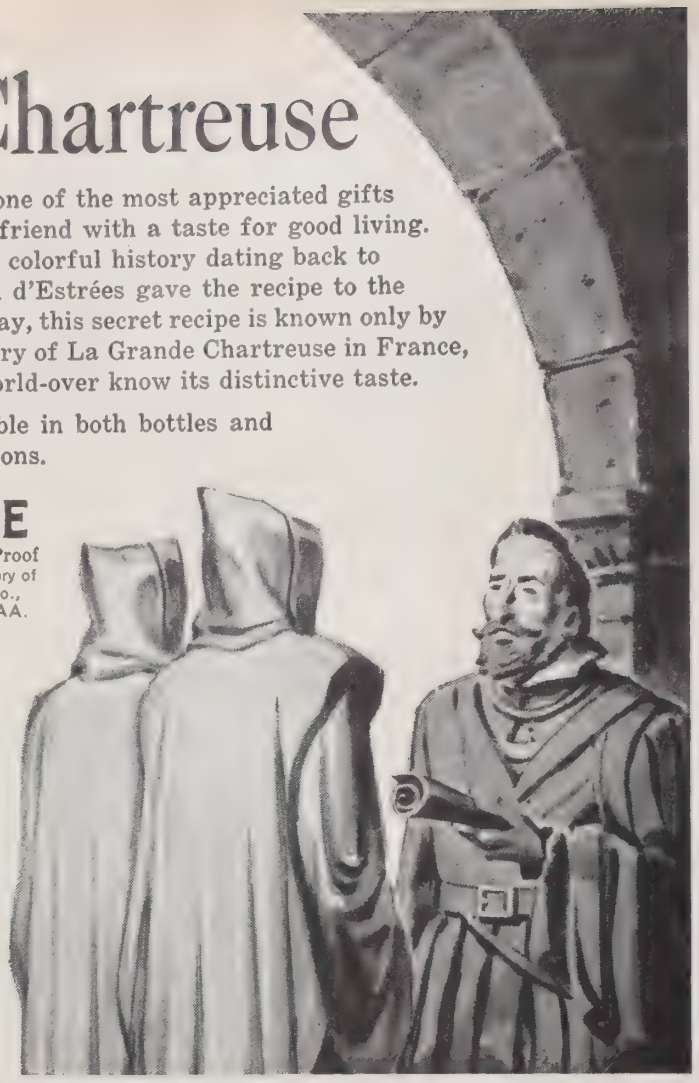
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argument. My quoted phrase ("Pie in the Sky takes a great deal of dough") was a parody of the many such phrases which are found in the lexicon of liberals. Professor Chase not only took it seriously, he took it with "essential seriousness" if not grimly.

A. H. Hobbs
Sociology Department
Wharton School
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. Chase Replies:

Doubtless Professor Hobbs is right in suggesting that I should have stressed the youthfulness of the editors of *Analysis*. As for the hilarious utterance, "Pie in the Sky takes a great deal of dough," I do not see how it can possibly be a parody of anything but itself. Puns in general? They have the virtues of their vices, and vice versa. They also have their place.

Richard Chase
New York, N.Y.

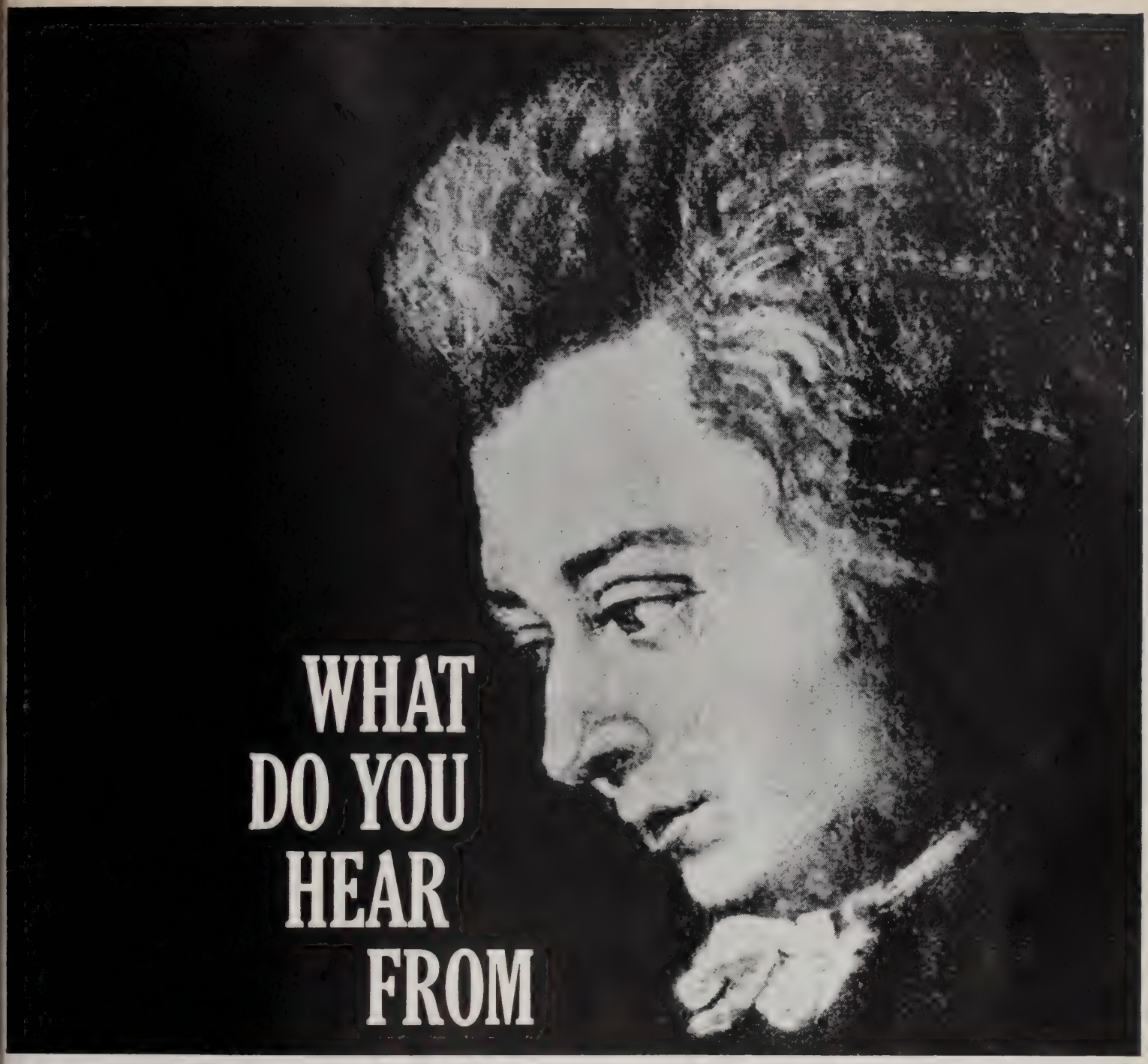
Nathan Glazer [in "The Wasted Classroom"] omitted the most important line open between the collegian and his academic mentor—the direct, noncredit, extra-classroom meeting of teacher and student which is possible in even the largest university. As a former student at Smith and as a summer-session student at the University of California at Berkeley . . . I have seen this communication work and work well. . . . The better teachers at Smith and at Berkeley—and at Georgetown, where I am now doing graduate work—always had lines outside their doors after classes. In most cases, one conference served to spark the student's interest, to instill in him or her a sense of intellectual worth. . . .

Jane E. Lubchansky
Washington, D. C.

A Cultural Debt?

To the Editors:

Herbert Kupferberg, in "The Culture Monopoly at Lincoln Center" [October], skirted an important question. Lincoln Center will be the beneficiary of $30 million of taxpayers' money. . . . Should not then the Center be responsive to the the public interest and does not that interest dictate saving the present Opera House? The Metropolitan Opera Association gained a substantial income when it leased the land under the House, yet the public is asked to contribute as individuals and as taxpayers to the new opera house. A public decision is [in order] to determine if the need for additional concert halls would be helped by saving and reconditioning the Met. . . .



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A Time for High Tea



Photo by Ewing Krainin

The time for High Tea in India is a mood. It arrives leisurely on the marbled courtyards of elegant hotels, amid medieval terraces of palace gardens; it arrives on a 'shikara' built for two, or in a houseboat, on a Kashmir lake miles above the sea...

After a tennis final it comes, or a polo match, a day at the races. The time for it is a *soirée* of dance-drama. The mood comes upon you languidly when the shadows are long and the evening breeze carries the perfume of jasmine and queen-of-the-night. The time for High Tea in India is a time to meet, to sit and talk, to admire.

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Lincoln Center is more than splendid buildings. . . . The Center means the public is being given a voice in hitherto private cultural institutions, whether each of the parties wants it or not, with grave responsibilities for each.

JEROME ZUKOSKY
New York, N.Y.

Texans on the Right

TO THE EDITORS:

I wonder how many readers of your articles on "What They'll Die for in Houston" [Marjorie K. McCorquodale, "The College Scene," October] and "Houston's Superpatriots" [Willie Morris, October] shared my thought: that while an average student at the University of Houston may doubt that anything is worth dying for, a typical Houston superpatriot . . . *knows* his country is worth dying for. While I would prefer the cocktail-party society of the student, I would much rather share a front-line foxhole with the Bircher.

R. E. L. MASTERS
Springdale, Ark.

. . . I wish that Willie Morris had taken his finger out of the superpatriot's eye just long enough to explain to all of us that he, along with many others, prefers neither the far Right nor the far Left. His article does nothing to promote understanding or national purpose. He has succeeded . . . in smearing the word *patriot,* but what substitute for the conception would he suggest?

DOROTHY K. WATEROUS
Saint Paul, Minn.

As a Texan and a product of the Houston independent school system, I applaud to the very echo Mr. Morris' article on the appalling situation in Houston. The real problem is the obvious lack of organization among the liberals. They once laughed; now they are cringing in fear of the new god of the [fanatics], the tape-recorders. . . .

PVT. D. L. DANNENBAUM
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Improving Welfare

TO THE EDITORS:

Edgar May's article, "A Way Out of the Welfare Mess" [October], has put a firm finger on the major flaw in public welfare programs today—overworked, undertrained, and often underpaid social workers. . . . Until the public is aroused to the economy—not only in dollars but in lives—of increasing the training and skills of public welfare workers, the waste will either go on or many needy people will be denied both sustenance and a way out of the troubles.

NORMAN V. LOURIE, Pre
National Assoc. of Social Worke
New York, N.Y

I have read with interest and approva Edgar May's article. He is exactly rigl when he says "Mayors and legislato clamoring . . . for urban renewal mu turn also to human renewal." Obvious the basic need is for government, fe eral, state, and local, to invest heavil right now, in providing a sufficient sta to accomplish this job of human r newal. Somehow the urgency of makin this long overdue investment in prope administration must be impressed upo the governors of our states and on ou state legislators. These are the peopl who hold the key.

RAYMOND M. HILLIARD, Di
Cook County Dept. of Public Ai
Chicago, Il

The process of instituting reforms ca only be accomplished by the policy makers. . . . However, when faced wit a mother and children demandin money, the administration is backed int a corner, the only exit being an eme gency cash grant. All thoughts of train ing and rehabilitation for this mothe can wait for the tomorrow that wil never come. The amount of publi monies spent on welfare recipients i staggering; all of the funds are spent o food, clothing, and the other necessitie There is no money left for training an rehabilitation. The welfare center i which I am employed gives an averag of $18,000 monthly in emergency assist ance alone. . . . Multiply this figure b the number of months in a year and tha sum by the seventeen welfare centers i New York City and you can readily se that the cost to the taxpayers is com pletely out of proportion to the amoun of help that it actually gives. . . .

BERNARD KAT
Social Investigato
N. Y. City Dept. of Welfar
Bronx, N. Y

We are confused about the intro ductory phrase "pious sentimentality o social workers." We are unable to fin anything in the article indicating tha Mr. May interpreted the attitude of hi co-workers in this way. . . .

GLADYS C. HAL
Nat. Assoc. of Social Worker
Colorado Springs, Colo

Mrs. Hale's point is well taken. W regret any offense inadvertently given t professional sensibilities.—THE EDITORS

. . . We are failing woefully in ou efforts to provide the welfare service



Joiner She lives in a nation of joiners, but the "club" she belongs to is not the usual kind. It's a business—set up and run by the consumers themselves. She's part owner of this new supermarket in Maryland suburbia. She has a voice in its management...and enjoys yearly savings on her grocery bill. You'll find "joiners" like her all over America. They're all members of *co-operatives*. They may be apartment dwellers in the Bronx who are their own landlords...or farmers in Oregon who own their own electric company. One thing these 13,000,000 men and women share—a desire to have more control over their economic lives. They're good Americans all...paying their way, but paying less because they've learned to work together co-operatively.

P.S. Thirty-five years ago NATIONWIDE *itself was founded by members of co-ops. That's why we salute the co-operative way with particular interest. If you'd like to learn more about our unique organization, send for our free booklet, "What We're Up To." Write* NATIONWIDE, *Dept. J, 246 No. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.*

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You can now buy excellent eggnog mixes. Simply add 8 oz. of Merito Rum to each quart of mix.

Hot Rum Toddy
Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1 oz. hot water in mug or glass. Add 1½ oz. Merito Rum, clove-studded lemon slice. Fill with 4 oz. boiling water, add cinnamon stick.

Hot Buttered Rum
Place 2 oz. Merito Rum, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, pinch of nutmeg, in preheated mug or old-fashioned glass. Fill with boiling water. Drop in generous pat of butter. Carefully float a tablespoon of flaming rum on top.

[illegible] CO., N.Y. 80 PROOF.

with the most basic of tools. Recent Congressional action rejected funds from the appropriation bill for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare that would have provided for the training of public welfare personnel. If we are to develop the "experimental units" which Mr. May discusses, training funds of this kind are of the utmost importance. . . .

SHERMAN MERLE
Asst. Prof., School of Social Work
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

This is an exceedingly interesting and timely presentation of the range of problems which confront welfare workers. Mr. May has done a remarkably discerning job in pointing out both the shortcomings and the opportunities in this field.

LOULA DUNN, Dir.
American Public Welfare Assoc.
Chicago, Ill.

Ivan's Belle

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you so much for Norman Halliday's interesting account ["The Proper Tool Will Do the Job," October] of the career and fate of the Mississippi steamboat *Begonia Belle* [which was "sent to Russia under Lend-Lease . . . and they refused to give her up"]. It clears up finally a curious incident which occurred when I was in Russia shortly after the late war. . . .

It had become an article of faith that the Soviet Union did not possess fleet aircraft carriers. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when in a large secluded cove near Archangel, I observed a carrier of truly remarkable proportions, busily engaged in landing four-engine bombing planes. More puzzling still was the name hastily lettered in Cyrillic characters on her side—*Byelorussian Belle*. But the oddest feature was that the carrier was propelled by a large paddle wheel.

I understand now what had happened. With their curious lack of reverence for cultural treasures other than their own, the Russians had stripped *Begonia Belle* down to the hull and were craftily preparing to spring her in a fleet review, to give us an inferiority complex from which we might never recover. . . .

(The *Belle*'s capacious pilot-house, I have since ascertained, was removed in one piece, and laboriously transported by air and oxtrain to Sverdlovsk, where it now serves as the central meeting hall of the Young Communist League.)

RONALD S. BONN
New York, N.Y.

JOHN FISCHER

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Christmas List

GRATEFUL holiday greetings to a list of people and institutions who have done something special during the past year to add to the gaiety and comfort of mankind:

1. To Mrs. Betty Friedan of Rockland County, New York, for what may be the happiest idea of the year in education. She persuaded seventy-five of the county's best scientists, painters, writers, and lawyers to help out in their spare time in the local schools. Some of them give Saturday seminars to especially bright and ambitious students. A Columbia University scientist takes a car full of eighth-graders into his laboratory on Saturday mornings. A famous artist is coaching a talented high-school junior in painting. Still other members of the Resources Pool drop into classrooms whenever they are summoned by the teacher, to give expert help on subjects ranging from anthropology to poetry.

As a consequence, Rockland County youngsters are getting, for free, the kind of education that no money could buy. And the whole community, under the leadership of a PTA committee, is getting some exhilarating experience in working together to solve its own problems, without state or federal help. Other towns all over the country already are asking Rockland residents for advice in setting up similar plans—and the New World Foundation got so interested that it put up $13,000 to help mesh the scheme into the public school system.

2. In the field of sports, to imaginative pioneers on three continents:

(a) The witch doctors of Southern Rhodesia, who are turning a nice shilling by supplying charms to the local soccer teams. A few pence will buy magic powder to rub onto a player's body. For a slightly higher fee, the doctor will whip up arm amulets for the whole squad. And for ten pounds he will produce the Surefire Economy-Size Medicine—a bundle of secret cult-objects buried at midnight in the playing field, with incantations, before a championship game. (Even here, however, American habits are creeping in. When a team drops too many games, its witch doctor gets fired just as fast as a baseball manager who finishes eighth.)

(b) The Surrey and Burstow Hunt, which is trying to introduce fox hunting to the British masses by selling memberships on the installment plan. Now any grocery clerk can follow the hounds, just like Jorrocks, by making a small down payment and spreading the rest of his dues —about $112—over a full year. Special rates available for families and for children under seventeen.

(c) The citizens of Westport, Connecticut—a stronghold of Republicanism—who are enjoying the first socialized country club in America. When a privately-owned 191-acre club came onto the market last year, the town bought it for just under $2 million and turned it into a municipal pleasure ground—complete with clubhouse, golf course, tennis courts, pool, cabanas, cottages, and five restaurants. Any Westport family can join for $10 a year, plus modest fees for golf and tennis. First Selectman Herbert E. Baldwin, a brass-bound conservative like every other respectable Westportian, has described this experiment with creeping socialism as "the most marvelous thing that ever happened to our town."

3. To Edmund G. Love whose "Subways Are for Sleeping" was published in Harper's *in March 1956.* The story of a down-and-outer who lived in New York City for three years on practically no money at all, it later grew into a best-selling book. Now it is being processed into a Broadway musical and a film, both financed by Frank Sinatra with commitments already of "close to a million dollars." Although innumerable *Harper's* pieces—by authors as diverse as Kenneth Galbraith, Roald Dahl, and Gypsy Rose Lee—have developed into books, * plays, TV

* For others, see pp. 106-108.

shows, and musicals, Mr. Love's literary investment appears to be the most lucrative growth stock to date.

4. To Alfred A. Knopf for a unique—and historically invaluable—motion picture. When he was a fledgling publisher, in the early 'twenties, he usually carried on his travels a 16-mm. Bell & Howell camera. With it he made informal shots of his favorite authors—H. L. Mencken enjoying a party in his shirt sleeves, Thomas Mann at an Alpine resort, anarchist Emma Goldman aboard ship on her disillusioning voyage to Russia, Max Beerbohm in a London street, Willa Cather looking regal, Elinor Wylie looking bewitching, George Jean Nathan looking like a dissipated leprechaun, Joseph Hergesheimer, Oswald Spengler, Carl Van Vechten, Walter de la Mare, and many others trying hard to look like distinguished writers.

Thousands of feet of such film, tucked away in a drawer in the Knopf office, were forgotten for nearly thirty years. They were discovered a few months ago when the firm moved into new quarters. Louis de Rochemont Associates converted the best of the footage—much had deteriorated beyond salvage—into a half-hour documentary, with a sound track narrated by Mr. Knopf himself. Under the title "A Publisher Is Known by the Company He Keeps," it will be released next year to schools, colleges, commercial theatres, and anybody else who wants an intimate glimpse into a Golden Age of American letters.

5. To the police department of Birmingham, England, which is gingerly preparing to hire Britain's first Negro constable. Thousands of Negro policemen have of course been working for decades in scores of American cities. But to the British—who always have plenty to say about race relations in America—this still looks like a dangerously advanced step. Scotland Yard has no intention of hiring Negro police for London, in spite of its rapidly rising colored population, on the grounds that they "would not be willingly accepted by the public."

6. To the restaurant keepers along U.S. 40 in Maryland, the main route between Washington and New York, for an inspiring demonstration of patriotism. Using exactly the same argument as Scotland Yard, some refused to serve African diplomats driving to and from Washington, in spite of pleas from the State Department and even the Governor of Maryland. At this writing six diplomats, and in some cases their wives and children, have been subjected to such insults—all of them widely and bitterly reported in the African press.

To illustrate the devotion of Marylanders to the national interest, one restaurateur explained that "if we serve Negroes we will be out of business, because our regular patrons will not come here, and that is the story in a nutshell."

7. To the Republican organization of New York, for its courage in nominating Mrs. Dorothy Bell Lawrence as its candidate for Manhattan borough president. Mrs. Lawrence is a member of the two most discriminated-against minorities in New York politics: (a) women and (b) white Protestants. To get anywhere in the city's public life, one ordinarily has to be not only a man but also either a Negro, a Catholic, or a Jew. The borough presidency—a wholly unnecessary patronage sinecure—has traditionally been reserved by both parties for Negroes.

Mrs. Lawrence, who happens to be highly qualified for public office, had no real chance—but her nomination was a heartening break away from the old pattern of "balanced tickets" which has long afflicted the city.

8. To the people responsible for four hopeful efforts to make this continent a little more livable:

(a) The government of Quebec Province, which began last summer to enforce, for the first time, a twenty-eight-year-old law forbidding billboards along the province's highways. As a result, thousands of signs and billboards were torn down—to the joy of both Canadians and American tourists, who can at last get an unmarred look at Quebec's lovely countryside.

(b) Mrs. Mary Lasker, who probably has done more than any other living person to rescue New York City from its rising tide of ugliness. Five years ago she persuaded the city to let her plant flowers, at her own expense, along four blocks of the mall which runs down the center of Park Avenue. The experiment evoked so much delighted comment that the municipal officials graciously permitted her to extend her garden for eighteen blocks more. Finally it dawned on Mayor Wagner and his fellow politicians that a bit of beauty might be a political asset. They took the project over for the city, and even began to experiment with plantings of flowers and greenery along Fifth Avenue and a few other streets.

(c) Shell Oil Company, for its decision to drop all advertising of its products on billboards, and to concentrate its consumer advertising exclusively in newspapers. At one stroke it not only withdrew support from the nation's No. 1 Eyesore Industry, but gave a much-needed boost to the country's press—which has found it increasingly hard to survive under rising costs and the siphoning away of advertising by TV and other media.

(d) The California Roadside Council for pub-



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Above you see 42 whisky barrels, one each of the fine Highland Scotches that are harmonized to make Ballantine's. Why 42? Because each of these Scotches has its own distinctive personality. (Can you notice the subtle color differences of the Scotches in the tester's glasses above?) Only these 42 whiskies are wed in pa[illegible]. The result is Ballantine's pleasing, sunny-light flavor and gentle disposition.



The lake in the background above is Loch Lomond. Its water is used in an important step during the making of Ballantine's, when the matured whiskies are brought to the proper proof. Being uncommonly soft, this water lends some of the Loch's celebrated serenity to the spirit.

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lishing a handbook which tells ordinary private citizens what they can do to beautify their own communities. In specific, step-by-step terms, it explains how residents can join forces to make their town more attractive . . . how to landscape highway approaches . . . how to encourage improvement of private property . . . how to get rid of street-side eyesores* . . . how to use city planning aids and services . . . how to make the most of key locations . . . and dozens of other practical measures for improvement. The booklet is illustrated with hundreds of examples of what already has been accomplished in California cities—demonstrating that "civic beauty has real, tangible value" in attracting new residents and new business firms. Copies of the booklet, entitled "More Attractive Communities for California," can be obtained from the California Roadside Council, Inc., 12 Garces Drive, San Francisco, 27.

9. To Morris L. Ernst, New York lawyer, for his somewhat eccentric one-man campaign to improve the quality of college teaching.

Out of his own pocket, Mr. Ernst has established $100 annual awards at the University of Texas and Williams College, Massachusetts, for the teacher who does most "to excite the minds" of his students. Each year the winner will be selected, not by the faculty, but by a group of "honorable, thoughtful," and academically outstanding students.

The winner is required to spend his $100 on books—outside of his own field of specialization. On the theory that most professors have to be thrifty in their book-buying, confining themselves largely to their own special fields, he thought it would be fun for his awardee to have "a wonderful hour or two to splurge" in a bookstore. As a by-product, such a spree may result in better teaching, by broadening the professor's acquaintanceship with modern fiction, poetry, and other exotic subjects.

Incidentally, while he was at the University of Texas arranging for his award, Mr. Ernst spent many hours talking with students and faculty members. He left convinced that "this is the most underestimated campus in America" . . . that it is "bubbling with more intellectual excitement than I have encountered at any Eastern college" . . . and that Texas itself has not yet realized "what an extraordinary intellectual renaissance it has on its hands."

* In the last Congressional debate on the Neuberger Amendment to curb billboards on the new federal highways, Senator Case, Republican from South Dakota, read to his colleagues a story from Mark Twain's *A Tramp Abroad*. As Twain reported it, an American patent medicine peddler painted his slogan on a big rock in one of Switzerland's scenic valleys. He was captured and dragged into court. When the judge discovered he was an American, he said to him:

"You are from a land where any insolent that wants to is privileged to profane and insult Nature, if by so doing he can put a sordid penny in his pocket. But here the case is different. Because you are a foreigner and ignorant, I will make the sentence light—you will immediately remove every trace of your offensive work, you will pay a fine of ten thousand francs, you will suffer two years imprisonment at hard labor, you will then be horsewhipped, tarred and feathered, deprived of your ears, ridden on a rail to the edge of town, and banished forever. The severer penalties are omitted in your case—not as a grace to you, but to that great republic which had the misfortune to give you birth."

Regrettably, however, Senator Case did not ask Congress to incorporate the Twain Penalties in its anti-billboard legislation.

LAST December it was suggested here that the Christmas card habit was getting out of hand; and that instead of overburdening the mails, and our friends, with another bushel of greetings, we might all do well to send an equivalent amount of money to CARE, to help feed hungry children in countries overseas.

Richard W. Reuter, the executive director of CARE, has since reported that these "sentiments are being echoed far and wide." The number of individuals "choosing to express their Christmas greetings through CARE" is steadily increasing—and "more and more corporations are sending CARE packages overseas in the name of people to whom they previously sent the customary gifts."

So best wishes to everybody for a Cardless Christmas.

PERSISTENCE PAYS

The biographer James Boswell, we now know from his journals, was the most human of men, forever making good resolutions and breaking them, yet capable of remarkable patience and determination when his goal was important to him. After all, only a man of enormous persistence and monumental ambition could have conceived and carried to completion that masterpiece of English biography that is "The Life of Samuel Johnson."

There's probably more than a bit of Boswell in most of us. We have more good intentions than we can make come true. But there is usually one project dear to our hearts that we give ourselves wholeheartedly to—a job, a hobby, a favorite charity, or, perhaps most satisfactory of all, a family.

Have you made plans for your family's future, for their share of the good things of life? If not, why not take an important step today? Send for a copy of our basic booklet called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* It's not an open sesame to wealth, but it is a straight-to-the-point introduction to investing as a means of improving your lot — and your family's. It's free for the asking, with no strings attached.

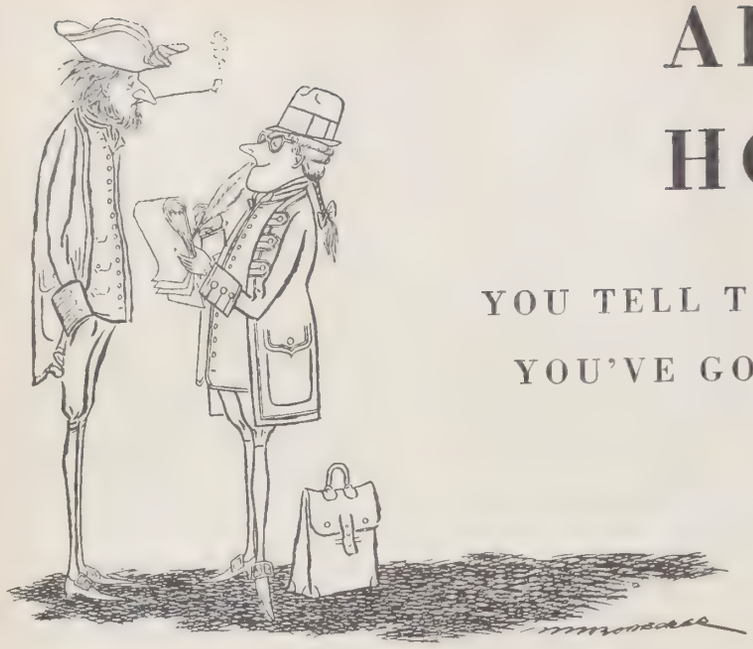
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AFTER HOURS



YOU TELL THEM, POP—YOU'VE GOT THE VOX

By Noel Perrin

Mr. Perrin teaches English at Dartmouth and is the author of a book of essays, "A Passport Secretly Green."

AN AGE that is prepared to make serious decisions on the basis that 71 per cent of Americans in some survey would rather be dead than Red, or that 42 per cent in some other distrust Mr. Kennedy, or that 14 per cent think Walt Disney should be President—such an age is bound to be interested in the group thinking of its ancestors. In particular, it should be interested in a curious document that came to light last spring. A friend of mine who works for the Census Bureau found it in an old brass-bound chest. He was down in a storeroom helping to pack records for shipment to an atomic shelter when he stumbled across this old chest in a back corner. Naturally he put his work down and opened it. Inside he found a thick folder tied up with crumbling string. Across the front was a title written in confident black script:

"A Trustie and Reliable Survey of Publick Response to the Proposed War with England. Prepared by Ben Franklin Associates and the Adams Polling Company, by Order of the First Continental Congress, 1774."

My friend is not a scholar, and I don't guarantee that what follows is letter-perfect. But allowing for minor mistakes (and correcting *ye* to *the* after the first phrase or two), this is how the report read:

. . .

ON YE fifth of September, 1774 ye delegates to ye Continental Congress commissioned a study of Publick Opinion in ye thirteen colonies, that they might better know the will of the People. For no great Operation on the Body Politick should be approved, unless first there be a taking of the Pulse. To this end, forty able men were hired, each a trained questioner, such as a Barber, Newspaperman, or Common Gossip. These forty did each interrogate one hundred others, the most of the Common Sort, but some also of the Gentry. To every man were put four questions. First, Are you content with the present System of Government, that we be ruled from London? Second, Do you resent having British Troops quartered in your Colony? Third, What other Grievances have you against England? Fourth, Suppose the Colonies should declare their Independence from the British Crown. Would you take arms to preserve that Independence?

The Survey hath been completed this sixteenth of October. Here followeth a Summation of the Findings, together with an Appendix composed of complete Tables of Statisticks for each Colony.

To the first question, 1,116 people did say they were satisfied with the present System, and that we should not change; 983 were not satisfied, and said we should; and 422 did ask, What System? (These last included many Frontiersmen.) One thousand, four hundred and seventy-nine did say they had not thought on the matter.

To the second question, concerning the Quartering Act, the response was in no wise expected. Thirty-o of thirty-two men questioned in A gusta, Georgia, did say they wish there were more British Troo among us. All of eight maid-servar in New-York City felt the same wa It was even so throughout the C onies, save only among Nests of Eg heads in Boston, among Tutors Colleges, and among those on who the troops are actually Quartere For example:

"Someone's got to fight those din blasted Indians," said a Connectic Merchant.

"Best customers I've got," spak an Albany Tavern-keeper. "Let's n kick out the chaps now."

"Their officers make the only civ Escorts for Quadrilles," a Youn Lady of Quality told our interr gator in Philadelphia, while h Hair-dresser did giggle and ad "Nay, who can resist a Red Coat?"

In sum, it appeareth that only a Informed Minority have the leas understanding of the Trouble (le alone the Expense) brought on u by the presence of this Tyrannizin Army.

Of smaller Grievances the inte rogators found a many. Almost 1,70 of those questioned do much con demn the tax on Tea. Several lead ing Clergymen wished there migh be a Bishop in America, to the en that we should be spared our de grading dependence on the Lor Bishop of London. Many in Town complain fiercely of the Stamp Ta (though many more do not seem t understand what it is). One hundred and sixty-three persons objected i principle to Taxation without Rep resentation. Most Merchants oppose the Restrictions on foreign trade and manufacture.

But it must be admitted that a majority do not hold even one Grievance strongly. And while hundreds were filled with Intelligent Anger, it was discouraging to find that those who gave Frippery Answers were numbered in the Thousands. A few examples will suffice. A New-York apprentice, questioned on Tea, said, "Beat it, Dad. I frequent the Coffee House." A New-Hampshire politician (much fuddled with rum, and speaking his Mind) extolled monarchy openly. "The British, God bless them, they're making baronets by the bushel. Look at Sir William Pepperell and Sir

John Bernard in Massachusetts-Bay. There's Sir William Johnson in New-York, Sir Nathaniel Duckinfield in North-Carolina, Sir James Wright in Georgia. I aim to be Sir Silas myself. Begone with your damned treason." A Scottish blacksmith in Virginia said King George had an Honest Face, the which was enough for him. Seven brothers who own a rich farm in Pennsylvania admitted they had never even heard of the Stamp Tax, and when it was explained to them, they said they wouldn't care if it was doubled. "None of us reads, none of us stidies law, and none of us aims to do either," the eldest brother explained.

To our final question, "Would you take up arms for Independence?", the replies were equally discouraging. Nine hundred and sixty-two men either said flatly, Nay, or threatened to report our Interrogator to the Governor. Seven hundred and three, mostly in New-England, said flatly, Yea. Another 839 said they might, "be that I get riled up," or if the pay is to be good. Twelve hundred and thirty-seven would not say, and generally demanded to know who would look after their farms and keep off the Indians if they came East to fight. The remaining 259 were Females, and they were not asked the last question.

When the entire Survey is considered, the Interrogators are of the opinion that there doth not exist Publick Support for the proposed War. Our people are ill-informed, scantly concerned, and sadly Muddy in their Thinking. Opinion, what there be of it, lieth more against the War than for it. No cause can hope to succeed with so little Backing. We therefore recommend to the honourable Delegates that the Continental Congress be disbanded, and that plans for Independence be laid on the Shelf. If conditions warrant, another and larger Survey might perhaps be profitably made in ten years.

(signed) Ira Beadle
Director of the Survey
October 16, 1774

• • •

IT WAS late afternoon when my friend finished deciphering all this. Despite the obviously epochal nature of his find, he decided to save the tables of statistics for the next day and get on home. Then, as he was



RICKS OF HARD MAPLE are still burned in the Hollow for charcoal to smooth out Jack Daniel's Tennessee sippin' whiskey.



Ever since Jack Daniel built our small distillery in 1866, we've been Charcoal Mellowing our whiskey. That calls for bringing in hard maple, sawing it up, and rick-burning it in the open air. The charcoal is packed tightly in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop. We're sure Mr. Jack would still approve of the *sippin'* smooth results. And after a sip, we believe, you'll approve, too.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

©1961, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (Pop. 384), TENN.



The Great 20th Century ADVENTURE!

Now you can sail from Port Everglades (23 miles north of Miami, 2 miles from Fort Lauderdale), Florida to far corners of the world, or completely around it on splendid passenger ships of the Nederland Line Royal Dutch Mail. Continental cuisine and attentive service reflect expert Dutch supervision that assures peace of mind on a journey that circles the globe. Enjoy the luxury of First Class or the economy of One Class or Tourist Class—for only $9 to $17 a day.



Modern passenger flagship—featuring around-the-world voyages of about 76 days. First Class rates from $1352; Tourist Class from $885.

FEBRUARY 2, 1962

Sail from Port Everglades to Southampton; Amsterdam; Genoa; Port Said; Suez; Colombo, Ceylon; Singapore; Fremantle, Melbourne and Sydney, Australia; Wellington, New Zealand; Papeete, Tahiti; Balboa/Cristobal, Panama. Due Port Everglades Apr. 19. Other Sailings:

Apr. 20, Sept. 8, 1962.



One Class motor vessel—offering thrift voyages around-the-world of about 91 days. One Class rates from $895.

MARCH 10, 1962

Sail from Port Everglades (Mar. 14 from New York) to Southampton; Amsterdam; Genoa; Port Said; Suez; Colombo, Ceylon; Fremantle, Melbourne and Sydney, Australia; Wellington, New Zealand; Papeete, Tahiti; Balboa/Cristobal, Panama. Due Port Everglades June 9. Other Sailings: June 10, †Sept. 8, 1962.

†Special one-way voyage via Europe to Australia and New Zealand. Then to Fremantle (Perth) for Empire Games, with ship as hotel.

Ask your travel agent for free folder and current sailing schedule.

DUTCH WORLD SERVICES

Holland-America Line

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

closing the folder and preparing to put it back in the chest, he noticed something written under the title. Closer examination showed it to be a dozen lines of script, in a handwriting he swears he has seen before. It was a note running thus:

"Barber Beadle's report was read to the assembled Delegates this seventeenth day of October. When 'twas finished, a Poltroon among us rose. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'four thousand Colonials can't be wrong. We had better give up all thought of Independence.' An hubbub followed.

"Then stood up one of our greatest men. 'No Statesman,' he began 'was ever moved by the Casual Opinions of a few thousand Idlers. What the People do is like to be sound, but their Chance Answers are so much Moonshine.

" 'Gentlemen, we know our cause is just. We know that Independence must come. The flow of History can be stopped neither by a lunatick King nor an ignorant Populace. Let us get on with plans for the war.'

"When the Cheering had died, 'twas Voted that the Survey be put aside. 'Twas further Voted that as it was the First of its kind, so let it be the last. God grant that in our future no just call to Arms shall be stilled—nor no foolish one made louder—through such Trumpery as this."

My friend has still not learned from his subconscious which of our founding fathers wrote that note. He refuses to give the original to me, or to anyone else. But he has made me a copy, and I have thought it well, without further delay, to submit it to a candid world.

HARK, THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE SINGS

The following office memo was tapped out, during his After Hours, by a gentleman who happens to be an executive of a large corporation.

MEMORANDUM: Yuletide Greetings
FROM: Director of Communications
TO: Salaried Personnel

I. Purpose of this Memorandum

To regularize and introduce orderly patterns into the transmission of Yuletide greetings among Company personnel.

II. General Considerations

While the Company grants all reasonable discretion to employees, it cannot give its endorsement to cards or other forms of greetings which do not reflect good business judgment. For example:

1. Cards with an unduly religious bias, either in their illustrations or their sentiments, are not considered consistent with the sound business sense which forms the basis of the corporate image.

2. Cards bearing foreign languages or illustrating the celebration of Christmas by foreigners are not deemed advisable.

3. Cards of unduly small size (less than 10 square inches) tend to suggest that either the Company or the individual employee is in an unwholesome financial condition.

4. Humor has no place within the solemnity of this context.

5. Reference to a "prosperous New Year," while appropriate for transmission to customers, is considered totally inappropriate with respect to suppliers who may be recipients of Yuletide messages.

Note: Since the Company's contract with the Union expires on June 30, it is imperative that no message to employees represented by the Union convey wishes for a "prosperous" New Year.

6. Allusions to or drawings of Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, Father Christmas, or any other symbol suggesting advocacy of welfare or something for nothing are to be avoided as incompatible with the free competitive enterprise system.

III. Preparation of Greetings

The work of addressing, signing, and otherwise preparing cards shall be done only on employees' own personal time—subject, however, to these provisions:

A. By special order of the Director, Employee Benefits and Administration, sick leave may be used for this work.

B. The Company offices shall be open from the hours of 7:00 A.M. until 12:00 noon on the second Saturday before Christmas for the preparation of cards.

C. Under no circumstances shall fatigue incident to the preparation of greetings be allowed to interfere

with an employee's normal work.

D. Employees shall open and examine cards only on their own time.

IV. Distribution Procedures

A. Grade Level of Recipient

1. The sending of greetings upward shall be limited to personnel not more than two (2) grades above the sender. (This procedure further implements the Company's continuing efforts to reduce the burdens of excess executive paper work.)

2. The sending of greetings downward shall be limited to personnel one (1) level below the sender. To send greetings further down could be construed as implying relationships and/or advancement prospects which do not exist.

3. The sending of greetings to recipients on the same level as the communicator shall be unrestricted except that the Christmas season and its communication opportunities shall not be used to build "political" support for the communicator or otherwise advance his personal ambitions.

B. Postage

1. The use of the Company's stamps or postage meters shall be restricted to members of the Executive Committee and executives reporting directly to such members provided, however, that with express permission of their manager on a case-by-case basis, sales executives distributing cards to actual or prospective customers may also use Company stamps or meters.

2. The Company's internal mail service may be used by employees for the distribution of greeting cards in quantities equaling the result of dividing 100 by the number of levels the sender is below the level of members of the Committee.

C. Verbal Greetings

The distribution of appropriate verbal Christmas greetings may be conducted without restriction during the lunch hour and on employees' own time before and after regularly scheduled working hours.

V. Disclaimer

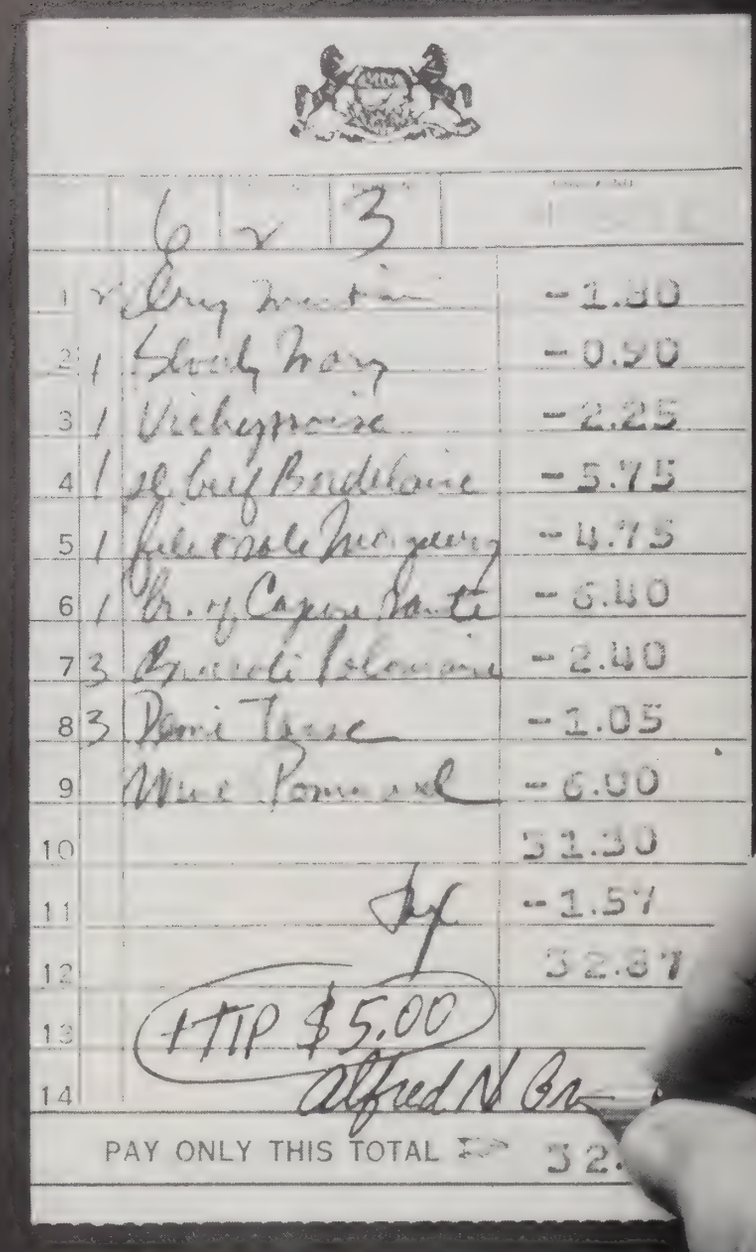
This memorandum is intended solely to implement the intent of the Board of Directors and Executive Committee in the observance of the Season, and nothing herein shall be construed as unduly restricting the freedom of employees to express their sentiments.



For nearly 200 years, the delicious dry luxury of Hine Cognac has made this export of France the unquestioned choice of discriminating people the world over.



"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF



Living it up...on nothing down

You see him in all the best places, driving the expensive car, flying the oceans, treading the soft carpeting of the executive suite—the 1961 American, living it up on nothing down.

And the guy who works for him has caught the virus, too. It's so easy to spend those two weeks island hopping the Caribbean (Pay Nothing Until April!), pick up that outboard, replace that old washing machine. Buy now. Why not? Pay later? Ah, there's the rub.

"How Serious The Challenge?"—an Autumn series on our national economy by the seven CBS Owned Radio Stations—explored the credit explosion on its premiere program, "Credit Buying: How Much Are We In Hock?"—produced by WCBS New York.

On succeeding weeks the other six stations produced illuminating programs on other phases of our economy: "Employment: East" (WCAU Philadelphia); "Employment: West" (KCBS San Francisco); "Old Age: Care for Senior Citizens" (KNX Los Angeles); "Urban Development and the Housing Problem" (KMOX St. Louis); "Civil Defense" (WEEI Boston); and "Wages and Prices" (WBBM Chicago).

Who cares about statistics? We heard a voice of misery finding new hope in the promise that his Pennsylvania ghost town would be brought back to life. We heard the octogenarian who is finishing his years on Social Security. We heard the factory owner, the cabinet member, the banker, the miner with sweaty face. Local people on their local stations, digging into national problems.

Only the CBS Owned Radio Stations—with their strategic locations and skilled staffs, who know what the problems are and how to present them—could explore such questions in depth. And only these stations did it.

This is grown-up radio, full-range radio, idea radio — presenting challenging thoughts to substantial people. People with real concern, real influence, real money in their wallets.

These are the people you reach most often, with most impact, on . . .

THE CBS OWNED RADIO STATIONS

WCBS New York, WBBM Chicago, WCAU Philadelphia, WEEI Boston, KMOX St. Louis, KCBS San Francisco, KNX Los Angeles.

Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales.

Harper's MAGAZINE

THE STRANGE ROMANCE BETWEEN JOHN L. LEWIS AND CYRUS EATON

NAT CALDWELL AND
GENE S. GRAHAM

The first full report on a case revealing a conspiracy in which a big union and a big capitalist got together to force little coal mines out of business and thousands of miners out of work.

ALMOST unnoticed by the rest of the country, the story of an amazing conspiracy in the coal industry has been unfolded in a federal court in Tennessee.* The trial record and the verdict have incalculable implications—for business, for union members, for every taxpayer, and perhaps even for the future of American law and politics. It is too early to say whether the consequences will be good, evil, or a mixture of both. But testimony at the trial discloses, among other things, that:

(1) The United Mine Workers—whose chieftain, John L. Lewis, is an almost mythical hero of American labor—quietly became a big stockholder in some of the nation's largest coal mines.

(2) A union-controlled company broke a strike of the UMW's own members. They worked in small "inefficient" mines which competed with those mechanized through the use of UMW money.

(3) The union was found guilty of conspiring with large coal companies to monopolize the soft-coal industry and drive small firms into bankruptcy.

(4) The union's money was used to finance certain big deals of Cyrus S. Eaton who in return helped mastermind the UMW's financial adventures. (The cozy relationship between Lewis and Eaton looks odd, in the light of Lewis' implacable war against Communists in his union and Eaton's proudly proclaimed friendship with Nikita Khrushchev. In fact, however, this is

* In the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Tennessee. Northern Division. John L. Lewis and Josephine Roche, as Trustees of the United Mine Workers of America Welfare and Retirement Fund, and Henry G. Schmidt, Trustee, Plaintiffs, *vs.* James M. Pennington, Raymond Phillips and Burse Phillips, individually and trading as Phillips Brothers Coal Company, Defendants, *vs.* United Mine Workers of America, Cross-Defendant. Civil Action No. 3431.

Lewis' second unlikely marriage of convenience—Communist stalwarts were numbered among his tools and supporters when he organized the CIO in the 1930s.)

(5) As financier of coal mines, Lewis' union now sits on both sides of the bargaining table—in effect making deals with itself.

(6) The trial disclosed that these manipulations have resulted in a sharp drop in the price of coal to consumers—including the Tennessee Valley Authority, biggest customer of all and long the darling of American liberals.

(7) A companion result is the rapid growth of automation in coal mines, a sharp reduction in the number of miners (and union members), and a steady rise in relief costs for men whose jobs are gone forever.

(8) More surprisingly—the union's bankroll has not dwindled with its membership. Profitable investments pour dividends into the treasury. And the multi-million-dollar Welfare and Retirement Fund still collects forty cents for every ton of soft coal mined—whether it is dug by men or machines.

(9) By drastically cutting production costs the UMW-management combine has apparently revived the dying coal industry and enabled it to compete once more with other fuels.

On balance, does this add up to Good or Bad? An answer is equally difficult for traditional liberals (who grew up in reverence of Lewis, TVA, and low prices for the consumer) and traditional conservatives (who grew up hating Lewis, TVA, unions, and featherbedding). In this unprecedented situation—which may yet become the pattern for other major industries—both liberals and conservatives find it hard to say which side they are on. Maybe both labels have lost their traditional meanings.

For more than five years the men most deeply affected refused to believe what was happening. The story has now been confirmed under oath. And on May 19, 1961, a federal jury in Knoxville found the United Mine Workers guilty of violating the antitrust laws—although hitherto all unions had been exempt from such prosecutions. In effect, the case held that the exemption does not apply when a union becomes part of ownership or conspires with its ancient enemies in restraint of trade.

The final act in this drama is still to be written, for the Knoxville verdict is being appealed. At this point, however, it is possible to present for the first time a complete synopsis of the plot and the cast of characters. Properly the spotlight should focus first on the star performers.

Nathan G. Caldwell, a staff writer for the "Nashville Tennessean," specializes in regional economic and social problems. He has been both a Nieman and a Rosenwald Fellow. His persistent research on TVA activities over twenty years brought to light much of the information in this article.

Gene S. Graham, an editorial writer, columnist, and cartoonist for the "Tennessean," has covered all government beats, from city to federal. He witnessed the Widow's Creek incident.

Merging Routes to Power

JOHN L. LEWIS, now eighty-two, is a coal miner's son who battered his way up from an Iowa coal pit to style himself—and truly become—"The roaring lion of labor." Using his fists—or whatever weapon was at hand—he fought his way upward, crushing opponents within and without the house of labor. He reached the top in 1935 when he created, within the AFL, the nation's first great industrial union crossing all craft lines. A year later he imperially led the CIO out of the parent Federation.

Rumor had it in those days that his eyes were on the White House. No one laughed when Huey Long told a reporter, "Old Huey thinks John L. will be the most powerful man in America unless I get there first." Secure in his might, Lewis defied the President and the Supreme Court by calling four major strikes during World War II.

After the mines had been seized by the federal government, Lewis made the Welfare Fund royalty part of his peace terms with the government and the mine owners. The owners agreed to pay ten cents into its treasury for every ton of coal mined. The sum has since been raised to forty cents a ton and the Fund's annual income from royalties and investments is around $125 million—and going up annually with the recovery of the coal industry. Lewis is chairman and chief executive officer of its three-man board of trustees. Last year he exchanged the title of President of the United Mine Workers for that of President Emeritus. His full salary, however, continues for life, as does—it is widely believed—his awesome power over the union's policies*

* "My friends, I speak in behalf of my associate officers, and Mr. Labor Leader himself, who has so ably guided and directed me in whatever I have done . . ." —John Owens, International Secretary-Treasurer, at the 1960 Convention of the UMW.

and its general funds. These, apart from the Welfare Fund, have assets, according to the union itself, of $104 million.

Lewis was worshiped by his miners—for the high wages he had won them, their retirement allowance of $100 a month, free medical care in ten modern union-run hospitals, and countless other benefits. But in the 1940s it began to appear that he had won too much. Coal was a sick industry, fast losing out in the competitive race with cheaper, more easily transported fuels. Unless he could somehow mount a new offensive, Lewis' days of glory were over.

He was in his seventies now—a very different John L. Lewis from the firebrand of the 1930s. Politically an archconservative but resilient as ever, King Lewis went into his counting house, the National Bank of Washington. Earlier he had bought what is in effect a controlling interest in this, the third-largest bank in the capital. Here were the millions and millions he had won for his men—tax-free and for all practical purposes his to use for the union as his keen intellect dictated. Sound judgment told him however, that he needed a counselor—a man schooled in finance.

Today the men of labor's big time are commonly on easy terms with their counterparts in big business; Lewis was a pioneer in achieving and trading upon a rapport with the enemy. Back in 1937 he had scored his greatest collective-bargaining victory—the unionization of Big Steel—not on the picket line or via sitdown strikes, but by having breakfast with the chairman of the board of U.S. Steel, Myron C. Taylor, at Washington's Mayflower Hotel.

To chaperone his own debut into industrial banking Lewis picked an old friend with a special economic affinity to the coal mines—Cyrus S. Eaton, a magnate not only in coal but also in such interlocking fields as steel, rails, and utilities.

Now seventy-eight, Eaton was born in Nova Scotia, came to this country around the turn of the century, and became a naturalized citizen at thirty. He is one of the nation's wealthiest men and is widely admired for his charming eccentricity. His home is a luxurious farmhouse in Northfield, Ohio, complete with English butler. From his base in Cleveland's Terminal Tower, his tentacles—and his often unorthodox views—reach out to power plants in Kansas and to power politics in the Kremlin.

Some say his flirtation with the Soviets springs from boredom with the repetitive stacking up of millions. Others think he rather relishes public scorn. Still others see him as honest and sincere. Everyone who knows him is agreed that he thrives on—indeed needs—public attention. And the primary key to his personality, it seems to us, is that he is an international financier. His investments know no national boundaries and he is, in any event, always open for possible deals in which Cyrus Eaton could turn a few million.

It was at the feet of John D. Rockefeller that Eaton first learned how fortunes are built; but he has added some twentieth-century refinements to the art. He is, for instance, considered the inventor of the leverage technique in American finance—the skillful use of small minority holdings to control a gigantic firm. He was credited with crashing the Insull Midwest utility empire in this fashion in the early 'thirties and was accused of helping wreck the most serious postwar challenge to the automotive Big Three by selling Kaiser-Frazer shares short.

For a good many years Eaton has served the UMW behind the scenes as a financial adviser. In return Lewis helped Eaton to maintain harmonious relations with the unions in his companies. What was—in union language—a sweetheart relationship blossomed into fiscal matrimony in 1951.

In that year the UMW began acting as Eaton's banker, lending him many millions of union funds. The extraordinary terms and the ramifications of these deals, which were until recently a closely guarded secret, will be discussed presently.

Reciprocally, Eaton taught Lewis the fine art of leverage. An apt pupil, Lewis wound up in a position to speed the mechanization of the coal industry, in control of major transportation lines for the movement of coal by rail and water, and owner of one of the nation's ten largest coal-mining operations. As with other industrial baronies, these gains were not achieved without conflict nor without public attention. The event which brought them first into the limelight was the collision of Eaton and Lewis with an ego to match their own.

Millionaire on the Barricades

JUSTIN POTTER—generally known as Jet—is Tennessee's richest man, with a fortune estimated at $200 million. He was born in Liberty (population 317) where his father presided over a roll-top desk in the town's bank. When he was eight the family moved to Nashville, where they now control two banks—one being the city's third-largest.

Jet, however, had no taste for banking. He took to the mines in the 1920s and for a while, like Lewis, mined coal with his hands. He set up a small coal sales firm in Nashville in 1917, and he plowed back into coal lands in western Kentucky all earnings beyond what his frugal living standard demanded. By 1955 he owned one of America's largest coal-mining and sales operations—Nashville Coal Company.

Jet Potter never recognized Lewis' union. He was among the last of the big holdouts, refusing to fall into step even when the UMW brought the industry's other giants into line. Hating all unions, he welded his fourteen hundred miners into one of the most belligerently anti-union work forces in or out of the coal industry. If Lewis got nasty, Jet hired guns and threw up barricades around his mines. The barricades held. Of all the tough nuts in a tough-nut trade, Jet was the one Lewis could never crack.

Potter is a conservative's conservative. His largest single market was TVA. Yet he despised it. He bought full-page ads in the Chicago *Tribune* to call it a "Communist rathole." He bought a Southern farm journal which still reiterates such charges along with miscellaneous broadsides at all things federal or liberal. Jet hates big, and Lewis and Eaton are two of his biggest hates, with the maximum venom perhaps reserved for the latter.

In 1955 Jet's health failed and he decided to sell his mines. Eaton flew to Nashville in his private plane determined to buy them. In business matters, Jet is as cold as his steel-blue eyes framed by horn-rims beneath a shock of wavy white hair. Temporarily bedridden by a heart attack, he demanded three times what his properties were worth. To anyone else he might have sold out for $7 million. Just what Eaton paid is not known—but it may well have come, all things figured, to as much as $30 million. Until the contract was signed Potter did not allow Eaton

---

TED HUGHES

HER HUSBAND

comes home dull with coal-dust deliberately
To grime the sink and foul towels and let her
Learn with scrubbing brush and scrubbing board
The stubborn character of money.

And let her learn through what kind of dust
He has earned his thirst and the right to quench it
And what sweat he has exchanged for his money
And the blood-count of money. He'll humble her

With new light on her obligations.
The fried woody chips kept warm two hours in the oven
Are only part of her answer.
Hearing the rest, he claps them to the fire back

And is away round the house-end singing
"Come back to Sorrento" in a voice
Of resounding corrugated iron.
Her back has bunched into a hump as an insult. . . .

For they will have their rights.
Their jurors are to be assembled
From the little crumbs of soot. Their brief
Goes straight up to heaven and nothing more is heard of it.

to glance at his books or to set foot on his land.

Potter, of course, must have suspected the UMW was behind Eaton. This had been rumored since 1951, when Eaton began buying into West Kentucky Coal Company, using, it later developed, money borrowed from UMW. When Eaton obtained working control of West Kentucky Coal Company, one of the first orders of business was recognition of UMW for its approximately three thousand nonunion miners.

Once the Potter deal was closed, Eaton merged the two firms (Nashville Coal, and West Kentucky). Altogether, more than four thousand miners began paying union dues. And for every ton mined from these rich, black veins, forty cents, from that day, dropped into the Welfare treasury.

On Union Street in Nashville—sometimes called the Wall Street of the South—a transaction of this magnitude involving the state's best-known capitalist does not pass unnoticed. And the *Nashville Tennessean* does not cover such a story by printing a routine handout. Several days of reportorial digging uncovered an unimpeachable—and still undisclosed—source. He said that the UMW had put up the more than $7-million cash down payment that enabled Eaton to buy out Potter. Lewis was sought unsuccessfully for comment. But a high UMW spokesman issued a flat denial. Eaton, his usual good-humored self, laughed it off. "Young man, you are intelligent," he told the persistent reporter. "Why do you persist in that ridiculous rumor? There's not a word of truth in that story."

But the newspaper, confident of its source, published the story. Five years were required to confirm it. Among the last to face the truth were the men of the UMW.

Wildcat at Widow's Creek

GEORGE GILBERT is a union man—first and always. In his fifties, ham-fisted and barrel-chested, George is the UMW district man in Sequatchie Valley, which lies southeast of Nashville and spills into northern Alabama. The high hogback ridges here are honeycombed with thin-seamed veins of coal. It is a higher-quality fuel, but harder to mine than that in western Kentucky.

In the heart of Sequatchie Valley is TVA's Widow's Creek steam plant. To grasp the magnitude of TVA's coal consumption one must realize that the great dams with which TVA's name is associated are no longer its chief source of electricity. In 1952, to meet the necessities of the Korean War, it began to build steam plants, fueled by coal. Today such plants generate 75 per cent of TVA's electric power; this year they will burn 21 million tons of coal. The Widow's Creek plant clings to the west bank of the Tennessee River. Until 1955 the small mines in the nearby coal fields of Tennessee were its chief fuel sources, though some also came by rail or river from western Kentucky, 200 miles away.

In the autumn of 1955, Sequatchie miners sought higher wages. The union strategy—quite naturally—was to cut off all other coal sources from TVA's Widow's Creek steam plant. The Tennessee mine operators, anxious to raise their prices, were not unhappy when their men took a walk. Gilbert said it was a lockout while the owners called it a wildcat protest against TVA. Lewis rumbled that TVA was violating the Walsh-Healey Act by its failure as a federal agency to require that its suppliers pay prevailing wage scales. TVA denied it, claiming, quite correctly, that no prevailing wage had been established for the area, as required by the Act. In any event, the mines in the Valley closed down; the steam plant's coal pile dwindled, and its operations slowed.

Just short of a complete shutdown, the fuel valve flew open as long trains began to roll in loaded with coal from western Kentucky—most of it from the mines Eaton had purchased from Jet Potter, and, earlier, from the former owners of the West Kentucky Coal Company. Tremendous tow-barges plied upstream to the steam plant's dock. The steam-plant coal pile stopped shrinking and the success of the strike was threatened. George Gilbert went to work.

He clustered his miners along the railroad tracks, where their railway brothers gave friendly aid. Only an occasional engineer refused to honor their picket lines. At such times, the pickets persuaded while the loaded trains stood idle. It was a peaceful operation, patrolled by a lone man in overalls who walked alongside the parked coal cars to make sure none moved.

At the river front, however, the scene was different. Barges sailed past Gilbert's landlocked pickets. So the miners rustled up outboard motors and boats. They set up tents at the river's edge downstream from Widow's Creek. Putt-putting to midstream, they pulled alongside coal-pushing diesels, urged—without success—that the crews turn back.

Angry miners brought arms to the river banks. And in the night rifle fire rattled the bluffs beneath the picket's campfires, shotgun blasts roared through the bottoms, and pinpoints of

light spat from both sides of the stream. But the barges kept coming. And in Congress, Senator Albert Gore, considered a moderate labor supporter, denounced the miners' bushwhacking tactics.

George Gilbert tried hard to buoy up his men as they squatted in the mud by the river and drank coffee brewed on sputtering campfires in lard cans while a drizzling rain sogged their tents and their spirits. He joked and said there was nothing to the story the *Tennessean* had published about the UMW buying into West Kentucky Coal Company. And when reporters suggested that the barges running past his picket lines were carrying union coal, he was unruffled. "You don't believe that stuff?" he asked in his friendly way. "That's just propaganda put out by the union haters."

But eventually the barge shipments beat him. His Tennessee men filtered back to the mines—to work for $2 a day less than the wages in Kentucky and the northeast Tennessee fields. But even so, the Sequatchie Valley coal fields never fully recovered. Slowly the big, mechanized mines to the west captured larger and larger slices of the Widow's Creek contracts. There was nothing George Gilbert could do about it as he watched one mine after another close down and his men line up for handouts of government lard. A few of the small mine owners, however, fought a stubborn rear-guard action. Had they not done so, the story here being told might still be an unproved rumor.

Counterattack by Law

RAYMOND PHILLIPS and James Pennington were joint owners of the now defunct Phillips Brothers Coal Company. It operated a small mine in a coal field running from Tennessee's Campbell County across the heart of "bloody Harlan," Kentucky, where a strike was viciously crushed in the 1930s after years of intermittent strong-armism by company police. This is rugged country whose people are not afraid of hard labor or a hard fight.

Phillips miners were all union members. "The UMW man came by," Pennington has explained, "and told us to sign up or he'd bankrupt us." The company signed up but it went broke anyhow, squeezed on one side by its economy-minded chief customer, TVA, on the other by UMW's forty-cents-a-ton Welfare Fund royalty.

As profits thinned, the partners talked things over and decided to quit paying the royalty. UMW officials visited them but they were adamant. So, in January 1958 the union's Welfare Fund trustees brought suit for back royalties.

Faced with "union trouble," Phillips and Pennington drove into Knoxville and got them a lawyer. The man they selected, John Rowntree, has a razor-keen mind which he effectively hid behind a deliberately bumbling courtroom manner during Lewis' testimony. For as long as he could, he fought a delaying action, then launched a counteroffensive. He filed a crossbill charging the UMW and the Welfare Fund trustees (of whom Lewis is one) with conspiring with the great coal combines to drive Phillips Brothers into bankruptcy.

Rowntree had little to go on beyond the *Tennessean*'s allegation in 1955 that UMW funds had financed Eaton's purchase of Jet Potter's mines. The union's fiscal affairs were a legally safeguarded secret.

Then, on September 14, 1959, the Landrum-Griffin Act was passed. The lid was off—at least in part—when UMW, in early 1960, filed its first Landrum-Griffin-required financial report.

The *Tennessean* remained the only newspaper in the country deeply interested. On June 12, 1960, it published the first full account of this report by UMW. Remaining gaps in the story were filled in by union officers—and by Lewis and Eaton—on the witness stand or in sworn depositions. What has come to light is this:

Eaton's borrowings from the UMW amount to more than $35 million. It seems that these loans were made on uniquely favorable terms. If the stocks Eaton puts up as collateral rise in value, he can withdraw some of them; on the other hand, if they go down, he suffers no loss; he need put up no more collateral.*

Clearly, as a result of these loans and its own investments, the UMW—jointly with its associates—has a controlling interest or is in a position to exercise effective "leverage" in:

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Eaton put up a large block of C & O stock as collateral for his first loan from the UMW which he used to help the late Robert Young win con-

* Eaton's note, which was exhibited at the trial, stated: "At any time prior to or at the maturity of this note, I shall have the right to tender to the payee the security pledged as collateral for the note in full satisfaction of any amounts due on account of principal or interest. If such tender is made, I shall have no further interest in the collateral or in the excess of the value of the collateral over the amount due under this note, and I shall have no liability for any deficiency in the value of the collateral below the amount due under this note."

trol of the New York Central. The Union also has invested directly in $16 million worth of C & O stock.

The National Bank of Washington. The UMW owns 40 per cent of its stock and holds another large block as collateral for a $16.6-million loan to the bank's president, Barney Colton. Through the bank, the UMW has made loans of more than $15 million to large coal mines to mechanize their operations.

West Kentucky Coal Company. This is one of the nation's ten largest coal companies, purchased by Eaton with UMW funds. The union owns or holds as collateral the company's common and preferred stock valued at $10 million.

American Coal Shipping Company. The union has invested $3.4 million in this major coal-hauling steamship line and thus holds a 33 per cent interest in it.

UMW officials have admitted advancing loans, secured by collateral stocks, in: *Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company; Tampa Electric Company; Union Electric Company of Missouri; Illinois Central Railroad; Tri-Continental Corporation* (Eaton Investment Company). Eaton has used UMW loans to purchase slices of stock in all these companies. (Thanks to the demand for electric power from Florida's burgeoning industries, not to mention Cape Canaveral, Tampa is—after TVA—the country's fastest-growing consumer of bituminous coal.)

There is no longer any doubt that the Sequatchie Valley strike was broken in 1955 by union-owned barges carrying union-owned coal in defiance of the union's own pickets. It is clear too that the union has substantially speeded the events which have at the same time revived the sick coal industry and reduced its own membership rolls from a peak of nearly half a million in the 1930s to an estimated 75,000 today.

Phillips Brothers will be $240,000 richer if the judgment they won is sustained in the higher courts. But by the time the trial ended, their mine was closed. So is the once famous nearby Royal Blue Mine. Campbell County, Tennessee —where 11,000 out of 26,000 residents are chronically unemployed—lies within the nation's Number One Depressed Area: Appalachia.

Phillips and Pennington are still digging coal, stripping it out of the hillsides. Other small operators in the area do the same, working their bulldozers along with a dozen or so men they employ. To get to their strips you drive along a desolate stretch of road where a once-lush valley looks as though it had been bombed out.

"I cannot sorrow for those pallid, underfed, ill-nourished operators of small mines who can't keep up with the economic procession," Lewis said in court. "They can't live under the rule of competition as it now exists in this free-enterprise nation. . . ."

As for the miners—on July 1, 1960, the Welfare Fund trustees announced that those unemployed for more than a year would no longer receive free hospital and medical care. In December of that year they cut retirement pensions from $100 to $75 a month. For men unschooled in the facts of automation and the mysterious ways of John L. Lewis this kind of economic realism is hard to follow.

Hoecake for the Family

ARCHY MACALISTER is a miner who has lived all his forty-six years in the heart of Sequatchie Valley. Archy Macalister is not his real name. He already has trouble enough.

Except for a rare odd job, he is unemployed. He has an unpainted house full of kids. The house hangs on a hillside near a hole which spills a great, gray mound of slate chips to the foot of the ridge. The hole was the mine where Archy used to work—a small "inefficient" operation like that of Phillips and Pennington. Archy's family subsists quite often on a paste of water and government flour, surplus cheese, hoecake mixed of water and federal meal. Lately—since Kennedy got in—they have had some meat.

Archy was one of the Widow's Creek pickets and he was slow a-believin' what they said about Lewis. His father mined coal before him and taught all his boys to revere John L. Archy did, but not any more. He is bitter and disillusioned today.

Archy stuck with the UMW even when the fellows at a nearby mine voted, by 15 to 0, to leave it. He stayed put even when they took up his "hospital card," though he had a hard time buying the union's story about the Welfare Fund deficit. His sixth-grade schooling has given him no mind for high finance but he can't see how Lewis could lend Eaton all that money if the fund was broke.

Still Archy clings to his union card. He figures he'd be a fool not to. It costs him just $1.25 a month to pay his dues and keep himself a member in standing. He figures he's put a lot of his cash in the fund and some day, somehow he'll get his back. He does not, it would seem, quite understand how industrial progress works.

Thirty Little Operators

A SECOND lawsuit is awaiting trial in federal district court in Chattanooga. Thirty small Sequatchie Valley mine operators have banded together. They charge the UMW, Eaton, TVA, and the Louisville and Nashville Railroad with monopoly and are asking $30-million damages under the antitrust laws. Following the Knoxville verdict, the suit was modified, excluding TVA and the L & N. This new complaint seeks $10 million from the remaining defendants—Eaton and the UMW—on the following grounds: The L & N has agreed to ship coal from the highly mechanized fields of western Kentucky to TVA for $1.55 a ton instead of the old rate of $2.69. Ultimately, as a result of a discount based on tonnage, it will drop to $1.40.

"We can't compete," say the thin-seam operators. In fact they have already lost three-quarters of the TVA market to the western Kentucky fields. The complaint also charges that the West Kentucky Coal Company has tidy arrangements with its competitors—Peabody Coal Company and other giants—to carve up the rest of the soft-coal business. The Eaton-UMW-controlled company owns docking facilities in Uniontown, Kentucky, and at New Orleans. These are heavily used by Peabody to ship coal to Tampa, where union cash has been invested by Eaton in Tampa Electric Company.

Peabody, incidentally, owns a mine at Paradise, Kentucky, where a new TVA steam plant is being built, in effect right on top of the coal deposit. Here—by the end of this year—the ultimate in automated mining and efficient consumption will be demonstrated. The "miner" will step inside an electric elevator, press a button, and shoot up five stories to his air-conditioned "office"—the cab of the greatest power shovel ever to tread the earth. Above him the shovel's boom will rise for fifteen stories more, its 200-ton scoop biting out tons of earth and rock with each rise and dip of the boom. Behind this mastodon, two smaller monsters will each lift out five thousand tons of coal a day.

Thus by the work of three men, $4,000 could fall every day into UMW's Welfare and Retirement Fund. They will be doing the work of three hundred miners who no longer pay dues—and who are no longer a burden on the Fund.

What is to become of them? The UMW has sloughed them off onto a government dole. It has not offered one thin new dime to house or feed them. It has advanced no plan—as have for instance the far less opulent meat-packers unions—to retrain and relocate the men displaced by automation. Has Lewis or the UMW no similar responsibility?

And what of the role of TVA—the agency created to develop a region? Today it has become a public power agency, cost-conscious and conservative. It has, so far, resisted even the pleas of President Kennedy to weigh human as well as cost factors in its plans. Certainly it would be hard to picture the TVA of David Lilienthal's day collaborating in the ruthless cutting of costs without regard for the people of the region.

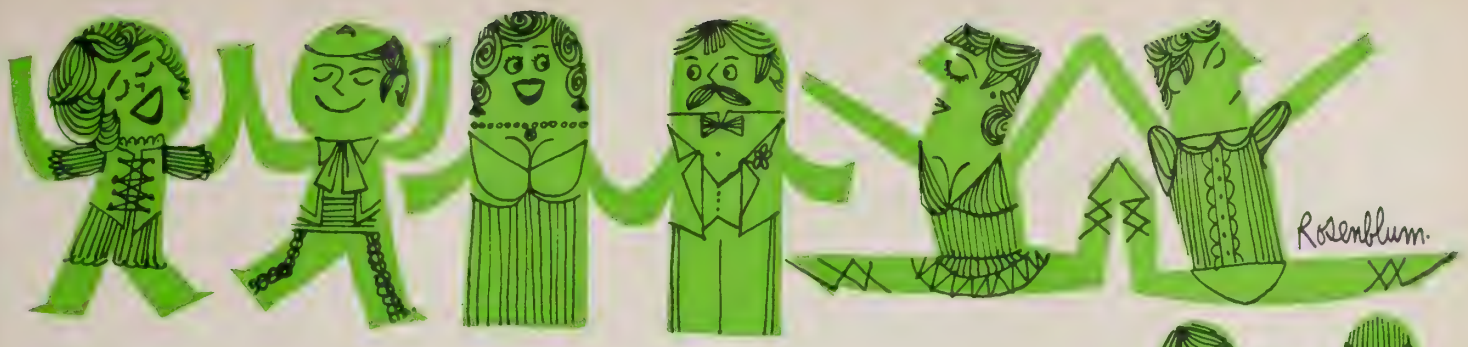
And there are other implications: 50 per cent of TVA's power production goes to vital government operations—among them AEC's Oak Ridge and Paducah gaseous diffusion plants; the Marshall rocket and missile center at Huntsville; and the Valley's growing industrial complex of metals and chemicals.

The union and Eaton and companies with which they have close ties control 75 per cent of the fuel—and much of the rail and barge facilities—serving this crucial area. The power wielded by this group is, to put it in mildest terms, a matter of national concern.*

At very least, it would appear that the country—and union members—are entitled to know more about how the vast funds the UMW manages are being used. Provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Act alone would not have revealed the full story that has been told here—it took a lawsuit to do that. Particularly urgent, it would seem, is a law requiring full disclosure of what is being done with the $48 billion piled up in workers' welfare and pension funds across the nation. The AFL-CIO supports such a disclosure plan. Not surprisingly, the only opponents in labor's ranks are Lewis and James Hoffa, who preside over the only major funds of this kind in which management has no voice.

Legal safeguards are a matter of considerable urgency. For the kind of process we have described here may well be the pattern of the future. To live in the automation age requires vast capital outlays, more than a sick coal industry could find either in its own till or in banker's credit. Such survival fights leave scant room for inhibitions about the image one presents at the country club with a fistful of union dough. The country club, too, is an excellent place to forget about Archy Macalister.

* Following strong and sustained criticism of its policies by the *Tennessean*, TVA this October set up a new coal-buying category tailored to the medium-sized mines which have been hardest hit to date.



PAVANE FOR A DEAD DOLL

or, *The pain in grandfather's neck*

OGDEN NASH

I SELDOM worry about the fate of Java or Sumatra,
But I often worry about the fate of the protagonist of a song once popularized by The Inkspots, or maybe it was Frank Sinatra.
The past of this swooning swain is not difficult to surmise;
He is complaining bitterly about the unsportsmanlike conduct of a group of flirty flirty guys who have upset his love-apple cart with their flirty flirty eyes.
His anguished longing for a doll that other fellows cannot steal would melt a heart of stone,
And he vows that he is goin' to buy a doll that nobody can steal; viz., a paper doll that he can call his own.
He obviously intends to sequestrate this reasonable facsimile of a chick in some cozy hideaway where its jealous owner can indolently gloat and loll.
An ingenious notion; I simply ask where he's goin' to buy his paper doll.
I pluck this question from my vows-hard-to-swallow file,
Not as a spoil-sport, but simply because in a quarter century of searching I haven't been able to find a paper doll that would satisfy a five-year-old, much less a starry-eyed paper dollophile.
In my youth little girls, whether on a branch line or the Main Line,
When they wanted paper dolls they had a world to choose from, including the fascinating Letty Lane line.
They ranged from pretty to pretty-pretty, they might have been designed by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema
Or some other distinguished member of the Royal Academa;
Now, whether in bathing suits or ball gowns or uniforms or civvies,
They look as if they were designed by the people who put out ash trays in the likeness of privies.
Not only are they a far remove from the beaux-arts,
Many of them are plywood, they are not even paper, just their clothes are.
They are mostly part of some forgotten motion picture promotion campaign, so if they aren't Shirley or Scarlett
They are named for some once-promising starlet.
I have hunted from hither to yon with a dedication grandfatherly and solemn,
And I have yet to find a paper doll that is not as vulgar as a café society column.
I have become reluctantly reconciled to buying more expensive gewgaws and folderoldrums;
Today's toy shops are in the paper doldrums.



ELINOR RICHEY

WHAT CHICAGO COULD BE PROUD OF

It still has a few landmarks which are recognized from New York to Paris as historic treasures. But Chicagoans are more interested in night clubs and parking lots.

IN PARIS this year the Musée National d'Art Moderne honored—of all places—Chicago. A photographic exhibit of the works of Louis Sullivan and other architects of the "Chicago School" drew crowds of art lovers. Critics marveled at the prophetic genius of the men who recreated the city after the fire of 1871 and, in the process, revolutionized architecture around the world.

Meanwhile back in Chicago, a major Sullivan work, the Garrick Theatre Building, was getting another kind of attention. For decades its "proud and soaring" seventeen-story tower, a treasure house of innovation, had aristocratically dominated the grim, monotonous Loop. Now, behind a demolition wall, it was being ground to rubble to make room for a parking lot.

This is a commonplace occurrence in Chicago, which has been steadily razing its most famous buildings over the past five years. By 1970, if the present wrecking rate continues, most of the old landmarks will be remembered only in photographs.

Protests from American architectural societies and magazines have been unavailing. So have the more recent protests of the European architectural press. Chicago finds such criticism diverting, especially when it is embellished by exotic foreign postmarks and famous names. But it has been obdurately unmoved by what it regards as an obstreperous "egghead protest," led by local architecture professors and students along with a few young practicing architects and miscellaneous culture enthusiasts.

What, one wonders, has become of local pride? Here, for once, Chicago has excelled New York—and in the arts rather than in hogs, grain, and hardware, which have always been its dubious distinctions. The curious explanation seems to be that Chicagoans don't believe the black, neglected buildings in their midst are genuinely significant. They were skeptical in the 1930s when New York critics and museum curators first recognized Chicago as the cradle of modern architecture. Why, they asked, if New Yorkers thought the style so wonderful, didn't they claim it as their own? Few Chicagoans can see any connection between their early buildings and "New York Modern."

Otherwise, Chicago does not slight its past. The old Gothic water tower salvaged from the Great Fire was proudly left in the middle of Michigan Avenue, which curves around it. The city is cluttered with public monuments to Indians, to generals, to foot soldiers, to politicians, to dentistry, to meat cutting, to the Fort Dearborn Massacre, to the Order of Elks, to the policemen who fell in the Haymarket Riot, and to the anarchists executed for perpetrating it. A celebrated night club is fitted out with the furnishings of a noted turn-of-the-century bordello. Next to the Fire, Chicago prizes its Prohibition Era fame. The newspapers brag about it and so do tourist guides. The speak-easy motif is a favorite of restaurants and night clubs, which often feature highballs served in china teacups and waitresses who do the Black Bottom. The newly popular "key clubs" (to which "members" are sold latchkeys for up to $100) have false fronts. Chicago Junior Leaguers can be found shimmying in "Prohibition Days" benefit revues and a

new espresso shop calls itself "The Blind Pig." But, alas, the nostalgic sentiment about the good old days of Al Capone when the sewers were clogged with corpses does not extend to the city's architecture. A small but devoted group of local citizens has been trying to alter this situation since 1956.

In that year the bulldozers were heading for Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Robie House. The building was once voted one of the "Seven Wonders of American Architecture" in a nationwide poll of architects. Its owner in 1956—Chicago Theological Seminary—planned to raze it to make room for a dormitory. (Wright commented: "It goes to show the danger of trusting anything spiritual to the clergy.") On the eve of demolition, however, the New York firm of Webb & Knapp bought it to use as a housing-project office.

At least two Chicagoans, however, were not reassured by this reprieve. One was Tom Stauffer, a forty-year-old professor of humanities at Wilson Junior College. The other was Leon Despres, who is the only "political Independent" on the City Council. This pair decided that it was high time to awaken Chicago to the value of its architecture. The first step, they decided, was to draw public attention to it. Accordingly, Despres proposed that the City Council establish a Commission on Architectural Landmarks to designate famous buildings and encourage their preservation. The ordinance passed and Mayor Daley named an eight-member commission made up of city officials and representatives of cultural organizations, with Daniel Catton Rich, then Director of the Art Institute, as chairman. The committee took two years to make its selections. By the end of 1959, it had chosen thirty-eight buildings including several contemporary ones. Large stainless-steel plaques were prepared and presented to the building owners at an elaborate awards banquet in the Grand Ballroom of the La Salle Hotel. Architectural experts extolled the aesthetic and historic values of the landmark buildings and Mayor Daley himself passed out the plaques.

Among the recipients were the owners of the Garrick Theatre Building, the last remaining example of the tower-type skyscraper with which Sullivan pioneered the now familiar setback design. Built in 1892, it was equally celebrated for its distinguished ornament and its acoustically perfect small theatre. It had not, however, housed legitimate drama in decades. Since 1925, it had been owned and operated by the Balaban & Katz movie chain. For thirty-five years the exterior had not been cleaned, nor the inside modernized. A garish movie marquee defaced the once-proud façade, while pink piglets advertised a coffee shop on the other side.

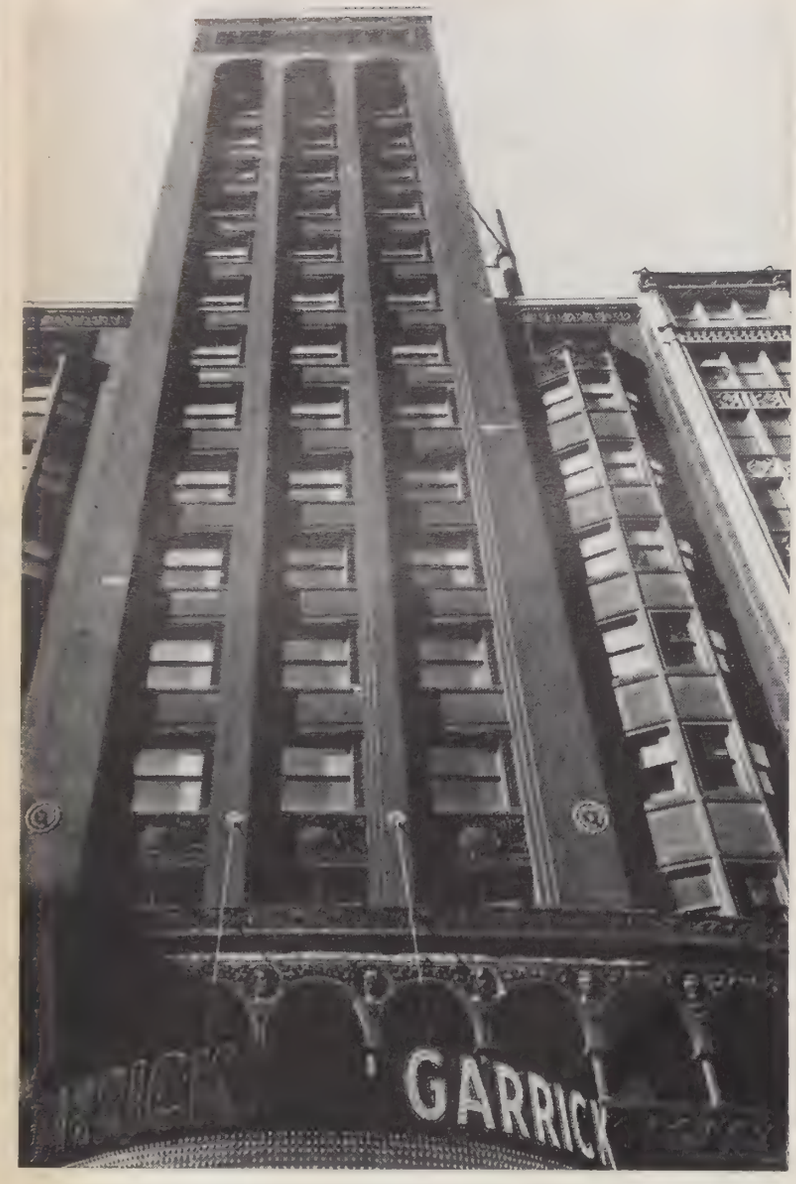
Elinor Richey has edited and written for magazines in Florida, West Virginia, Ohio, New York, and Illinois. Now in Chicago, she is married to a history teacher.

LOVE AMONG THE WRECKING CREWS

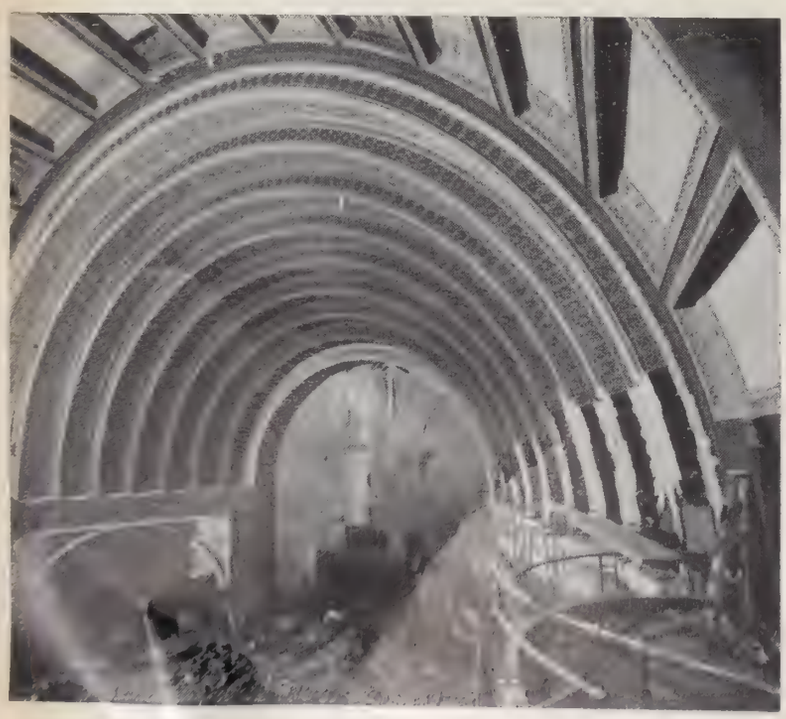
THE building had long been an object of special veneration to an obscure young photographer named Richard Nickel. In his student days at Illinois Institute of Technology, as a class assignment he had done a photo-documentary of a Louis Sullivan building and had fallen in love with its lines and ornament. Shortly thereafter the structure was marked for demolition. Nickel photographed another Sullivan building, then learned it too was to go. Baffled by this cavalier treatment of architectural masterpieces, he joined the wrecking crews engaged in dismembering the building's fine ornament and detail. Nickel's was a rescue mission—a project which was to keep him crawling over rubble heaps for years and fill his parents' home with salvaged treasures. Nickel systematically visited the doomed sites with his camera in advance of the wreckers. Then he joined them wearing crash helmet and coveralls and snared what he could. Occasionally—as for instance to cart off a three-quarter-ton limestone capital—he hired a stonemason and a truck to help.

But he was unable to persuade a single Chicago museum to accept one of his finds, although a Sullivan decorative fragment is on spotlighted display in New York's Museum of Modern Art. The stately Garrick tower was Nickel's favorite Sullivan building and he was relieved when it was awarded a landmark plaque, which presumably would make it immune to demolition. Then in January 1960, a small item in a Chicago paper announced that Garrick tenants were being asked to vacate by April 1. The building, said the owner, was "too old-fashioned" and was "no longer a moneymaker."

When he rallied from the shock, Nickel braced himself for another rescue operation—to salvage not bits and pieces but the whole building. In short order, he joined forces with Despres and Stauffer, originators of the ineffectual plaques. They were feeling less than optimistic. But



Façade and proscenium arch of the Garrick Theatre Building.



Nickel's irresistible spirit recharged their confidence. To raze the Garrick would be the grossest desecration, they agreed. Nickel and Stauffer set about drumming up more public support. Despres' assignment was to block issuance of a razing permit.

Over the next few weeks, Nickel and Stauffer formed a little sodality of architecture professors, young architects, and students, writers, and one of the city's four newspapers, the *Sun-Times*. For his part, Despres succeeded in converting a fellow alderman, Morris H. Hirsh. To their disappointment, however, the Architectural Landmarks Commission, now under a new chairman, bowed to the owners' judgment that the building was unprofitable, and that the Garrick was therefore "unfeasible for preservation."

Nickel's and Stauffer's recruits—referred to in the press as the "architecture buffs"—plunged into action, writing letters to editors and city officials and holding protest meetings. In a picket line, they brandished placards asking: "Are Commercial Interests More Important Than Culture?" and: "Does Chicago Care About Anything But Its Gangster Reputation?" "CULTURE WALKS THE PICKET LINE" was the headline on an approving *Sun-Times* account. The unregenerate Chicago *American* reported: "As unlikely a crew of agitators as ever assembled are whooping it up in front of the Garrick these days. Doctors of Philosophy, Phi Beta Kappas, professors, architects, and others of that intellectual ilk were picketing, passing out handbills, circulating petitions, and declaiming yesterday."

To all this the owners—Balaban & Katz—replied that they weren't downgrading Chicago but trying to improve the city by relieving it of "a monstrosity" and replacing it with the "most modern parking garage in the Loop."

Out-of-town partisans sent reinforcements. Museum directors and college professors flooded City Hall and Chicago newspapers with Save-the-Garrick letters. They were joined by such architectural *cognoscenti* as the late Eero Saarinen, Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright, and Mies van der Rohe. Le Corbusier wrote to Mayor Daley: "The 'Chicago School' was one of the highest importance. To demolish these works therefore seems to be truly a sacrilege. Being a city planner myself, I know that it is possible to preserve the life and usefulness of such a building. It is a question of imagination."

By June, Nickel dared hope the tower might be spared. The press-dubbed "egghead protest" had punctured Balaban & Katz's argument that demolishment of the theatre would enhance the

city (Mrs. Wright had pronounced Chicago "barbaric" in not appreciating the Garrick). Despres had held up the action on the razing permit by proposing that the City Council preserve the Garrick as a public landmark.

Meanwhile the architecture buffs had come up with what looked like a perfect solution. Since the Garrick faced directly on the block slated for the projected $67-million Civic Plaza, why couldn't the city acquire it and incorporate it into the Plaza as a general arts center? Its excellent theatre, rehearsal halls, and large well-lit rooms would make an ideal setting for art projects. And all this could be had at the bargain price of $1.5 million, since the owners were getting worried and had offered to sell at this figure. Wasn't New York spending more than $100 million on its new Lincoln Center, and rescuing Carnegie Hall from the wreckers besides? San Francisco and Los Angeles had civic cultural centers, and Pittsburgh and Washington were building. Could Chicago, with its big plans to expand around St. Lawrence Seaway commerce, afford to do less? It couldn't, agreed Aldermen Despres and Hirsh. They argued too that a parking garage within the Loop would violate the city's new Central Area Plan. Elated proponents of the Civic Plaza plan began storming City Hall.

At the height of this euphoria, in mid-June, Mayor Daley announced that he too wanted to save the Garrick. To this end, he said, he was appointing an *ad hoc* "citizens committee" made up of cultural, business, and professional leaders. Ominously, none of the hard-core Save-the-Garrick men was included. And three of the mayor's committee, including its chairman, Judge Augustine Bowe, were members of the Architectural Landmarks Commission, which had pronounced the Garrick "unfeasible for preservation."

VOICE OF THE BARROOMS

THE new committee, quite obviously, was a trial balloon. The crusaders had made enough noise to convince the innocent that Chicago really wanted to save the Garrick. But the mayor, who is nothing if not sensitive to his constituency, knew his city had yet to be heard from. Most Garrick fans were suburbanites or spokesmen for the so-called "culture strip," a long, narrow residential area rimming Lake Michigan. (A *New Yorker* cartoon once pictured it as an elegant stage front behind which crouched the real, vast, and quite inelegant Chicago.) The mayor's roots and the base of political power are in the vast backyards and tenements of the city. Their inhabitants so far had been mute. Daley's balloon was designed to loose their voices.

Soon they spoke up. In letters-to-the-editors columns, next to reverent appeals for beauty, there appeared the voice of practicality. Instead of "fixing up the Garrick," why not, it was suggested, spend the money on orphans, on hospitals, on rest homes, on care for the mentally retarded? "There is no sense in wasting valuable utility space in the Loop to preserve a monument," said one man. "Not one person in 50,000 knows what the Garrick is. The space had better be used for business." One woman censured culture lovers for wasting their efforts on the Garrick when the really urgent need, as she saw it, was for "saving our Art Institute. These so-called abstract paintings are monstrosities." Another lady thought it would be "fitting and practical" to replace the Garrick with "a small sanctuary of flowers and trees, with a small replica of the Garrick in the center."

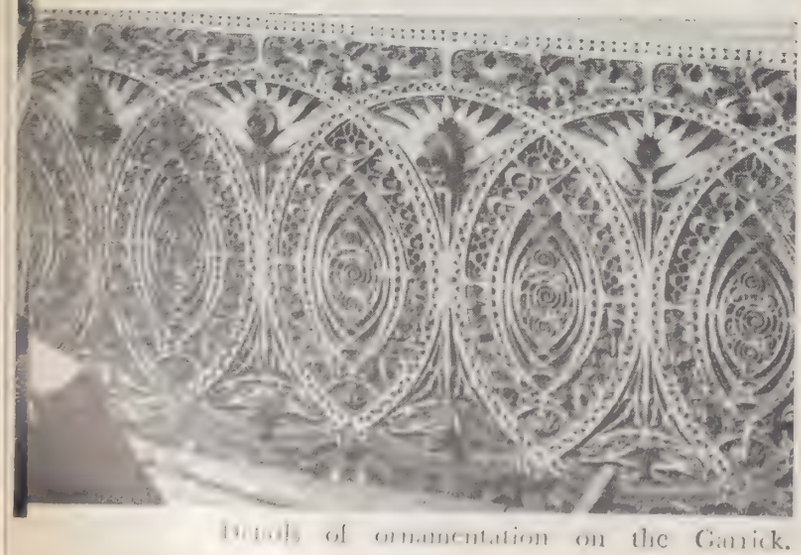
The press too took sides. A *Daily News* editorial wondered "if Garrick aficionados would not settle for a handsome book of photographs, drawings, and descriptions of the building, its history, its pioneering, and distinctive features." Such a book would make a "practicable provision for architectural history . . . while costing considerably less" than preserving the building itself. The *Tribune's* columnist, Herb Lyon, sympathized with Balaban & Katz, whose permit delay was said to be "costing a big weekly hunk of dough with no end in sight. What price idealism?" Only the *Sun-Times* still championed the building, though one of its columnists, Irv Kupcinet asked, "Why all the furor? . . . T'hell with the Garrick, let's save the Chez Paree [a recently closed night club]."

Alderman Thomas F. Fitzpatrick of the Irish nineteenth ward took a look at the structure and announced: "I came, I saw, and I'm for demolishing." Veteran Alderman Paddy Bauler of the forty-eighth cried, "Tear it down! Tear it down before it falls down!" (A *Sun-Times* editorial rejoined: "Paddy may be an authority on the durability of a head on a glass of beer, but we'll take the word of other experts who maintain that the building Sullivan designed will stand for two hundred years.")

On July 9, Mayor Daley announced that the Civic Plaza legislation—in the view of his committee—precluded diverting any funds to purchase the Garrick. The committee was considering "several promising possibilities."







Details of ornamentation on the Garrick.

Despres branded the mayor's statement "mere subterfuge." A small amendment would have included the Garrick in the Civic Plaza project. Nickel and Stauffer demanded to know what the "promising possibilities" were. The committee remained noncommittal.

Meanwhile, the firm of Balaban & Katz, having evicted its tenants and closed its movie, was still paying taxes with nothing coming in. It filed a mandamus action to force the city to issue a razing permit. In court, the mayor's committee reported on a variety of schemes to inveigle non-Chicagoans into rescuing the landmark. The brightest hope seemed to lie in having the Garrick designated a "blighted area," thus making it eligible for rehabilitation with federal slum-clearance funds.

Judge Donald McKinley deferred his verdict for three weeks. In the interim, the City Council's building committee held a hearing, listened to both sides, and agreed to take the testimony "under advisement." Then on August 23, Judge McKinley rendered an unexpectedly favorable decision. He ruled that an owner's right to destroy his property is not an absolute right when the public interest is involved and that the public interest involves aesthetic as well as physical considerations. He refused to force a razing permit but, noting Balaban & Katz's complaints of hardship, warned the city it had no right to saddle the firm with the costs of preserving a landmark.

Balaban & Katz promptly took its troubles to a higher court, and the architecture buffs—buoyed up—set off a new flurry in the national press. It proved, however, only the rally before the end. The moment of truth came on November 23 before a three-judge panel in Appellate Court. Balaban & Katz contended the city had "done nothing to acquire the property or make any other equitable arrangement" while withholding a razing permit, thus making the firm "the involuntary guardian of a shrine." Shrine-keeping was said to be costing $500 a day in taxes and loss of income. The city said it had been unable to find a benefactor for the Garrick, but hoped the Illinois legislature would take action within a year. Nothing was said of the search for federal money, presumably because one of the richest real-estate parcels in the world could not plausibly be called a slum area.

Balaban & Katz won a clear-cut victory. Noting that the city had "no official action pending" for preserving the Garrick, the court ruled that "bare expectation of a fortuitous development in the remote future" was untenable grounds for

denying a razing permit. It ordered the city to produce at once.

On January 1, 1961, Mayor Daley announced "with regret" that Chicago had been unable to save the Garrick and the next week, almost a year after Photographer Nickel launched his salvage campaign, the wreckers began their work. The morning *Sun-Times* carried a cartoon, captioned "Alas, poor Garrick," featuring a wrecking bell labeled "Chicago Indifference."

TOO DISTINGUISHED TO RENT

BUT Chicago had not quite heard the last of the Garrick. A wire-service report of the razing brought a flood of requests from museums and educational institutions all over the world for fragments of Garrick ornament. The city instructed the wrecking firm to remove the ornament separately. The firm said this extra work would cost $50,000—which the city said it couldn't pay. Judge Bowe sent out a sheaf of telegrams to the institutions, asking them to foot the removal costs, but only Yale University responded with a cash donation. It appeared the ornament would be lost. Then, in a gesture that recalls the parable of Solomon and the quarreling mothers, Nickel came forward and said that he and some architecture students would help remove the ornament, thus cutting costs. The city finally agreed to contribute $10,000 toward the bill, World Book Encyclopedia gave $10,000, and Balaban & Katz $5,000. Nickel got out his battered crash helmet and coveralls and reported for work.

The requests are now being filled, and Garrick fragments soon will be on public display throughout the country and in Europe. While Chicago museums still decline Sullivan ornament, Garrick lovers will have at least a couple of local reminders. The Second City night club purchased for its front three of the handsome terra-cotta arches with bas relief sculpture that formerly graced the lower Garrick façade. And the owner of the now rising million-dollar Garrick Garage (the city decided the garage wouldn't violate zoning, after all) has requested first choice on salvaged specimens for exterior decoration.

As for the architecture buffs, they have organized themselves into an unofficial "Chicago Heritage Committee." Preparing for future landmark fights, they are peddling postcards to raise expense money. Despres is pushing a city ordinance requiring owners of landmark buildings to give six months' notice of intent to demolish. A bill before the state legislature proposes allowing cities to levy bonds to purchase landmark buildings and to grant tax relief to private owners. Mayor Daley promised to expedite the bill, but no action was taken at the last session.

The chairman of the Heritage Committee anticipates that the next crisis will be over Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House. Webb & Knapp purchased it with the idea of donating it, after their project was completed, to the city or an appropriate historical institution. But neither the city nor anyone else has offered to accept it so the building may become an orphan again. Meanwhile demolition rumors hover over Burnham & Root's Rookery Building, Adler & Sullivan's Stock Exchange Building, and over famous Hull House, threatened by a mammoth redevelopment project.

The Heritage Committee has not given up trying to teach Chicago to appreciate its architecture. Recently, they urged the owners of the thirty-six remaining landmark buildings to display their plaques conspicuously. Only six of the plaques, they discovered, have been mounted outside the buildings, as intended. Twelve have been hung in various interior locations, while the rest have been stored away (one awarded to a city-owned building is in a vault in City Hall). Five of the plaques—awarded nearly two years ago—have never been called for. One owner summed it up this way:

"That plaque would downgrade my building. I'm trying to present it to the prospective tenants as modern. I can't afford to put out a plaque saying when it was built."

The theatre under demolition, spring, 1961.



JAMES THURBER

THE FUTURE, IF ANY, OF COMEDY

or, where do we non-go from here?

I CALLED the other afternoon on my old friend, Graves Moreland, the Anglo-American literary critic—his mother was born in Ohio—who lives alone in a fairy-tale cottage on the Upson Downs, raising hell and peacocks, the former only when the venerable gentleman becomes an angry old man about the state of literature or something else that is dwindling and diminishing, such as human stature, hope, and humor.

My unscientific friend does not believe that human stature is measurable in terms of speed, momentum, weightlessness, or distance from earth, but is a matter of the development of the human mind. After Gagarin became the Greatest Man in the World, for a nation that does not believe in the cult of personality or in careerism, Moreland wrote me a letter in which he said: "I am not interested in how long a bee can live in a vacuum, or how far it can fly. A bee's place is in the hive."

"I have come to talk with you about the future of humor and comedy," I told him, at which he started slightly, and then made us each a stiff drink, with a trembling hand.

"I seem to remember," he said, "that in an interview ten years ago you gave humor and comedy five years to live. Did you go to their funeral?"

"I was wrong," I admitted. "Comedy didn't die, it just went crazy. It has identified itself with the very tension and terror it once did so much to alleviate. We now have not only what has been called over here the comedy of menace but we also have horror jokes, magazines known as Horror Comics, and sick comedians. There are even publications called *Sick* and *Mad*. The *Zeitgeist* is not crazy as a loon or mad as a March hare; it is manic as a man."

"I woke up this morning," Moreland said, "paraphrasing Lewis Carroll. Do you want to hear the paraphrase?"

"Can I bear it?" I asked, taking a final gulp of my drink, and handing him the empty glass.

"Just barely," he said, and he repeated his paraphrase:

> "The time has come," the walrus said,
> "To speak of manic things,
> Of shots and shouts, and sealing dooms
> Of commoners and kings."

Moreland fixed us each another drink, and said, "For God's sake, tell me something truly amusing."

"I'll try," I said, and sat for a moment thinking. "Oh yes, the other day I reread some of Emerson's *English Traits,* and there was an anecdote about a group of English and Americans visiting Germany, more than a hundred years ago. In the railway station at Berlin, a uniformed attendant was chanting, 'Foreigners this way! Foreigners this way!' One woman—she could have been either English or American—went up to him and said, 'But *you* are the foreigners.'" I took a deep breath and an even deeper swallow of my drink, and said, "I admit that going back to Ralph Waldo Emerson for humor is like going to a modern musical comedy for music and comedy."

"What's the matter with the music?" Moreland asked.

"It doesn't drown out the dialogue," I explained.

"Let's talk about books," Moreland said. "I am told that in America you have non-books by non-writers, brought out by non-publishers for non-readers. Is it all non-fiction?"

"There is non-fiction and non non-fiction," I said. "Speaking of nonism: the other day, in a story about a sit-down demonstration, the Paris *Herald Tribune* wrote, 'The non-violence became noisier.' And then Eichmann was quoted as saying, in non-English, that Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews was nonsense."

"If we cannot tell evil, horror, and insanity from nonsense, what is the future of humor and comedy?" Moreland asked, grimly.

"Cryptic," I said. "They require, for existence, a brave spirit and a high heart, and where do you find these? In our present era of Science and *Angst*, the heart has been downgraded, to use one of our popular retrogressive verbs."

"I know what you mean," Moreland sighed. "Last year your Tennessee Williams told our Dilys Powell, in a television program, that it is the task of the playwright to throw light into the dark corners of the human heart. Like almost everybody else, he confused the heart, both as organ and as symbol, with the disturbed psyche, the deranged glands, and the jumpy central nervous system. I'm not pleading for the heart that leaps up when it beholds a rainbow in the sky, or for the heart that with rapture fills and dances with the daffodils. The sentimental pure heart of Galahad is gone with the knightly years, but I still believe in the heart of the George Meredith character that was not made of the stuff that breaks."

"We no longer have Tom Moore's and Longfellow's 'heart for any fate,' either," I said.

"Moore and Longfellow didn't have the fate



that faces us," Moreland said. "One day our species promises co-existence, and the next day it threatens co-extinction." We sat for a while drinking in silence.

"The heart," I said finally, "is now either in the throat or the mouth or the stomach or the shoes. When it was worn in the breast, or even on the sleeve, we at least knew where it was." There was a long silence.

"You have visited England five times in the past quarter-century, I believe," my host said. "What has impressed you most on your present visit?"

"I would say depressed, not impressed," I told him. "I should say it is the turning of courts of law into veritable theatres for sex dramas, involving clergymen and parishioners, psychiatrists and patients. It is becoming harder and harder to tell law courts and political arenas from the modern theatre."

"Do you think we need a new Henry James to re-explore the Anglo-American scene?" he asked. "Or perhaps a new Noël Coward?"

"But you must have heard it said that the drawing-room disappeared forever with the somnolent years of James and the antic heyday of Coward. I myself hear it said constantly—in drawing-rooms. In them, there is usually a group of Anglo-Americans with tragicomic problems, worthy of being explored either in the novel or in the play or in comedy and satire." I stood up and began pacing.

"If you are trying to get us out of the brothel, the dustbin, the kitchen sink, and the tawdry living-room, you are probably wasting your time," Moreland told me. "Too many of our writers seem to be interested only in creatures that crawl out of the woodwork or from under the rock."

"Furiouser and furiouser," I said. "I am worried about the current meanings of the word 'funny.' It now means ominous, as when one

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As a cartoonist, writer, and playwright, James Thurber created hundreds of pieces of the brightest comedy of our time. Born in Ohio in 1894, he was a newspaper reporter before joining the staff of "The New Yorker" in 1927. This new dialogue, believed to be the last piece Mr. Thurber wrote, appeared in London in "The Times Literary Supplement" this fall and is here published for the first time in America. The drawings were chosen by Mrs. Thurber from his books. While the article was at press, Mr. Thurber was taken ill and he died on November 2 in New York.

speaks of a funny sound in the motor; disturbing, as when one says that a friend is acting funny; and frightening, as when a wife tells the police that it is funny, but her husband hasn't been home for two days and nights."

Moreland sat brooding for a full minute, during which I made each of us a new drink. He took his glass, clinked it against mine, and said, "*Toujours gai,* what the hell!" borrowing a line from Don Marquis' Mehitabel.

"Be careful of the word 'gay,' for it, too, has undergone a change. It now means, in my country, homosexual," I said. "Oh, I forgot to say that if one is taken to the funny house in the funny wagon, he is removed to a mental institution in an ambulance. Recently, by the way, I received a questionnaire in which I was asked whether or not I was non-institutionalized."

MY HOST went over and stared out the window at his peacocks; then he turned to me. "Is it true that you believe the other animals are saner than the human species?"

"Oh, that is demonstrable," I told him. "Do you remember the woman in the French Alps who was all alone with her sheep one day when the sun darkened ominously? She told the sheep, 'The world is coming to an end!' And the sheep said—all in unison, I have no doubt—'Ba-a-a!' The sound mockery of sheep is like the salubrious horse laugh."

"That is only partly non-nonsense," he began.

"If you saw the drama called *Rhinoceros,*" I said, "think of the effect it would have on an audience of rhinos when the actor on stage suddenly begins turning into a rhinoceros. The rhinos would panic, screaming 'Help!'—if that can be screamed in their language."

"You think the Russians are getting ahead of us in comedy?" Moreland demanded.

"Non-God, no," I said. "The political and intellectual Left began fighting humor and comedy years ago, because they fear things they do not understand and cannot manage, such as satire and irony, such as humor and comedy. Nevertheless, like any other human being upon whom the spotlight of the world plays continually, Khrushchev, the anti-personality cultist, has become a comic actor, or thinks he has. In his famous meeting with Nixon a couple of years ago he seemed to believe that he was as funny as Ed Wynn. But, like Caesar, he has only one joke, so far as I can find out. It consists in saying, 'That would be sending the goat to look after the cabbage.' Why in the name of his non-God doesn't he vary it a bit?"

"Such as?" Moreland asked.

"Such as 'sending the cat to guard the mice,' or 'the falcon to protect the dove,' or most terribly sharp of all, 'the human being to save humanity.' "

"You and I have fallen out of literature into politics," Moreland observed.

"What a nasty fall was there!" I said.

Moreland went over to stare at his peacocks again, and then came back and sat down, restively. "The world that was once foot-loose and fancy-free," he said, "has now become screw-loose and frenzy-free. In our age of Science and *Angst* it seems to me more brave to stay on Earth and explore inner man than to fly far from the sphere of our sorrow and explore outer space."

"The human ego being what it is," I put in, "science fiction has always assumed that the creatures on the planets of a thousand larger solar systems than ours must look like gigantic tube-nosed fruit bats. It seems to me that the first human being to reach one of these planets may well learn what it is to be a truly great and noble species."



"Now we are leaving humor and comedy behind again," Moreland protested.

"Not in the largest sense of the words," I said. "The other day Arnold Toynbee spoke against the inveterate tendency of our species to believe in the uniqueness of its religions, its ideologies, and its virtually everything else. Why do we not realize that no ideology believes so much in itself as it disbelieves in something else? Forty years ago an English writer, W. L. George, dealt with this subject in *Eddies of the Day,* and said, as an example, that 'Saint George for Merry England' would not start a spirit half so quickly as 'Strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead!' "





"There was also *Gott strafe Angleterre,*" Moreland reminded me, "and *Carthago delenda est,* or if you will, *Deus strafe Carthage.* It isn't what the ideologist believes in, but what he hates, that puts the world in jeopardy. This is the force, in our time and in every other time, that urges the paranoiac and the manic-depressive to become head of a state. Complete power not only corrupts but it also attracts the mad. There is a bitter satire for a future writer in that."

"Great satire has always been clearly written and readily understandable," I said. "But we now find writers obsessed by the nooks and crannies of their ivory towers, and curiously devoted to the growing obscurity and complexity of poetry and non-poetry. I wrote a few years ago that one of the cardinal rules of writing is that the reader should be able to get some idea of what the story is about. If a poem, for example, is understandable only to its author, then Max Eastman's phrase, 'poets talking to themselves,' is not only accurate but alarming in a time like ours."

Moreland didn't say anything, but he made us another and stiffer drink.

"The Communists," he said, "may yet turn literature into a phase of modern technology. Some members of the Russian Society of Authors will simply have to push a button, and out will come a novel or a play. Incapable of revision—that is, change, growth, and development, and subject only to mechanistic favorable criticism, obtained by pushing another button in another machine. There is a satire in that for a future writer, if there is going to be a future."

"Modern psychology and psychiatry have made us all afraid of ourselves," I said abruptly. "*Angst* is spreading, and with it mental ailments of whose cause and cure, one authority has recently said, we know little or nothing. But the terminology of psychiatry proliferates to the point that almost everybody now seems to think he is schizophrenic, schizoid, or schizo. I expect any day to see the slang word 'skizzy' come into common use. A psychologist in America not long ago warned his colleagues at a convention that they were not so much arriving at cures as inventing new terms for the incurable. When neuro-psychotic became psycho-neurotic, the verbiage was off to a flying start, startling too many people. I heard of one frightened woman who burst into her doctor's office crying, 'I think I have got psychotherapy!' The doctor was able to prove to her quite simply that she did not have that."

"Are you moving toward some basic conclusion?" Moreland asked.

"I was coming to another subject for present or future satire," I said. "That is the subject of the Area Man. We are divided into literally hundreds of Area Men, none of whom knows or cares very much about men in other categories of endeavor or thought. But we mumble along in our multiple confusion. Every man is now an island unto himself, interested in, even obsessed by, his own preoccupation. For example, I was agitated some twenty years ago when I discovered the gulf of ignorance that existed between the ophthalmologist and the psychologist. Each of them is concerned only with his own end of the optic nerve, which happens to join the eyeball and the brain. I have found out that the eye doctors and the mind doctors have developed a great many jokes and anecdotes about one another, without getting together and threshing things out. A certain male adult began seeing double, and he went to a psychiatrist, who decided that the man's problem lay in his inability to make up his mind as to which one of two girls he was in love with. The distracted fellow then called on a great eye man who cleared up the condition with certain eye drops. I told this story to our American humorist, S. J. Perelman, and he said to me, 'The story is incomplete. Which girl *was* he in love with?' "

"I know of two classes of Area Men that certain authorities are trying to interfuse, as the

science fiction writers say," Moreland told me. "Lord Hailsham was recently quoted as saying that all good scientists are poets, and Alfred North Whitehead made a strenuous attempt to find the scientist in Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Shelley. He even wrote, 'If Shelley had been born a hundred years later, there would have been a Newton among chemists.' "

"Shelley in the bells and grass, Shelley with an apple halfway to his head," I murmured, but my host went me a couple better.

"My heart leaps up when I behold a test tube in the lab!" he cried. "And did you once see Shelley plain? And was he stained with chemicals?"

"If Shelley was a scientist, then I am a neurosurgeon," I said. "Any scientist knows that the moth cannot desire the star, for the simple scientific reason that the moth cannot see the star. What the moth desires is the street lamp, the candle flame, the light in the window. Too bad Whitehead did not rewrite the great lyric for the sake of modern science."

"I weep for the man that wept for Adonais," Moreland sighed.

WE BOTH walked over to the window and stared out at the peacocks again.

"Don't ask me how we are going to get out of the present dehumanization of our species," I told him, "because I don't know. I am glad to say, to quote Poe, that it is neither beast nor human, it is neither man nor woman, that wakes me every morning at my quiet hotel in London. It is a blackbird, who begins to sing as the clock strikes five. You see—"

But Moreland wanted to show me that he could quote from the poets, too, and he did so:

> The nightingale has a lyre of gold.
> The lark's is a clarion call.
> The blackbird has but a boxwood flute,
> And I love him best of all.

We went back and sat down.

"There is, thank God," I said, "no such thing as a deblackbirdization."

"Would you like to see a world conference of Area Men?" Moreland asked. "If so, do not expect me to attend. There is enough Babel and Bedlam the way it is, and an organization called The United Notions would get us nowhere even faster than we are now going, which is 1,700 miles a minute, I believe. Such a convention might even lead to the First Word War."

"Well, at any rate," I said, "you have suggested good titles for a satire, 'The United Notions' and 'The First Word War.' There are plenty of ideas lying around, but what we lack is wordmen, as they are called in Hollywood, to write about them."

"Let's get back to *Angst* for a moment," my host said.

"On the contrary, let's get away from *Angst* for good," I objected. "In a recent review of what he called unscientific science fiction, Kingsley Amis spoke of 'the threadbare convention of telepathy.' Now, I have studied and practiced mental telepathy for sixty years, and its existence is demonstrable. The present *Angst*, the *Zeitgeist* of the moment, is quite simply, it seems to me, the product of mass mental projection of gloom. I have traced its depressing effects during the past two years. In that period I have got a dismaying increase of letters from friends and strangers of all ages, telling of the onset of *Angst*. They use such expressions as anxiety, nameless dread, and even *heulendes Elend*, which is German for the sobbing miseries. Too many people have now got everything from the galloping jumps to the mumbling crumbles, and they are contagious. I have no doubt that telepathy has become a threadbare convention of science fiction, but it is, alas, a monstrous human fact."

"Let's go and look at the peacocks again," Moreland sighed, and we both went over to the window.

"I have a theory of my own about the spread of *Angst*," Moreland said finally. "We talk too much about this damnable dehumanization, and the process shows up in too many of the dramas and novels of our day. Love has become a four-letter word, and sex is no longer creative but destructive. We are assured, by some authorities, that the normal is a matter of mass behavior, but the normal can never be synonymous with the average, the majority, the customary, or the habitual. The normal is that which functions in accordance with its design, and in sex, and its inversions and perversions, however popular, we seem to overlook the design of the morphology and biology of the human being."

"You are over-simplifying," I told him, "but it is refreshing in an age of over-complication."

"A long time ago we began calling this century the Age of Anxiety and the Aspirin Age," Moreland went on. "Your late President Roosevelt, nearly thirty years ago, said that the only thing to fear is fear itself, thus giving the psychiatrist a new term, phobophobia. President Eisenhower spoke so often about the danger of fear and hysteria that he planted them in the consciousness of his television listeners. And then *Time*

Magazine, in its issue of March 24th, devoted its cover story to an article called 'The Anatomy of *Angst*.' How can we mentally jam all this broadcasting of gloom?"

"By rising above it," I said. "By the lifting of the spirit, by what Dorothy Thompson called, in her last book, 'The Courage to Be Happy.' It takes guts to be happy, make no mistake about it; and I don't mean slap-happy, or drink-happy, or drug-happy."

"We are told that the balance of power in the world, and its maintenance, are realistic, but the realistic is not always the true," Moreland said. "The greatest truth of our time is both simple and awful—total war means annihilation, and the Brink of War has become the Brink of Was."

"I wish I had said that," I murmured. "Power, incidentally, also tends to make men stupid. When Mikoyan visited the United States, he asked more than one worker, 'Do you want war?' They all said no, but bitter irony would have been the proper weapon, if irony were not so dangerous in this age of non-communication. The answer to Mikoyan should have been, 'Yes, of course. I should like to be killed, and have my wife and children killed, and all my friends and neighbors, and my city destroyed.' "

"We have come a long way from humor and comedy this afternoon," Moreland sighed.

"On the contrary," I said, "we are just getting around to it. Without satire no civilization can be truly described or benefited. We could name many names, from Voltaire to Swift, before we ran into the modern morbid playwrights and sex novelists, who are more interested in the sordid corners of life than in the human heart."

"You mean the non-heart," Moreland said. "Have you counted the recent books that deal with the human condition, or predicament, or tragedy?"

"Yes," I said, "and I even remember when we wrote about the bright human spectacle, and the human comedy. If there is no human comedy it will be necessary to create one. How long can the needle of the human gramophone stay in the rut of *Angst* without wearing out and ending in the repetition of a ghoulish gibbering?"

I GLANCED at my wristwatch and saw that it was time to go. Moreland took me to the door, and we shook hands. I had a final thought, and said to my host: "I think we must learn to brighten the human idiom, as well as to make it communicable."

"I'll let you have the last word," he sighed, finishing the whiskey in his glass.

"All right, then," I said. "Life at the moment is a tale told in an idiom, full of unsoundness and fury, signifying nonism. The other day I read a love scene in a story that went like this: 'Am I beautiful?' she asked him. 'Terribly,' he said. And then he asked her, 'Do you love me?' 'Horribly,' she said."

"Why don't you go home and write something humorous?" Graves Moreland demanded. "Don't you want to?"

"Frightfully," I told him, and I wandered slowly o'er the lea, wondering if the modern world had lost a great nuclear physicist when Thomas Gray died in the wrong century.



Harper's Magazine, December 1961



GALBRAITH IN INDIA

KUSUM NAIR

An amateur both at diplomacy and at public relations, he sometimes annoys the professionals on his staff. But the Indians are beginning to rate him as high as any of the four unusually competent Ambassadors who preceded him.

ON THE eighth of April 1961, the plane bringing John Kenneth Galbraith, the new Ambassador-designate to New Delhi, arrived an hour and ten minutes ahead of schedule. It was symbolic perhaps of his unconcealed enthusiasm to come to India. But it upset all arrangements for his reception.

Professor Galbraith has been exceedingly well received. His fame as an economist and writer had of course preceded him. He is widely read in India and his views are respected and liked, mainly because his liberal economic philosophy is broadly in consonance with the dominant Indian temper. The fact that he is unorthodox, and a pungent critic of traditional economic thought and of certain aspects of the American capitalist system, adds tremendously to his prestige and popularity in this country.

In fact, never before has an American Ambassador's appointment aroused such keen interest and expectations. It is so not only because Galbraith has the backing of a liberal and dynamic Administration in Washington but because of his own special background as a professional economist. He is known to have a genuine sympathy for and an intimate understanding of India's problems. He has been to India twice before in an advisory capacity to the Planning Commission and is expected to bring a greater sense of realism in American thinking about Indian needs, and also possibly in India's own thinking about her development problems—though, now that he speaks officially, it has to be done more discreetly. His note to the Planning Commission last year, for example, on the "Rationale of Indian Economic Organization" in which he described the working of the public-sector enterprises in India as "post-office socialism" became the subject of a lively discussion—it is still pursuing him—and added a new idiom to the Indian economic terminology. Significantly, his most important public engagements so far have been three lectures at the Universities of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay on problems of planning, economic development, foreign aid, and technical assistance, generally and with specific reference to India.

Moreover, Galbraith came at a time when Indo-American relations were extremely cordial. They have come a long way since January 5, 1952, when the first general Technical Co-operation Agreement was signed between the two countries. They can be said to be on a fairly firm footing now, made firmer by the latest offer of the U. S. government of more than a billion dollars in aid to India's Third Five Year Plan.

In Galbraith's view, "The most significant and deep-seated change in recent times is that we accept India's nonaligned position in international affairs. We are not going to argue about it; nor are we going to seek a change in it. It is India's choice and we see that it contributes to stability in this part of the world. When I was here in 1956—it wasn't the best period in U. S.-Indian relations—not very happy comments were being made in American circles about the immorality of neutrals."

Similarly, there has been of late a greater understanding and acceptance in the United States of other concepts and policies to which India is committed on its domestic front, such as planning, socialism, and a very large public sector in the national economy. Even previously, under the Republicans in Eisenhower's time, over 90 per cent of American aid went to a wide range of government projects in agriculture, power and irrigation, industry, education, and public health. But every time, "we looked over our shoulder to see if anyone was watching," according to Galbraith. "Henceforth, we are not going to be concerned with debates over ideology. We recognize that India has to have a very substantial public sector and we will extend help wherever we find it contributes most to rapid development."

In the Indian press also, there is less baiting of the U. S. on the racial question, though news concerning it continues to be published prominently. And Defense Minister Krishna Menon, India's main spokesman at the UN, is increasingly resorting to back-stage rather than center-stage diplomacy. He speaks less now and—though still unpredictable—is more moderate in his criticism of American policies. Whether the new tone is a coincidence or a matter of policy, it is difficult to say. One sore spot still is the problem of U. S. military aid to Pakistan. President Ayub's July visit to Washington and the American government's promise of "extension" of military aid to his country, once again initiated a most violent reaction in India at all levels, from Prime Minister Nehru downwards.

Even so, there is no doubt that on both sides there is more pragmatism now and less sniping and mutual criticism.

Outstanding among India's very few women journalists, Kusum Nair has traveled widely at home and abroad. Her reports and articles appear frequently in Indian, European, and American publications, and her book, "Blossoms in the Dust," has been published in England by Duckworth. Born in Uttar Pradesh, she is a graduate of Nagpur University, is married, and has two children.

BOWLES TO ALLEN TO COOPER TO BUNKER

THIS achievement of a better understanding between the U. S. and India has not been a sudden phenomenon. It has been developing gradually, and more especially over the last four years or so. President Kennedy has made a deeply favorable impression in India, especially by his eloquence, freshness of approach, and emphasis on the need for economic development and social reform in the backward countries. But it has not brought about any spectacular shift in Indo-American relations.

"Undoubtedly, our friendship has been further emphasized under the new Administration," the Indian Prime Minister told me five months after Kennedy had been sworn into office. "But our relations with the United States have been good over the past several years now, whatever the Administration in Washington. We have had a good set of Ambassadors."

Which is true. The first in the line to bring about a marked change in what was at the time a highly critical state of Indian opinion was Chester Bowles, who came as Ambassador in October 1951. His success was achieved largely by personal charm and good public relations, as for example, by being flatteringly appreciative of everything Indian, by acting like a true democrat, choosing to live in a modest house (it is still the official residence of the American Ambassador), mixing freely with the more common people normally outside the ambassadorial circle, and sending his children to an Indian rather than an American school, and riding a bicycle instead of in a Cadillac.

Bowles was followed by George V. Allen, a career diplomat, who was succeeded by Sherman Cooper, a Republican ex-Senator from Kentucky. Both men were highly respected, but they held office for only about a year each and were greatly handicapped generally by the foreign policy of John Foster Dulles, which was extremely un-

popular in India, and specifically by the mutual-defense pact which was signed by the United States government with Pakistan in 1954. This agreement, which promised massive arms aid to Pakistan at a time when Indo-Pakistan relations were highly strained and the two armies were facing each other belligerently in Kashmir, let loose a deluge of the most bitter anti-American sentiment in India.

Cooper was succeeded in 1957 by Ellsworth Bunker, whom Galbraith has now replaced. Bunker made an outstanding impression though he represented a Republican regime and was by nature a very quiet, reserved, yet friendly, kind of diplomat. He had none of the flamboyance of Chester Bowles. But he worked tirelessly to improve Indo-American relations and was indeed very effective.

Half of U. S. aid to India over the past decade —which totaled $3,765 million as up to March 1961—was made available during Bunker's term. The largest food agreement yet signed with any country, giving India sixteen million tons of wheat and one million tons of rice, was also negotiated in Bunker's time, in May 1960. It is difficult to find an Indian who knew Bunker and does not respect and admire him.

"AMERICA SHOULD HAVE . . ."

BUT actually, neither India nor the United States has yet abandoned its stand or framework of thinking on any basic issue. Nor would it be true to say that now there is any participation by India and the United States in a common ideological mission or battle against a common danger.

Though admittedly, there is greater flexibility and a more liberal attitude in the approach of the new American Administration, it continues to think and act predominantly in the context of international communism and its threat to world peace and democracy. On the other hand, the Indian mind for the present has one motivation, amounting similarly almost to an obsession, which is likely to continue, unless international developments compel a change, for at least a couple of decades or more. It is a concern with internal economic development, social readjustment and reform, and national integration. Every other Indian policy, of peace, co-existence, non-alignment and so on, flows from this center.

It is interesting to observe, however, that since 1952 neither ideological nor policy differences in the international sphere have prevented the steady growth of U. S. economic assistance to India, though they did act as constant irritants. This growth underlines the true character of Indo-American relationship: first, that it is confined mainly to the sphere of economic and technical co-operation; and secondly, that it is almost entirely at government-to-government level. There has been of late an increasing interest in industrial collaboration in the private sector. The United States is now the principal investing country. Even so, the flow of private capital is negligible and is the direct concern of only a very small though influential section of the community.

The vast multitude of the common masses of India on the other hand have no relationship whatever with the United States of America or its people, and often lack a clear understanding or even an awareness of the close connections between the two countries—despite occasional visiting VIPs like Vice President Lyndon Johnson shaking hands vigorously with a few people on the roadside or in a village. An overwhelming majority of the Indian population lies way beyond the reach of the United States Information Services or of the American consular staff, which is largely confined, as the American Vice President is reported to have suspected, to the "cocktail circle," which is formidable but extremely narrow. For various reasons the U. S. technical personnel do not fare very much better.

• Thus, for example, *Ram Prasad* is a Harijan, by profession a "sweeper." He cleans the floor and toilets in a private home in New Delhi. He is young, about twenty-one years old, very dark, handsome, with a flashing smile that comes easily. He is illiterate but intelligent. His home is in a village called Tajpur, some forty miles from Delhi, but he is landless. He came to work in the capital some three years ago.

"What do you know of America?" I ask him.

"Nothing."

"Do you know that America is a very rich country?"

"No I don't. But someone told me that there are no poor in America."

"Do you know that America is giving a lot of aid to India for her Five Year Plans?"

"No. I don't."

In Delhi he has seen Americans but never spoken to any. He knows nothing of President Kennedy and his Administration or of the state of Indo-American relations before or since.

• *Mulji Fakir* is from the village, Joravasan, in Surat district in Gujerat in Western India. He

is just literate, alert, aware of the world around him, a man with forthright views. He owns six and a half acres of land in his village but also works as a domestic servant in New Delhi to supplement his income.

"What do you think of our relations with the United States?" I ask him.

"I think they are good. But they could have been better. They are not as good as they could be."

"Why?"

"Because, when China attacked our borders, America remained silent. She refused to take sides and condemn China."

"But we did not ask for America's help."

"So what? America should have taken a clear stand on the issue. Why did she not do so?"

"You know that America is giving us a lot of economic assistance? Why do you think she is doing that?" I ask.

"Well, she has to," is the reply, "because, first, there are so many Americans here. No other country has so many of its people in India. They are spread all over. They have to be provided with jobs. Secondly, Americans would like to increase their trade with us. Besides, they try to help the poor by running schools and hospitals. In Bulsar and Nadiad [in Gujerat, his home state], there are American hospitals and they treat a lot of patients from the surrounding villages."

I explain to him that these schools and hospitals he is referring to have been run by American Christian missions ever since British times and have nothing to do with the economic assistance now being provided at governmental level. But he does not know of any other aid program or how it is utilized and to what purpose. He has heard of President Kennedy but knows of no material change having been brought about by him or by his Administration in relation to India or the rest of the world. He, however, vaguely expects America to help the poorer countries in their economic development.

• Thirty-seven-year-old *Kartar Singh* is a Sikh from the Punjab, a college graduate. He is working as a senior clerk in the government of India. At present he is drawing a salary of about $52 a month with a yearly increment of a dollar and a half. He enjoys free medical facilities and has cheap government accommodation in a city where rents are probably the highest in the world. Kartar Singh also owns eleven acres of land in his village, but, being educated, would not consider working the land himself. He would prefer a white-collar job, no matter how lowly paid.

What does he think of Indo-American relations?

"Well," he speaks with some hesitation, "you have to admit that every time it is the Soviet Union which has come to our rescue by exercising the veto in the United Nations over the

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Kashmir issue. America and the other West European powers seldom vote with us on any major international problem."

"What do you think of the massive economic aid that America is giving us?"

"Oh that," and now he warms up to the subject. "Well, poor people like us never even know how much comes and where it goes. It comes to the government. How it is spent and where, we never know. I, and most of my colleagues, believe that it goes largely to fill the pockets of the rich and the politicians in power. They build a dam maybe, but millions are wasted and spent even before the dam is completed. The country gets little or no benefit from it. Besides, how is it ever going to be paid back?"

"Why do you think America gives us so much aid?"

"It is out of pure self-interest—not from any altruism for us. It is mainly and primarily to fight communism. If they give us so much aid, they feel they are making us strong to fight communism and Russia, so that we would be on their side if and when there is a showdown. That is their real motive."

"But when Americans say they are helping you to preserve democracy and a free way of life, don't you agree with them? Don't you yourself want to preserve democracy in this country?"

This line of argument, however, strikes no response in him because he does not care for democracy "unless poor people like me—I talk not only for myself but for hundreds of thousands who are even worse off than me—can be benefited. It has no meaning for us. Two Five Year Plans have gone by, but what have we got out of them?"

He describes himself as poor, but would be technically classed in the lower-middle-class income bracket.

WORKS, NOT GADGETS

THESE three—*Ram Prasad*, *Mulji Fakir*, and *Kartar Singh*—represent different strata of Indian nonpolitical opinion, though they enjoy a distinct advantage by living in Delhi. Their counterparts in villages and the smaller towns would be very much less informed.

These common people, however, do not count very much in the normal sense of the word, because the vocal, influential, and ruling group in India still consists largely of a small minority of the urban elite drawn mainly from the middle and upper classes. Its members are well informed and usually have close social relations or business contacts with Americans. Many of them have been to the United States. Except for a small self-proclaimed "left" and "right" lobby—whose standing is low in public estimation—individuals, politicians, and members of the press in this urban elite also tend to form their attitudes toward America on the basis of specific issues. They do not adopt a blanket approach of "for" or "against." Just as there is no wholly pro-American group of any significance in India, so there is no wholly anti-American body of sentiment either, except in Communist circles.

The phenomenon is inevitable, perhaps, and is not attributable simply to the Indian government's policy of nonalignment. Another reason for it could be that there is not, and can never be, a deeper emotional kinship between the two peoples, rooted in a common ethnic, cultural, or historical heritage such as binds the American and the West European communities, or the Arab States, for example. In this respect, India's relations with practically every other country in the world, including the nonaligned nations, run more or less on the same pattern.

Under the circumstances, it is difficult to envisage any revolutionary change in the basic relationship between America and India, which, as already stated, is that of donor to recipient and is confined predominantly to economic and technical co-operation at governmental level. Here Galbraith is on his own grounds and in fact, as he admitted at his first press conference, his presence in New Delhi is not unrelated to it. Apart from strengthening the economic ties, he can only aspire to extend somewhat the area of mutual understanding, which Galbraith plans to do by emphasizing cultural programs.

He has little faith in propaganda, and believes that those who are subject to persuasion are on the whole not worth persuading. He wants the U. S. Information Services to cease to be an instrument of Cold War and become one of education in the best sense, simply to display the cultural resources of his country. "We have an excellent theatre, jazz, dance, for example."

A major problem, however, is that only a small section of the westernized upper-class Indians, mostly the "cocktail circle" again, really understands or appreciates Western music, dance, or theatre, though Hollywood films command larger audiences. This circle cannot be expected to broaden very much more, at least in the immediate future, because of differences in taste and the language difficulty.

Even so, there is great scope for improvement in the interpretation of the American way of life



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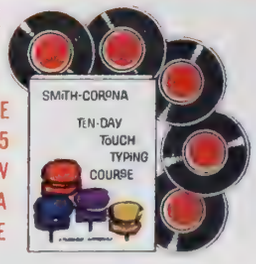
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to India. Generally speaking, the cultural image of an American in the mind of the average educated Indian is unsavory and not always accurate. It is identified predominantly with brash materialism, fabulous luxury, softness; bikinis, night clubs, television sets, giant automobiles, machines, and gadgets; quantities of liquor and frozen and canned foods of every kind. There is greater need, perhaps, to convey to the Indian people the underlying motivations and basic economic attitudes of the Americans—as toward work, for example—which have been responsible for their high productive efficiency. The display of end-products by themselves often irritates and provokes cynicism instead of inspiring similar effort.

Galbraith plans to invite to India a greater number of literary people, economists, social scientists, and intellectuals in other fields, so that they will understand India better and their Indian counterparts will have an opportunity to see a broader perspective of American intellectual life and to take part in discussing some of the live topics in the United States. He hopes the selection of the invitees will be more varied and "not quite so respectable" as in the past. He is also anxious to bring the latest important American publications to this country as soon as they are published. The Ford Foundation has already made an initial grant of $15,000 for the purpose. Normally, American books do not reach Indian bookstores for several months after they are out and then they are too costly for most private purses, especially of those who most want to read them.

This is an area in which interest is avid in India and is growing. American technology and scholarship command more respect now in this country than they did even ten years ago and Harvard competes for equal honors with Oxford and Cambridge—the traditional mecca of Indian intellectuals. American universities receive more Indian students today than any other foreign group despite the exchange difficulties—and despite the fact that the students' mothers are generally suspicious and distrustful of American standards of sexual morality.

Moreover, India's entire system of education, from the primary to the university level, is being reviewed currently with a view not only to extend it to embrace larger numbers, but to modernize it and to make it more efficient. With rapid industrialization, there is need for a far greater emphasis on scientific education and technology than the existing curriculum and facilities permit. In this field again Galbraith's contribution could have—in the long run and in some respects—a greater impact on the country's development than the economic-aid program. For in India, much more than in the United States, the ultimate test will be, as the Professor states in one of his books, less the effectiveness of material investment than the effectiveness of investment in man.

"SIT DOWN, SIR"

THERE are, however, limitations to what an Ambassador can hope to achieve, some of them inherent in the job. Thus one of the major tasks of an emissary is to convey and interpret his own government's policies on a world-wide plane. If some of these are rejected or basically unpopular with the local government and public opinion, there is little the Ambassador can do about it except to plead for tolerance and a better understanding of the underlying intentions. The first storm of this character Galbraith had to face almost immediately on arrival was on Cuba and the most recent has been on the question of military aid to Pakistan.

Moreover, not only is Galbraith almost totally inexperienced in political diplomacy but in his dealings with the Indian authorities on this plane he often finds himself having to talk expertly on subjects he feels he does not know enough about, as, for example, Laos. That he takes the most direct route to acquaint himself, however, is indicated by the fact that in July he decided to fly all the way to Geneva to find out.

But Galbraith is not a natural diplomat in the conventional sense. He is too transparent and more of a pure intellectual and a specialist in one particular subject than any of his predecessors or than most Ambassadors. This quality naturally imparts some imbalance both to his personality and to his performance in his manifold duties. Not all of them interest him equally and some of them bore him tremendously, especially the rituals of protocol. They not only make a fantastic demand on an Ambassador's time but he visibly chafes under the burden of their obvious futility.

Galbraith's ability to communicate effectively at the top official levels—he has established excellent relations with Prime Minister Nehru—cannot be doubted and friends know him to be warm and generous, but he is too subtle to be at ease in a crowd or to put comparative strangers at ease, to indulge in small talk and phony platitudes, and to suffer fools with at least a semblance of delight. Then add his lanky six

feet eight inches of physical height in a country where the average man is much shorter than in the U. S. Automatically, the "differential altitude" places him and his audience at a mutual disadvantage. At a press conference in Calcutta recently, the first suggestion from the correspondents was, "Why don't you sit down, sir?"

Again, though he affirms that he has noticed a tendency for his language to become more discreet, he still is and can be bluntly outspoken if the occasion so demands. The wry humor—the love for the trenchant phrase with the typical Galbraith twist—also persists and is liable sometimes not to be understood even by the more sophisticated. It is amusing but it can also be devastating and indeed at times creates odd reactions.

Despite his lack of professional skill generally at mass public relations, however, the Professor has been doing plenty of public relations both in private and in public. He not only wants but expects to be accepted. His contacts with the press, off and on the record, have been close. He has gone out of his way to cultivate the Indian intellectuals, artists, students, and professionals. There has been a major shift in their favor in the guest list at the Ambassador's house. Formerly it was dominated as a rule by the top business and official circles—the typical Rotary Club crowd. Galbraith has been traveling almost constantly in the months he has been here, and if he continues at this pace, he probably will be the most mobile Ambassador India has known. He certainly is the most vocal, though considering his professorial background he is a surprisingly poor speaker, and extremely poor when he speaks extempore.

In fact, if any aspect of his work has suffered, it is the organizational, within his own mission, because he has barely had the time, even were he so inclined, to come to grips with administrative problems and be closely acquainted with his subordinates. But he is not so inclined. He is clearly not an organization man. Unlike his predecessor, he is generally late to reach his office because he prefers to work at home. He does not conceal his dislike for staff meetings, which used to be a regular routine. He has made it known that he gets more by reading than by hearing. The general procedure now, therefore, is to write memos on every subject requiring his decision. He is quick in giving his decision and this saves considerably on everybody's time—except that his handwriting often stumps even his secretary. But this procedure also means that the staff gets less opportunity to meet and understand him, and to participate in his thinking. How well, therefore, the administration of the Embassy in New Delhi and of its several specialized missions will work during Galbraith's term and whether they will pull their weight with him and measure up to his personal performance may well depend largely on the drive and efficiency of his deputies.

In common, perhaps, with the other top appointees of the Kennedy Administration, Ambassador Galbraith also displays an enormous vitality and capacity for hard work—"the new zeal," as it is described in American circles here. He is quick, tense, inclined to be both impetuous and impatient with problems, driving himself almost to punishing point, as if time were running out. To those close to him he seems to be in a great hurry to get everywhere and do fifty different things at the same time. To the hard-boiled professional, the pace seems somewhat pointless and results inevitably in an unnecessary dispersal of energy.

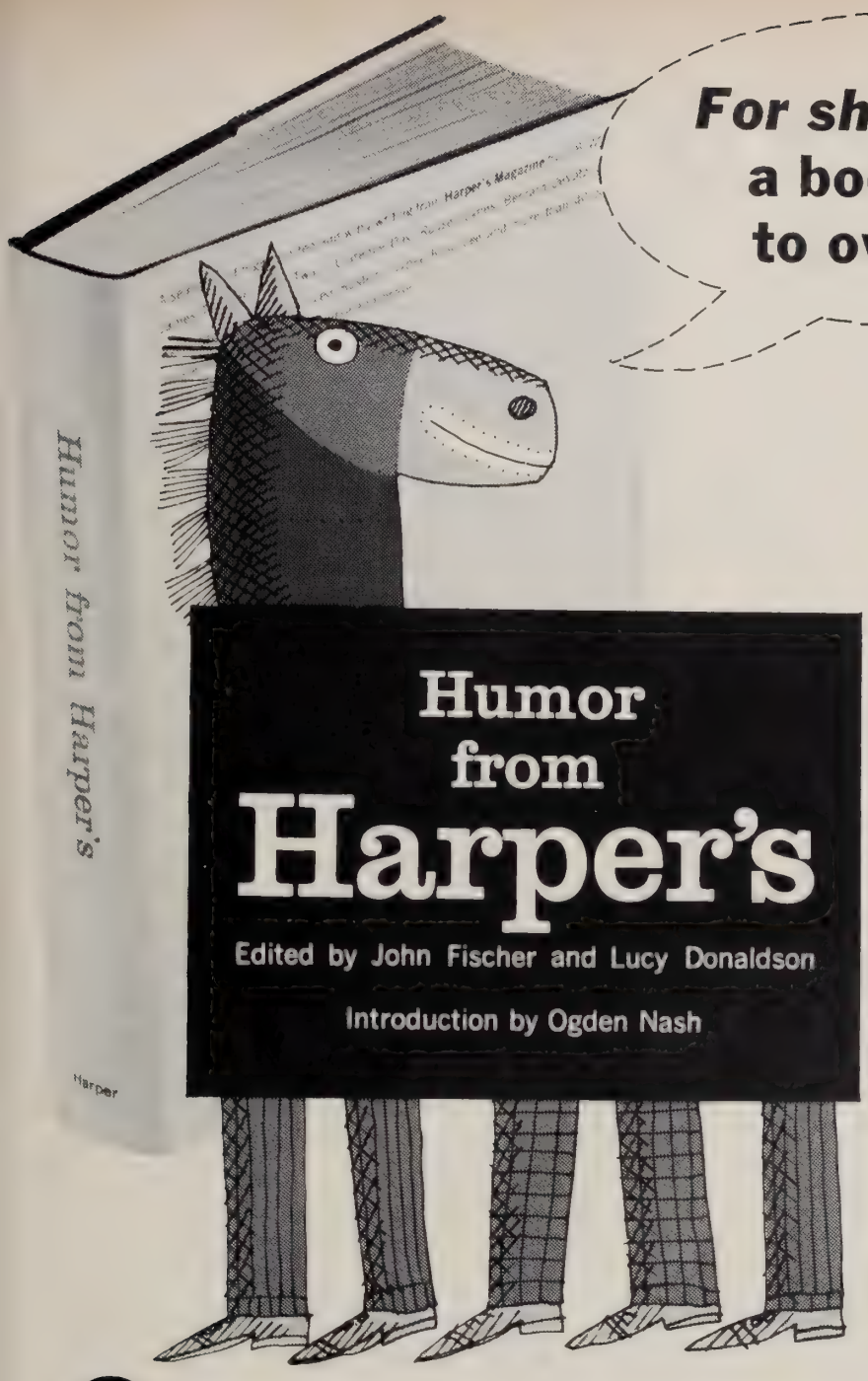
NO AFFLUENCE HERE

PERHAPS the most interesting "if" of Galbraith's term of office in India is whether he will leave a more memorable imprint on this country or the country on him. If I were to venture a guess, the probability is that it will be the latter, though undoubtedly Galbraith will be remembered in India for a long time to come.

Thus the foundation grant Professor Galbraith received in 1955 was meant originally for a study on why people are poor. He tried, but failed to make much headway, and wrote instead on the affluent society he knows so well. Now is his chance, deliberately chosen, to study at first hand not only a poor society, but also its attempts to escape from poverty and reach the stage of self-sustaining growth by democratic means, described by him as the world's most challenging effort. Whatever contribution he may make personally toward this effort, however, will always be circumscribed by and be a mere part of a larger policy of his own government which he will doubtless influence to some extent but not personally direct or control.

Galbraith's observations and the conclusions he reaches on the subject during his stay in India, therefore, may well make a far more lasting and useful contribution to his thinking on the general theory of economic growth and development than he, or for that matter any Ambassador, however brilliant, can ever possibly hope to make on the affairs of any foreign country.

Harper's Magazine, December 1961



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ARTHUR C. CLARKE

THE USES OF THE MOON

Putting a colony there may be practical, cold-cash sense—which has nothing to do with propaganda or military operations.

THE two greatest nations in the world have now given notice that they will land men on the Moon within the next decade. This will be one of the central facts of political life in the years to come; indeed, it may soon dominate human affairs even more dramatically than was suggested in the novel *Advise and Consent*. It is essential, therefore, that we understand the importance of the Moon in our future; if we do not, we will be going there for the wrong reasons, and will not know what to do when we arrive.

Many people imagine that the whole project of lunar exploration is merely a race with the Russians—a contest in conspicuous consumption of brains and material, designed to impress the remainder of mankind. No one can deny the strong element of competition and national prestige involved, but in the long run, this will be the least important aspect of the matter. If the race to the Moon were nothing more than a race, it would make good sense to let the Russians bankrupt themselves in the strain of winning it, in the calm confidence that their efforts would collapse in recriminations and purges sometime during the 1970s.

There are some shortsighted people (including a few elderly, but unfortunately still influential, scientists) who would adopt just such a policy. Why spend tens of billions of dollars, they ask, to land a few men on a barren, airless lump of rock, nothing more than a cosmic slag heap, baked by the Sun during the daytime and frozen to subarctic temperatures in the long night? The polar regions of this Earth are far more hospitable; indeed, the deep oceans could probably be exploited and even colonized for a fraction of the sum needed to conquer the Moon.

All this is true; it is also totally irrelevant. The Moon *is* a barren, airless wasteland, blasted by intolerable radiations. Yet a century from now it may be an asset more valuable than the wheat fields of Kansas or the oil wells of Oklahoma. And an asset in terms of actual hard cash—not the vast imponderables of adventure, romance, artistic inspiration, and scientific knowledge. Though, ultimately, these are the only things of real value, they can never be measured. The conquest of the Moon, however, can be justified to the cost accountants, not only to the scientists and the poets.

Let me first demolish, with considerable pleasure, one common argument for going to the Moon—the military one. Some ballistic generals have maintained that the Moon is "high ground" that could be used for reconnaissance and bombardment of the Earth. Though I hesitate to say that this is complete nonsense, it is so near to it as to make very little practical difference.

You cannot hope to see as much from 250,000 miles away as from a TV-satellite just above the atmosphere, and the use of the Moon as a launching site makes even less sense. For the effort required to set up one lunar military base with all its supporting facilities, at least a hundred times as many bases could be established on Earth. It is also far easier to intercept a missile coming from the Moon—taking many hours for the trip in full view of telescopes and radar—than one sneaking round the curve of the Earth in twenty minutes. Only if, which Heaven forbid, we extend our present tribal conflicts to the other planets will the Moon become of military importance.

Before we discuss the civilized uses of our one natural satellite, let us summarize the main facts about it. They may be set down quite briefly:

Area: The Moon's radius is just over a thousand miles—one quarter of the Earth's. Thus its area is one-sixteenth of our planet's—more than that of Africa, and almost as much as that of both the Americas combined. Such a territory will take many years (and many lives) to explore in detail.

Material: The amount of material in the Moon (if you would like it in tons) comes to 750,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. This is millions of millions times more than all the coal, iron, minerals, and ores that man has shifted in the whole of history. It is not enough mass, however, to give the Moon much of a gravitational pull; as everyone now knows, a visitor to the Moon has only a fraction (actually one-sixth) of his terrestrial weight.

Gravity: This low gravity has several consequences, almost all of them good. The most important is that the Moon has been unable to retain an atmosphere; if it ever had one, it long ago escaped from the Moon's feeble clutch and leaked off into space. For all practical purposes, therefore, the lunar surface is in a perfect vacuum. (*This* is an advantage? Yes: we'll see why in a moment.)

Atmosphere: Because there is no atmosphere to weaken the Sun's rays or to act as a reservoir of heat at night, the Moon is a world of very great temperature extremes. On our Earth, in any one spot, the thermometer seldom ranges over as much as a hundred degrees even during the course of a year. Though the temperature can exceed 100 degrees in the tropics, and drop to 125 *below* zero in the Antarctic, these figures are quite exceptional. But every point on the Moon undergoes twice this range during the lunar day; indeed, an explorer could encounter such changes within seconds, merely by stepping from sunlight into shadow. This obviously presents problems, but the very absence of atmosphere which causes such extremes also makes it easy to deal with them—for a vacuum is one of the best heat insulators, a fact familiar to anyone who has ever taken hot drinks on a picnic.

Weather: No air means no weather. It is hard for us, accustomed to wind and rain, cloud and fog, hail and snow, to imagine the complete absence of all these things. None of the meteorological variations which make life interesting, unpredictable, and occasionally impossible on the surface of this planet takes place on the Moon; the only change there is the utterly unvarying cycle of day and night. Such a situation may be monotonous—but it simplifies to an unbelievable extent the problems facing architects, engineers, explorers, and indeed everyone who will ever conduct operations of any kind on the Moon.

Day: The Moon turns rather slowly on its axis, so that its day (and its night) are almost thirty times longer than ours. As a result, the sharp-edged frontier between night and day, which moves at a thousand miles an hour on the Earth's equator, has a maximum speed of less than ten miles an hour on the Moon. In high lunar latitudes, a walking man could keep in perpetual daylight with little exertion. And because the Moon turns on its axis in the same time as it revolves around the Earth, it always keeps the same hemisphere turned toward us. Until the advent of Lunik III, this was extremely frustrating to astronomers; in another generation, as we shall see, they will be very thankful for it.

An expert skin diver and author of more than twenty books about the exploration of space, earth, and ocean—both scientific and science fiction—Arthur Clarke lives in Ceylon and lectures often in the U. S. He is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and was chairman of the British Interplanetary Society. His books include "The Making of a Moon" and "Indian Ocean Adventure" (written with Mike Wilson).

COLONISTS AT WORK

SO MUCH for the main facts; now for a few assumptions which most people would accept as reasonable in 1961, though they would have laughed at them before 1957.

The first is that suitably protected men can work and carry out engineering operations on the face of the Moon, either directly or by remote control through robots.

The second is that the Moon consists of the same elements as the Earth, though doubtless in different proportions and combinations. Most of our familiar minerals will be missing: there will be no coal or limestone, since these are the products of life. But there will be carbon and hydrogen and oxygen and calcium in other forms, and we can evolve a technology to extract them from whatever sources are available. It is even possible that there may be large quantities of free (though frozen) water not too far below the Moon's surface; if this is the case, one of the chief problems of the lunar colonists will be solved.

In any event—without going into details of mining, ore processing, and chemical engineering—it will be possible to obtain all the materials needed for maintaining life. The first pioneers

will be content with mere survival, but at a later stage they will build up a self-supporting industry based almost entirely on lunar resources. Only instruments, specialized equipment, and men will come from Earth; the Moon will supply all the rest—ultimately, of course, even the men.*

There have been many studies and books on the subject of lunar colonization (I have written one myself), and all those who have been into the subject are agreed on the general picture, though the details vary. It may take as little as fifty years (the interval between the Wright biplane and the B-52) to establish a viable lunar colony; it may take a hundred. But if we wish, it can be done; on the Moon, to borrow the words of William Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech, man will not merely survive—he will prevail.

Now for the reasons why it is worth the expense, risk, and difficulty of prevailing on the inhospitable Moon. They are implicit in the question: what can the Moon offer that we cannot find on Earth?

One immediate but paradoxical answer is Nothing—millions of cubic miles of it. Many of the key industries in the modern world are based on vacuum techniques; electric lighting and its offspring, radio and electronics, could never have begun without the vacuum tube, and the invention of the transistor has done little to diminish its importance. (The initial steps of transistor manufacture have themselves to be carried out in vacuum.) A great many metallurgical and chemical processes and key stages in the production of such drugs as penicillin are possible only in a partial or virtually complete vacuum; but it is expensive to make a very good vacuum, and impossible to make a very large one.

On the Moon, there will be a "hard" vacuum of unlimited extent outside the door of every air lock. I do not suggest that it will be worthwhile switching much terrestrial industry to the Moon, even if the freight charges allowed it. But the whole history of science makes it certain that new processes and discoveries of fundamental importance will evolve as soon as men start to carry out operations in the lunar vacuum. Low-pressure physics and technology will proceed from rags to riches overnight; industries which today are unimagined will spring up on the Moon and ship their products back to Earth. For in that direction, the freight charges will be relatively low.

* These lines were written before Mr. Clarke attended the American Rocket Society's sixteenth annual meeting in New York in October. There, on display at the Coliseum, were models of a number of robots designed for lunar exploration. One which attracted most photographers was the Space-General Corporation's sun-powered moon crawler, which would be operated from the Earth, walk on jointed legs, and transmit its findings by TV. *The Editors*

LAUNCH WITHOUT BOOSTERS

THIS leads us to a major role that the Moon will play in the development of the solar system: it is no exaggeration to say that this little world, so small and close at hand (the very first rocket to reach it took only thirty-five hours on the journey) will be the steppingstone to all the planets. The reason for this is its low gravity; it requires twenty times as much energy to escape from the Earth as from the Moon. As a supply base for all interplanetary operations, therefore, the Moon has an enormous advantage over the Earth—assuming, of course, that we can find the materials we need there. This is one of the reasons why the development of lunar technology and industry is so important.

From the gravitational point of view, the Moon is indeed high ground, while we on the Earth are like dwellers at the bottom of an immensely deep pit out of which we have to climb every time we wish to conduct any cosmic explorations. No wonder that we must burn a hundred tons of rocket fuel for every ton of payload we launch into space—and on a one-way trip at that. For return journeys by rocket, thousands of tons would be needed.

This is why all *Earth-based* plans for space travel are so hopelessly uneconomic, involving gigantic boosters with tiny payloads. It is as if, in order to carry a dozen passengers across the Atlantic, we had to construct a ship weighing as much as the *Queen Elizabeth* but costing very much more. (The development costs for a large space vehicle are in the range of a billion dollars.) And, to make the whole thing completely fantastic, the vehicle can be used only once, *for it will be destroyed in flight.* Of the tens of thousands of tons that leave the Earth, only a small capsule will return. The rest will consist of boosters dropped in the ocean or discarded in space.

When nuclear power is harnessed for rocket propulsion, the position will be improved from the preposterous to the merely absurd. For even nuclear rockets must carry hundreds of thousands of tons of reaction mass, to provide a thrust when it is ejected. Every rocket, nuclear or chemical, has to have something to push against; that something is not the surrounding air, as many people once believed, but the rocket's own fuel. How-

ever, the nuclear rocket will use the very simplest of fuels—plain hydrogen. There must be plenty of this on the Moon, combined in water (which is 11 per cent hydrogen) or in some other form. The first order of business in lunar exploration will be to locate sources from which hydrogen may be obtained; when this has been done, and it is possible for ships to refuel on the Moon, the cost, difficulty, and complexity of all space operations will be reduced at least tenfold.

Since space craft need not carry fuel for the return trip (imagine where transatlantic flying would be today, if it operated on this basis!) it will no longer be necessary to build and jettison ten-thousand-ton vehicles to deliver ten-ton payloads. Instead of monstrous, multistaged boosters, we can use relatively small rockets that can be refueled and flown over and over again. Space flight would emerge from its present status as a fantastically expensive stunt, and would start to make economic—perhaps even commercial—sense.

This, however, would be only a beginning. The big breakthrough toward really efficient space operations may depend upon the fortunate fact that the Moon has no atmosphere. The peculiar conditions (peculiar by our standards—they are normal by those of the universe) prevailing there permit a launching technique much more economical than rocket propulsion. This is the old idea of the "space-gun," made famous by Jules Verne almost a hundred years ago. It would probably not be a gun in the literal sense, powered by chemical explosives, but a horizontal launching track like those used on aircraft carriers, along which space vehicles could be accelerated electrically until they reached sufficient speed to escape from the Moon.

It is easy to see why such a device is completely impractical on Earth. To escape from the Earth, a body must reach the now-familiar speed of 25,000 miles an hour. At the fierce acceleration of ten gravities, which astronauts have already withstood for very short periods of time, it would take two minutes to attain this speed—and the launching track would have to be *four hundred miles* long. If the acceleration were halved to make it more endurable, the length of the track would have to be doubled. And, of course, any object traveling at such a speed in the lower atmosphere would be instantly burned up by friction. We can forget all about space-guns on Earth.

The situation is completely different on the Moon. Because of the almost perfect vacuum, the lunar escape speed of a mere 5,200 mph can be achieved at ground level without any danger from air resistance. And at an acceleration of ten gravities, the launching track need be only nineteen miles long—not four hundred, as on the Earth. It would be a massive piece of engineering, but a perfectly practical one, and it would wholly transform the economics of space flight.

Vehicles could leave the Moon *without burning any fuel at all;* all the work of take-off would be done by fixed power plants on the ground, which could be as large and massive as required. The only fuel that a space vehicle returning to Earth need carry would be a very small amount for maneuvering and navigating. As a result, the size of vehicle needed for a mission from Moon to Earth would be reduced tenfold; a hundred-ton space ship could do what had previously required a thousand-tonner.

FUEL BY CATAPULT

THIS kind of space travel would be a spectacular enough improvement; the next stage, however, would be the really decisive one. This is the use of a Moon-based launcher or catapult to place supplies of fuel where they are needed, in orbit round the Earth or indeed near or on any other planet in the solar system.

It is generally agreed that long-range space flight—particularly voyages beyond the Moon—will become possible only when we can refuel our vehicles in orbit. Plans have been drawn up in great detail for operations involving fleets of tanker-rockets which, perhaps over a period of years, could establish what are virtually filling stations in space. Such schemes will, of course, be fantastically expensive, for it requires about fifty tons of rocket fuel to put a single ton of payload into orbit round the Earth, only a couple of hundred miles up.

Yet a Moon-based launcher could do the same job—from a distance of 250,000 miles!—for a twentieth of the energy and without consuming any rocket fuel whatsoever. It would launch tanks of propellants "down" toward Earth, and suitable guidance systems would steer them into stable orbits where they would swing around endlessly until required. This would have as great an effect on the logistics of space flight as the dropping of supplies by air has already had upon polar exploration; indeed, the parallel is a very close one.

Though enormous amounts of power would be required to operate such lunar catapults, this will be no problem in the twenty-first century. A single hydrogen bomb, weighing only a few tons,

already liberates enough energy to lift a hundred million tons completely away from the Moon. That energy will be available for useful purposes when our grandchildren need it; if it is not, we will have no grandchildren.

There is one other application of the lunar catapult that may be very important, though it may seem even more farfetched at the present time. It could launch the products of the Moon's technology all the way down to the surface of the Earth. A rugged, freight-carrying capsule, like a more refined version of today's nose cones and re-entry vehicles, could be projected from the Moon to make an automatic landing on the Earth at any assigned spot. Once again, no rocket fuel would be needed for the trip, except a few pounds for maneuvering. All the energy of launching would be provided by the fixed power plant on the Moon; all the slowing down would be done by the Earth's atmosphere. When such a system is perfected, it may be no more expensive to ship freight from Moon to Earth than it is now to fly it from one continent to another by jet. Moreover, the launching catapult could be quite short, since it would not have to deal with fragile human passengers. If it operated at fifty-gravities acceleration, a four-mile-long track would be sufficient.

I have discussed this idea at some length for two reasons. The first is that it demonstrates how, by taking advantage of the Moon's low gravity, its airlessness, and the raw materials that must certainly be there, we can conduct space exploration far more economically than by basing our operations on Earth. In fact, until some revolutionary new method of propulsion is invented, it is hard to see any other way in which space travel will be practical on the large scale.

The second reason is the slightly more personal one that, to the best of my knowledge, I was the first to develop this idea in a 1950 issue of the *Journal* of the British Interplanetary Society. Five years earlier I had proposed the use of satellites for radio and TV communications; I did not expect to see either scheme materialize in my lifetime, but one has already happened and now I wonder if I may see both.

LIGHT TO REPLACE SOUND

THE subject of communications leads us to another extremely important use of the Moon. As civilization spreads throughout the solar system, it will provide the main link between Earth and her scattered children. For though it is just as far to the other planets from the Moon as from the Earth, sheer distance is not the only factor involved. The Moon's surface is already in space, while the surface of the Earth—luckily for us—is shielded from space by a whole series of barriers through which we have to drive our signals. The best known of these barriers is, of course, the ionosphere, which reflects all but the shorter radio waves back to Earth. The shortest waves of all, however, go through it with little difficulty, so the ionosphere is no hindrance to space communications.

What *is* a serious barrier—and this has been realized only during the past year—is the atmosphere itself. Thanks to the development of an extraordinary new optical device called the laser, which I must ask you to take for granted, it now appears that the best agent for long-distance communications is not radio, but light. A light beam can carry millions of times as many messages as a radio wave, and can be focused with infinitely greater accuracy. Indeed, a laser-produced light beam could produce a spot on the Moon only a few hundred feet across, where the beam from a searchlight would be thousands of miles in diameter. Thus colossal ranges could be obtained with very little power; calculations show that with lasers we can think of signaling to the stars, not merely to the planets.

But we cannot use light beams to send messages through the Earth's erratic atmosphere; a passing cloud could block a signal that had traveled across a billion miles of space. On the airless Moon, however, this would be no problem, for the sky is perpetually clear to waves of all frequencies, from the longest radio waves, through visible light, past the ultraviolet, and even down to the short X-rays which are blocked by a few inches of air. This whole immense range of electromagnetic waves will be available for communications or any other use—perhaps such applications as the broadcasting of power, which have never been practical on Earth. There will be enough "band-width" (or ether space) for all the radio and TV services we can ever imagine, no matter how densely populated the planets become and however many messages the men of the future wish to flash back and forth across the solar system.

We can thus imagine the Moon as a sort of central clearinghouse for interplanetary communications, aiming its tightly focused light beams to the other planets and to ships in space. Any messages that concerned Earth would be radioed across the trivial 250,000-mile gulf on those wave lengths that penetrate our atmosphere.

There are several other reasons why the Moon might almost have been designed as a base for interplanetary communications. Everyone is now familiar with the enormous radio telescopes which have been built to reach out into space and to maintain contact with such distant probes as our Pioneers and Explorers (and the Rangers, Mariners, and Prospectors that will follow them). The most ambitious of these instruments is the gigantic radio telescope (six hundred feet in diameter) to be built near Sugar Grove, West Virginia. This, the largest mobile structure on Earth, contains 20,000 tons of metal and will cost over $100 million.

On the Moon, both the cost and weight of this huge structure might be slashed to a few per cent. Thanks to the low gravity, a very much lighter construction could be used than is necessary on Earth. And the Moon's airlessness pays another dividend, for a terrestrial telescope has to be designed with a substantial safety factor so that it can withstand the worst that the weather can do. There is no need to worry about gales on the Moon, where there is not the slightest breeze to disturb the most gossamer structures.

Nor have we yet finished with the Moon's advantages from the view of those who want to send (and receive) signals across space. It turns so slowly on its axis that the problem of tracking is much simplified; *and it is a quiet place.* Or, to be more accurate, the far side of the Moon is a quiet place—probably the quietest that now exists within millions of miles of the Earth. I am speaking, of course, in the radio sense; for the last sixty years, our planet has been pouring an ever-increasing racket into space. This has already seriously inconvenienced the radio astronomers, whose observations can be ruined by an electric shaver a hundred miles away.

But the land first glimpsed by Lunik III is beyond the reach of this electronic tumult; it is shielded from the din of Earth by two thousand miles of solid rock—a far better protection than a million miles of empty space. Here, where the earthlight never shines, will be the communications centers of the future, linking together with radio and light beams all the inhabited planets. And one day, perhaps, they will reach out beyond the solar system to make contact with those other intelligences for whom the first search has already begun. That search can hardly hope for success until we have succeeded in escaping from the braying of all the radio and TV stations of our own planet.

What has already been said should be more than enough to convince any imaginative person—anyone who does not believe that the future will be a carbon copy of the past—that the Moon will be a priceless possession and its exploration far more than the expensive scientific stunt that some foolish people have called it. At the same time it should be emphasized that the most important and valuable uses of the Moon will be ones that nobody has thought of today. I will merely hint at a few possibilities here.

WHO DESERVES IT?

IN A recent discussion of space exploration, Professor Harold Urey made the point that the Moon is one of the most interesting places in the solar system—in some ways more so than Mars or Venus, even though there may be life on these planets. For the face of the Moon may have carried down the ages, virtually untouched by time, a record of the conditions that existed billions of years ago, when the universe itself was young. On Earth, all such records have long ago been erased by the winds and the rains and other geological forces. When we reach the Moon, it will be as if an entire library of lost volumes, a million times older than the library destroyed at Alexandria, will be suddenly thrown open to us.

Quite beyond price will be the skills we will acquire during the exploration—and ultimately, colonization—of this new land in the sky. I suspect, though only time will tell whether this is true, that we will learn more about unorthodox methods of food production on the Moon within a few years than we could in decades on Earth. Can we, in an almost literal sense of the phrase, turn rocks into food? We must master this art (as the plants did, aeons ago) if we hope to conquer space. Perhaps most exciting of all are the possibilities opened up by low-gravity medicine and the enormous question: "Will men live longer on a world where they do not wear out their hearts fighting against gravity?" Upon the answer to this will depend the future of many worlds, and of nations yet unnamed.

Much of politics, as of life, consists of the administration of the unforeseen. We can foresee only a minute fraction of the Moon's potentialities, and the Moon itself is only a tiny part of the universe. The fact that the Soviet Union is making an all-out effort to get there has far deeper implications than have been generally faced.

The Russians, whatever else they may be, are realists. And as Sir Charles Snow has pointed out in his highly influential book, *Science and*

Government between 35 and 45 per cent of their top men have some technical and scientific training. (It is doubtful if the proportion is a quarter of this in the West.) As a result, they have often made correct choices—for example, the decision to develop the lithium bomb and giant rocket boosters—when the United States wasted its energies in such technological dead ends as tritium bombs and air-breathing missiles.

They may have done so again in the most important field of all. I wonder if any of the "Leave it to the Russians" school of anti-spaceflight critics seriously imagines that Soviet science is outward bound merely to impress the uncommitted nations. That could be achieved in a dozen less expensive ways. No, the Russians know exactly what they are doing. Perhaps they are already laughing at the shortsighted prophets who have said: "Anyone who owns the Moon can dominate the Earth." They may no longer be concerned with such trivialities. They realize that if any nation has mastery of the Moon, it will dominate not merely the Earth, but the whole accessible universe.

If, in November 1967, there are only Russians on the Moon to drink a toast to the fiftieth anniversary of the Revolution, they will have won the solar system, and theirs will be the voice of the future.

As it will deserve to be.

SAME JOHNNY

SEVERAL months ago a report was prepared and published by Mr. George A. Walton, a well-known educator, of his study of the school of Norfolk County, Massachusetts, which county contains a number of the more wealthy and populous suburbs of Boston and belongs to a state which has not been sparing of its money when the schools were in question. . . . [The results of Mr. Walton's study were startling.] The examinations submitted to the children by him were of the simplest and most practical character. They had but one object—to see if the children were taught to read, write, and cipher. And it was found that not a single utterly exploded method of teaching these things was not flourishing in this wealthiest portion of New England, and that not even the fourteen-year-old scholars could meet the tests. . . .

In most [of the schools] when the children were called upon to write the simplest of letters, the results were even more fearful than they were wonderful. In some of the schools the teachers objected to submitting their scholars to so severe a test, and in some the pupils "could neither write nor make printing letters." In many of the schools the pupils were so unused to composition writing that after the materials were placed in their hands and the directions given, they sat in apparent amazement, as if the most unreasonable demand had been made upon them. And many papers were returned quite blank—including those asking for the plainest of sums in arithmetic.

The ingenuity in spelling was simply incredible. Who could believe, for instance, that there could be 230 ways to spell "scholar" and 108 ways to spell "whose"?—but they are listed in Mr. Walton's report. . . . And the Norfolk County School Association finds that the weight of evidence would indicate that this condition has been found to exist pretty much everywhere else in the country! . . . .

Why is this so? Mr. Walton says that his "examinations clearly indicate that more depends upon the supervision of the school than upon all other causes combined." But what is a good system of school supervision? It has gone through many phases—and the last phase seems to have resulted in an indefinite multiplication of things to be taught and a huge mechanical educational machine which cultivates only the imitative and memorizing faculties of the children and gives little or no attention to the thinking and reflective powers. . . .

—*Harper's Magazine*, November 1880

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

The Cult of Personality Comes to the White House

How some basic shifts in American society are changing the nature of the Presidency—at the expense of both parties and of all the second-level politicians.

ALTHOUGH Kennedy has been President only a short time, the public already is reacting to him largely as a personality, in much the same way that it reacted to Eisenhower. Kennedy has captured the public imagination and the opinion polls show him to be widely popular as an individual no matter what he does officially. In the same fashion Eisenhower remained the hero of an adoring public without reference to his achievements; but since he played down the powers of the Presidency, the trend toward a personality cult was little noted. Because the pattern is being so quickly repeated it is now evident that the personalization of the Presidency reflects some significant changes in the American political landscape. The nature—and probable consequences—of these changes are particularly clear because of Kennedy's determination to function as a "strong" President.

Before his election Kennedy frequently stated his views on this subject. And since his inauguration he has operated in that tradition, speaking to and for the nation on great issues. He has boldly taken responsibility for a national legislative program and his lieutenants have brought their influence to bear on Congress with extraordinary efficiency. Already he has a tighter grip on the federal administrative agencies than other Presidents have had.

This commanding posture is, of course, to some extent a reflection of his style, temperament, and intellectual vigor. It is also—and more importantly—the result of the way in which he won his high office. Among our "strong" Presidents, no other reached the White House with so little dependence on his party's leaders. Wilson, for example, fought for the nomination in the customary way against heavy odds, by making alliances with party leaders and winning delegates in the states. During the campaign he shared the spotlight with party leaders like Bryan, Clark, and Underwood, and after election he was not free to pass over Bryan for Secretary of State as Kennedy was free to pass over Stevenson, Bowles, and Fulbright. FDR too won his battle for the nomination because Farley and Howe laboriously solicited the support of local bigwigs and delegates before the 1932 convention. To cement these vital alliances, or subsequently to win additional support, the Roosevelt Cabinets had to include men of top political stature like Cordell Hull and Henry Stimson and free-wheeling individualists like Wallace, Ickes, and Jesse Jones.

Kennedy, in contrast, did not owe his nomination to a patient search for the backing of his party's leading politicians but rather to an elaborate personal organization, exploitation of the primaries and opinion polls, and skillful use of the mass media. During the campaign he—like Nixon—dwarfed all other party leaders. After his election he rejected the classic party Cabinet for an administrative one and to an unusual degree favored specialists over politicians in filling other posts. Five heads of departments—Rusk, Dillon, McNamara, Day, and Goldberg—are technicians and "administrators." The other five—Robert Kennedy, Udall, Freeman, Hodges, and Ribicoff—are politicians. But none was a national figure before 1961. All owe their prominence to Presidential appointment.

Thus surrounded by satellites rather than political equals or competitors Kennedy has,

since his election, virtually monopolized the limelight. He has appeared on radio and TV more often and in more varied ways than any of his predecessors, and he is the first President whose press conferences have been televised live. TV cameramen and photo-journalists invade the White House to portray him going through his daily chores. In a flow of personal messages he links his name with stars of the entertainment and sports world. The White House today is the subject of an unprecedented volume and range of news and human-interest coverage.

To a degree this was bound to happen. Though Eisenhower was a national hero, his Administration was dull and stuffy. The nation was in a mood to be charmed by the young and vigorous President, his attractive wife, and the whole effervescent Kennedy clan. Moreover, the President and Mrs. Kennedy make incomparable copy, combining the publicity appeal of vast political power, martial heroism, high fashion, dashing international society, and the scholarly-literary-artistic world, with the uplift of Eleanor Roosevelt, the tenderness of young parents shown in the women's magazines, and the glamour of sports, stage, and movie stars.

Although he and his wife are publicity "naturals" the President has deliberately made himself accessible to the mass media. Much of his astonishing activity—official and personal—has grown out of a conscious effort to overcome the handicaps of his youthfulness, his close election, and his lack of conspicuous political achievement or the kind of prestige which brings general and automatic acceptance of leadership. Aware too of the crises the nation faces, he has been in a hurry to prove his mettle.

Other Presidents, to be sure, have not been camera-shy. Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, was a glutton for publicity. But he had to share it with ranking leaders in his Cabinet like Hay and Root, with Nelson Aldrich's group in the Senate, and with Speaker Joe Cannon in the House, in a way that Kennedy does not share it with Rayburn, Mansfield, Fulbright, or even Lyndon Johnson. FDR used radio with marvelous effectiveness, but he was careful not to overuse it; and the mass media did not invade the privacy of his office or his home life at Hyde Park as they have overrun President Kennedy's office and his homes in Hyannis Port and Palm Beach.

It is true that we have always been inclined to dramatize the office of the President and glorify the individual who holds it. But the intensity and pervasiveness of this hero-worship are new phenomena. This is to some extent the result of the new mass media and their enormous impact. In part it is also the result of our need to use the President as a symbol of national unity in a time of continuing world crisis. After both the U-2 incident and the Cuban misadventure, although the nation's world prestige went down, the President's personal popularity went up. Other causes are to be found in the shifting composition of our society, in the decline of old-fashioned political partisanship, and in important and probably permanent changes in American politics over the past two decades.

DRIVING BY ONE STAR

THE modern President has little need of his party's top men at any point in his drive toward the White House. National nominating conventions no longer select dark horses or even favorite sons. They now endorse a national favorite, usually the outstanding national favorite, as measured by victories in the primaries and ratings in the public-opinion polls. Political leaders and delegates in national conventions are being reduced to rubber stamps.

Today, a Presidential hopeful makes an intensive personal campaign for many months prior to the convention. This involves immense energy, much money, and the building of a personal organization down to the grass roots. Immediately after his convention victory, the Presidential nominee names the Vice-Presidential candidate, a practice dating only from the 1940s. (Kennedy made no bones about his personal selection of Johnson, and, although Nixon went through the motions of consulting other party leaders, it was clear from the start that he had already decided on Lodge.) Following the adjournment of the convention, the nominee chooses the chairman of his party's national committee (a practice of long standing), but in recent Presidential campaigns new organizational procedures of a more personal kind have been developing. For the campaign proper, the nominee now expands his pre-convention organization to all parts of the

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country and selects his own campaign manager. This manager in turn appoints state campaign heads who often pick lieutenants as far down the line as the county level. For the duration of the campaign, the candidate's centralized organization frequently is more important than his party's regular, decentralized organizations, and sometimes it by-passes the party's national, state, and even local committees.

As the campaign gets going, all other party leaders retire to the wings, leaving the spotlight almost exclusively to the Presidential nominees. The star performer in each party makes all important campaign pronouncements and virtually monopolizes the campaign tours, the speechmaking, the publicity, and his party's radio and TV time. In future years the TV debates between the nominees are likely to dominate the campaign. These debates, particularly if they retain the 1960 format, are an open invitation to a personality cult.

This concentration on the two Presidential nominees is a practice of recent origin. During the nineteenth century, the candidates remained in the background and leading politicians in both parties bore the brunt of campaigning. William Jennings Bryan was the first Presidential nominee to stump the country in the contemporary style. Since then, Presidential nominees have campaigned actively and have usually conducted country-wide speaking tours. But many other party chieftains also made extensive swings and were given almost as much publicity.

In 1960, however, party leaders with a future in politics were relegated to the background. Many Democrats asked why Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles were not making speeches. Many Republicans wondered why Governor Rockefeller was not more active. To be sure, the high-level leaders of both parties were engaged more than was obvious. But they were not given the conspicuous roles formerly assigned them; they were not on national radio and TV networks; what they said was rarely given top news coverage.

When party leaders in the prime of life are denied publicized national roles during a Presidential campaign, their public influence diminishes, the triumphal Presidential candidate looms larger, and the other leaders of the winning party lose their capacity to help mold the personnel and policies of the new Administration.

Today's nominee simply does not need their help. He must, of course, align himself with one of the major parties to win a majority in the Electoral College. But if we adopted a system in which the President was elected merely by a plurality of the popular vote, there might come a time when a candidate could capture the office solely through his glamour, his personal organization, and his shrewd use of the mass media.

WHY WE WANT A LANDSLIDE

EVEN now, once he has been nominated, his chances largely depend on the national trend for or against "the ins," rather than on party efforts in his behalf. Unlike the nineteenth century, most Presidential elections in the twentieth century have been landslides, generally in both the popular vote and the Electoral College. Only three, 1916, 1948, and 1960, have been close —and the election of 1960 would probably also have been decisive for Kennedy but for the strength of the "No Popery" sentiment. It is actually difficult to have a close election today because of our continuing crisis psychology and the way the national media both reflect and help mold a national mood. (It is a curious fact that in a Republican year the major newspapers and magazines mirror the attitudes of their owners and publishers while in a Democratic year they reflect the views of their working reporters, correspondents, commentators, and columnists.)

The nation now expects and wants a decisive Presidential election; it feels uncomfortable when the outcome is close. Because of our fear of an uncertain interregnum in time of peril and our self-consciousness in the face of a watching world, a contested Presidential election would be intolerable. For these reasons the Republicans in 1960 did not dare carry out the threat of recounts in the close states; similarly the Dixiecrats quailed at the prospect of actually exploiting the potential deadlock in the Electoral College, which they had so long awaited.

The decline of old-fashioned partisanship also fosters one-sided election swings. Sectional attitudes, those tenacious leftovers from the Civil War and Reconstruction, are dwindling. Democratic strength has waxed in once overwhelmingly Republican states, and Republicans have gained in the South, not so much because people have transferred their party allegiance but because their voting habits have become nonpartisan. In the old Republican states many Democratic ballots are cast by voters who do not register as Democrats, and the reverse is true in the South of many who vote Republican.

The shifting composition of our society has contributed in large measure to the weakening of party ties. This is happening despite the fact

that the old entrepreneurial groups are more firmly Republican than in pre-New Deal days, while organized labor and most of the minority groups are more firmly Democratic. For these classes in general are declining in numerical strength, either relatively or absolutely, and the rapidly growing white-collar salaried groups have become the largest element in the American population. Less organized than businessmen, older professional groups, wage-workers, and even farmers, they are traditionally less attached to either of the parties. Their voting behavior is more dependent on immediate conditions, issues, and personalities.

Once elected, a new President, no matter how much lip service he has paid to party during the campaign, is now singularly free to mold his Administration in his own design. And it is at this point that one can distinguish between the factors which personalize the office and those which contribute to a "strong" Presidency. As can be seen clearly in the contrast between Eisenhower and Kennedy, the admired and publicized hero does not necessarily become a vigorous wielder of executive power.

ENTER THE "EXPERTS"

THE strong President takes the initiative in all major affairs of government. In spite of the theory of separation of powers, it is he who formulates a national legislative program, takes responsibility for it, and fights vigorously for its enactment in Congress.

Elements of the strong Presidency go far back into our history. President Jefferson is said to have maneuvered for his legislative program by "embodying himself in the House of Representatives." Both Jackson and Polk were strong Presidents and vigorous party leaders; both battled aggressively for their legislative programs in Congress. President Lincoln, because of the crisis of the Civil War, wielded more power than any President before him. Between Lincoln and the first Roosevelt, however, most of our chief executives were "Constitutional" Presidents. The initiative in government, and sometimes in foreign affairs, was usually with Congress.

During the twentieth century, the strong Presidency was developed markedly by Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, FDR, and in many ways, Truman.

A major difference between Kennedy and his predecessors, however, is his announced intention of operating as a strong President. Others were more reticent. Even Wilson—who wrote books in his academic years which are classic works on the subject—said little about the strong Presidency after he went into politics. In the American tradition, the Napoleonic pose has not had much popular appeal.

Yet even if he is disinclined to do so, the man in the White House in the 1960s must inevitably shoulder immensely augmented executive responsibility. This is true in domestic as well as foreign affairs. The increasingly technical and complex nature of federal legislation has forced Congressional lawmakers to turn for help to the specialists in the administrative agencies. Until the 1930s relatively few Americans felt the direct impact of what Congress did or failed to do. But today many individuals and large organized groups have a crucial stake in legislation on civil rights, housing, social security, education, highways, conservation, and many other problems before Congress. Because the whole country is his constituency, the President can afford to take the lead in these controversial matters much more easily than the Representatives or Senators. If the President offends some powerful groups, he can compensate by gains in popularity among others and in the nation at large. With static rural regions disproportionately overrepresented in Congress, the fast-growing urban areas are increasingly forced to look to the President to fight for their interests.

In the Presidency itself, a rather new sense of urgency is developing. Richard E. Neustadt, for example, argues in his book *Presidential Power* that, as the federal government takes on new functions and as federal agencies become more numerous and complex, the President must supervise them more closely, gain and keep a mastery over them if they are to be efficient and responsible. This book is said to have deeply impressed President Kennedy, who has, it would seem, acted on this premise in the conduct of his office to date, particularly in preferring experts over politicians in the key posts in his Administration.

The lower echelons of government have, of course, for many years been staffed by civil servants divorced from politics. But filling the top creative and decision-making jobs with trained administrators and technical specialists is a new phenomenon. Formerly these posts went to party leaders and to eminent politicians or prominent citizens they recommended to the President. Today many politicians feel that these plums are now going not merely to another but to an alien breed. "We don't have much chemistry with the guys we talk to at the White

House," a prominent Democrat said recently.

It is plausibly claimed that the President must be surrounded by brain-trusters rather than politicians to perform the many difficult functions now expected of him. And it must be conceded that the Kennedy appointments have been of a high order. However, we should also take note of the fact that the increasing number of specialists in high office reflects a major change in our government and political institutions. The trend is away from government by politicians and toward government by career experts, away from government by party and toward government by a personalized Presidency. What are the foreseeable consequences?

THE USE OF CONGRESSIONAL EGOS

THERE are those who see the increasingly personalized Presidency as a threat to our liberties. I seriously doubt that there is, in fact, any such danger. It would take a full-scale totalitarian movement, actually come to power, to stifle liberties in a society as plural and diverse as America, in a government with as many checks, formal and informal, as ours.

Are we overexposing the President to the public? Conservative commentators, among them the late John Temple Graves, lament that Presidential activities are becoming commonplace and robbing the Presidency of all mystery. But "the majesty and mystery" of government, relevant to Walter Bagehot's deferential Englishmen of the nineteenth century, is archaic today, even in Britain. President de Gaulle, a lonely survivor of the tradition of majesty and mystery in government, is an anachronism.

Are we overtaxing the President? In a recent book, Herman Finer has mobilized impressive evidence to show that the President has always carried a crushing burden but that today the proliferation and intensification of national and international problems threaten to make that burden literally unbearable. Professor Finer was writing primarily of the expansion of the President's traditional official duties; he did not take into account the burdens added by the increasing personalization of the nomination, the election, and the office itself. Given all these factors, I believe there is real danger that the modern Presidency may make demands beyond human endurance.

The difficulties of the office will be inevitably compounded if the President comes to rely too much on the experts and too little on leaders with political brains and experience. Perhaps there is already too great a tendency for him to say to his technical advisers: "You give me the facts and the advice that come out of your specialized knowledge, and I will supply the political hunch, take the political responsibility, and sell the policy to Congress and the country." The exercise of the political art is subtle and at best unsure, and even a consummate political artist needs the counsel and co-operation of successful fellow practitioners, in foreign and military as well as domestic affairs.

For example, before embarking on the Cuban fiasco, President Kennedy paid far more attention to the experts in the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency than to politicians like Stevenson, Bowles, and Fulbright. Senator Fulbright vigorously opposed the adventure in any form, but he was overruled. Yet the decisive questions, in truth, were whether Castro had genuine popular mass support in Cuba and what the reaction of Latin Americans would be to United States intervention, open or veiled. These are the kinds of questions on which the "feel" of the politician experienced in foreign affairs, when in conflict with the dossiers of the technical experts, is likely to be superior.

By increasingly excluding Congressional and other party leaders from active and meaningful participation in the nominating process, the campaign, and the high-level appointments after the election, are we not apt to make the President's relations with Congress even more precarious than they have been? The stalemate which ended Kennedy's attempt to reorganize the administrative agencies—as recommended by James M. Landis—illustrates Congressional jealousy of its prerogatives. The President's failure to win approval for his long-term foreign-aid plan is another case in point.

Even our strongest Presidents have had a hard time getting their programs through Congress, especially after the honeymoon first months. On Capitol Hill parties break down into factions, party discipline is lax, and Senators and Representatives are prone to follow local and sectional interests and pressures. It is a melancholy fact that the most famous Senators of this century—Lodge, Borah, La Follette, Norris, and Taft—all made their reputations in opposition to the President.

The legislative successes of the Kennedy Administration have been due in some degree to the legislative lag inherited from the lean Eisenhower years, the White House's tactical taboo on civil-rights legislation, the Administration's

many social courtesies to members of Congress, and the shrewd operations (often involving patronage deals) of Kennedy's liaison team in Congress. Yet the Kennedy honeymoon record will not match the legislative accomplishments of Wilson's or FDR's first year. Roadblocks were encountered on federal aid to schools, federal health insurance for the aged, and the overhaul of farm laws. The foreign-aid bill ran into difficulties, as did tax-reform legislation. There is increasing irritation in Congress over the "pushiness" of the brisk young White House aides, and this will become more apparent as the amount of disposable patronage diminishes. Under our system of separation of powers there will always be some Presidential-Congressional tension, which is intensified by the malapportionment of Congress discriminating against the fast-growing metropolitan areas. But the trend to a personalized Presidency, the growth of something akin to an inferiority complex in Congress, and the increasing use by the White House of the brain-truster type even in "practical politics"—the substitution of cold expertise for the old folksy camaraderie—may increase the tension in the coming years.

No area in our government has called forth more discussion and more suggestions for "reform" than executive-legislative relations. Most of the "plans" proposed have attempted to give us more unified and responsible parties on the British model. But when such proposals are thoroughly aired it becomes plain that we cannot take specific features of the British government out of context and insert them into a different system. There are political scientists today who want President Kennedy to use his powers and popularity to purge conservatives in his party and encourage liberals, especially in the South. But past experience clearly teaches that party alignments are the result of historical development, and not of political surgery, and that efforts to force realignments are futile. It has also been suggested in some quarters that the President should attempt to build a personal organization in Congress comparable to the one he built to win the Presidency. Fortunately this notion has won few supporters and it seems unlikely that we will have a modern American version of the King's Friends in Parliament.

Indeed all these proposals for remodeling our institutions are unrealistic. Under our system of government, Presidential-Congressional relations must always have an element of uncertainty. The trend to a personalized Presidency and government by experts will create additional difficulties unless they are anticipated now and unless a serious attempt is made now to counteract them. How can this be done?

A QUIET RESCUE OPERATION

AS AN immediate step, surely it would be wise for the President to concede more of the spotlight to Congressional leaders, encourage them to appear in public as having fathered Administration measures, and in general give more rewards and prestige to members of Congress who support his program. Why not invite Congressional chairmen to make the initial announcements of appointments and Administration policies, where these are connected with the work of their committees? Why not increasingly arrange to have leading members of Congress and the committee chairmen explain in the press and on radio and TV the legislative measures of the Administration? For instance, would it not be well at times to allow Senator Mansfield to make the original announcements about new domestic programs of the Administration, Senator Fulbright the initial pronouncements about new foreign programs? Were the Administration to sponsor new legislation dealing with labor unions or the interstate gambling rackets, would it not be fair to give public credit to the McClellan committee? In filing the antitrust prosecutions against certain drug manufacturers, would it not have been just—and politic—to have referred to the exploratory investigations made by Senator Kefauver's committee? And could not Senators Javits, Case, Cooper, and other Republican liberals—as well as prominent members of the House—be given, publicly, an Administration pat on the back now and then?

In short, something akin to the kind of build-up that the Truman Administration, of necessity, gave the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg in foreign affairs might be given—deliberately and freely—to a number of Congressional leaders, in both domestic and foreign matters, especially to those in the President's own party.

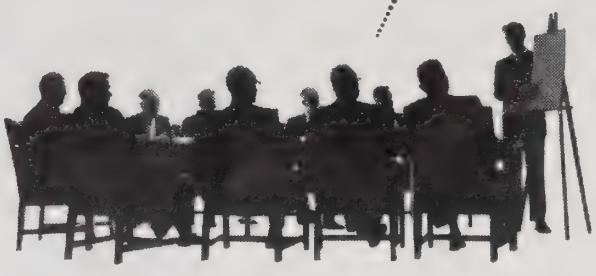
It is to such quiet, psychological tactics, rather than to changes in governmental and party structures, that we must look for closer co-operation of President and Congress.

The prestige and publicity of the office are now so overwhelming that a President can well afford to share them with Congressional leaders, so that irritation and antagonism growing out of government by brain-trusters and a personalized Presidency may be forestalled and Presidential-Congressional relations permanently improved.

Harper's Magazine, December 1961



Research member of "Financial Cabinet" interviews major electronics company president



In close, candid conversation with the President of one of the nation's advanced electronics companies is one of Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company's crack investment research specialists. Regular, informative talks with top management are an important phase of the work of our financial analysts. Study and evaluation of accurate facts and figures are also important, as are our files, facilities and long experience in the investment field. □ We have a large, active investment research staff. Its personnel are carefully picked, highly trained men and women of unusual talent and energy. Our Directors and senior officers are widely experienced, successful business and professional men. Together they constitute a progressive, responsible "Financial Cabinet" that is at *your* service every business day. Their decisions are based on facts, figures, *experience.* Why not stop in and meet some of us when it is convenient? Our address is 100 Franklin Street, Boston 6, Massachusetts. Or if you prefer, call Area Code 617 LIberty 2-9450.©

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Modern School in an Ancient Land



Civilization has a long record in Iraq, home of cuneiform writing and the oldest known code of laws. But the discovery of oil called for new skills. ⇨

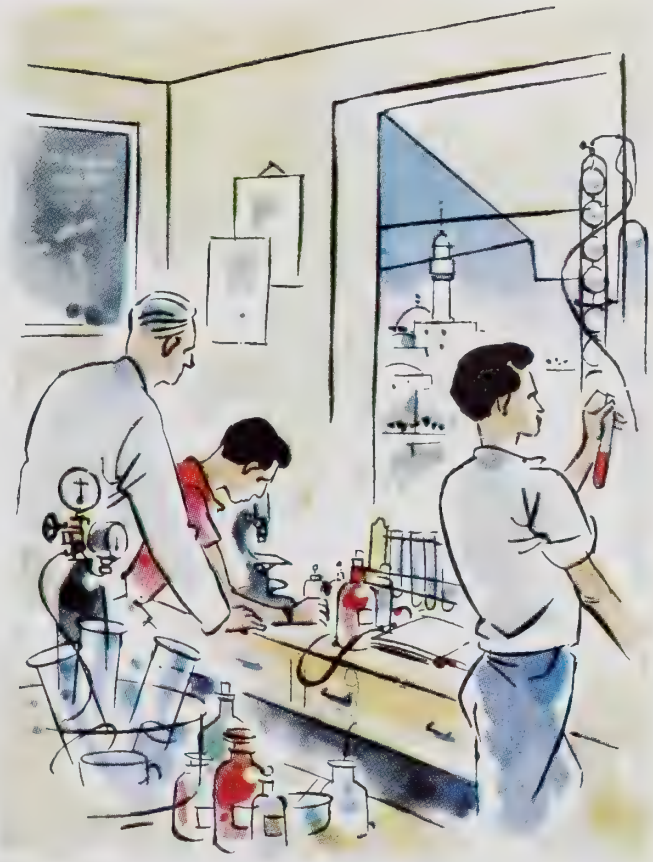


Not only is instruction free, but those attending the Center are paid at normal industrial rates. Students of unusual ability receive further training in Europe.

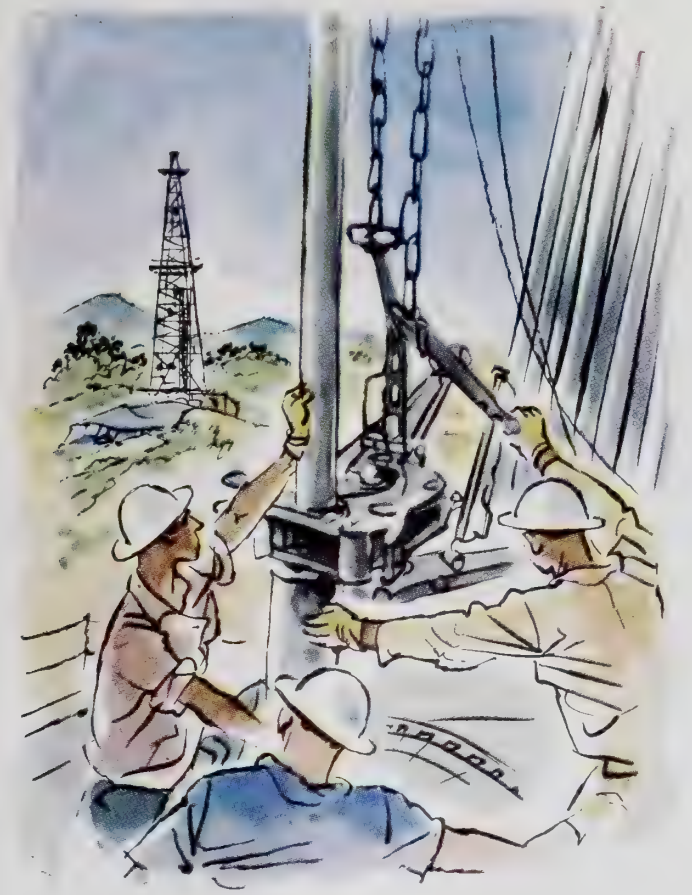
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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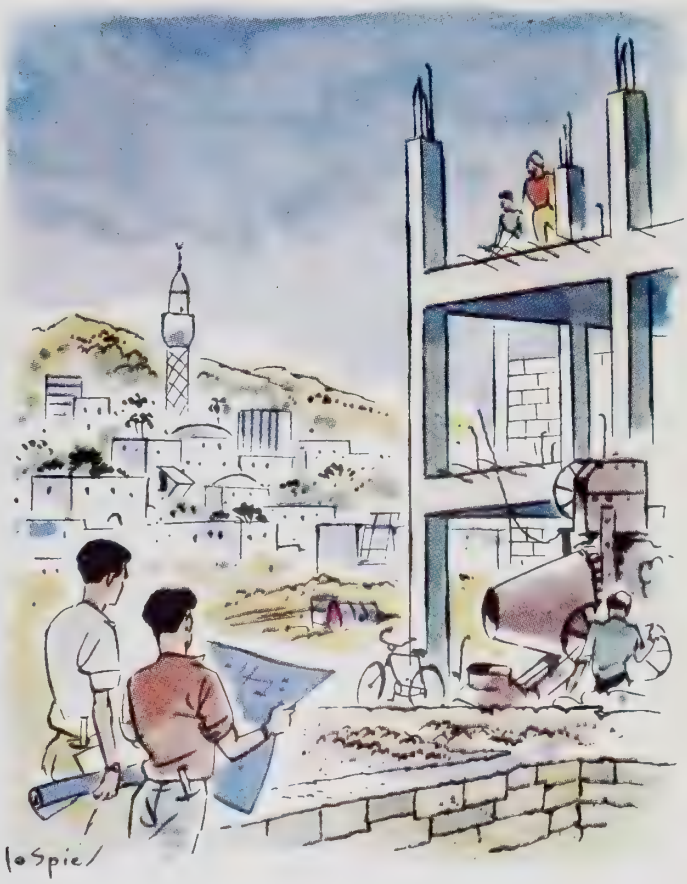
Because it needed those skills, the oil company in Iraq in which Jersey Standard has an interest built and staffed an Industrial Training Center at Kirkuk.



Here teaching is offered to employees—in Arabic, English, mathematics, science, accounting. In ten years 580 apprentices have taken the five-year course.



On completing their education, these employees are placed in various departments throughout the company. A number of them have risen to high posts.



Some take jobs in other fields. Either way, their training contributes to Iraq's economy. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*



"It may take some generations to convert these people to modern technology, but their way of life has values for them."—Photographs by W. E. Bullard.



W. E. BULLARD

GUINEAN DIARY

Life in Africa's First Marxist State

An American expert, sent there by the UN, tells how the Russians are running into plenty of trouble in their efforts to set up a Communist society in the jungle.

WHO goes to Guinea? Not many Americans certainly. Last year there were perhaps twenty on the Embassy and Information Service staff, forty teachers, a dozen or so missionaries, and about three businessmen. I was the only American sent there by the United Nations.

One day in the fall of 1959 I was talking to a UN recruiter in Portland, Oregon, trying to think of likely prospects for the engineers and foresters he was seeking for a number of missions. When he discovered I had some knowledge of French, he whipped out a job description in French and asked me to read it to him. It covered the terms of a one-year contract for a forestry post in the new Republic of Guinea. As there are not many American foresters who know French and even fewer interested in overseas work, I got an immediate job offer. Four years earlier I had been to Yugoslavia on a similar mission for the FAO, and my wife and I had enjoyed it immensely. So there was little question about our accepting this time.

Guinea—about the size of Arizona—is located on the Atlantic coast at the southwest corner of the western bulge of Africa. Until October 1958, when it became independent, it was part of French West Africa. The abrupt departure of the French officials and the apparent unwillingness of the Western countries to step in left the new president, Sekou Touré, dangling and he turned to the Communist bloc for help.

After a couple of days' briefing at UN headquarters in New York, I boarded a plane for Conakry, the capital. While I went on ahead to find suitable housing, my wife and son had nothing to do but put everything in storage, sublet our house, buy tropical wardrobes, change our magazine subscriptions, shut off the milk and the telephone, and a few dozen similar chores.

When I stepped from the plane, the humid heat of the Conakry morning hit me like a blow. I felt worse as I neared the airport buildings and saw soldiers everywhere, with burp-guns cradled in their arms. It was a couple of days before I noticed there were no clips in the guns.

A couple of hundred Guinean women crowded around the airport, laughing, singing, skipping through dance steps, all of them clothed in brilliant, harmonizing colors. The Canadian UN officer who collected me told me I had picked the wrong day to arrive—President Sukarno and a large Indonesian delegation were due that morning and all outbound traffic on the main road had been stopped. He invited me to have coffee while we waited for the official UN car. The demitasse of stout black brew demanded sugar, which came in large rough cubes. My new friend explained that it was Russian sugar and practically insoluble. If you put it on a string, you could use it in a dozen cups of coffee without softening it, and if you threw it into the road, the first car to run over it would blow a tire.

While I looked for an apartment, I stayed at the Hotel de France, far and away the best hotel in Conakry. It gets the sea breeze from two sides of the peninsula and so is remarkably free from the dust and flying insects that plague the rest of the city. But it did have its quota of wildlife. Large shiny brown cockroaches lived in the bathroom drains. Tiny ants trailed the floors and walls and ceilings searching for tidbits. One night I smashed a large, furry tan spider by throwing a French whodunit at it; the next morning there wasn't a trace of him—the ants a

roaches had done their job. The bread served at the hotel was rich in this kind of protein, too, but after a few days I relaxed and contented myself with removing only the more obvious of the insects baked into it.

DONE IN BY BANANAS

THE job the UN sent me to fill was Joint Chief of the Rivers and Forest Service, and I was to take equal part with the Guinean chief in administration and training. I had been in Guinea only five days when I was sent on a trip to Mamou in the interior to attend an international conference on land management and soil and water conservation. Besides me—the only American—there were two Portuguese from *their* Guinea, Frenchmen representing Mali and Dahomey, British technicians representing Sierre Leone and Nigeria, a Dutchman working for Nigeria, several French and Belgians working with the commission which organized the meeting, and a dozen or so Guineans. After a couple of days of meetings, we loaded into cars and jeeps for a tour through the mountains to see some of the problem areas.

In the mountain villages, with their circular clay houses and conical thatched roofs, patches of vegetables and rows of banana, papaya, and coffee trees are planted around the huts, and chickens are everywhere. The coffee is about the only cash crop. On the hillsides, where the thick forest has been felled and burned, mountain rice and fonio are the principal crops. Erosion is rampant; only within the enclosures where the plantings are fertilized with animal manures, can cultivation be continued more than a few years. The villages are simply moved from time to time.

The cattle, a small odd-looking breed called N'Dama—the only cattle resistant to sleeping sickness—represent the measure of family wealth. They are milked but seldom slaughtered and they have badly overgrazed the grasslands and even caused deterioration in forest areas. Goats and sheep increase the damage to vegetation and soil. We saw demonstration farms planted to special varieties of rice, citrus and avocado trees, and citronella grass, and visited the famous Chevalier botanical garden established fifty years ago, with fine plantations of pine trees from Mexico and Burma. We also saw the *Strophantus* shrub, whose berries were the source of a curare-like poison used on arrows in past times; now it is a respectable medical drug and potentially a good export crop for Guinea.

On our return trip we stopped near Kindia to visit the French Institute agricultural station with its pilot factories for making banana flakes and powder, pineapple juice and canned pineapple, laboratories for studying diseases of pineapple and banana, and test plantings of rice, mangoes, and avocados. The Guinean banana is small and green and not very attractive to one brought up on the large yellow Central American fruits, but it is sweet and tasty. It is one of Guinea's principal exports, but the volume exported has fallen off about 80 per cent in recent years because of disease and lack of plantation care. The disease can be readily controlled by aerial spray but the Guineans who have taken over the plantations from the former French owners have not been good managers and have not felt they could afford to spray by airplane. The yield is down and many of the *bananières* are rapidly going back to the jungle.

Though the banana has furnished an export crop, it has increased the agricultural problems of the country. Banana groves, which require rich soil and plenty of moisture, occupy the bottom land along the streams. The only other soils with much fertility lie on steep mountainsides. When the colonists bought the bottom lands from the village sheiks to make the *bananières,* the native agriculture was forced up onto the slopes. Under the heavy rainfall of the area, from 80 to 200 inches within five months of the year, the soils leach and erode rapidly when trees are cleared off to plant rice and fonio.

The government is doing some replanting of forest, but not more than 3,000 acres per year, which doesn't even keep up with current losses. As long as the farmers must cultivate steep slopes, there are better ways of doing it, but, with 1.5 million acres in bad condition, the growing job of erosion control and reforestation and land rehabilitation is tremendous and becomes greater every day.

It took me about three weeks to find an apartment. I moved in, hired a Malinké "boy-cuisine" named Sory, and cabled my wife and son to come running. Guinea includes five major tribes—the coastal Soussou, the montain Fula, the interior Malinké and Kissi, and the northern Bagga groups. Each has its own language, none written.

After twenty years in the U. S. Forest Service, W. E. Bullard is now working with a Public Health Service team studying the Columbia River basin water resources. He is fond of fishing, photography, stamps, hi-fi, and science fiction.

The Malinké are the blackest of the black and fairly big people. The Fula, who are lighter and smaller and finer-featured, with many Arabic rather than Negroid physical traits, are said to be relatively recent immigrants from the north. I was told that the Guineans are nearly all Moslem, though not as strict as the Arabs.

Our apartment was on the top floor, five flights up, but I was told it would have more breeze and fewer mosquitoes. The repainting and sealing for the air conditioner were still going on when my wife and son arrived. My wife got her introduction to African ways watching the painter paint the door into the bedroom. The job took him three days. Then he put in a week painting the tiny terrace. Perhaps he liked our company.

A French family on the third floor had three teen-age boys who were amused by my son's efforts to catch the lizards in the courtyard. Using my fly rod and barbless hooks, he accumulated a menagerie of lizards in little screen cages on our balcony. There were two species, little brown skinks and big redheads. My son was a member of the Philadelphia Herpetological Society and at the request of members he eventually sent about three dozen lizards to the States by airmail in perforated coffee cans. Despite the five-story elevation, mosquitoes and midges and flying cockroaches swarmed into our apartment until my wife hung yards of netting over the louvered shutters, which helped to slow them down a little. Within a week the netting was red with dust. In spite of Sory's best efforts at the laundry tubs, our white tropical clothes were reddish as long as we were in Guinea.

Some of the other wildlife was more noxious. While visiting the local branch of the Pasteur Institute near Kindia, I found out that the spitting cobras, along with the Gaboon vipers and mambas, are used for venom extraction. While we were there a boy about fourteen years old pedaled in on his bicycle with five green mambas in a cage over the rear wheel. Since the Institute pays 2,000 francs apiece for these snakes, this wealthy young entrepreneur probably supports two dozen relatives on his earnings. He leads an exciting life, but it may not be a long one; the fast-acting mamba poison can cause death within ten minutes. Anti-venom for cobra and viper bites is available in first-aid stations in many villages, but not for mamba bites since victims would die before they could get there.

Newcomers to Guinea usually come down with the African trots within three weeks, but after a few days' dosing with tummy pills, one gradually becomes more or less immune. But our son didn't improve with this home treatment. After several days I called in a Czech doctor recommended by my forestry counterpart. His verdict was an acute staph or strep infection of the intestines and his prescription stopped the trouble within two hours.

It is difficult to keep a fourteen-year-old quiet in bed. A solution to this problem was offered by a Guinean who came to my office with a baby genette for sale. This little animal resembled a slim spotted raccoon and I was assured it would tame easily, make a nice house pet, and grow to be no larger than a cat. When I took it out of my pocket, where it was sleeping peacefully, my son smiled for the first time in a couple of weeks. They were soon inseparable and when we left Guinea, "Marmot" came home with us.

ERASED FROM THE PLAN

THE much-touted Plan Triennal, or Three Year Plan, that was to solve gloriously all of Guinea's problems was to begin July 1, 1960, ushering in the golden era, with large sums of money for all sorts of projects. Although more than half of the budget was for bigger and better government buildings, our chief for conservation had been able to include some forest planning and the building of a sawmill. Late in August, about five million francs were made available for a demonstration project in land management and I went out again to Mamou to work with the district agriculture and forestry officers on plans.

We picked up our project where the French had left off at the time of Independence. Since then, streamflow and rainfall records had been kept in the watershed area—that was all. We made few changes in the original project plan; only some increases in crop planting to produce more food for the local people and their livestock. Most of our effort was devoted to determining and scheduling the work, estimating the amount and cost of the labor, and allocating money from the meager budget to get it done.

Three weeks after I returned, I learned that funds had suddenly been withdrawn. Also that the Guinean project director was being sent to Israel on a six-months scholarship to study soil-conservation methods there while the sorely needed work at home was let go.

At about the same time, I learned that the first soil and land-use survey strongly recommended by the Mamou Conference and accepted at that time by the Guineans was also to be dropped. The Plan Triennal budget had included in July an item to cover Guinea's share of the costs (less

than half the total), but in September it was cut out because of a shortage of funds. Since the country was operating on a printing-press currency, I couldn't understand this argument. Nor did I believe it, for none of the plans for new government office buildings were dropped. By October a small office building for the Ministry of Production was built, and the site was prepared for the President's new palace.

Meanwhile, a Czech forester sent by Polytechna, their technical assistance agency, was planning the sawmill for the southeastern part of the country in the last large remaining area—about 65,000 acres—of good tropical forest timber. On his first trip down there he did a bit of timber cruising on the most accessible part of the area. The forest was about sixty miles from the nearest town of any size, N'Zerekore, and connected with it by a barely passable road. He recommended first an aerial survey, next a large-scale map and timber survey, then the building of good truck roads, and finally the mill.

A team of Russian expediters was then assigned to help him make the proper choices on sawmill equipment and to advise on location and layout. Though they were supposedly economists and plant engineers, their first move was to ask the government officials where *they* wanted the sawmill to be put. The answer was N'Zerekore. Then they asked what kind of mill was wanted; the answer was "electric." The Czech forester pointed out that there was no electricity closer than about 200 miles from N'Zerekore, and that a small portable mill located in the forest work area would be more economic.

He was overruled. The mill would be electric and would be located in N'Zerekore. A generating plant would be built to supply both the mill and the town with electricity. But the first order of business was to build the mill, and he was told to determine the best equipment to get. He finally settled on French equipment designed for tropical climates and tropical hardwoods. He nearly created an international incident by refusing to okay the purchase of Russian equipment, pointing out that it wasn't designed for the situation in Guinea and would be a waste of money. The Guinean officials finally agreed, but remained neutral in the discussions. One Guinean later told him on the side that he understood the arguments and quite agreed, but that he didn't dare appear to oppose the Russians because his president had just gotten a big loan from Russia.

The Russian advisers went back into the interior for a few weeks more, purportedly for further "expediting." However, their interpreter did manage to collect plenty of material for dictionaries of Soussou and Malinké. The rest of the team was collecting all sorts of data on the resources and economy of the country.

These were the only Russians I met there. However, I met many Czechs—teachers, doctors, radio and aviation technicians. I liked them all. Possibly my opinion of them is colored by the fact that it was a Czech doctor who saved my son when he was terribly sick, but they appeared to be well-trained and competent, and I never heard them discuss politics, local or otherwise. I did not meet any of their secret police agents who were said to be responsible for beatings and murders of Guineans arrested for political deviation. Nor did I want to.

In October Air Guinea began furnishing air service to the interior, using a fleet of four Russian two-engined planes, operated by Czechs. There were one or two other tangible evidences of Russian or Russian-backed assistance to Guinea: A powerful radio station to reach all of West Africa was being built in Conakry; also a huge printing plant. Czech and East German merchandise gradually came in to replace French imports but was not of comparable quality in most instances. I did not see nor did any of my acquaintances see the much-publicized Russian-built roads.

WHERE CAVIAR GOES BEGGING

IN September we rented a house with a garden and beach front on the north side of the peninsula, at the end of "Ambassador Row," with the Texaco manager on one side of us and the Air France manager on the other. A week later our shipment of household goods from the States, for which we had been waiting four months, finally arrived.

Life in the new house was pleasant and comfortable. The Guineans, however, didn't have it so nice. Diet for most Guineans is based on rice and manioc, peppers, chicken, and mutton. The people were neither interested in nor able to afford the canned Russian caviar, crabmeat, and fowl that were unloaded in the government stores. Only the foreigners benefited from these things and from the vodka, Polish cheese and butter, Czech canned ham, Hungarian Tokay wine, and Czech and German beer, all very good. Even had the Guineans been able to afford imports, their currency had no foreign exchange value. The regular supply of fruits and vegetables diminished during the rainy season and a



lot of people were hungry by October. Our neighborhood, including our house, had seven food burglaries in two nights. Signs of the time, too, were the "boys" who came in a steady procession, three or four times a day, asking for work. A shipload of rice from the United States and another from Vietnam temporarily solved the food problem, but the government had to send the army to guard the distribution centers and control the crowds.

The currency reform in Guinea happened only a short time before I got there. Originally Guinea used the French African Community franc rated at about 245 to the dollar. When the paper Guinean franc was introduced its value was declared by the government to be equal to that of the CFA franc. All other money was called in and exchanged at the government bank. The government's issuance of its own money was a matter of pride, made without the knowledge of the Guinean Minister of Finance or his UN finance adviser. It led to a more than creeping inflation and persuaded many of the French who had stayed on after Independence to get out.

The banks, like other government and important business offices, were full of clerks wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. This apparently set these fortunate people apart from the common herd—though the spectacles often did not have lenses. Among the common herd the badge of higher caste was the motorbike. It didn't seem to matter whether the motor worked or not, and most of them didn't.

SMUGGLING THE COLD WAR

THE three American and one French oil companies serving Guinea had their share of difficulties. At the beginning of the year they were asked if they would accept oil and gasoline from Russian tankers. They reluctantly agreed. Soon they were being told that more tankers would be coming in and the company tanks should be ready for them. When the company people objected, the government asked them if they wanted to be accused of sabotage. For a while they were even looking for beer bottles in which to store their own product. Since Independence the companies had not been paid by the government for the oil and gas it ordered; their only local revenue was from sales at their service stations and these barely covered operating costs. Expecting nationalization at any moment, they did only a minimum of maintenance.

From time to time the port of Conakry would be closed when Iron Curtain ships were in. A French friend of mine on one occasion saw cases of arms being unloaded from a Russian ship. These arms were being shipped to Mali but it was fairly common knowledge that they were destined for Algeria and the rebels, to go from Conakry to Kankan by rail, thence to Bamako in Mali by truck, and then north across the Sahara, perhaps by camel.

The government regularly called meetings of all its workers to discuss all sorts of problems, only rarely its own. At least one day every two weeks would be lost to discussions of the situation in Algeria, or Angola, or South Africa; anywhere but in Guinea. Resolutions adopted at these meetings were read over the local radio and published in the *Bulletin Quotidien,* a mimeographed Ministry of Information booklet which was Guinea's only daily newspaper. It carried all the official gospel according to the Party.

The government had two main problems with its people: unemployment and hunger. While some token effort was made to meet these problems, much more went into trying to divert the people's attention. The infamous "complot" business in April 1960 was an example. One government officer, an honest conservative, suggested to the top Party people that to be truly democratic Guinea should have two parties, explaining that there might be different ways to attain the public good. The Party officials pro-

Guinean government. Though the government officially expressed gratitude for this help, it did not make much use of it. I got the impression during my seven-month stay that they liked to have the UN people there just to push around.

For example, the finance expert tried vainly to get an appointment with the ministry officials with whom he was supposed to work. Finally the Minister of Finance called the UN office and asked when they were going to make the promised finance expert available. The Minister was informed that the expert had been occupying an office in the ministry, and had been trying to see him for three months, but even after this, the expert was not given anything to do. Eventually he was released from his contract after seven months of boredom. The Ministry of Public Health seemed to be the only branch of the government that was seriously interested in getting more experts in to help.

As the Congo business dragged on and got worse, the official attitude toward the UN became less and less good. Invitations to the UN staff to attend official functions dropped off practically to zero. The Resident Representative was called upon only to receive blunt demands and to deliver reprimands to headquarters. In 1959, UN Day, October 24th, had been a gala holiday in Guinea. In 1960 the Resident Representative received a curt note from the government saying that because of the UN's imperialistic repression of their brothers in the Congo Guinea would not celebrate UN Day.

INCLUDED OUT

MY contract called for me to work primarily in training the Guineans in administrative procedures. This was something sorely needed, as before Independence they had had little or no such training. They refused, however, to let me do it, saying that they had changed their policy. They said they were glad to have me as a consultant, but even in that capacity called on me only 20 per cent of the time. The first couple of months I was able to make my own work but soon ran out of that. I, too, became bored and wanted to get out. The French officials formerly in charge had outlined many excellent projects in forestry and land management; there was little I could add other than my blessing. And little I could do beyond giving a push now and then and instilling some confidence into the Guineans.

It wasn't long before the government began negotiations with the UN office to have me replaced. It took two months for the news to reach me, but one day I was told that I was to be transferred in about two weeks, and then came orders to leave Guinea by the end of the month. It was clear that I was not being transferred, but "included out." Some of the reasons given by the government were that I was too "American," that I couldn't communicate, and that I did too much politicking. I was hard put to match up those last two items. However, I was heartened by the fact that UN offered me two other missions.

It was hard for me to say good-by to my associates in the Rivers and Forests Service; I had developed a real affection for them all. Our farewell to Sory was emotion-packed. He had become practically a member of the family. When we left for the airport, Sory gave me an envelope addressed simply "Mon Patron." Inside was a note laboriously scrawled in French, thanking us for our kindness to him and wishing us a pleasant trip home. Illiterate himself, he had paid a local scribe to do the note for him.

EPILOGUE

ACCORDING to letters that I have received from Guinea since my return, the UN is finished there, too. On February 22, 1961, the government ordered the Resident Representative and his staff out of the country. They were given only a couple of days' grace, though the secretary, a Swiss girl, was allowed to stay on three extra weeks to wind up business. A geologist on the staff, away from Conakry at the time of the expulsion order, was promptly arrested on his return for "resisting government orders" but was released the next day. It took him four days to get reservations on the airlines for himself and his family, and the government would not permit him to convert any of his Guinean francs to a currency useful elsewhere.

The final and most unexpected occurrence in this confused tragicomedy was the delivery of a notice of deposit of several hundred thousand francs in the government bank. This arrived on the last day that the secretary was there, and was the government's regular payment for support of the UN office. To be sure, the Ministry of Public Health had insisted that the two UN public-health experts stay in Guinea, but the Ministry of State declared that all must go. Somebody merely forgot to notify the Ministry of Finance. Well, when and if the UN does go back to Guinea, it may find it already has an operating account at the bank, but no one will know whose signature is authorized to use it.

Harper's Magazine, December 1961

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Within the next ten years, we'll need at least four times our present supply of electricity for rural homes, rural industry, defense outposts, and the production of food so necessary for a growing America. Locally-owned rural electric systems must plan and build *now* to meet these ever-increasing needs.

Today, rural electrics, financed by Rural Electrification Administration loans, actually generate only 16 per cent of the electricity they distribute. The rest they buy. Because these local systems must usually depend on a single power wholesaler for their electricity, they have little bargaining power in negotiating contracts.

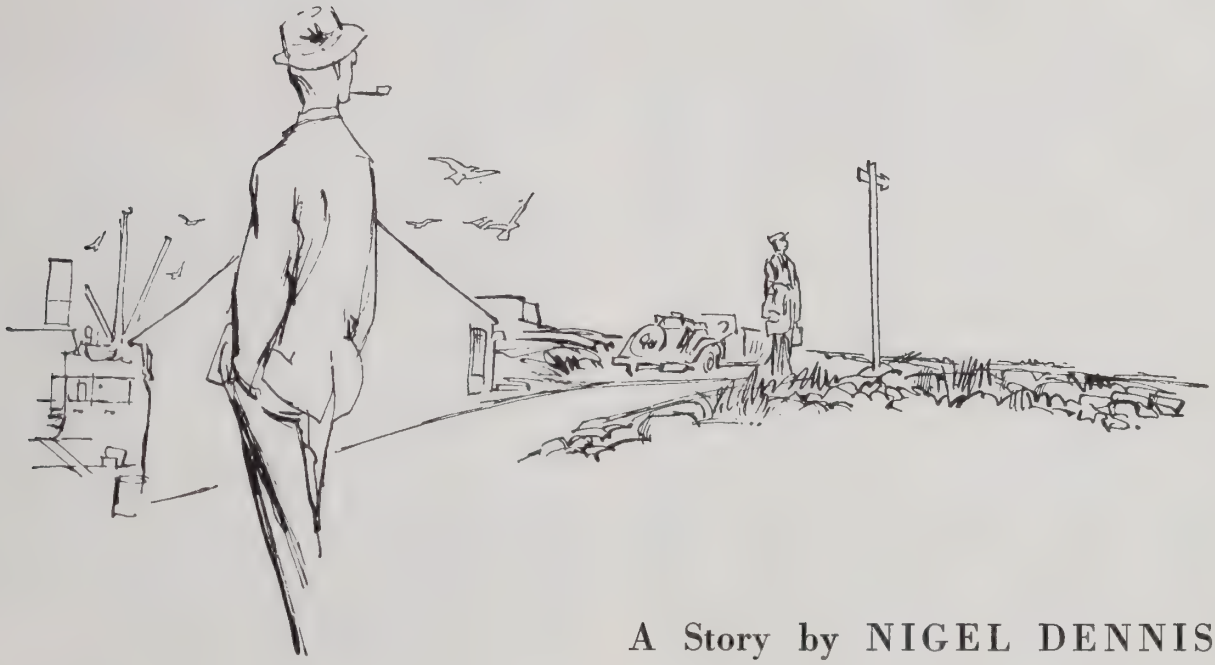
Wholesale rates paid by rural electrics vary more than 300 per cent. In addition, rural electrics are often forced to accept wholesale contracts which they feel contain unfair restrictions ...restrictions designed to penalize rural electrics should they provide electric service to larger commercial or industrial loads developing in their area. This means the bigger loads, which normally would help pay the cost of rural electrification, generally are captured by the wholesale suppliers of electricity.

New cooperative generation and transmission facilities, made possible by REA loans, will help assure needed power at reasonable cost for rural America. They'll help provide much needed go-power for rural areas...assure grow-power for all America.



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

A BLOCKED FEED



A Story by NIGEL DENNIS

I AM the sort of man that likes to do things properly—I would never, for example, say "the sort of man *who* likes to do things properly," because "who" would not be proper grammar. I am the same in the practical as I am in the grammatical: I behave properly myself and expect others to behave properly too. In the matter of motoring, for instance, I look after my car properly; I drive it properly; I signal properly. When I go abroad with my car, I do so properly: I get the proper documents and make sure I have the proper spare parts; I also study the proper languages and plan, many weeks ahead, the proper routes. Nothing so upsets my feeling of what's proper as to run into another Englishman who has *not* taken the proper steps and who, by getting into a ridiculous mess, makes us all look like proper fools in Continental eyes.

Now, last December, I had to take my car to France, landing at one of their Channel ports. Let me start by saying that these ports are not proper ports at all. Southampton and New York are proper ports, but these French places are just nondescript little termini where packet boats from England touch and turn around—just strips of shabby marine pavement alongside a dirty stretch of what only a fool would call the proper sea. Of course, they have famous old names—but what's the good of that, if there's nothing behind it? Land at one of these places and you'll see what I mean. There's one huge brown building with a railway station, a customs, and some cranes. Walk through it and come out on the landward side—what d'you see? Nothing! The bombs of two wars have swept away all the old houses and winding streets. Stare to the south as far as you can, and all you'll see is a desert of old foundations and dead grass, stretching empty to an horizon where an ugly brown church spire marks the beginning of the town as it is today. At your feet is a roundabout, with a pale-blue sign on it saying TOUTES DIRECTIONS; and out from it a single wide road runs dead straight to the brown spire two miles off, inviting you to make the fastest-possible getaway. And between you and that spire there's not a living or domestic thing—not a man, not a cow, not a dwelling, not a bistro—only the dirty old grass fighting with the old foundations.

You don't notice it so much in summer. The grass grows greener and hides the old stones. The sun shines on the desert and mystifies it. A blue sky rises behind the brown spire. The cars come swinging up from the hold of the packet boat, all bright colors and full of girls in sunny dresses; off they go round the roundabout and down the long road, headed in *toutes directions*—a line of sunny colors bound in a queue for Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Holland—for it's all one road, to start with. But in December—how different! Only the gray desert, the empty gray road, the gloomy brown spire and the gray sky behind it.

There was only one motorist other than myself, and I was pleased to see, as the crane wound up his car, that it was properly looked after—a real specimen of proper attention. I saw the driver, very properly dressed, climb in and drive away up the ramp to the roundabout; and then the crane swung over the hold again for my small saloon. And that was that! Suddenly, everything stopped. Hook and cradle hung over the hold, swinging a little in the gray air. Something had broken.

When you yourself have done everything properly, what more maddening than the faults of others! I chased after half-a-dozen fellows on the dock, but it was no use; they just made evasive answers and sneaked off into dark holes. The station clock struck—and I understood. Not only had the crane broken down but the lunch hour had begun. Well, an old traveler like me knows when patience is the only proper answer. He knows that only an idiot would ask Frenchmen to repair a crane during lunch time.

I walked up the dirty ramp, the damp climbing up into my ankles. I couldn't help cursing the lucky fellow who'd got away before the crane broke; in fact, I almost hated him. So, imagine my surprise when he was the first thing I saw on getting to the top. There he was, standing beside his car, carrying a dispatch case and a tidily folded raincoat, and staring out over the desert toward the brown spire. Something wrong? Damp plugs? A blocked feed?

Hearing my steps, he turned, looked me up and down and then walked up to me—a very neat-looking chap, but a bit prim in the face and rather on the short side. He said to me, in a very clear and correct voice: "Excuse me, Sir! I am Sir Orleton Hampshire's man. Could you direct me to the town of Villey?"

"Certainly," I said. "You follow the coast road and turn inland a few miles short of Calais. I *think* you'll find that's right."

I added that last sentence because I knew I *was* right, and it's only proper to sound wrong when one is right.

"It is exactly right, Sir," said the valet. He raised the dispatch case slightly and nodding his head at it, added: "Villey is so placed in my instructions."

Nigel Dennis, author of "Cards of Identity" and other novels and plays, spent fifteen years in the U.S. and is now back home in England. His dramatic criticism appears regularly in "Encounter" and his new play, "August for the People," was performed at the recent Edinburgh Festival.

This rather amused me, because, from the way the fellow said it, Villey would be fluttering all over the map like a butterfly had not Sir Orleton Hampshire firmly pinned it down. But I just said cheerfully, "Well, you'll find the Calais road signposted very soon. Is this your first trip abroad?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, don't worry. Don't get tense."

He waits a minute to see if I have anything more to say, then gives me a little bow and a polite "Thank you" and walks back to his master's car—a trim little shooting-brake with some expensive pieces of pigskin luggage in it. He is about to get in when he pauses, and I see him staring, eyebrows drawn together, at something on the roundabout. Then he swings round and comes back to me—and being a bit embarrassed, he struts a bit, like a little Crown Prince. "Excuse me troubling you again, Sir," he says, "and I don't mean to be tense or worried—but *I'm* going toward *Calais.*"

"Why, so you said."

"I mean, Sir—I can't just drive *anywhere.*"

"My good man," I answer, a little tartly, "who's asking you to drive *anywhere?*"

"It's that sign, Sir"—and he points a slightly trembling finger at TOUTES DIRECTIONS. "It just doesn't tell me anything. It doesn't make sense. Why, if it wasn't official, I'd think it was a joke!"

I SEE his point, because the first time *I* saw TOUTES DIRECTIONS, it bothered me, too. In England, when there's just one road and it's a case of ONE WAY ONLY—why, that's what we say; we'd never dream of putting it all in the plural and saying TO EVERYWHERE. That's a difference between us and the French: we stick to one point or one fact, while they go all out for some over-all *idea;* they're simply not happy if they're not inflating small facts into big ideas. What's more, this valet is much the same sort of chap as I am. He likes to do things properly. Sir Orleton Hampshire has trained him like a sheep dog. He wants a directive saying: TO CALAIS—properly. But I am still looking for words to explain why there isn't one when the valet says, in a nervous voice: "Sir Orleton is a very exact gentleman, Sir. When he says: 'You'll meet me with the luggage, Fraser, in Villey, at 3:30'—well, Sir, that means *sharp!*"

"Now, look here, my man," I say—taking this hard tone deliberately, for his sake, "do as I tell you and you'll be at Villey in bags of time. It can't be more than thirty-five miles."

"It is thirty-two and a half, Sir," says the valet, lifting the dispatch case as before. "It is so in my instructions."

"Very well! Off you go! Before you get to that spire there, you'll find a signpost that'll turn you off to Calais."

"Oh, very good, Sir," he says, sounding rather relieved. Then, he glances at TOUTES DIRECTIONS and his worried expression comes back. He shakes his head almost in anger and says: "The chap who thought that up must have been crazy, Sir. Who can drive in all directions? 'You'll take the Calais road,' Sir Orleton said. It's here, in my instructions."

"This *is* the Calais road, Fraser! It's *all* the roads. *One* direction, *all* directions—it comes to the same thing. See?"

"Very well, Sir; thank you," he says—but as he walks slowly back to his car, I can almost hear him repeating to himself: "One direction means the same as all directions—like hell it does!" One hand on the car door, he pauses and looks at his watch, and a tortured look comes over his face. He stares longingly over the gray desert toward the far brown spire. He stares intensely at TOUTES DIRECTIONS—as if by staring long enough he will find its secret. At last, ashamed but obstinate, he calls to me: "If you don't mind, Sir, I'll check up with one of the local chaps"—and off he hurries into the big brown building.

Poor imbecile! I must say, there's something very decent about his determination to do the thing properly. And I must confess frankly that all we people who insist on doing things properly get into this sort of mess from time to time. We get our brains so bent on finding the proper way that we can't free them in an emergency. We seize upon one thing, so we can't grasp other things. Meanwhile, the French are grasping everything and dismissing one thing after another. You can see how the clash is likely to come.

Out comes the valet. He's followed by a porter in a blue blouse, eating bread and cheese. "I wish to know the Calais road," says the valet. His French is like mine—quite proper, but a bit stiff. The porter points straight down the long gray road. In an explosion of cheese, he replies cheerily: *"Toutes directions!"*

The valet sidesteps the cheese bits and retorts: *"Not* all directions! I desire only one."

"Toutes directions!" cries the porter, waving his arms and blowing his cheese to all points of the compass: "Barcelona! Morocco! Rome! Colombey des Deux Eglises! *Toutes!"*

"I say, *not toutes!"* barks the valet. "I say, Calais alone! Calais!"

"So there—*toutes, toutes, toutes!"* the porter hoots.

"Calais—*seul, seul, seul!"* hisses the valet.

They stare at each other fiercely. At last, the porter gives one of those irremediable French shrugs and stalks back into the building, chewing hard. The valet hesitates—and then stalks in behind him.

THIS is just the sort of scene I dread in a foreign country. I stand there on the gray concrete, a cold wind blowing through the gray air, and reflect on the awfulness of a mental block. Is it terror—in this case, of Sir Orleton Hampshire—that drops some hard little object into the brain and jams the machinery? Is it a determination to do everything absolutely properly, particularly when abroad for the first time? Is it a sort of homesickness—a yearning for signs saying simply STOKE-UNDER-BISHOP 4½? But I have hardly put these questions when, to my astonishment, a rackety noise comes up from the dock—and there, swinging over the brown building in a French cradle of old floor boards and winter underwear, is my own spotless little motorcar! Salvation! I hurry down the greasy ramp and find the officials, distracted from their lunch, chalking my luggage at top speed. Next minute, I'm at the wheel—no feeling in the world like it: all the instruments working properly, the leather polished properly, the motor a perfect joy to the ear. Off I whistle up the ramp.

At the top, everything's just as I left it—the open gray desert, the toffee spire, the dead horizon, Sir Orleton's shining shooting-brake—and TOUTES DIRECTIONS in its cold, French pale blue. But just as I drive into the picture from one side, my countryman, the valet, shoots into it from the other, popping smartly out of the brown building. He is followed by no less than five Frenchmen, crossly brushing off crumbs. Get out fast, if you don't want to be involved, I tell myself. But my conscience is too proper. It won't have it. You damn well stay and help the little perisher, it says; you know your proper duty. And *some* duty it's going to be, I can see that. For the valet's face is as pale and brave as was any Briton's at Dunkirk. The French spent hundreds of years getting his ancestors out of Calais; getting the valet into Calais will be just as difficult.

The five chaps he's conscripted are all officials. The senior man is one of those stout French

types they always choose to head a bureau, and he's trying to make the other four shut up, so that he can deal with the valet soberly and rationally. That's the French all over: there are no mental blocks in *their* world and no psychological considerations; a man is either intelligent or an idiot, as they see it. But it's a long business, shutting up the other four, who are all pointing sharply at the toffee spire and exclaiming, *"Toutes, toutes!"*—and of course the porter has to come running out, too, and tell everyone that he's gone through all this already with the valet; even porters are proud of being rational, in France.

Well, there's silence at last, and the senior man bends to his work. You know what these rational arguers are like: they start their argument about six clauses behind the point and then grope forward, handhold by handhold, until they're onto it—proper logic, I don't doubt, but dreary to listen to. Anyway, this logician, looking the valet tightly in the eye, starts off by saying: "Now, monsieur! You are an intelligent man, are you not?"

The valet has his answer ready. He says unhesitatingly: "I am the man of Sir Orleton Hampshire"—*"Je suis le homme de Sir Orleton 'Ampshire."*

This singular reply comes as a blow to the logician. He finds it as meaningless as the valet finds TOUTES DIRECTIONS. But like all these logical fellows, he knows that if he stops to argue he may derail his whole precious train of thought and never get it back on the tracks again; so he just looks the valet even tighter in the eye and says: "Very well! But in addition to being that—whatever that may be—you are also a man of intelligence?"

The valet thinks this over. Either he smells a foreign trap, or he thinks that allegiance to Sir Orleton is quite enough; it were boastful to claim intelligence as well. But at last he says: *"Oui,"* very sourly.

The five Frenchmen cheer this reply, because it is the correct reply; they don't care a scrap if it's true or not—a very characteristic weakness of the French. So the logician presses on. "And you, this intelligent man, are also blessed with normal visibility?" he asks.



"Oui," says the valet, glancing at his watch.

"Excellent!" cries the logician. "Thus, you are able to see this sign that is placed here?" He indicates TOUTES DIRECTIONS.

"Je suis," replies the valet, his voice hardening.

"So now," exclaims the logician, "what words do you, an intelligent man of normal visibility, see written upon that sign?"

The valet sets his teeth. In a tone of gentle, patient despair, he answers: "Sir! I beg you to tell me the way to Calais."

"But, Sir, I am doing so!" cries the logician tensely. "Only answer me! What *words,* what *words?"*

"Words, nothing!" the valet cries in a trembling voice. "I want the *road!"*

"One minute, and we shall reach the road," cries the logician. "We shall reach it when its turn comes."

"My own words to him!" the porter shouts triumphantly. "You'll see the road when the turn comes. I said it five times."

"Oh, hold your tongue!" snaps the logician. "You are as stupid as he is! . . . Now, Sir, you, you intelligent man—does not this sign here proclaim TOUTES DIRECTIONS?"

"Nonsense!" cries the valet—and suddenly, holding up his watch for all to see, he shouts almost in terror: "I *must,* I *must* arrive in Villey at 3:30! *Where is the road to Calais?"*

It is too much for the other five Frenchmen. With one movement they stab their arms at the brown spire and then turn on the valet like a pack of hounds. "It's here, it's there—can't you see?" they scream. They stare passionately into his eyes. They take his lapels and pinch them in their finger tips. *"All* directions are there!" they insist. "All *must* be there! All can *only* be there! *Toutes! Toutes!"* Then they all fall silent suddenly, staring to see if their last desperate *toutes* have penetrated. At which the porter steps in breezily and says: "Why, it's even the way to Algeria!"

That clinches it! "Algeria, eh?" says the valet slowly. His teeth show. He turns on his tormentors with a mad, ugly look.

This is my moment. "Now then, Fraser!" I say, marching up. "We'll have no

rough stuff, please! Remember, my man, this is a foreign country!"

They are all so taken by surprise that nobody says a word. So I plug straight on. "Now, look here, Fraser," I say, "I'm sure you're sick and tired of all this nonsense. Very well! I'm going toward Calais, too. I'll lead and you fall in behind me."

The logician understands. His cold expression tells me that he regards my suggestion as a very vulgar solution to an intellectual problem; he is a fly-fisher and I am coming forward with a worm. But he's past caring; anything that will take this blockhead off his hands will be welcome. "So there you are," he says to the valet. "No problem any more! Everyone happy!" He claps the valet lightly on the back, as if to add: "Do go to hell, my good imbecile, and with all dispatch."

The other Frenchmen smile and say: "Everyone happy!" Then they, too, clap the valet lightly on the back.

Poor wretch! He is all in a sweat. He looks at his watch. He looks, with horror, at TOUTES DIRECTIONS. Then, with an agonizing flash of longing, he stares over the desert to the brown spire—like a man staring across the empty hopelessness of his own mind to a distant promise of salvation. He needs just one more nudge to move him—but it must be the proper nudge. Say something wrong, and he'll freeze up worse than ever.

I glance at my watch. I say cheerfully: "Villey at 3:30? Why, we'll just make it nicely!" And with a smile, I walk off to my car.

I can feel the tension behind my back. But nobody speaks. Then, I hear a long-drawn breath of relief—and the door of the shooting-brake opening and closing. I get one glimpse of the valet's face behind the wheel. It is that of a man about to commit an atrocious crime, a sheep dog about to betray his master.

I move forward. *"Bon voyage!"* cries the logician. *"Bon voyage!"* cry the other five Frenchmen. Why, damn my eyes; they're getting the giggles! Even the logician, the head of a bureau, is having to hold his stomach. The shame of it makes me blush dark red. The valet, however, is chalk white. What a pair of proper donkeys we must look!

I turn into the roundabout, saying to myself: "Steady, now! Do it properly!" I move slowly, watching the valet in my driving mirror. But the closer we get to TOUTES DIRECTIONS, the slower he moves. It's getting him again! Another second, and he'll be back in the old block. Come on, I tell myself! Shock tactics! And down goes my foot on the accelerator.

It works! Unblocked by sheer astonishment, the valet puts his foot down too—and we're off round that roundabout like two terriers. Behind, the noise is unspeakable—howls of laughter mixed up with what sounds like warning cries. Never mind! I've pulled it off! We're away now, and running full tilt down that long road TO EVERYWHERE. The desert flies past on either side. The brown spire gets bigger and bigger; it runs forward, looming, to meet us. I feel proud of myself and begin to whistle. Next minute, up pops a sign as big as a billiards table, with CALAIS spread all over it. And turning out of it, toward us, a lorry as big as a house.

I catch on just in time. Owing to all the excitement, I have forgotten where I am. I am driving on the left-hand side of the road instead of the right. I swing hard over, and brake. The valet, still firmly on the left, whizzes past me like a shell. I hear a nasty crunching noise and feel a big bump. I shut my eyes.

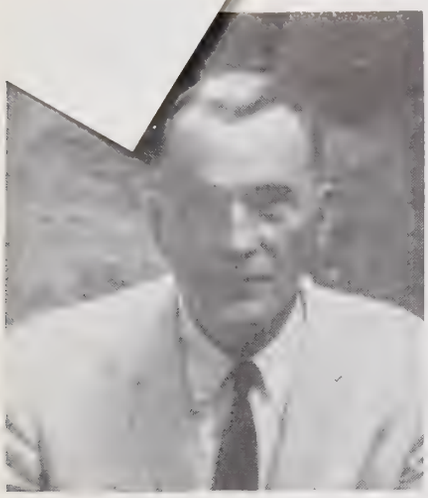
WHEN I open them again, the lorry and I are both stationary, with one side of his radiator sitting on one side of mine. The shooting-brake, which must have passed neatly between us before the gap closed, is just visible, tearing down the Calais road to its knightly rendezvous. I'm sure the valet will just make it nicely.

The lorry driver is an extremely good fellow—a happy-go-lucky type. My saloon has been dented rather badly, but his lorry has done the job without so much as a scrape to itself. "You must drive properly in France," he tells me in the most friendly way. "You're not in England now." I start explaining how properly I always drive, but he tells me I am suffering from shock. We drive together into the shadow of the brown spire, where there's a friendly bistro with a useful garage adjoining. After three cognacs, I explain about TOUTES DIRECTIONS. I point earnestly across the gray desert. I wave my arm toward the sea. "When the mind fixes upon one point, it cannot embrace all points," I explain. They have no idea what I am talking about. "All this must be a great shock to you," says the proprietor, pouring me a fourth cognac. "It is," I answer, "because I am the sort of man that always does things properly." All I remember after that is everybody's mouth hanging wide open—as if the whole world had burst out laughing.

Harper's Magazine, December 1961

C & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



How to Put Kennedy Back in the Senate

Unless we change our present way of discarding used Presidents, JFK inevitably will have to join the most singular, honored—and futile—club in the world.

WASHINGTON—It is long past time to re-examine and then to end the cruelty and waste of our national habit of casting ex-Presidents of the United States aside like so many crumbled-up and used papers adrift in the winds of history.

Our practice of treating our former leaders as redundant men from the moment they leave the White House door has always been both callous and stupid. Foreign observers marvel at this prodigal junking of human and political resources; for no other civilized power throws its former Heads of State into the dustbin. This story, of course, is an old one; there is nothing "new" in the fact that our political system has no room for the sages and chieftains of yesterday.

New national circumstances, however, have raised the question from one of academic consideration to one of imperative action. First of all, we now have three living former Presidents. There is Herbert Hoover, so long immured in the Waldorf Towers in New York. There is Harry S. Truman, the frequent and often lonely commuter from his memorial library in Independence, Missouri, to the New York home of his daughter and grandchildren. There is Dwight D. Eisenhower, who is already finding that even the best stocked farm in Gettysburg is altogether too pastoral and tame for a man who has lately been at the violent center of the controlling events of our times.

And there is also the distinct prospect that before less than eight years at most have passed, the singular club of Former Presidents of the United States may number four members, with the election thereto of John F. Kennedy.

More important than all this, however, is the demonstrable truth that we can no longer afford to do without the continuous and creative services of every man who was ever big enough to be chosen by the people of the United States to the most powerful and responsible office in the world. Put aside, if you will, all sentiment. Wave away the obvious fact that decency forbids us any longer to pass a sentence of sudden death on the public lives of such men. Look at it with complete "realism," and the truth is still the same: We now live in the kind of world in which elementary prudence tells us never to put into the discard any force, any symbol, any person, capable of contributing in any way to the maintenance of a sense of continuity, unity, and fellowship within the United States.

Ex-Presidents are still members of the human race. And, being human, not even they are immune from that form of temptation which is expressed in the saying that the Devil finds work for idle hands. I do not, of course, suggest that the august and decent—and profoundly unlucky—Mr. Herbert Hoover has ever heeded Satanic calls. I do suggest, however, that nearly thirty years of what amounts, in the public sense, to a kind of opulent house arrest has led the old gentleman upon a few occasions to enter almost surreptitiously, and thus testily and harmfully, into great public issues in tones uncharacteristic of his deeply responsible and compassionate mind.

NOT THROTTLED, BUT . . .

I DO not intimate, of course, that Mr. Harry Truman has been wholly throttled in the eight years since he put down, with an endearing mixture of pride and cussedness and unterrified élan, the burdens of that old mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But Mr. Truman—who happens to be close to my own notion of a great President, notwithstanding the spectacular small flaws of his tenure—has not in those eight years been on every occasion at his best.

Again, this is because our system gives no room, no workplace, for this extraordinarily creative public man. Confine a man against his will and against common sense, and it is not merely his own services that are lost to the national community. Sometimes, and quite understandably, his own head is lost in the process—by him. For a politician Mr. Truman still is. So is Mr. Hoover in his way, and even General Eisenhower, if in a very different way. And not one of them ceased to be a politician simply when and because he ceased to be a President. Allow a politician no formal and adequate forum and he must find whatever forum he can.

The fact that Mr. Truman is not and never was a really good politician, but only a brilliant *President* who very largely saved the destiny of the Western world, does not and cannot alter yet another fact: Mr. Truman rightly considers that a politician is a politician until he dies. So you can't take him, or either of his fellow club members, entirely out of the game without denying him his reason for being.

Again, I do not wish to imply that General Eisenhower, who is the most relaxed of these three distinguished gentlemen, has been any kind of troublemaker from the front porch at Gettysburg. Still, the fact remains that, like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Truman, his own splendid internment in Pennsylvania has had some of the aspects also of interment, as to the great questions of the day. And this has done nobody any good, except possibly our enemies.

As I write this column, for illustration, the present President of the United States, Mr. Kennedy, has been caused grave concern by one strictly uncharacteristic Eisenhower action. In a speech in the Middle West, the General sharply rocked our foreign-policy boat, specifically over the Berlin crisis, which up to that point he had generously and wisely helped to keep upright. Subsequently, he returned to his old splendid attitude of helping, not harassing, his successor. All the same, some damage was done.

I am convinced that General Eisenhower lashed out on this occasion not from malice and not from conscious partisanship. I think he acted as he did, out-of-character, for very human reasons. He had long sat and watched from afar the harsh burdens being placed upon his young successor over an issue so long and so keenly familiar to him. He thought this thing and that thing were being wrongly done. I suggest that he was feeling left out of it, and that he selected a Chicago political rally to say things which he never would have said if he had had a place of dignity and status from which to speak in a calm and studied way.

For at the heart of the whole discussion is this: No man ever honored by the people of this country with the Presidency is ever even remotely controlled, in my opinion, by mere partisan motives in any crucial *international* issue. Any man who has held the Presidency knows poignantly the immensity of the stakes, the brutality of the pressures and counterpressures on that office, the awesome nature of the secret information available to a President alone, when war-or-peace is on the agenda.

Moreover, the three present members of this club are bound in a



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unique way to the prospective fourth member, Mr. Kennedy, into an unavoidable comradeship, even when there is absolutely no feeling of personal comradeship. They all know that at times in any foreign crisis any President is a man alone and besieged—besieged by hostile critics within his own party, besieged by "experts" who tell him daily how wrong he is as seen from that happy position held by all us commentators.

We are free to cry for this or that action without bearing the slightest responsibility for its failure. In moments such as these, any President couldn't care less who is a Democrat and who a Republican, or even who was "for" him before he went to his first national convention to seek his first nomination. The objects of his dearest affection then are simply those who at best are sympathetically understanding and at worst keep their advice to themselves.

"THEY" DON'T KNOW

OLD soldiers at division reunions will go on forever saying, of war, that "they"—the civilians—just don't know what it was like. Old Presidents, who have no reunions among themselves, will nevertheless say much the same thing of the office.

Any old soldier will testify that nobody can ever be quite so bloodthirsty as the civilian or amateur soldier. And any ex-President, though to a point he had been by definition the leading partisan of his time, will find that it is the amateur partisans who turn his blood cold about foreign policy. For no President or ex-President truly gives a damn about partisanship in these matters, and still less about partisans. For in the hours of foreign crisis he is the President of *all* the United States, and is most somberly aware of it.

I am, for illustration, in position to utter a very strong suspicion that there have been moments, over the menace of Berlin, in which John F. Kennedy was considerably more pleased to see, say, Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois, the Republican Senate leader, than to see Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, the Democratic chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Kennedy is well aware that one is a Republican theoretically dedicated to his partisan destruction and that the other is a Democrat theoretically dedicated to making a fine flower of success of the Kennedy Administration. But Dirksen, owing the President nothing, tended simply to relax and just go along as far as he could. Fulbright, owing the President much, tended sometimes to try to help much too much, by public or private suggestions that his own foreign policies were superior to those of the President.

Partisan friends are fine—on partisan matters. But they can be inconvenient and irksome friends when a President's problem is international in scope and thus requires the very opposite of partisanship in its solution. It is not so much explaining away what your official adversaries say that is difficult; it is explaining away the comments of your friends.

Thus, the central truth is that it is the United States, and not any political party, which needs the services, in places of proper prestige and continuity, of all those who have served as President. They might well be superfluous when domestic issues are our main concerns. But they are indispensable when national security, in its highest and literal sense, is our one concern.

NOT BEHOLDEN

HOW, then, can they thus serve in honor and in dignity? The answer has often been suggested. But it is suggested urgently now because of all the circumstances here outlined. It is to put them into the Senate as life members, representing no state and no party, and given all the rights and perquisites of membership save the final right to vote, either in committee or on the floor or on those occasions when party control of the Senate is being established.

I am told on very high legal authority that all this could be arranged without a Constitutional amendment and even without passing a single bill. It would only be necessary for the Senate itself to amend its own rules, of which it is master, subject to no other authority whatever, just as it is solely the judge of its own members.

What, then, would these ex-Presidents do in the Senate? They could and would do a very great deal. They could participate in debate. They could give younger and more excitable colleagues the benefit of much wisdom. They could wax and flourish in two of the most important of all Senate functions—making propaganda by educating the public, and offering the counsel of sages. There is an aspect of the Senate, indeed, for which they might fairly be said to have been invented. For the Senate was deliberately formed, among other purposes, to be an assembly of illustrious elders.

And while they could do much for country and Senate, the Senate could do something very usefully to them. Any man sitting there can be in constant and close communication with the inner realities, particularly those of foreign policy. Once in this status, once he is aware of all that is involved below the surface on foreign issues, a man usually grows in his sense of responsibility and restraint and matures in his sense of mission. This would be particularly true of our former Presidents, who, having no further use for ambition, could speak the truth and the whole truth as they might see it, beholden to no man and bound by no fear of reprisal at the voting booth.

And there is another function, too, which they could most satisfyingly and helpfully perform. Year by year and almost month by month, there is increasing demand upon this government to send eminent men abroad, not always for mere ribbon-cutting exercises but often for sensitive private talks with ministers and potentates in other lands. If we should have a sticky problem with Greece as a member of the Western Alliance, for example, could there possibly be a happier choice as personal emissary to Athens than Senator Harry S. Truman, the author of the Greece-Turkey Doctrine? If fences needed mending in Belgium, what better man than Senator Herbert Hoover, the author of Belgian Relief after the first world war? If problems arose with the British too delicate for official discussions, what would be wrong with quietly using Senator Dwight D. Eisenhower, the unforgotten hero of London?

So I cast one vote for Senators Hoover, Truman, and Eisenhower; and one, in good time, for Senator Kennedy, too.

the new BOOKS

LEO STEINBERG

Art Books, 1960-1961

Mr. Steinberg writes an annual review of outstanding books on art for "Harper's." This year he concentrates on new publications in the modern field. With the January issue, Elizabeth Hardwick and Paul Pickrel will start taking over "The New Books" for alternate months.

ASSUMING for a moment that the texts in illustrated books on modern art are meant to be read, these texts are of two kinds: Those in which language is used to get at the painting, and from the painting back to the reader, *i.e.*, the language working like a searching beam, a ricochet, a causeway, or a finger—anything that keeps the talk right-angled to the picture plane. And, on the other hand, those books in which language puffs out into a parallel obstruction: a smoke screen, or a clouded windshield or—with his back to the work—the bulky presence of the eminent speaker himself.

Among the new books in the modern field, at least two or three take their place in the first group, which is very good scoring. I begin with Robert Rosenblum's **Cubism and Twentieth-Century Art** (Harry N. Abrams, 1961, $25).

Rosenblum writes with absolute intellectual honesty, and the effect is sheer liberation. It is now fifty years since Cubism began to be explained—that it explored "the object's primary characteristics"; that it expressed the new reality revealed to physics, including, among other things, Einstein's space-time continuum; or that it sought to "bring to the surface the primal impulses of nature." For all of which Rosenblum's opening page substitutes three formulations that are hard and clear and in accord with what the pictures show: (1) Cubism lifts the distinction between masses and voids; (2) it presents unstable structures of dismembered planes in indeterminate spatial positions; (3) its subject matter is "the process by which nature is transformed into art."

How liberating to be no longer told that Cubism set about a thorough "analysis of the object," but to read that it "created an artistic language of intentional ambiguity"; to be no longer taught that Cubism expressed temporal duration, or that it put the observer in motion by showing him simultaneous facets which can only be seen on the move. Rosenblum dispenses with four-dimensional invocations and declares what he sees: "The figure is pieced together of fragments taken from multiple and discontinuous viewpoints. . . . One senses neither duration nor instantaneity, but rather a composite time of fragmentary moments without permanence or sequential continuity."

Perhaps this is Rosenblum's finest feat, that though he presents Cubism as preoccupied chiefly with painting itself, there is nowhere a slackening of vital tensions. The phases of Cubism unfold like a drama. Collage enters the scene like a last-minute deliverance from a threatened impasse. The author's enthusiasm derives not only from his feeling for the works discussed but from his ability to re-experience the tremor and the exhilaration of an historical moment.

The disposition of the material is a model of logic and clarity. In Part I Cubism is defined at its core (early Picasso and Braque); in Part II it grows by attraction (Gris, Léger, and the rest of the original band); in Part III it fades out by radiating its influence into almost every phase of twentieth-century art—this last section being necessarily the least compelling, and the most controversial.

The book's illustrations are generous in number and quality. There is a useful chronology at the end, and, for once, instead of a mere listing of titles, a critical bibliography; Rosenblum gives a succinct characterization of every book or article cited.

Two minor criticisms. A complete account of Cubism will eventually have to consider the powerful myths and misinterpretations to which it gave rise, and particularly Cubism's own early view of itself. Could this part of the story make an appendix to the second edition? And finally, as regards Rosenblum's writing: it is at times overabundant, with sentences that bog down as they push two or three relative clauses. But in the end even the flaws become an expression of that same headlong enthusiasm which conceived, sustained, and completed a great book on twentieth-century art.

TO bring the subtle and elusive intentions of modern painting within reach of rational under-

standing: for Cubism it has been done, and now Marcel Jean does almost as much for Surrealism. His **History of Surrealist Painting** (Grove Press, 1960; over 400 illustrations, $17.50) combines good history—much of which he has witnessed and which he plots year by year—with sensitive interpretation. This is matter for awe and surprise, for Surrealism, by its irreverence and its mortal association with humor, wards off the interpreter. If he approaches with grave mien and philanthropic design, he is foredoomed to remain an outsider. And if he tries to enter into the spirit of the thing, he falls into the temptation to present himself as one of the gang, adopting their own evasive, mocking, or elliptical speech. The danger is that one or other connection—with the subject, or with the lay reader—will snap. And there is only one way to avoid these dangers, and that is to be the kind of person for whom they do not exist.

M. Jean has spent eleven years on his book, achieving accuracy and insight and a prose of concentrated eloquence, whether he speaks of the "sexual frenzy of factories . . . simulacra of inexhaustible loves," or of a piazza in Florence —"and its anachronistic streetcar swaying along the shady side of the square like a ghost rattling its chains."

His own exquisite diction silvers every quotation, so that the great Surrealists he puts on stage declaim like beneficiaries of a satanic pentecost. Here is Jean Arp on the bourgeois: "less imagination than the earth-worm and in place of a heart an over-life-size corn which twitches in times of approaching storm—on the stock exchange." Or Picabia on people in general: "Vegetables are more serious than men and more sensitive to frost." Or Chirico, describing a picture in which a man is shown meditating before an industrial town, while the Crucifixion proceeds on the next hilltop. This painting, he adds, "had won a silver medal for its balanced composition."

There are weaknesses in the book: M. Jean's understanding of Cubism will seem superficial to Mr. Rosenblum's readers. I am dismayed by occasional lapses into secondhand clinical psychology—these being neither as interesting nor as convincing as his own direct intuitions. But with so engaging a mind, there results no great loss of confidence. And this is important, for the moment arrives when the subject becomes too recondite, too labyrinthine or multi-storied for straight comprehension. And here M. Jean proceeds like the more honest popularizers of science who, at a certain point, announce with regret that from now on—but just for a little while—only those with mathematics will be able to follow.

This happens in Chapter IV, devoted to Duchamp's "Large Glass," entitled "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even." To certain initiates, this unfinished work (now in the Philadelphia Museum) has seemed as potent as, say, the late novels of Joyce. Our author, after a nightmarish bout with Duchamp's many-phased project, comes up with formulations that at least indicate the direction of Duchamp's leap: "The Large Glass of *The Bride* . . . , an ironic precursor of the robots of science fiction, presented machines capable of making love, and not only on the physical plane, as with Jarry's *Supermale*: Duchamp's *Superfemale* mechanizes both emotions and erotic thought."

Thanks to such writing, it begins to dawn on the reader that Duchamp is one of the creative myth makers of our time, that to his admirers, his imagery is the crucible in which the self-multiplying multiplicity of man's machine world is crushed down to a single metaphor. If that metaphor is understood, the world is coped with, and then even gaiety can be brought back.

I have not the space to discuss all of this wonderful book. But for those who have qualms about Surrealism, I quote M. Jean's concluding lines, drawing attention, by my italics, to the three best adjectives I ever saw, and to the sacred precision with which they click into place: "The greatness of Surrealist painting lies in its passion for discovery, in its appeal to the Marvelous, in its *exact, legible, mysterious* content. The Labyrinth builds itself from the inside, but it can become as limitless as our need for liberty."

MORE ON SURREALISM

BEFORE taking leave of the subject: Two important source books on Surrealism have come out in English: **The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even,** a typographical version, by Richard Hamilton, of Duchamp's manuscript notes for the "Large Glass" (translated by George Heard Hamilton, $6) becomes Vol. 14 of the indispensable "Documents of Modern Art" series, published by George Wittenborn. This elegant, illustrated little book (best read in conjunction with Marcel Jean's *History* and Robert Lebel's fine Duchamp monograph, Grove Press, 1959) tells you more or less exactly how "the most astounding machine of our time"—with its bride motor, love gasoline, bachelor machine, and desire gears—was expected to work.

The other source book is Alfred Jarry's **Ubu Roi** (New Directions Paperback, 1961, $1.65), the scandalous five-acter of 1896, nicely translated by Barbara Wright. Here is the sort of thing:

Mère Ubu: He will get the better of you because he has right on his side.

Père Ubu: Oh tripe! Isn't it just as good to have wrong on your side?

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décor and the actors." But then this is an early work. Only the concluding "Song of the Disembraining" suggests the aching bitterness of the blasphemer who was to become the greatest heresiarch-martyr of modern anti-civilization. Its closing line, written thirty-five years before Brecht's *Threepenny Opera:* "When you set out you're alive, and when you come back you're slain."*

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Nello Ponente: **Modern Painting: Contemporary Trends, 1940-1960.** Translated from the Italian by James Emmons (Skira, 1960, $27.50). Large folio; 100 fine color plates of mostly French, Italian, and U. S. paintings.

If this book fails despite its material beauty, it is because the author undertakes an impossible task: to present the very now of this morning's painting and yet to make it a structured field, as though he were writing a surveyable past. So his sixty-six artists deploy in ten companies—from the Geometric Painters (where Josef Albers bunks with Magnelli) to the Painters of Matter (Burri, Tapiés, Dubuffet). The criteria of association cannot do justice to anyone's personality, so that it's much like the army, with half the men griped about being in the wrong outfit.

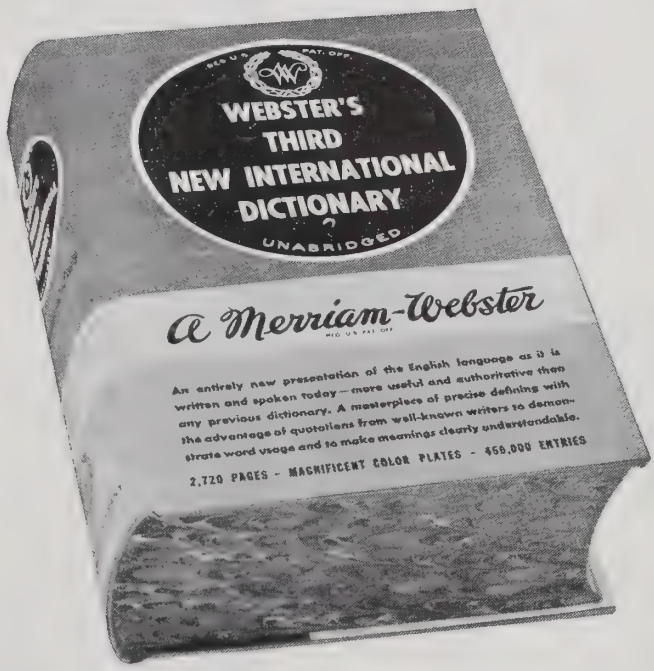
The author's method of dealing with his recruits is to adopt a stance of impartiality (three color plates for Jackson Pollock, three for Afro, and three for Bazaine). Appropriate to his un-attachment is a prose of such removed generality that nine-tenths of the author's commentary on any one painting could apply equally well to nine out of any ten paintings. One painter (Herbin) works with "unflagging insistence on the fundamental relationship, so important to him, between the man and the work." Another's picture (Soulages') "represents the presence of a complex well-defined reality and a confident faith in the ultimate destinies of painting." A third (Burri) allows two cultures, the tradition of order and of the irrational, "to co-exist side by side, so that the relationship in effect gives rise to a new dimension above

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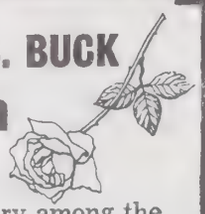
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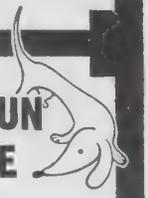
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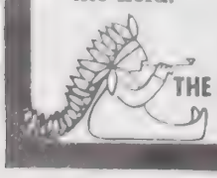
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Werner Haftmann: **Painting in the Twentieth Century,** translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (2 vols. boxed. Frederick A. Praeger, 1961, $42.50).

Reading this compendium was joyless work, as though all this survey of modern painting had been made within library walls. Hard to believe that Haftmann, as organizer of two great "Documenta" exhibitions in Kassel, had seen and handled thousands of original pictures. There is little trace of firsthand experience detectable in his writing; what there may have been is funneled into the worn grooves of language. And when he does simulate an experience, it is by irrelevant allusion, so that one simply does not believe him—as when he says of Pollock's drip method that "it suggests the hallucinated ecstasy of a whirling dervish."

Much of his commentary is mere name dropping. To say that Pollock's "spherical space evokes the infinite, curved space of modern macrophysics" is as gratuitous as his suggestion that Braque's introduction of letters into his Cubist pictures of 1911 "may have been inspired by the inscriptions in Gothic paintings."

The author's way with words and clichés is one phase of his general commitment to stereotypes. He likes to speak of what is typically Germanic (=romantic) or French (=rational) par excellence. Having discussed the impact of science on artists before World War I, he continues: "As one might expect, the artists of Eastern Europe were less rational and intellectual in their approach to the insights of modern science." It is, however, about Kandinsky that he proceeds to speak, and Haftmann knows that the approach of Kandinsky, Malevitch, Pevsner, Gabo was far more "intellectual" than that of Matisse, Picasso, and Braque. What "one might expect" is simply the stereotyped Slav as a less rational, more instinctual creature.

In the chapter on "The Jewish Strain in the École de Paris," the stereotype turns out to be tenaciously

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If found behind the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement,* **Married to Tolstoy** by Cynthia Asquith, **Adrift in Soho** by Colin Wilson, **The Signs of the Times** by Osbert Lancaster, **The Times Atlas, The S-Man** by Mark Caine, **Reflections of a Jacobite** by Louis Auchincloss, **A Middle Class Education** by Wilfred Sheed, **A Lover for Estelle** by Daphne Rooke, and **Sir Robert Walpole** by J. H. Plumb.

If found at a ticket agency (Here the characteristic call is all important) for Ole, Ole, **Barnaby Conrad's Encyclopedia of Bullfighting;** when the string of a dulcimer is plucked **The Ballad Book of John Jacob Niles** and **A Treasury of Christmas Songs and Carols** by Henry A. Simon. If a garden show ticket is being ordered, **Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening** by Norman Taylor. If there is even the faintest echo of Excelsior, **Space Below My Feet** by Gwen Moffat. If a Bellissima! then **Bemelmans' Italian Holiday.**



The Swivel Chair

If found ensconced in an *Audubon Magazine*. **The Edge of the Sea** by Rachel Carson, **The Field Guide Series** by the incomparable Roger Tory Peterson, **Blind Jack** by Stephanie Ryder, **The Eye of the Wind** by Peter Scott, **Music of the Spheres** by Guy Murchie, **Dolphins** by Antony Alpers, **Birds of the West Indies** by James Bond.



If found at large in a bookstore, that wariest of living creatures, the potential reader of a first novel. Not, of course, a buyer (They are rare almost to the point of extinction) but a reader may occasionally be caught. The Attic salt for his tail is the eloquent phrase of a highly respected critic so we offer a grain with each title. These are the books: **The Gay Place** by William Brammer — ". . . one of the ablest novelists now writing in America." *(NYHT)*; **The Mountain and the Feather** by John Ashmead — "A cycloramic, complex and nostalgic picture of the war in the Pacific . . . superb first novel . . ." *(NYHT)*; **Night** by Francis Pollini — "That great national shock, Korea, has finally found its fictional voice in *Night* . . ." *(NYT)*; **Mother Isn't Dead She's only Sleeping** by Kit Reed — "This first novel is a very successful effort in the line of artificial comedy . . . Mrs. Reed has the gift of being funny and her humor is entirely her own." *(The New Yorker)*; **The Noblest Roman** by David Halberstam — ". . . a high level of professional achievement" *(NYT)*; and **Private Demons** by MacDonald Harris — "A thriller with a cinematic happy ending." *(PW)*.



If found in a brown study, **The Fantastic Lodge** edited by Helen MacGill Hughes, **The Best American Short Stories 1961** edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett, **Poetry and Experience** by Archibald MacLeish, and **How Does a Poem Mean?** by John Ciardi.



If found in his own Berkeley Square in the past, the man or woman who can wear the plumage of a Scarlet Pimpernel or a Scarlett O'Hara — **Monmouth** by Charles Bracelen Flood, **Savanna** by Janice Holt Giles, **Between the Wars** by James Laver.

If found, ready for flight, in an arm chair, **The Blue of Capricorn** by Eugene Burdick and **The Witch Doctor's Apprentice** by Nicole Maxwell.

If found and temporarily detached from the local educational T.V. channel, **Black Like Me** by John Howard Griffin, **Government and Politics in Israel** by Oscar Kraines, **Charles Francis Adams, 1807-1886** by Martin B. Duberman, and **You Can't Count on Dying** by Natalie Cabot.

If found among the good paperbacks, puzzled by a paperback in cloth, introduce him to **Sentry Editions: A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers** by Henry David Thoreau, **A Diary from Dixie** by Mary B. Chesnut, **The Education of Henry Adams,** an autobiography; **J. B.** by Archibald MacLeish, **John C. Calhoun** by Margaret L. Coit, **The Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860,** by Samuel Eliot Morison, **My Antonia** by Willa Cather, **Patterns of Culture** by Ruth Benedict, **Sam Clemens of Hannibal** by Dixon Wecter, **The Great Crash, 1929,** by John Kenneth Galbraith; **The Year of Decision, 1846,** by Bernard De Voto, and **Young Man with a Horn** by Dorothy Baker.



If found in a commuters' club car, at decent remove from bridge and bar, the characteristic sound is amiable silence for talk would shatter communion with one's favorite newspaper, **Last Things First** by Sydney J. Harris and **The Balance of Terror** by Pierre Gallois.



If found on the way to the P.T.A., **Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers** and **Tales Out of School** by Joshua M. Craig, and **The Dartmouth Bible.**

If found this side of a driver's license, **The Bronze Bow** by Elizabeth Speare, **Dear Rat** by Julia Cunningham, and **Paddington Helps Out** by Michael Bond.



If found in a mood (distaff side) **Tselane** by J. van Wijk, **Fresh from the Country** by "Miss Read", **Love in Question** by Rosalie Packard, **Mexico Through My Kitchen Window** by Maria de Carbia, and **The Nightingale** — that love story of a gentler era — by Agnes Sligh Turnbull.

If found overwhelmed by even more books than bookcases, here is the one who already owns the book you would give him. He bought **Midcentury** by John Dos Passos last spring and has given away half a dozen copies since then. He bought **Clock Without Hands** by Carson McCullers before publication, perhaps, even before it became a pre-publication best-seller. He owns all of the earlier books by Carson McCullers. He owns the original hard back edition of all the **Sentries.** So give him a Book Certificate and let him wait for February and the big novel of the spring, **Devil Water** — a recreation of the last Jacobite rebellion — by Anya Seton.

And for every Christmas stocking, the perfect spot for the perfect extra Christmas gift, **Scrap Irony** by Felicia Lamport with illustrations by Edward Gorey.

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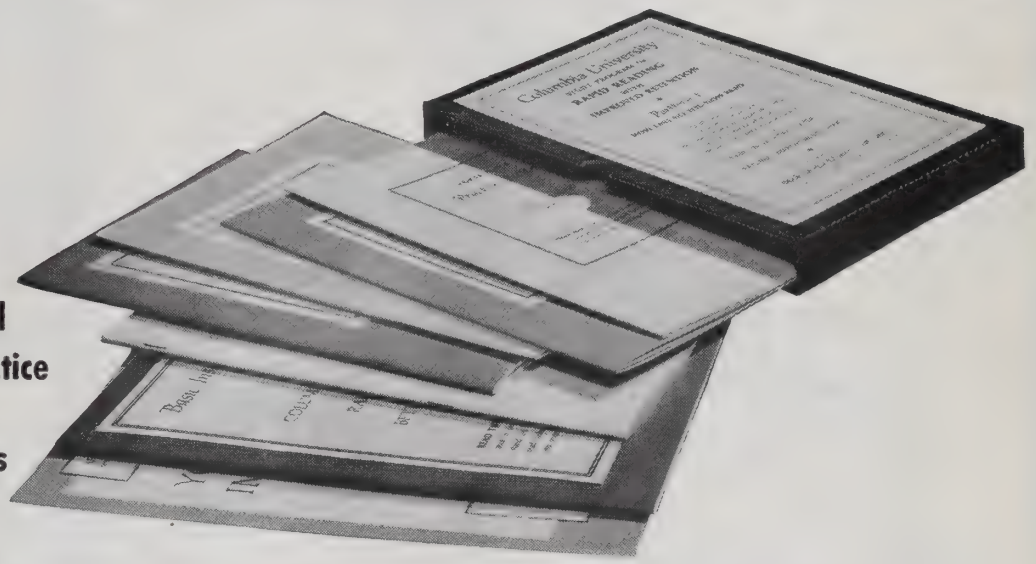
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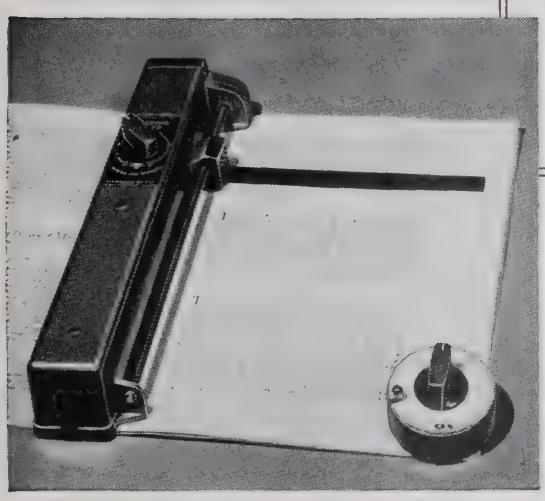
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lodged, whence Haftmann can say of Modigliani that "he was not an orthodox Jew, nor was he homesick for the East, but always for his *'cara bella Italia.'"* He tells us that the art of Chagall, Soutine, Pascin, Modigliani, "reflects nostalgia for a lost homeland, the sense of helplessness in the face of a remote, hopelessly hidden God, which is so uniquely characteristic of the Jewish mentality." But I cannot imagine how Haftmann came by his notion of the inaccessible God as "uniquely Jewish" and "typically Hassidic."* On the contrary, the Yiddish language, in which Chagall and Soutine were raised, knows intimate endearing and diminutive forms for the word "God" for which modern Western languages have no equivalents (the German *"Ach, Gottchen"* won't qualify). Haftmann's repeated remarks about the "Hassidim grieving over a world without hope" only show that he is name dropping again —exactly as when he talks about the influence on art of quantum theory or relativity. His is a sort of Hassidic relativity of uncertain drift.

Perhaps Haftmann could not have written so comprehensive a book without constant recourse to clichés. Complex issues and personalities become manageable. One of the author's favorite roles is to tell what an artist's "sole purpose" was. Compound purposes are hardly allowed to his painters, perhaps because many of them have, like Nolde, "an uncomplicated, primitive mind." or, like Soutine, "no intellectual culture whatever," acquiring their idiom "without thinking"; some, like Kokoshka and the young Vlaminck, are "purely instinctive painters," or "ingenuous souls," like Chagall. Even Haftmann's Van Gogh "talks like a lout."

In sum, the book marshals a great body of facts and received ideas. Beyond that, it gets exercised about pseudo-problems (*e.g.*, whether Klee

* Consider this classic dialogue between Hassid and a skeptic:

Hassid: My Rabbi is such a holy man, that every Sabbath eve God speaks with him face to face.

Skeptic: How do you know?

Hassid: My Rabbi told me so himself.

Skeptic: Perhaps he lied?

Hassid (after thinking it over): Would God speak face to face with a liar?



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MORRIS L.
West
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or Matisse should rightly be called the antithesis of Emil Nolde); it displays pseudo-insights (that modern primitives show "reality in its primordial aspect"); and it proffers pseudo-propositions like: "I believe that the history of the human race is governed by the law of life."

OUTSTANDING among the year's modern monographs is Bryan Robertson's **Jackson Pollock** (Harry N. Abrams, 1960, $18.50). It is admittedly very uneven. The author's comments on art in general, or on the American temperament as a whole, are embarrassing. Art history he treats in large misconceptions, and puts Chartres in the wrong province of France. Yet the heart of the writer is in the right place, and his language always strikes home. When he comes to Pollock's drip technique, he finds not "hallucinated ecstasy," but "the same split-second precision as that of a cow-hand wielding a lariat." For its ardor, its literacy, and its absorbed contemplation of what the artist has made, this is a fine book. To say nothing of the excellent illustrations, which include a great number of unpublished drawings.

I admired Siegfried Kracauer's **Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality** (Oxford, 1960, $10). It is the ripe work of a man profoundly contemporary in outlook, but who commands an almost nineteenth-century discipline in erecting a systematic aesthetic of the movies as an art form. Not every page of this book is easy to read, but every page is worth reading. And much of the material is read with pleasant recall, since all of us have seen some of the films he discusses. Only, it seems to me that his comments about them are more coherent than anything you or I said at the time.

Among the new books on ostensibly wider aesthetic issues I disliked those of Paul Weiss* and Kurt W. Marek** from the same principle that made me respect **Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature**, by Wylie Sypher (Random House, 1960, $6). Though this author comes to art from literature, he knows how to look at a painting and how to defer speculation until he knows he has seen it. He describes Cézanne (in "Basket of Apples") "spilling these thoroughly realized apples across the top of a table that is speculatively broken upward on the right, tipping the surface until the fruit would, in nature, be rolling off, treating the napkin as a single white plane even if it droops over the edge of the table."

This is speech with its eyes in focus. And with just such integrity, when the author speaks of, say, correspondences between science and art, he points to something specific, *e.g.*, to the mathematician who wrote in 1875 that "distortion passes like waves from one portion of space to another." Mr. Sypher's prose is relaxed, proceeding almost by free association. His chosen problem: What it takes for an age to achieve its own style in art.

* **Nine Basic Arts** (Southern Illinois University Press, 1961, $5).

** **Yestermorrow** (Knopf, 1961, $3.50).

PICTURE BOOKS

AMONG the outstanding picture books of the year: **The Drawings of Jean Dubuffet,** by Daniel Cordier (George Braziller, 1960, $15).

The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1961, $6)—weird paradoxical pictures that probe the relation between image, illusion, projection, and (wherever she may be) truth.

Saul Steinberg: **The Labyrinth** (Harper, 1960, $7.50). I should have liked to say much in praise of this book, but every attempt I make to speak of Saul Steinberg's drawings makes me feel like Miró's "Man Pursuing a Bird."

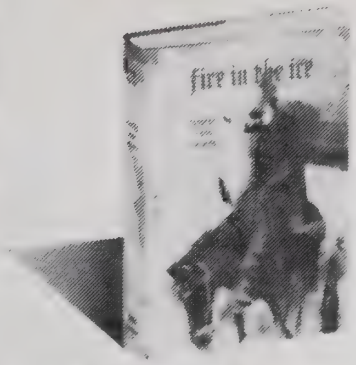
Two books that make better looking than reading: **Braque,** with text by John Richardson (New York Graphic Society, 1961, $12.50)—a folio of exceptionally fine design and production; and **Picasso's Picassos,** by David Douglas Duncan (Harper, 1961, $30).

The fulsome commentary by Duncan, the amateur writer, is fortunately drowned out by the paintings, nobly presented by Duncan, the professional photographer. Since most of these paintings, stacked at Picasso's villa at Cannes, have not been previously seen, their publication fills some puzzling gaps in Picasso's career. Certain years, notably in the

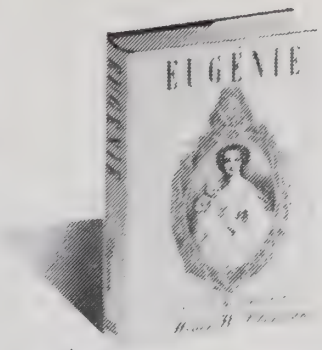
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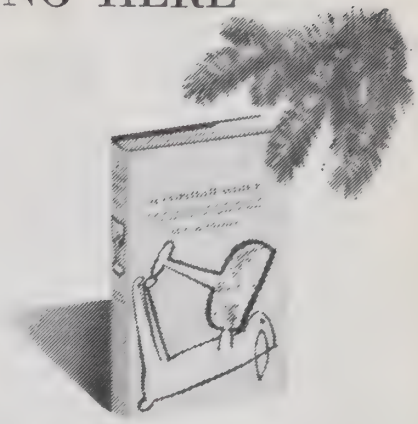
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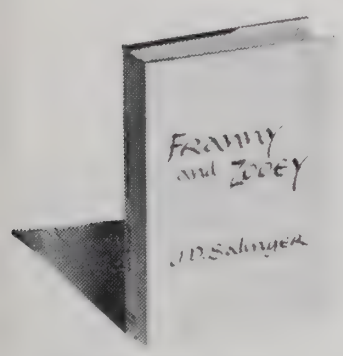
FIRE IN THE ICE by Dorothy James Roberts. "Ranks with Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter.*" — ORVILLE PRESCOTT. $5.00



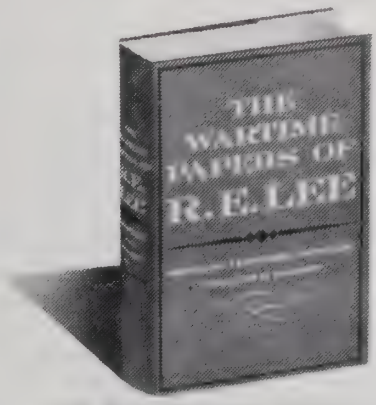
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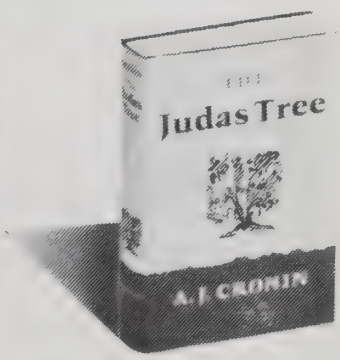
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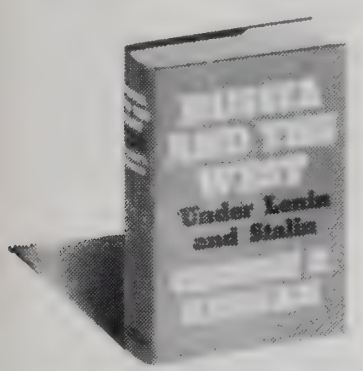
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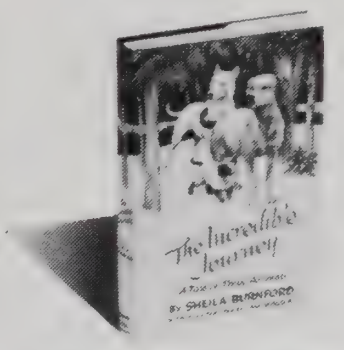
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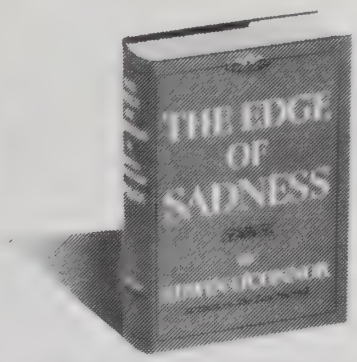
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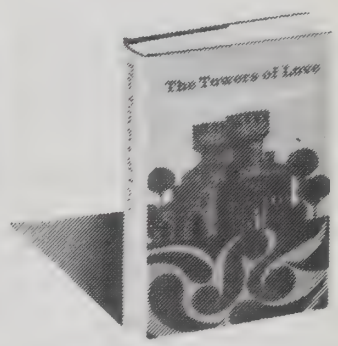
***RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN by George F. Kennan.** "Every American ought to read it." –WILLIAM L. SHIRER. $5.75



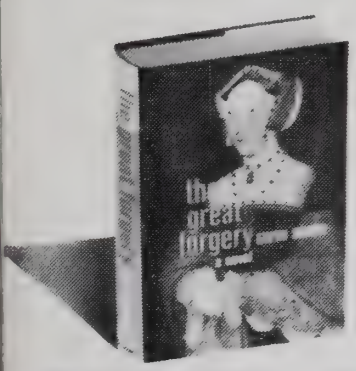
***THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY by Sheila Burnford.** The story of three runaways. "A small masterpiece."–*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.75



***THE EDGE OF SADNESS by Edwin O'Connor.** "His finest book. It has gusto and wit, depth and significance." — *Boston Herald.* $5.00



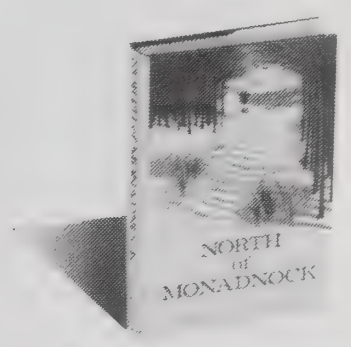
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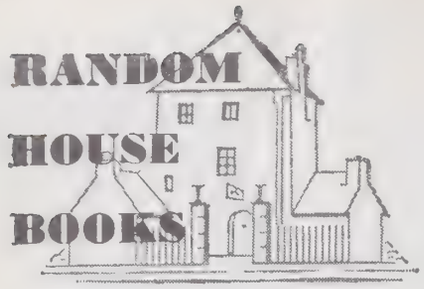


***NORTH OF MONADNOCK by Newton F. Tolman.** A shrewdly observant account of country life in the New Hampshire uplands. $4.50

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1930s, used to be called inactive; it now turns out that a fallow period anywhere in Picasso's life is incongruous.

BEST: NOT MODERN

IN conclusion I list some of the best art books of the year in fields other than modern which are designed for the nonspecialist reader:

Egypt of the Pharaohs, by Sir Alan Gardiner (Oxford, England, 1961, 35 shillings). A masterly work by a great scholar and writer, superseding the old (but still serviceable) *History* by James Breasted.

Crete and Mycenae, by Spyridon Marinatos. Photographs by Max Hirmer; over 400 plates (Harry N. Abrams, 1960, $25).

Greek Sculpture: A Critical Review, by Rhys Carpenter (University of Chicago Press, 1960, $6.95).

Digging for History, by Edward Bacon (John Day, 1961, $10). A readable survey of archaeological discoveries throughout the world since World War II.

Alexandria, by E. M. Forster (Doubleday Anchor Paperback, 1961, 95 cents). Probably the best book of the year.

Chinese Painting, by James Cahill (Skira, 1960, $27.50).

The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretations Through Eight Centuries, by Paul Frankl (Princeton, 1960, $20).

Classical Inspiration in Medieval Art, by Walter Oakeshott (Frederick A. Praeger, 1960, $20).

Paintings of the High Renaissance in Rome and Florence, by S. J. Freedberg (Harvard, 1961, 2 vols., $30).

The Architecture of Michelangelo, by James S. Ackerman (Viking, 1961, 2 vols., $12.50 each).

Bruegel Drawings, A Complete Edition, by Ludwig Münz (Phaidon, 1961, $13.50).

Valdés Leal: Spanish Baroque Painter, by Elizabeth du Gué Trapier (The Hispanic Society of America, 1960, $10).

The History of Impressionism, by John Rewald (The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y., 1961, $20). A revised and enlarged edition of the authoritative work of 1946.

Van Gogh; A Self Portrait: Letters Revealing His Life as a Painter, selected by W. H. Auden (New York Graphic Society, 1961, $10).

FOR CHILDREN?

And finally, about two children's books:

Pictures from a Mediaeval Bible, 102 woodcuts from the Cologne Bible of 1478-1480, with commentary by James Strachan (Beacon Press, 1961, $3.50). Every picture is a sheer delight, and the writing touched by a merry grace: (". . . Abel's sacrifice being highly successful while Cain's turns out a flop"). But the Fiend in the production department inspired three vicious decisions: The pictures are minimized to almost half their original size, and they are printed in red—which two factors reduce the luminous style of the old woodcuts to an ugly, illegible clutter. Thirdly, the lily-gilding jacket design is of a devilish vulgarity; it near breaks one's heart.

The Seeing Eye, by Freda Lingstrom (Macmillan, 1960, $7). An imaginative, well-paced course in "how to look at natural and man-made things with pleasure and understanding." A lovable book. But it was produced in England, and the text is set in type considerably smaller than what you normally get on a TV screen; thus I cannot be sure that our children will be able to read it.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The End of It, by Mitchell Goodman.

Years ago John Hersey wrote a novel—and a good one—about the American Army in Italy in World War II. Nothing in the world could be more different from *A Bell for Adano* than this one with the same country as background and many of the same tensions. Both books are written from strong moral conviction but oddly enough this one, written so much further from the facts and time, is the more passionately intense. It is a beautiful book with

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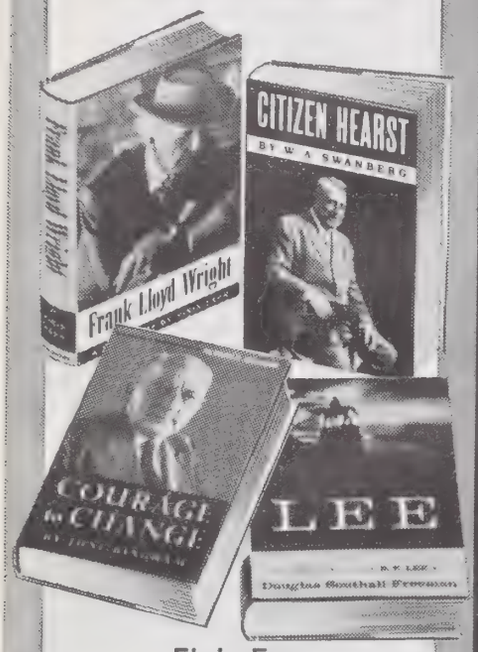
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June Bingham

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moments of great excitement, easy humor, and poetic exaltation. It is full of an American soldier's love for Italy and its people, which as Paul Pickrel pointed out last month has become almost a literary cliché and is therefore all the more affecting when it is made affecting at all. A sensitive soldier's reaction to mechanized war is also a cliché but this first novel puts it in idioms and sensual images which are like nothing I have read before. One picks it up with a sigh because it's "another war book" and puts it down in a daze of deep and genuine emotion.

Horizon, $4.50

The Moon and the Thorn, by B. J. Chute.

This novel by the author of the best-selling *Greenwillow* has just about all the trappings of a fairy story including a witch. There is first of all a special magical island; there is the beautiful young girl who runs away from home with her prince charming, no less romantic because he is already married and unable to make her his wife. However, they live together in Paris for thirty happy years and when he dies she returns to the island, and the novel begins. Her story is known to everyone; she is ignored by her family and the "important" folk of the town. (The castle is closed to her.) But in the end the charm is broken and . . . There is also a moral: Don't try to impose a course of action on others just because it is right for you. . . . Like a fairy tale, the story weaves a spell while you read, and a happy one. It is beautifully written. But when it is finished you find that you can't really believe a word of it. Dutton, $3.75

David, from where he was lying, by Tom Kaye.

A year ago Mr. Kaye's first novel was published in this country. It was a daring novel, its shocking and rather repelling subject matter—a lady art critic being lasciviously pursued through the streets of London—enhanced by a mischievous wit and a narrative simplicity that gave it pace and style and lifted it out of the sordid. As far as I'm concerned, the same cannot be said of this second novel in the tetralogy which purports to be an "exploration of the sexual and social mores of our time." It is a much more ambitious story with the academic and social intrigues of the University of Singapore as background and the wives' coffee klatches making a kind of Greek chorus to report on the college gossip. The story is told partly through the protagonist's sessions with his analyst, who by some strange transmogrification seems to be the gutter lover of the earlier novel; partly through the inner fantasies of the characters as they sit in faculty meeting; and partly in unadorned narrative, mostly of sexual incidents. Yes, it is very complicated indeed, and though it still has flashes of wit, the elaborate construction, the unpleasant characters, the unlikely analyst, and especially the "hero" and his tiresome sexual adventures make one want to drop the book long before the end. The author is professor of English at the University of Ghana.

Abelard-Schuman, $3.95

NON-FICTION

Matter of Life and Death, by Virgilia Peterson.

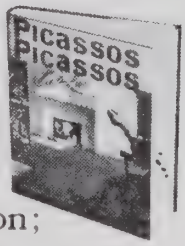
In this autobiography written in the difficult form of a letter to her dead mother, the distinguished literary critic and lecturer tells of her well-to-do, literate, middle-class upbringing in New York, her open hatred for her mother which seems to have shaped her life, her three marriages, one to a Polish prince, and of her life here and in Europe before, during, and after the war. It reflects in all aspects of her hard-lived journey the often brilliant, but involuted and nearly always anguished, workings of an intense mind that never will let go. Her occasional moments of delight stand out to be counted—a lovely panegyric on the joys of summer first among them.

She has been accused of being hard and insensible to the feelings of others—not only of her mother, who won't read the book, but of others still alive who will. But if Polonius is right and in being true to one's self one cannot then be false to any other, Miss Peterson has paid the price. In her story (without a single proper name) she has been meticulously, soul-searchingly, often cruelly true to herself, good and bad, what-

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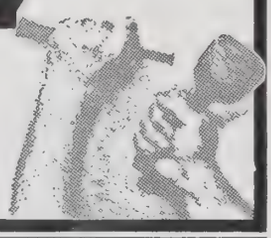
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ever the price. Where wisdom may have failed her, heart, in the sense of courage, has not. It is an astonishing book and to me a fascinating one. Atheneum, $5

Several authors well known to *Harper's* readers now have books in the bookstores:

The Beer Can by the Highway, by John Kouwenhoven.

The title of the book is the original title of an article which we ran in the magazine as "Waste Not, Have Not," and one of the other essays, "What's American About America," was also published in our pages. They were good as articles and now revised and worked into a larger frame of ideas, are better still. Mr. Kouwenhoven's is one of the most original and lively minds looking at America today.

Doubleday, $4.50

A Shooting Star, by Wallace Stegner.

Over the past twenty years Mr. Stegner has been one of our most consistent and most welcome contributors, usually with short stories but occasionally, as in "Corsica Out of Season" in the October issue, with delightful personal essays. There can't be many of his admirers who missed this best-selling novel, his eighth, published in May, but if any has, put it down on the Christmas list at once. It is a modern story, set in California, of the spiritual decline of a rich, well-brought-up, apparently well-adapted doctor's wife, the forces that caused her rebellion, and those that finally suggest hope for rehabilitation. Viking, $5

The Death and Life of Great American Cities, by Jane Jacobs.

"Violence in the City Streets" was the title of the part of this brilliant dissection of urban living which we published in the September issue.

Random House, $5.95

Waters of the New World, by Jan de Hartog. Drawings by Jo Spier.

The story of a boat trip along the whole length of the Intracoastal Waterway, from Houston, Texas, through New Orleans, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and up the inland Atlantic Coast to Nantucket. As all who read "Robinson Crusoe in Florida" in the August

issue will readily believe, this is not simply reporting; it is reflective, allusive writing which reaches out to include an astonishing variety of subjects and ideas. Atheneum, $5.95

Dag Hammarskjold: Custodian of the Brushfire Peace, by Joseph P. Lash.

In October 1959 *Harper's* ran an article by Mr. Lash called "The Man on the 38th Floor." It was in a way the beginning of this biography which, after two years of work, was already in galleys when the final tragic chapter occurred. Mr. Lash, UN reporter for the New York *Post* since 1950, has added an epilogue and the publishers have rushed the book to press. Doubleday, $4.50

The Tiber Was Silver, by Michael Novak.

"God in the Colleges" was Mr. Novak's piece in our college supplement in October. His novel is about a young theological student in Rome who discovers that he has great artistic talent which conflicts with the vows which he is about to take. Doubleday, $3.95

Faith of a Heretic, by Walter Kaufmann.

This book is a development of the ideas in the article by the same name which aroused much interest and controversy in our religious series a year or so ago. Since the book is not a collection of essays but the integrated, progressive, unfolding of an idea, the essay itself is not in the volume. Doubleday, $4.50

Imitations, by Robert Lowell.

In the words of the author, this is a book of "versions and free translations" of some of the work of eighteen poets of various nationalities. "Seven Poems by Boris Pasternak" appeared in our September issue. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50

The Struggle for Algeria, by Joseph Kraft.

An analysis and summary of France's great unresolved problem by a reporter whose articles on the subject won the Overseas Press Club Award for the Best Magazine Reporting of Foreign Affairs. In November we published his article, "The Comeback of the State Department." Doubleday, $4.50



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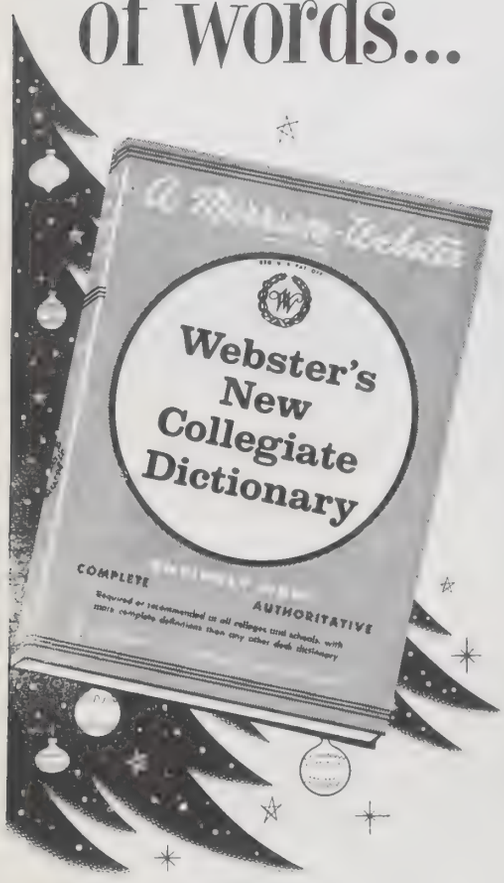
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Majesty and Mischief, by William S. White.

"A Mixed Tribute to F.D.R." is the subtitle of this new book by our Washington correspondent.

McGraw-Hill, $4.50

Campus, U.S.A.: Portraits of American Colleges in Action, by David Boroff.

Many of the separate essays in this book appeared first in *Harper's* but several new campuses and much other material have been added.

Harper, $4.50

The Darkening Glass: A Portrait of Ruskin's Genius, by John D. Rosenberg.

In August Mr. Rosenberg wrote us a very funny piece on his run-in with the Treasury Department on his income tax. It was called "A Matter of Motive." In this book Professor Rosenberg (A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Columbia; A.B., M.A., Cambridge, England) writes with equal grace on the scholarly subject which has been occupying him for many years.

Columbia, $5

Humor from Harper's, edited by John Fischer and Lucy Donaldson. Introduction by Ogden Nash.

Perhaps this happy anthology should have led all the other books by Harper authors, since every gay and funny piece by definition appeared first in the magazine; it was put together by two *Harper's* editors; and Ogden Nash's poem, "Pavane for a Dead Doll," is on page 33 of this issue.

Harper, $4.50 to December 31, $4.95 thereafter

Who says the essay is dead? Three delightful collections have recently been published:

Reflections of a Jacobite, by Louis Auchincloss.

Mr. Auchincloss, discerning novelist of manners, who wrote for us last month on Mark Schorer's biography of Sinclair Lewis, here discusses the work of some other novelists—French, English, and American—past, and present. Houghton Mifflin, $4

The Happy Critic, by Mark Van Doren.

The Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and distinguished short-story writer and teacher, whose work has often been in our pages, here returns to criticism and the essay in most charming vein. Hill and Wang, $3.50

Some Reflections on Genius and Other Essays, by Russell Brain.

One always wonders in a case like this how much a man's name has to do with his choice of profession. Sir Russell Brain is a famous London neurologist who in this book, in fourteen essays in the most varied fields, examines the mental processes of fourteen artists and men of letters. Among others, there is one delicious three-page description of Grock, the inimitable clown. Lippincott, $4.50

Three books for Christmas giving to lovers of nature and the country, all illustrated, all written with an engaging narrative quality:

Rural Free: A Farmwife's Almanac of Country Living, by Rachel Peden, with drawings by Sidonie Coryn.

This is a chronicle, month by month, of a year's living on an Indiana farm. To all who care about nature and the changing seasons, reading it will be an evocative and satisfying experience. By a woman who since 1946 has written two popular columns for Indiana newspapers. It is very much in the midst of life. Knopf, $4.95

String Too Short to be Saved; Memories of a Disappearing New England, by Donald Hall, illustrated by Mimi Korach.

A young poet (whose work we have published) sets down his recollections of life on a farm, this time in New Hampshire, and this time overcast, though not gloomy, with nostalgia for a way of life that is passing and a time that is already past, a man remembering childhood.

Viking, $5

My Wilderness: East to Katahdin, by William O. Douglas, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques.

As the title indicates, these are "adventures in the American wilderness from Arizona to Maine" in the same style and pattern as the Supreme Court Justice's earlier *My Wilderness: The Pacific Northwest.*

Doubleday, $4.95

MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

THE BRILLIANCE LASTS

The everlasting mysteries of playing the baroque masterpieces of the past present modern artists with new chances to send shivers down our backs.

Both were born in 1685—Johann Sebastian Bach on March 21; George Frederick Handel on February 23. Both went on to become the greatest composers of their age, and easily two of the greatest of all time. Bach, the Leipziger, spent most of his life in Protestant north Germany in the service of the church—composing cantata after cantata for the Sunday services, teaching, raising a large family, playing the organ (and probably every other instrument), getting into fight after fight with the authorities. He had an explosive temper. Handel, who never married and had little to do with the church, left Germany for Italy and, eventually, England. Where Bach was a provincial composer, Handel was international. He was known primarily as an opera composer and impresario who made and lost fortunes.

Bach and Handel never met, though they came near it once. What a meeting it would have been! They probably would have taken to each other, for both respected craft and both were consummate craftsmen. Their backgrounds were, basically, similar; and even if their music represents different things, they both exemplify the height of the baroque. And whereas Bach was a provincial, he had moved enough in high society and amid nobility to have met Handel on his own social terms.

The big difference between the two men was in temperament. Handel was outgoing, extroverted, optimistic. Bach tended to be withdrawn, more strait-laced, and utterly more of a bourgeois. Handel's music breathes a calm acceptance of the hereafter, while Bach's tends to be tortured and full of doubt. Bach's music (so the German scholars tell us) is full of symbolism; but there is little symbolism in Handel.

It is only within the last fifteen years that, thanks to LP, the music lover has had a chance to probe deeply into the output of these two composers. Up to that time, Handel was synonymous with his *Messiah* and a concerto grosso or two. Now we are familiar with a surprisingly large number of his oratorios, operas, instrumental and incidental music. As for Bach, while he has always fared better on records and in concert, the LP age has done a spectacular job of surveying his entire output. Those who have the time and inclination can study, on records, *all* of his organ music, all of his major choral works, much of his lesser choral and vocal output, virtually all of his concertos and the greater part of his keyboard music.

To Milton's Text

And, with composers so prolific, there is always something turning up on records. A major choral work by Handel, **L'Allegro ed il Penseroso,** has been added to our discography; and so have Bach's **Three Sonatas for Harpsichord and Viola da Gamba.** Such has been the proliferation of Bach and Handel recordings during the past decade and a half that neither of these discs is a "first." All of this music has been previously recorded. But the Handel work, at least, is welcome as being the best available version. About the Bach there may be a reservation or two.

L'Allegro ed il Penseroso is "an ode in the dramatic style," composed in 1740 to Milton's text. The new recording has Peter Pears, Elsie Morison, and other singers, with David Willcocks leading the St. Anthony Singers and Philomusica of London (Oiseau-Lyre OL 50195/6, monophonic, 2 discs; SOL 60025/6, stereo,

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

2 discs). This is music with terrific vitality and, for want of a better term, "guts." It has infinite variety. It even has, as Bach's music almost never has, humor. A case in point is the *Haste Ye, Nymphs* solo and chorus, with its "Ha-has" and "Ho-hos." There is the melodic purity and intensity of the soprano solo, *Come, but Keep Thy Wonted State.* There is the great soprano aria, *Sweet Bird* (recorded so many years ago by Melba), with its imitation of the nightingale. There is the jollity of *O Let the Merry Bells Rings Out,* with the delicate tinkle of the carillon as part of the accompaniment.

The score is a masterpiece, and it here receives a brilliant performance. Aside from Pears and Morison, the singers will be unknown to most Americans, but they are uniformly good—clear-voiced, tasteful, and unusually deft. The orchestra and conductor are excellent, the recorded sound all that could be desired. In years to come this album will be a collector's item.

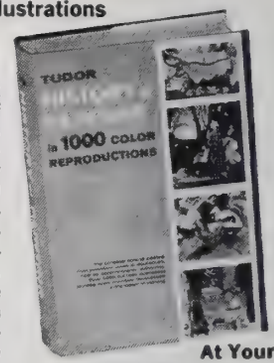
No Swarm of Bees

The Bach disc of the Three Sonatas for Harpsichord and Viola da Gamba raises a few problems. In this disc Sylvia Marlowe is the harpsichordist, but there is no gamba player. Instead the works are played on the cello by Bernard Greenhouse (Decca 10036, monophonic; 710036, stereo). George Bernard Shaw used to complain that the cello invariably reminded him of a bee buzzing in a stone jug. He may never have heard the viola da gamba, which resembles a swarm of bees. It is an obsolete instrument, one hard to handle and to play in tune, and it has a nasal, stringy sound.

That being the case, the solo part these days is generally transposed to viola or cello. Greenhouse is a scrupulous instrumentalist, and Marlowe an expert harpsichordist. Between the two of them they present the music with strength and sympathy. But the fact remains that we are not hearing the music as Bach conceived it. A recording on Decca Archives 3009 is fortunately available (it came out a few years ago) in which the viola da gamba is used. It does not sound as smooth as the Greenhouse-Marlowe combination, but it is much more authentic.

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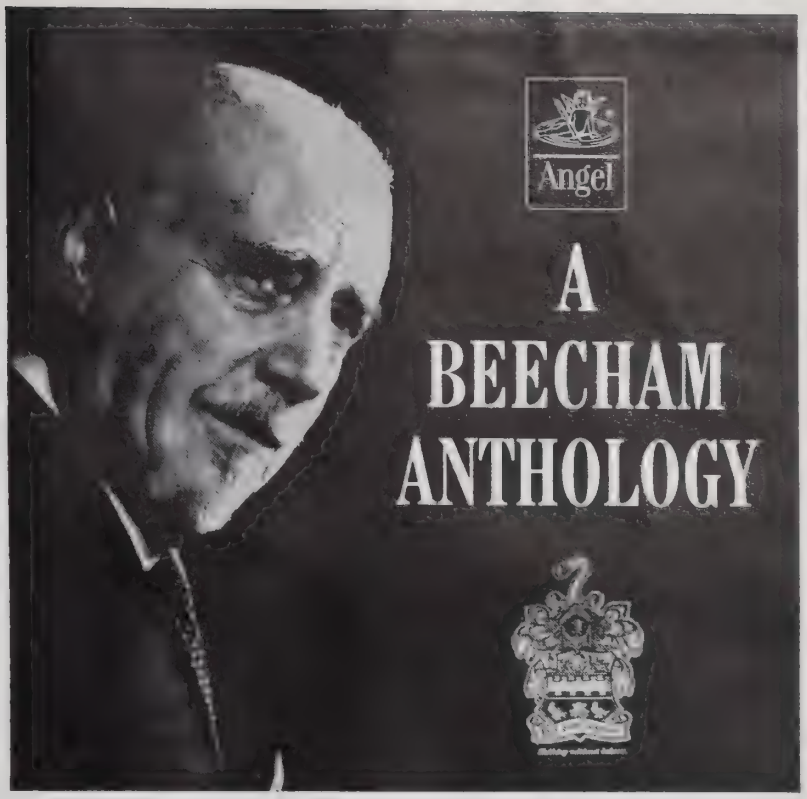
For the Sun King

While Bach and Handel were creating their monumental body of work, a slightly earlier contemporary was turning out some brilliant music in France. He was François Couperin (1668-1733), a very important composer. Two discs of his music have recently been issued—the **Concerts Royaux 3 and 4** (Decca DL 10035, monophonic; DL 710035, stereo); and the **Leçons des Ténèbres** (Vanguard BGS 5039, stereo).

As in Bach's *Art of Fugue*, there is some mystery about the way the *Royal Concerts* are to be presented. The original score exists in a clavier version, but there is plenty of indication that it was created for an orchestra *ad lib*. In those days there was no regular scoring; the composer took whatever resources were available for any given performance. In this recording by the New York Chamber Soloists, an edition by Albert Fuller (who also plays the harpsichord here) is used.

The edition is simple and musicianly. Fuller is a fine scholar, and he never remotely attempts to Stokowski-ize the music. Couperin wrote it in 1715 for Versailles, to amuse Louis XIV. It is, like the Bach and Handel suites, a collection of dance movements—elegant and flowing, and yet with a certain pomp reflective of the court of the Sun King.

Quite different are the *Leçons des Ténèbres*, sung by Albert Deller and Wilfred Brown, with organ and viola da gamba continuo. These are settings of the Lamentations of Jeremiah—haunting, dark-colored, devout, gripping. Deller is the famous British countertenor, who sings alone in the first two *Leçons* and is joined by the other tenor, Brown, in No. 3. Deller's voice is quite different from that of his American counterpart, Russell Oberlin; it is not as hard or penetrating, and when he vocalizes it sounds amazingly like an instrument in the orchestra. In many respects it probably is close to the castrato type of voice—sweet, powerful, and contralto-like—as illustrated in the records (made around 1905) by Professor Moreschi, the castrato of the Sistine Chapel Choir. The recordings of Deller and Oberlin have made us familiar with the sound of the countertenor, but it still sends shivers down the back.



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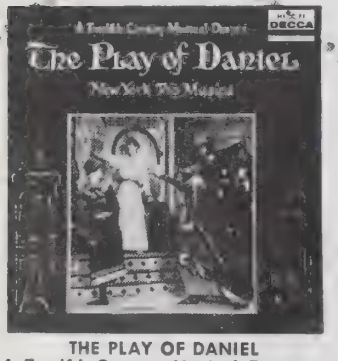
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JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

TOO LATE

Recognition is a wonderful thing, but why can't it ever come when it's wanted? This question is asked by John Hammond in the album he has put together for Columbia, made up of sixty-four recordings from the 'twenties and 'thirties by Fletcher Henderson's band, the first big band in jazz. Henderson invented the big band and, so doing, he invented the Swing Era—but he invented it too soon, and little good did it do him.

The sound that Benny Goodman made famous—polished ensembles of reeds and brass, interwoven with powerful and proficient solos—was the Henderson sound. Often they were the same tunes, and if the arrangements sounded like Henderson's that is because they often were. But Henderson's own band enjoyed no such popular adulation and applause. He, although light-skinned and a college graduate, was a Negro; his musicians were Negro; and we were not yet ready then to give a Negro credit for what the whites grew rich by imitating.

This is no newly uncovered scandal. The Henderson story has long been established in jazz history, and Goodman himself has never made any secret of his indebtedness to his predecessor and collaborator. What is new is the sound of these records all in one place (the amount of Henderson previously available on LP was slight), and the realization in hearing them that what one reads in the books is true. Henderson drew unto himself strong players, like Louis Armstrong and Coleman Hawkins, and provided them with a milieu in which they could thrive.

He seems to have been an easygoing man, and a "permissive" leader. Never a disciplinarian, after a while Henderson simply didn't give a damn. John Hammond tells how he began his career as an impresario, just out of college, by trying to book the Henderson band—which he idolized—for a combination movie and stage show. The agent warned him to expect trouble, but Hammond insisted. His theatre's policy was four shows a day, starting at noon. The day of the opening, only five men out of the thirteen in the band showed up.

Mr. Hammond subtitles his Henderson album, "A Study in Frustration," and adds: "No question about it; he was frustrated." No indeed.

The Fletcher Henderson Story. Thesaurus of Classic Jazz. Columbia C4L 19 (4).



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